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पुस्तकालय

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार

विषय संख्या August 1963

पुस्तक संख्या November 1963

आगत पंजिका संख्या

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FORTNIGHTLY
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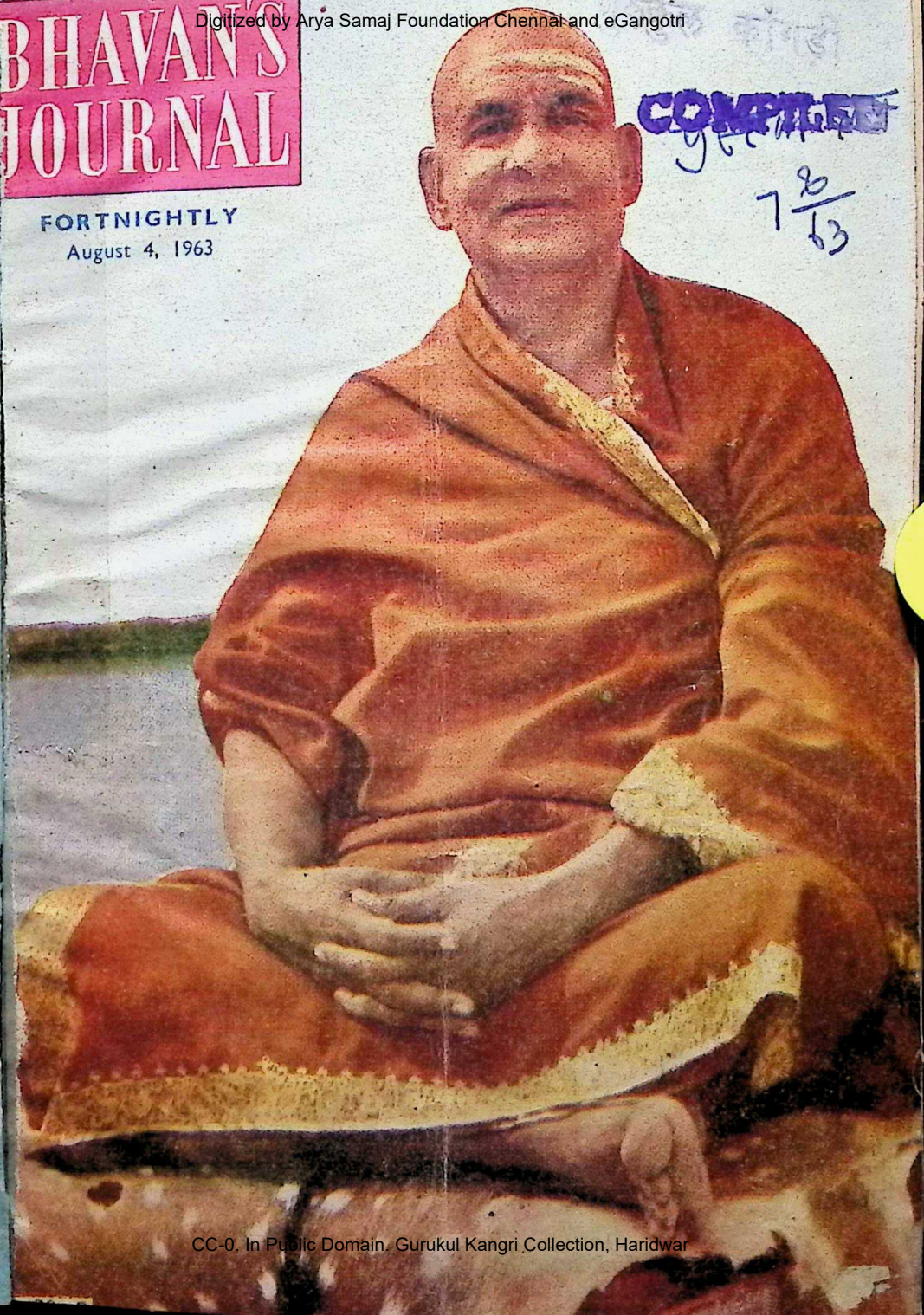

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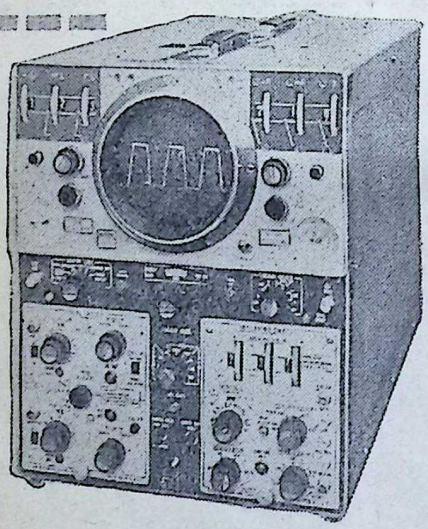

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AUGUST 4, 1963

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* **The Right Path** (Vedic Prayer) ..	5
* **Kulapati's Letter No. 289:** Disarmament—The Anti-Nuclear Convention—Gandhian Concept of Non-violence—Modern Satyagraha	6
* **My Road to Salvation** —Lokmanya B. G. Tilak	13
* **Love and Prayer** —F. M. Dostoievsky	14
* **Thoughts from Tiruvalluvar: Courteousness**	15
* **The Saint of Rishikesh** —Sri V. A. K. Ayer	17
* **Idol Worship**—Swami Kriyananda ..	20
* **Relevance of Buddha's Message Today** —Maj.-Gen. S. L. Bhatia	23
* **Krishnavatara (Part III): Bhanumati's Devotion**—Sri K. M. Munshi ..	27
* **Know Our Army** —Lt. Gen. S. P. P. Thorat ..	35
* **Trees in National Economy** —Sri V. S. Rao	41
* **'Nomad'**	44
* **'The Cunning Giant'** (Story) ..	47
* **A Dhaarmic Duet** (Story) ..	60
* **Notes and News**	66
* **Our Bookshelf**	68

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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THE RIGHT PATH

स्वस्ति पन्थाम् अनु चरेम सूर्याचन्द्रमसाविव ।
पुनर् ददताऽघ्नता जानता संगमेमहि ॥

We shall follow the path of righteousness like the sun and the moon:
We shall associate again with the liberal, the kind, the knowing.

—*Rigveda* V, 51-15.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 289

★ DISARMAMENT ★ ANTI-NUCLEAR ARMS CONVENTION ★ GANDHIAN CONCEPT OF NON-VIOLENCE ★ MODERN SATYAGRAHA

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
AUGUST 4, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE newspapers are optimistic about the happy ending to the Disarmament Conference now going on at Moscow.* Whatever the leading politicians may do with regard to disarmament, it would be interesting to study the Gandhian philosophy and technique of satyagraha in relation to the nuclear menace.

A study of the Gandhian philosophy becomes all the more important when we are faced with the greatest organized violence ever seen by mankind—I mean the nuclear menace.

Most people throughout the world are anxious to avoid the menace. Many people in several countries are in search of ways and means to combat it non-violently. Some people think that Gandhiji's satyagraha would be an appropriate instrument for resisting this evil. Few, however, approach the problem from the Gandhian point of view. It was not merely idealistic; it was not merely ethical; it was not a matter of good intentions and pious wish. It was a philosophy and technique of truth in action, and as such took into account realities both of the situation and of our capacity to meet them.

This view was confirmed when I attended the Anti-Nuclear Arms Convention held by the Gandhi Peace Foundation on June 16, 17, and 18, 1962, in Vigyan Bhavan in New Delhi.

●●●

It was a representative gathering of many nations. It was unique in that the former President of India presided over it, and the President, the Vice-President, the Prime Minister and the former Indian Governor-General were associated with it. This would have happened nowhere else in the world today except in India.

* Since writing this Letter, the Three Powers have agreed to a treaty on a partial Test ban.

—K.M.M.

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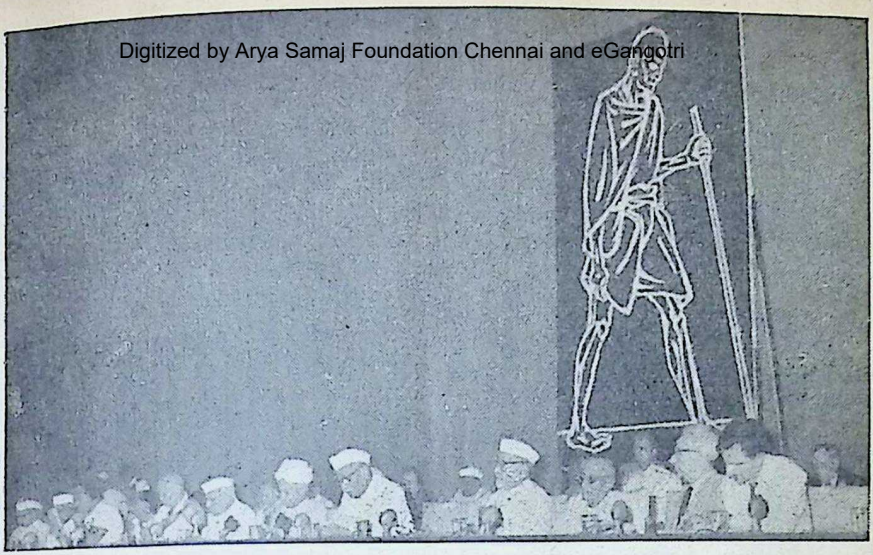

President Rajendra Prasad addressing the Anti-Nuclear Arms Convention held in New Delhi from June 16 to June 18, 1962.

It was different from the last Moscow Disarmament Conference held by Soviet Russia, on the eve of firing nuclear blasts. That was only a step in the cold-war propaganda by a country which every third day boasts of its atomic superiority and threatens the West with annihilation. We were in Gandhiji's India and our effort was inspired by a genuine desire to meet the nuclear menace.

The Convention might or might not prove historical. However, it might prove to be the beginning of a world movement for applying the Gandhian technique to the world's most menacing problem. If it does, it would affect man's destiny for good.

Incidentally, it was, for me, a heart-warming gathering. It was a sort of family re-union of the leading survivors of Gandhiji's big family who have drifted away to different spheres of life. Rajendra Babu was there; so were Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajaji, Kripalani and Jairamdas Daulatram—surviving hierarchs of the old Gandhian empire.

There were also lesser lights whose life had been turned to gold by the Gandhian alchemy. Sarvodaya was represented by Jayaprakash Narayan, and Gandhi Smarak Nidhi by R.R. Diwakar and Dhebarbhai. Even the Buddhist monk, who spoke the one-line Buddhistic hymn in Gandhiji's daily prayer, was there, now grown old, garbed in hierarchical robes of some Japanese-Buddhistic order.

The *Vaishnava Jana* hymn, so dear to Gandhiji, was sung at the end; only the inspiring magic of '*Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram*' was wanting to bring down the master from the painting on the wall to life.

The foreign delegates were leaders of the anti-nuclear movements in their respective countries, and some of them appeared to be inspired by the gospel of Gandhiji.

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Rajendra Babu's inaugural address was a masterpiece of well-reasoned and sober indictment of the nuclear menace, in which he described its horrifying implications. In the absence of fundamental sincerity, he said, talks at disarmament conferences become a manoeuvring for a position of advantage by each participant at the expense of his adversary. He aptly summarised the position thus:

> "If a visitor from another planet, inhabited by beings with higher intelligence than ours were to come in our midst and see what is happening here, he would be surprised and shocked at the folly of man that impels him to prepare for wholesale destruction when he can reap infinite benefit for all by using his intelligence and knowledge for others' good".

He made a stirring appeal to the governments and the peoples to stop the suicidal mania.

President Radhakrishnan was, as usual, the philosopher speaking with detachment. The point of view which he elaborated was that man was the master of his destiny and that he had to fight the menace in order to fulfil it.

Rajaji was at his best—logical, trenchant, devastating. His presentation of the case was thorough-going as he alone could make it. Nuclear danger was not in the future, but in the present, for the poisoned air crippled the present generation and the next; it was an invisible war against humanity; the nations should therefore stand up to the guilty nations by stringent non-violent action. Member nations should pass a resolution in the United Nations Organization prohibiting nuclear tests. If the ban was defied, the recalcitrants should be expelled from the Organization. Other nations should refuse to accept any aid from them. That, he argued, was the only dignified action in line with Gandhiji's teaching.

Rev. Mr. Muste from U.S.A. who spoke with sincerity and eloquence, was the most outstanding foreign delegate.

Jayaprakash Narayan was one of the last to speak, and quite thorough-going. He criticised action in Goa, pleaded for arbitration in matters where China and Pakistan were concerned. Dhebarbhai wound up the debate in a very balanced speech.

The Convention generally agreed that as the dangers of the fall-out were present, immediate steps to prevent it were called for. Most speakers also agreed that some non-violent action was necessary to mobilise the conscience of man. It was a subject on which the gathering, as it was composed, naturally waxed eloquent.

The spirit of Gandhiji, I am sure, would have been gratified to see so many people being exercised to find a solution in the light of his teachings at this critical hour in the life of the race.

Gandhiji's approach never lost sight of reality. I cannot say the same about this Convention. Satyagraha would be successful only if the technique is of the real, not of the emotional or the sentimental variety.

Human mind, when collectively reflected in an assembly, in a noble cause, generally drifts away from realities. So it did in this case. Many

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suggestions were made which, but for the atmosphere in which the Convention was held, would have been dubbed unrealistic.

I am drawing attention to this factor not to run down the convention, but to show the danger of talking about Satyagraha in an atmosphere surcharged only with good intentions.

A ship should be sent to the Christmas Islands, to Leningrad, and someone said, also to Sahara! There should be a day of fasting; some however, thought it would be difficult for non-Indians to give up food for a whole day. There should be peace brigades organised to offer civil resistance. A deputation of Indians should wait upon the nuclear powers.

Many other suggestions centred round India's duty to rise to the occasion. India should unilaterally disarm and set a lesson to the world (presumably regardless of the possibility of Pakistan or China overwhelming it).

It should give up aid from nuclear powers (and consequently give up all development plans).

It should take a lead in expelling U.S.A., Russia, U.K. and France from the U.N.O. (and commit international *harakiri*).

India should press for disarmament irrespective of inspection (and embarrass the West to the delight of the East).

India should have a non-violent army side by side with the violent one (so that each wing could infect the other with its virtues, the violent wing fighting shy of fire-arms and the non-violent wing acquiring the aggressiveness of the other).

It should refer her disputes with China and Pakistan to arbitration (and accept a blatant military aggression as a justiciable issue with no sanctions available to enforce an award, however just).

As suggestion after suggestion of this kind came forward that India should take the lead, I was reminded of an old incident to which I was once an eye-witness.

When I was a boy, one of our neighbours died, and the widow expressed a desire to commit *sati*. The relatives and the friends of the deceased surrounded her and behind closed doors said to her: 'Yes, you owe it to your husband to immolate yourself on the fire. Such a noble sacrifice would take his soul to heaven and give your children religious merit. The whole family will shine in eternal glory. Get ready to die and earn eternal *punya*'. Everybody was interested in seeing that she sacrificed her life so that religious merit and glory should be everyone else's!

I had occasion to be blunt; my speech in that atmosphere, as expected, was not received enthusiastically. I said: 'Unilateral disarmament for India was impossible; people won't accept it. Expelling America and Russia would destroy the U.N. and would thus remove the only world institution which stands between man and chaos. But if Gandhiji's technique had to be adopted, action had to be diverted to a very limited object, which the other side could concede without loss of face. That was the only way to generate non-violent power.'

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Panditji's speech at the end brought

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us down to the earth. As an outstanding political leader in the world, he drew pointed attention to the realities of the situation. Gandhian non-violence was of the brave, he said, and not of the coward; we should never use it to cloak our inability to face risks. He further pointed out the difference between the prophets who could take an absolute stand and a leader of men who has to take a stand related to the immediate present. When dealing with masses of men, he said, as things stood, no political leader could pledge himself to complete non-violence.

The Convention issued a statement generally acceptable to all members.

●●●

Before resistance to nuclear menace is thought of in terms of Gandhiji's Satyagraha, several practical aspects of how to meet the nuclear challenge in the proximate future have to be taken into account.

To adopt the Satyagraha, it is not enough to proclaim the magnitude of the danger; every person who is interested in the problem knows all about it. What is necessary is to convince humanity that disarmament is Truth to be lived and died for.

The first concern, therefore, of anyone wanting to adopt the Gandhian technique to arrest the evil of nuclear menace should be to help the 17-Nation Geneva Conference to reach total disarmament. This could be done by inviting all people to bring the pressure of public opinion on their respective governments to come to a fool-proof total disarmament with proper supervision and inspection.

But the disarmament should be universal and impartial. It should, in no event, weaken or embarrass any one party to the advantage of the other. We cannot shout against U.S.A. for firing blasts and keep silent when Soviet Russia does the same. Otherwise, the attempt will be self-defeating; it would only be exploited in the interests of the cold war.

To base the attempt on realities, it must also be realised that the nuclear menace arises from the distrust and fear which the nations have for each other; from the greed which some nations have developed to dominate the world; from the fear which others entertain of being dominated.

These, I repeat, are symptoms, not the malady. The malady is the belief, which has by and large gripped the human mind, especially since World War II—whether admitted or not—that violence is the law of life. This belief has to be shaken by an organised effort by a world organization—the UNESCO for instance, to teach through education, literature and mass media, that in fact non-violence and friendliness is the law of life.

The tremendous success of Gandhiji's Satyagraha was the result of two factors: First, he believed in non-violence as the law of life and was ready, if necessary, to die for it; Second, he released forces which made violence disreputable.

Gandhiji's philosophy of life, summarised in his words, 'Truth and Non-violence,' is a philosophy of action. To use the words of Jesus Christ, he conceived it as "the Truth, the Way and the Life".

In any attempt to consider the efficacy of the Gandhian method to

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solve the problems of nuclear conflict, we have to take into account the implications of this philosophy of action.

He used the word 'Truth' in two slightly different but closely interrelated senses. In one sense, it made a clear appraisal of the vital issue in the situation which he had to meet after a thorough investigation of the realities. The truth had to be arrived at with an open mind, with an anxiety to concede the points in favour of the opponent wherever possible.

In the other and active aspect as I understood Gandhiji, truth was the dynamic unity of thought, word and deed in the individual, that is, thought, word and deed fused together by an unflinching determination to stand by it at all costs.

The first aspect of truth immunised Gandhiji's approach from passion, hate, prejudice and fear. The second aspect made truth and its application to life, one and indivisible.

It was his dedication to this dual aspect of truth as thus conceived which made him invincible and released mysterious streams of faith in large masses of men. He fought evil, not by evoking self-interest, not merely by logic, but by mobilising the collective conscience of men.

Whenever he embarked on a struggle against evil, he selected not the issue of obvious magnitude, but a moral issue which was a minor, though vital, one carrying moral implications; it should be capable of mobilising the conscience of those whom he resisted and such as would be easier for the other side to yield without being deeply humiliated.

Gandhiji's concept of non-violence was essentially linked with his concept of truth. Violence to him was the greatest evil; non-violence, the law of life. He did not use it in the superficial sense of non-killing or non-injury, but in the deeper sense of transmuting the ego-driven hate, malice and anger, into wide love which sees God in All and All in God.

Christ said: "Resist not evil". Gandhiji made a further change: 'Resist evil, but non-violently, by standing for the truth as you believe it at all costs, by inviting all consequences even at the cost of your life'.

If the lover of truth has, therefore, to pursue the technique of truth in action, it is necessary for him to show, not in words, but by conduct, that the evil opposed is an evil in fact. This is the *agraha* aspect of Satyagraha; it must necessarily take some form of action so that the evil becomes manifest in fact. As things are, gaol-going is perhaps the most appropriate form.

When Gandhiji found that the British laws were unjust, he preferred cheerfully going to the gaol himself. When tried for an offence, he never defended; he often told the Court: "It is your duty to send me to gaol". This was a non-violent revolt against an evil.

That gave birth to the technique of satyagraha, which, though practised in individual or collective sense in stray cases in history, became for the first time a well formulated instrument of mass resistance to evil.

What applies to individual Satyagraha, applies with greater force to

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collective Satyagraha. It must respect truth and non-violence, and must be directed to manifest the evil by inviting the suffering.

In recent times, in America there is the Negro movement led by Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, which has achieved great success by non-violent action. Unfortunately what is happening in this country in the name of Satyagraha is neither *Satya* nor *agraha*; it is blackmail by coercive demonstrations; there is much of untruth and violence in them.

If we have to take a lesson from this philosophy of action, it means fighting a grim battle—not against the symptoms, not against individual and national aggressiveness, but against all agencies, particularly of education, entertainment or information, which directly or indirectly foster a tendency to violence, and thereby rendering violence, whether in the individual or in the nation, disreputable.

Unfortunately, today, the human mind is being confirmed in its belief that violence, in some form or the other, is essential for winning the race of life; that it is necessary for vindicating one's rights; that it is inescapable as a means of successful living. Nowhere do we find altruism, love or non-violence taught or accepted as the law of life on an organized, all-world basis.

The question before us is: How can we hope to overcome the dangers of nuclear conflict through non-violent technique? Cartoons read by billions of children every day uphold violence. Millions and millions of people day in and day out, are provided with entertainment through violence.

Education holds up to admiration deeds of violence which are called valour.

Blood-curdling tales of murder and barbarity issuing from presses all over the world invade the sanctity of every home.

The nuclear menace is only the symptom of a universal acceptance of violence as the law of life, which law is preached, taught and upheld through education and mass media.

Hate and fear inspire individual and collective action.

Non-violence can succeed only if sincerely and passionately upheld as the law of life and lived up to in collective action, by mobilising the conscience of man, so that man feels ashamed to accept violence in any shape or form as reputable.

It is not easy to mobilise the conscience of men when the evil panders to the pleasure-loving instincts of men. But, if violence has to be rooted out, Satyagraha by action has to resist the exploitation of the violence-mindedness of men through entertainment, publicity and education.

So long as that is not done, any non-violent movement against the nuclear menace will scarcely be Gandhian; it will only remain a pious hope.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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My Road to Salvation

Lokmanya B. G. Tilak

GITA advocates the performance of action in this world even after the actor has achieved the highest union with the Supreme Deity by Gnana (Knowledge) or Bhakti (Devotion).

This action must be done to keep the world going by the right path of evolution which the Creator has destined the world to follow.

In order that the action may not bind the actor it must be done with the aim of helping his purpose, and without any attachment to the coming result. This I hold is the lesson of the *Gita*.

Gnanayoga there is, yes. Bhaktiyoga there is, yes. Who says not? But they are both subservient to the Karmayoga preached in the *Gita*.

If the *Gita* was preached to desponding Arjuna to make him ready for the fight—for the action—how can it be said that the ultimate lesson of the great book is Bhakti or Gnana alone?

In fact there is blending of all these Yogas in the *Gita* and as the air is not Oxygen or Hydrogen, or any other gas alone but a composition of all these in a certain proportion, so in the *Gita* all these Yogas are blended into one.

Now there is a fundamental unity underlying the Logos (Ishvara), man, and world. The world is in existence because the Logos has willed it so. It is His Will that holds it together. Man strives to gain union with God; and when this union is achieved, the individual Will merges in the mighty Universal Will. When this is achieved, will the individual say: "I shall do no action, and I shall not help the world"—the world which is because the Will with which he has sought union has willed it to be so?

It does not stand to reason. It is not I who say so; the *Gita* says so.

Sri Krishna himself says that there is nothing in all the three worlds that He need acquire, and *still* he acts. He acts because if He did not, the world's Will will be ruined.

I have thus solved the question for myself and I hold that serving the world, and thus serving His Will, is the surest way of Salvation, and this way can be followed by remaining in the world and not going away from it.

[*From his Speeches & Writings*]

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LOVE and PRAYER

F. M. Dostoievsky

YOUNG man, be not forgetful of prayer.

Every time you pray, if your prayer is sincere, there will be new feeling and new meaning in it, which will give you fresh courage, and you will understand that prayer is an education.

Remember, too, every day, and whenever you can, repeat to yourself, "Lord, have mercy on all who appear before Thee to-day."

For, every hour and every moment thousands of men leave life on this earth, and their souls appear before God.

And how many of them depart in solitude, unknown, sad, dejected that no one mourns for them or even knows whether they have lived or not!

And behold, from the other end of the earth perhaps, your prayer for their rest will rise up to God though you knew them nor they you.

How touching it must be to a soul standing in dread before the Lord to feel at that instant that, for him too, there is one to pray, that there is a fellow creature left on earth to love him too!

And God will look on you both more graciously, for if you have had so much pity on him, how much will He have pity Who is infinitely more loving and merciful than you!

And He will forgive him for your sake.

Brothers, have no fear of men's sin.

Love a man even in his sin, for that is the semblance of Divine Love and is the highest love on earth.

Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it.

Love every leaf, every ray of God's light.

Love the animals, love the plants, love everything.

If you love everything, you will perceive the divine mystery in things.

At some thoughts one stands perplexed, especially at the sight of men's sin, and wonders whether one should use force or humble love.

Always decide to use humble love.

If you resolve on that once for all, you may subdue the whole world.

Loving humility is marvellously strong, the strongest of all things, and there is nothing else like it.

My friends, pray to God for gladness.

Be glad as children, as the birds of heaven.

And let not the sin of men confound you in your doings.

There is only one means of salvation, then take yourself responsible for everything and for all men, you will see at once that it is really so, and that you are to blame for everyone and for all things.

But throwing your own indolence and impotence on others you will end by sharing the pride of Satan and murmuring against God.

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COURTEOUSNESS

A COMPLETE understanding and knowledge of the ways of the world, coupled with a harmonious behaviour distinguish the man of courtesy. Such a person will get a good chit from everybody.

One of the ways of attaining that distinction is to put oneself unreservedly at the disposal of all who seek him. This is not merely an endearing act, but a disarming one too.

While nobility of birth will automatically pitchfork one into courteous behaviour, a conscious cultivation of altruism or unselfish love towards others will help its formation.

The unity of a people or of a community does not so much lie in its physical conformity or uniformity as in the fusion of hearts, the ability to take active and helpful interest in one another.

Indeed the progress of the world is wholly dependent upon character and courtesy. They are like the twin wheels of its chariot. When they are in disrepair, the world is doomed.

While discourtesy is unsustainable even on the playground, the courteous do not resile from their position even against malevolence.

Although men might be endowed with razor-sharp intellect, sans the "human" touch, they are like lone trees, benefiting no one least of all themselves. To people who are unable to open their heart to the outside world, the universe will put on the cloak of night even in day-light.

Finally, the best cow's milk becomes putrified if its container is unclean. Even so becomes the inherited opulence of the discourteous.

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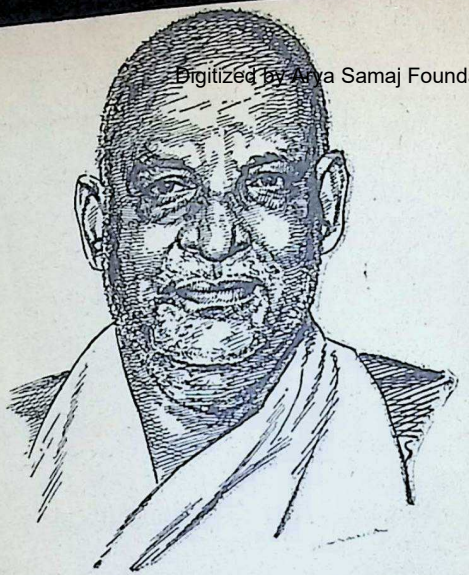

The Saint of Rishikesh

V. A. K. AYER

THE passing away of Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh removes from our midst a colourful saint who had become an institution by himself.

Born 76 years ago in Pattamadai village of Tirunelveli District in the extreme south of India, as the son of Sri P. S. Vengu Aiyer and Parvati Ammal, under the star Bharani, Swamiji by his dynamic spiritualism has not only carved a warm corner for himself in the hearts of the devout all the world over, but earned for India and her spiritual heritage a very wide stage.

Coming as he did in the great lineage of the scholar-saint Sri Appayya Dikshitar, Swami Sivananda may be said to have walked in the footsteps of Sankara and Vivekananda and propagated Indian spiritual thought with consummate skill, taking all the appurtenances of modern scientific achievements like the disc and the film in his stride.

There is a saying in Tamil that a child born in Bharani will rule the world. Whether others ruled or not, Swami Sivananda literally did. He had built a spiritual empire over which he presided and it had its outposts as far away as Hong Kong and California. Of course he had no armies and no power blocs to help him. His *sadhana*, his conviction and innate energy did duty for them.

About his early life, let us listen to the Swamiji himself recapitulate: "I was extremely mischievous in my boyhood. I studied in the S.P.G. College, Trichy." Further on, he says: "I was a doctor in the Malaya states for 10 years. I took Sannyasa in 1924 in Rishikesh. I did *tapas* and meditation for 15 years. I went on lecturing tours for 10 years. I founded the Divine Life Society in 1936 and the All-World Religious Federation in 1945."

In his *parivrajak* life, he wandered without food, slept on the roadside, often without winter-clothing. He had to eat dry bread with water.

In the thirties, *My Magazine* of Madras carried his regular contributions on spiritual subjects. They were simple, straight and had the significant quality of directly appealing to the common man and had the effect of enkindling his spiritual instinct. People started reading them regularly.

When later on his writings started appearing as books under the same banner in a cheap series, the Swamiji started collecting a body of ad-

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mirers. It was in those years that he really started consolidating his following. His founding of the now famous Ashram at Rishikesh and its present large-scale activities are matters of current history and knowledge. His extensive tour of India (during which he visited the Bhavan also) and Ceylon in the fifties increased his popularity.

What was the secret of Swamiji's enormous success in the spiritual field? Let us hear the Swamiji himself: "I am ever hard-working. I never leave a work until it is finished. I never procrastinate any work. I finish it then and there. I am very quick in doing things. I cannot suppress the spirit of service in me. I cannot live without service. I take immense delight in service. Service has elevated me. Service has purified me."

What is the secret of his immense spritual drive? Again, hear the Swamiji himself: "I am very regular in doing *asans* and exercises. I even now do Sirshasan, Sarvangasan and other *asans*. I do *pranayama* regularly. These give me wonderful health and energy. I ever feel quite young. I am ever cheerful. I sing, dance, run and jump in joy."

On the mental side he has this to say: "Work gives me delight. Service gives me happiness. Writing bestows joy. Meditation energises and invigorates me. *Kirtan* vivifies me."

Here are his favourite passages for Vedantic meditation:

"*Aham Brahmasmi, Sivoham, Soham Satchidananda Swaroopoham*"

"Song of Chidanand" is his favourite song for singing.

The following *mahamantra* from the sacred books constitutes his favourite *kirtan*.

'Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Hare.
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare.'

The Swamiji's special *niyamas* were few: he fasted on Ekadasi; he would not take even a drop of water. He took milk and fruit and avoided salt on Sundays.

Regularity, moderation and absence of worry are the three main ingredients to health. These the Swamiji had in large measure. Besides these, he led a simple, natural life. Even in his school days he had been an athlete and his later yogic exercises only tended to consummate these proclivities. These gave him power, freedom, beauty, courage, poise and health.

Swamiji had great veneration for Ganga and the Himalayas. Says he: "I love Ganga and the Himalayas. Ganga is my Mother Divine. Himalayas is my father Divine. They inspire and guide me. Ganga has nourished me. Ganga has comforted me. Ganga has taught me the Truth of the Upanishads." Hence his *ashram* nestles at Rishikesh.

What are the spiritual companions of Swamiji? According to him: "*Gita*, Upanishad, *Bhagavat*, *Yoga Vasishta*, *Avadhooth Gita*, and *Viveka-Chudamani*" were his constant companions.

In a remarkable self-analysis, the Swamiji observes: "I am a strange mixture of service, devotion, *yoga* and wisdom. I am a Keval-Adwaita Vedantin. I am not at all a dry-life Vedantin. I am a practical Vedantin.

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I practise and advocate the Yoga of Synthesis. I practise Ahimsa, Satyam and Brahmacharya. I respect all saints and prophets of all religions. I respect all religions, all cults, all faiths and all creeds."

About his humanity, visitors to his *ashram*—and they are legion—will be able to testify to his regard for the poor and the needy. The *ashram* hospital is an instance in point. Indeed he writes: "I do mental prostrations to asses, dogs, trees, bricks, stones and all creatures."

His care in attending to guests, promptness in replying, fulfilment of promises are all proverbial by now.

The secret of his secular success consists in what he calls his *Trisul*, namely his spiritual diary, daily routine and resolve.

The Vedantic passages on which Swamiji constantly meditated are:

"Prajnyanam Brahma, Aham Brahma Asmi, Tat Twam Asi, Ayam Atma Brahma.

Satyam Jnanam Anantam Brahman, Santam Sivam Advaitam.

Aham Atma Gudakesa: Aham Atma Nirakarah Sarvavyapee Swabhavatah.

Brahma Satyam Jagan mitthya Jeevo Brahmaiva naparah.

Akarta, abhokta, asanga, sakshee, Ajo nityah Saswatoyam Purano.

Jyotishamapi tat Jyotih."

In a testament of his life the Swamiji has affirmed his creed as follows: "To raise the fallen, to lead the blind, to share what I have with others, to bring solace to the afflicted ,to cheer up the suffering are my ideals.

"To have perfect faith in God, to love my neighbour as my own Self, to love God with all my heart and soul, to protect cows, animals, women, and children are my aims.

"My watchword is Love. My goal is *Sahaja Samadhi Avastha* or the natural, continuous, superconscious state."

While a detailed and critical assessment of his contribution to Indian thought and religion must wait, one can now safely say that the Swamiji had largely succeeded in bringing Hinduism down to the masses in this country and spreading its fundamentals abroad.

Thousands have benefited by his simple and effective restatements of the basic tenets of Hindu religion and as a result they are well set in their understanding of our religion and following them in their proper spirit. In this respect, his writings which are legion, have done splendid service. This is no small achievement.

To all men and institutions engaged in similar objectives Swami Sivananda had a warm corner in his large heart. To the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in particular, and its activities he always had a word of cheer. His article on "Sraddha"— perhaps one of the last pieces of writing he did—will appear posthumously in the forthcoming Annual Number of the *Journal.*

Great men never die ; their physical bodies may disappear from the scene of action for the nonce only to reappear in another quarter with renewed vigour.

May his spirit continue to guide us.

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IDOL WORSHIP

Swami Kriyananda

"I DO agree with you. India is in many ways a fascinating country." The woman from Chicago was summing up her experiences for me in a chance encounter in Rome. "I was interested in all the ancient monuments, and I *loved* the Taj Mahal and the mountains of Kashmir. I was saddened, of course, to see so much poverty, but I understand the Indians are working hard to raise their standard of living.

"What *really* shocked me," she continued, lowering her voice confidentially, "was the superstition. All those idols! And the ceremonies the people perform before them! Bells, drums, conch shells—just about *anything* goes! India is supposed to be such a spiritual country. Why, they're nothing but heathens!"

Loving India as I do, it is painful for me to have met numerous Westerners in Europe and America who, in describing their visits to India, have ended their account of their impressions on this critical note: Hindus are idol worshippers. In the average Western mind, this judgment is damning.

Why it should be so may be difficult for Indians to understand. Tourist guides, in their zeal to impress foreigners with the religious fervour of their people, often go out of their way to point out the numerous religious images in the temples, and to relate —alas, with more enthusiasm than insight—the esoteric myths that are responsible for the popularity of various deities.

"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." (Exodus 20:3, 4) This Biblical commandment is too strongly impressed on disciples of the Hebraic family of religions (Judaism, Christianity, and Islam) to be easily set aside. We* are raised from childhood on tales of the Godless idolatry that was prevalent in ancient times. The impression is firmly fixed in our minds that heathen peoples, steeped in the ignorant worship of insensate objects, lacked most of the refinements that developed in the human race with the advent of true religion.

To discover such primitive practices today comes as a profound shock, particularly when they are found in a country as noted for its spirituality as India is.

The puzzling thing, as every Westerner discovers who has made it a point to penetrate the crust of first impressions is, that most Hindus who worship before images are in no sense barbarians. One perceives in many of them a philosophical enlightenment, a profound devotion to the eternal verities, and withal a *practical* religious spirit of kindness and service, of genuine charity toward the differing beliefs of others, that might well cause the foreigner to blush for his own irreligion.

How can such deeply spiritual people be at the same time steeped in heathenism? The question naturally

* The writer is an American Yogi.

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arises, *are* they steeped in it? *Do* they actually worship idols rather than the One True God?

There is a story, well-known in India, about a time when Swami Vivekananda was visiting a family in the north-western part of the country. The owner of the house, educated along Western lines, remarked that he had no faith in holy images. Soon afterwards, the Swamiji, seeing a photograph of the man's father hanging on a wall, cried suddenly:

"Take that picture off the wall! Spit on it!"

The man was shocked. "But," he remonstrated, "that is my father."

The Swami laughed. "You call a piece of paper your father?"

"Of course not. But it reminds me of him."

"Exactly," Vivekananda replied. "You even give it a place of honour in your home, not because of what it is—mere paper—but out of love for him whom it recalls to your mind.

"And that is just why devotees keep sacred images. Surely you don't credit them with so little intelligence as to think that stone images, made by human hands, are *themselves* gods? People know there is nothing particularly holy in stone or in metal, as such. But having formed these substances into shapes that recall to their minds the love, purity, or grace of Infinite God they honour these forms for the sake of Him whom alone they adore."

The difficulty most people face in religion is that they simply cannot visualize an abstraction. Westerners claim that they do not want to worship something that isn't God. Problems arise when they try to think of Him as He *is*.

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Even distant places here on earth cannot really be imagined accurately, if we haven't personally visited and seen them. We are bound to think of them in terms of the places we know already. That such mental pictures are generally wrong is common knowledge.

How, then, steeped in mortal consciousness as we are, can we visualize accurately Immortal God? No matter what ideas we form about Him, one thing is perfectly certain: they are *bound* to be inadequate, if not entirely wrong! Can a tiny ant imagine the grandeur of the Himalayas? Our loftiest human notions about our Creator cannot but fix delusive limits to His immensity.

Yet, if we don't visualize Him at all, how can we love Him? How can

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we even begin to worship Him?

Fortunately for man, an exact mental picture of what God is like is not a pre-requisite of the spiritual life. So long as one's aspirations lead him towards some Higher Being —towards, let us say, the highest principle that he himself is capable of conceiving—he is safe in leaving the rest in God's hands. In whatever way we worship the Lord, certain it is that as we approach Him, He will Himself be able to enlighten us as to His true nature.

Images are helpful because one must start with *something*. Forms help to focus the mind in prayer. Once intensity of mental prayer is achieved, the mind is naturally drawn inward to subtler realities. Personal devotion is gradually purified into a perfection of love that only God can bestow.

The great Yogi, Paramahansa Yogananda, taught that the real idolatry that is condemned by Divine Law is not the use of outward symbols as aids in developing devotion to the infinite Lord. It is the "worship" of anything that distracts one from Him: money, fame, earthly power. Primitive peoples worshipping stone images in the hope of obtaining mere worldly "goods" are only objectifying a cult in which most men and women the world over are engaged—often with greater zeal! The true "idol" worshippers are the materialists, whatever their nominal religious loyalties.

Westerners should understand this distinction between primitive idolatry and the use of symbols as stimuli to divine devotion. Hereditary prejudices often prevent an interchange of priceless insights into the eternal problem of man's search for Truth.

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....A new Renaissance is just dawning at the distant horizon. It consists of an earnest desire of all thoughtful minds both in the East and the West to mend the cleavage between Science and the Humanities....

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

Relevance of Buddha's Message Today

Maj.-Gen. S. L. Bhatia

THE teachings of Gautam Buddha are full of compassion and love, and have served as a soothing balm to all men and women in the past, and have given them new hope and joy.

He came at a time when the Hindu society was in a bad way, and Buddhism helped to lift it up. Today again it is not India alone, but the whole world which is passing through a critical phase of its chequered history and we again look up to Gautam Buddha for help and guidance.

And we do not do so in vain. His teachings are just as fresh and just as appropriate to deal with the world problems today, as they were 2,500 years ago.

We are living at a time when mankind is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Scientific Revolution. Let us look back for a moment and see how it started.

It started with the Renaissance, which took place in Italy in the 15th and 16th centuries. The change was gradual. An atmosphere which was hostile to free enquiry (as was the case during the Middle Ages) gave place to one in which Art, Science and Literature could flourish freely. There was a revival of learning. A new culture grew up, which gradually became the general possession of the people, not only in Europe but in all corners of the earth, particularly through the invention of printing.

It made increasingly rapid strides in the 17th and 18th centuries, while in the 20th century it has advanced at a pace exceeding the wildest imaginations of the previous generations.

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One of the important outcomes of the Renaissance has been the advancement of Science. Its growth amounted to a Revolution and according to Prof. Butterfield, the Cambridge Historian, the Scientific Revolution outshines everything else since the rise of Christianity, and reduces the Renaissance and the Reformation to the rank of mere episodes, mere internal displacements within the system of mediaeval Christendom. The practical success of science gave rise to the Industrial Revolution of our time. Science has thus become one of the productive forces of society, a permanent acquisition of humanity.

During the last 150 years, it has become an important factor responsible for causing more changes than have ever occurred since the days of our ancient Vedic civilization in India.

I need not recount the advantages of modern science, including medicine. This scientific progress, however, has not been accompanied by any increase in mutual love and understanding between the nations. On the contrary, owing to increasing mistrust, jealousy and political rivalries in the international sphere, mankind is constantly subjected to a sense of insecurity, uncertainty and fear in all parts of the earth. Some of us have witnessed two World Wars of unprecedented magnitude during our life time. There is imminent danger of another World War, the consequences of which are likely to be disastrous to our civilization. In fact, the survival of the human race is in peril owing to the Hydrogen and Atom bombs and other nuclear weapons.

The precarious situation, which faces us today, is thus the direct outcome of the Renaissance, which as I have said, commenced in the 15th and 16th centuries. The main reason is, that a cleavage has occurred between Science and the Humanities. A new Renaissance is just dawning at the distant horizon. It consists of an earnest desire of all thoughtful minds both in the East and the West to mend this cleavage.

Not only to mend this cleavage but the new Renaissance seeks to bring all sections of the human race culturally together, so that instead of destroying each other, they seek to live together in mutual love, happiness and peace.

It is in the growth of this new Renaissance that Gautam Buddha and his teachings have a great contribution to make through the gospel of compassion and love. His message today is most appropriate and of vital importance.

In a voice full of divine grace and earnestness, he warns us across the centuries and says:

"Victory breeds hatred; the defeated live in pain.
Happily the peaceful live, giving up victory and defeat."

"Overcome anger by loving kindness, evil by good.
Overcome the stingy by generosity and falsehood by truth."

"One should give up anger, one should renounce pride.
One should overcome all fetters. Ills never befall him who clings not to mind and body, and is passionless."

"Easily seen are other's faults
But hard indeed to see one's own

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Like chaff one winnows other's faults
But one's own one hides like a crafty fowler covers himself."
(*Dhammapada*)

Nations as well as individuals in all parts of the earth will do well to listen to these words and put them into practice and thus create a more peaceful atmosphere.

A careful study of Buddha's teachings shows that he always appealed to reason, and his methods were truly scientific in the modern sense. May I remind you of the following words from *Dhammapada*:

"Mind is fore-runner of all good conditions
Mind is chief and they are mind-made. If with a pure
Mind one speaks or acts, then happiness follows one
Even as the shadow that never leaves."

"Should a person perform good, he should perform again and again. He should find pleasure therein, for blissful is the accumulation of good."

"Not to do any evil
To cultivate good
To purify one's mind
This is the advice of the Buddha."

Thus you see, the teachings of Buddha have a modern trend about them. He is rational in his outlook and well suited to guide us in our difficulties today.

The teachings of Lord Buddha stand unique because he alone of the great teachers laid great stress on the capability of each man to work out his own salvation independently of others, of priests and rituals. The teachings contained in the noble eight-fold path have stood the test of time. Century after century men have followed it and have testified that in treading the path they have found peace. Gautam Buddha's power in his message lies in the fact that he taught human beings to control the outward and inward natures by a life of charity and compassion. From within man's own heart will shine the light he needs to illumine his way. For within him, according to Buddha, is "the way, the truth and the life". He demonstrated the truth which he had himself discovered for himself. He preached again and again that men should "work out their own salvation with diligence". This is done by practising the immutable Law of Love, which exists in nature. This is indeed a synthesis of the wisdom of the East with the science of the West. We shall briefly consider what his noble eight-fold path is.

This is beautifully described by Sir Edwin Arnold in his "Light of Asia" and is as follows:

"So is the Eightfold path which brings to peace,
By lower or upper heights it goes
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows."

"The First *good level is the* Right Doctrine. *Walk*
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence.
In heed of karma, which doth make man's fate
In lordship over sense.

The Second *is* Right Purpose. *Have goodwill*
To all that lives, letting unkindness die,
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third *is* Right Discourse. *Govern the lips*
As they were palace doors, the king within;

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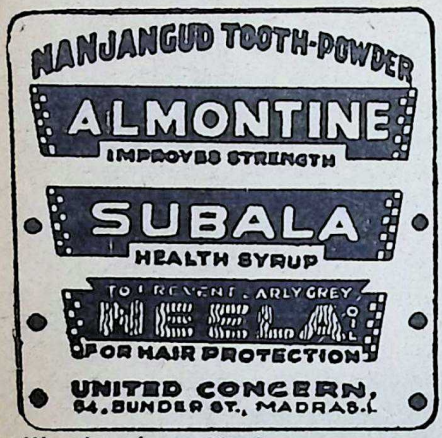

We take only one Merchant
as OUR STOCKIST for each City.

Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from the presence win.

The Fourth *is* Right Behaviour. *Let each act*
Assail a fault or help a merit grow
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be; only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly things
Right Purity, Right Path, Right Loneliness
Right Rapture."

This eight-fold path deals with the mental realm. We are to explore the strange world of the mind. The purpose of the Golden Path is to enable one to attain within one's deepest consciousness self-realisation and the patient acceptance of the supreme truth.

The *four noble truths* preached by Buddha are:

(a) All existence is full of suffering.
(b) All suffering has a cause.
(c) Suffering can be ended.
(d) There is means to put an end to all suffering.

He laid great stress on four noble sentiments:

(a) *Metta* or universal love.
(b) *Karuna* or compassion.
(c) *Mudita* or sympathetic joy
(d) *Upekha* or equanimity.

The whole philosophy of Buddha is based on his witnessing in the early years, scenes of sickness, old age and death, which persuaded him to renounce the world, become an ascetic and seek solution for the problems which worried him.

India's past history shows that in religious matters, we have exercised great discretion and have established a marked toleration and tendency to bring about synthesis and co-ordination between different cultures.

At this critical moment in World's history, the world looks to India for guidance and lead. That lead is given by our Gautam Buddha, who through his teachings can bring harmony in the world by bridging the gulf between Science and the Humanities and thus promote goodwill and peace in the world. In the truest sense of the word, he is the harbinger of the new Renaissance which is dimly evident today, for he combines in himself the best qualities of the Scientist and the Humanist.

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PART III

CHAPTER XXVI

BHANUMATI'S DEVOTION

DRONAACHARYA was fully satisfied with himself as he returned to the *yuddhashala*. From a difficult situation, he had emerged as the powerful and indispensable defender of the Kuru policies. His decision to go to Pushkar was right. Things were indeed changing fast. Duryodhana, left to himself, would never be able to maintain the dignity of Bharat's house. He had no eyes to see that Krishna V*aa*sudeva's star was rising on the horizon and he was emerging more powerful than a king. And, the Acharya smiled to himself he was friendly to him.

When the Acharya came to the *yuddhashala,* he found Princess Bhanumati, wife of Duryodhana, impatiently waiting for him, her face inflamed, her eyes tear-laden, her fresh beauty enhanced by the shadow of misery which clouded it for the moment. She immediately fell at his feet and asked piteously: 'What has been done, Acharyadeva? Is my fate sealed?'

Kripadevi, the wife of the Acharya, stout, dignified and maternal, sat next to her with a consoling arm round her shoulders.

Dronaacharya placed his hands affectionately on the head of Bhanumati and said: 'My blessings. Nothing will happen to you, my child.'

'Has *Aryaputra* given up going to the *swayamvara?*' she asked with trembling lips.

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'No. He *is* going to attend the *swayamvara*,' said the Acharya. 'But don't you worry. He is not likely to win Draupadi. Curiously, almost miraculously, Krishna V*aa*sudeva came to our rescue.'

'Krishna V*aa*sudeva! Is he here!' exclaimed Bhanumati, a new light glowing on her face. 'I would like to meet him.'

'You are mistaken, child. He is not here. But he sent a message which changed the face of things. Do you know how your husband drove Chekitaana out of Pushkar? V*aa*sudeva sent word that it should be restored to the Yadava King,' said the Acharya.

'*Aryaputra* will never agree to do so,' said Bhanumati. 'I know him.'

'But you don't know me, Bhanumati,' said the Acharya with a smile. 'It has been decided to hand it back to King Chekitaana. I am going there myself to do it and receive Krishna and Balaraama, who are coming there on their way to the *swayamvara*,' said the Acharya. Then his brow was furrowed for a moment as he had a sudden inspiration. He turned to Bhanumati with a smile. 'Bhanumati, you told me months ago that when V*aa*sudeva was here, he had adopted you as a sister.'

'Yes, Acharyadeva,' replied Bhanumati, blushing, as the memory of that fearful night at the shrine of Gauri, the Mother Goddess, came back to her. 'He was so very, very kind. If he had not been there, I would have had to drown myself in the Ganga.'

'Well, then, will you come with me to meet him at Pushkar?' asked the Acharya.

'To meet Krishna V*aa*sudeva! *Aryaputra* will never permit it. He is not happy with V*aa*sudeva,' said Bhanumati.

'Do you want to make sure that Duryodhana does not win Draupadi?' asked the Acharya.

'I wish I could, Acharyadeva,' replied Bhanumati.

'Perhaps, if you could secure a promise from Krishna V*aa*sudeva, he would help you.'

'How can he help me? He cannot stop *Aryaputra* from going to the *swayamvara* and winning the bride.'

'I do not know,' said the Acharya thoughtfully as if speaking to himself. 'The stories that Krishna can work miracles, which we have heard so often, may be true after all. I cannot shake off the feeling that in the matter of Pushkar, his intervention was miraculous.' The Acharya did not tell the Princess that the intervention affected his personal fortunes also. Then he added: 'I will tell you what to do. Go to the Most Venerable Mother. Tell her that I am going to receive Krishna V*aa*sudeva at Pushkar. Tell her how he had adopted you as his younger sister and how, as a sister, you would like to greet him. She might perhaps give you permission to come with me. If necessary, get the help of Vidura. He has great influence with the Mother. When there, it would be up to you to secure a promise from Krishna that he would do all in his power to prevent Draupadi from choosing Duryodhana.'

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'How can he give such a promise?' asked Bhanumati.

'Well, this much I know. If you succeed in getting him to give you this promise, he would keep it,' said the Acharya.

'He won't give such a promise,' said Bhanumati.

'Then, his adopting you as his younger sister is a joke,' said the Acharya with a smile.

'I know, Acharyadeva, he is a man of his word.'

'Well, then, child, better go to the Most Venerable Mother and get her consent. If she gives you the permission, Duryodhana will not venture to stop you from coming with me,' said the Acharya.

'I will try. But I do not think Krishna V*aa*sudeva would help in this matter.'

'If he really is what he is reported to be, he might make the impossible possible,' said the Acharya.

When Bhanumati took leave, there was a smile of triumph on the Acharya's face. Things were going his way.

●●●

Bhanumati was exultant. The Most Venerable Mother had consented to her going to Pushkar with the Acharya. She was going to meet Krishna again—Krishna, who had played the flute and attracted the cowherdesses of Vrindavan, of whom the ballad-singers of her father's court had sung so enthusiastically.

Now he was no longer a cowherd, but a powerful man whom most people respected. Even her husband, Duryodhana, who had scant respect for most people, had told her to win his goodwill. Now she would secure his help. She was sure, somehow he would dissuade Draupadi from choosing Duryodhana as her husband at the *swayamvara.* Then she would be happy as the favourite wife of her husband whom she loved, and become the future Empress of Hastinapur.

She could not contain her happiness. With almost a dancing step, she confided all her secrets to her favourite parrot, whose cage hung by her side. It was a fine parrot with a fresh green body, which always responded to her by saying: 'Bhanumati, all is well.'

Her husband, as usual, had gone to uncle Shakuni for gambling. He would return late at night as he al-

....Lord, you are hurting me....

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ways did. Then she would tell him of her proposed visit to Pushkar.

As was usual with her, she never went to sleep before her husband returned home and sat up late till he came. He was tipsy, and when she held out her hand to receive his diadem, he glared at her, gnashed his teeth, foaming at the mouth. Then by an effort, he steadied himself and, instead of the usual endearments with which he accosted her, caught her hand in a vicious grip. Rolling his eyes fearfully, he asked her in an angry, broken whisper: 'You slut, you went to Acharyadeva today, didn't you?'

Bhanumati was taken aback. Her happiness ebbed away. She was frightened at the attitude of her husband and tried to pacify him with a smile. 'Yes, you know I go to him almost every day.'

This reply exasperated Duryodhana all the more. He shook her by the shoulders. 'You, liar,' he shouted. 'You went there to conspire against me. You wanted him to oppose my going to the *swayamvara*. I know what you are up to, you wicked woman.'

Because of the violence with which her husband was shaking her, Bhanumati almost fell to the ground. She went pale.

'Come on, speak. Why did you go? Shall I tell you? Uncle Shakuni told me about it. He has agreed to take you to Pushkar,' shouted Duryodhana.

She should have known that uncle Shakuni had his spies all over Hastinapur. With some difficulty, she mumbled: 'The Most Venerable Mother has permitted me to go to Pushkar with the Acharya.'

'Most Venerable Mother!' exclaimed Duryodhana, gnashing his teeth again. 'Oh, you went to her too to get her permission? You never even asked me about it. You wanted to meet Krishna, isn't it?'

Bhanumati lost her nerves. She broke down and whined: 'You told me to make a friend of him and you were quite happy when he said I was his little sister.'

Duryodhana took his hand away from her shoulders, stood before her with arms akimbo, as frightening as before. 'Little sister, little sister! And why does the little sister want to see her big brother?'

Bhanumati was now sobbing. With great difficulty, she managed to say: 'What is wrong in my going to pay him my respects?'

'Shall I tell you why you are going? You, liar,' said Duryodhana, slapping her. 'You, liar! You are going to ask him to poison Draupadi's ears against me. Little sister wants help from her big brother to become the Empress of Hastinapur, isn't it? Come, speak the truth.'

Bhanumati collapsed on the bedstead. She did not know what to say, not being in the habit of telling lies.

Duryodhana stepped forward and stood over her like an avenging angel, caught hold of her arms and twisted them. 'Tell me the truth. What did you want to go there for? You think that some day you will come to be the Empress of Hastinapur? Don't you worry! Draupadi or no

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Draupadi, I shall see that you never become one. You slut.'

'Oh, please, please lord, you are hurting me,' cried Bhanumati, as Duryodhana continued to twist her arms.

'I don't care if you die,' he shouted.

The pain was intolerable. Bhanumati summoned up her dying courage, looked defiantly at her husband. 'Yes, kill me, kill me,' she cried in a choking voice. 'Then you would have killed your son.'

It took Duryodhana a moment to realise what she was saying. Then he understood the significance of her remark, took away his hands and rubbed his eyes for a little while. The remark had a marvellous effect on him. In a moment he became sober.

'Are you with child?' his voice changed. His first wife, Bhanumati's elder sister, and her child, both had died at its birth. For the last two years that he was married to Bhanumati, he was expecting a son, but the son had been slow to come. 'Are you sure?' he asked her.

Bhanumati, shaken though she was by Duryodhana's violence, looked down modestly and in a trembling voice said: 'It is true.'

'Why didn't you tell me before?' asked Duryodhana with a touch of impatience, for his anger had now disappeared.

'How can I tell you before I was sure?'

'Are you sure now?'

'Of course, I am,' replied Bhanumati.

Duryodhana, prompted by a protective instinct, put his arm around his wife. 'Don't cry. It would do harm to the child. But why do you do silly things? Going to Krishna Vaasudeva to prevent the Princess of Panchala from choosing me as a husband?'

With the change in Duryodhana's attitude, Bhanumati summoned up courage. She looked down again in modesty and, clinging to Duryodhana with a helpless gesture, whispered: 'I want your son to be the Emperor of Hastinapur.' She said it with such childlike simplicity that Duryodhana took her into his arms.

'Your son will be the Emperor of Hastinapur, Draupadi or no Draupadi. Don't you worry. He will be the first among the Bharats. But I must win Draupadi. Do you know, if I wed the daughter of Drupad, I will be ten times more powerful than I am?'

Bhanumati could hardly restrain a sob. Her fate was sealed. Whatever Duryodhana might say, once Panchala's Princess became his wife, Duryodhana would become a different person. But she accepted the inevitable; she loved her husband and would not do anything to incur his displeasure. '*Aryaputra*, I will obey your wish. I will not go to Pushkar.'

For a moment Duryodhana smiled. Then a doubt struck him. 'But you have taken the consent of the Most Venerable Mother. What would she say to this?'

'I will tell her that I did not feel fit enough to travel to Pushkar. She would understand it.'

Duryodhana got up from the bed-

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stead and as usual, handed over his diadem and his ornaments one by one to Bhanumati, and waited till she had deposited them in a secure place where they were generally kept.

Neither of them spoke for some time. Duryodhana could not hide both pride and satisfaction at the prospect of Bhanumati becoming the mother of his first-born son. It was a good omen, this, for every one in the royal family of the Kurus was anxious to see an heir born to the throne of Chakravarti Bharat. And with tender affection, he wiped her tears before they laid themselves down to rest.

Bhanumati, in her childlike simplicity, forgot her misery. It did not matter to her whether she met Krishna or not, nor did it matter whether Duryodhana brought another wife of a higher parental rank than her own. She wanted her husband to love her; she wanted to sleep always in his arms; there was no other happiness which she prized more. And in a few minutes, she was sound asleep.

A little later, she was shaken out of her sleep by her husband. She saw him sitting straight on the bed and saying: 'Devi, I have thought over the matter. You must go and meet Krishna V*aa*sudeva.'

Bhanumati, thinking that she was in a dream, closed her eyes and turned on her side. Then he repeated: 'Devi, I do want you to go to Krishna.'

Bhanumati woke up again, understood what he was saying, sat up, rubbed her eyes and looked at him in surprise. 'Why should I go? I am happy as I am,' she finally said, clinging to him with a fond gesture.

'Won't you make me more happy? Go to Krishna. I want you to go to him,' Duryodhana insisted.

'But what should I go to him for?'

'Go and convey to him my respectful greetings and pay him your sisterly respects,' said Duryodhana smiling.

'No, I won't go. I don't feel like going,' said Bhanumati. 'There is no sense in my travelling all the way.'

She could not understand why he wanted her to go to Pushkar after having shouted at her for wanting to go there. Perhaps he was trying to make up for his rudeness to her. But she had not minded his rudeness. She was familiar with his stormy moods which passed off as quickly as they came. She did not want to do anything which would displease him, and if in his heart he did not want her to go, she would never think of doing so. She turned away from him as if she was sleepy and closed her eyes.

'You are an obstinate, foolish woman,' muttered Duryodhana. 'Don't you see how important it is that you should go to Krishna?'

Bhanumati neither opened her eyes nor responded.

Duryodhana heaved a deep sigh. 'I am born under an unlucky star—in the morning, Acharyadeva, at night, my wife! Whenever there is a chance for me to make headway, even those whom I consider mine, turn against me.'

He put his hand on his forehead and said, a disconsolate

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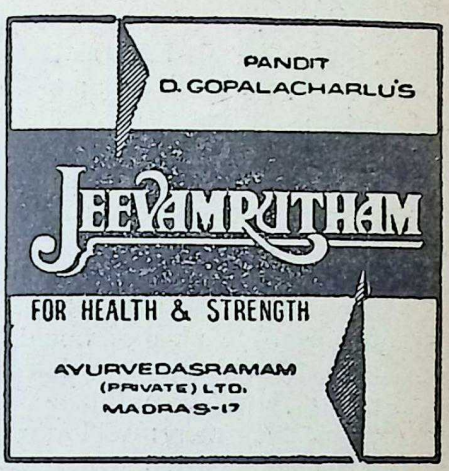
figure, for a considerable time. Again he muttered under his breath: 'Why is it that there is no one to stand by me?' He sighed again and laid himself to sleep, with his face turned away from Bhanumati.

Bhanumati could not sleep any more. The sighs of her husband tore at her heart. In spite of her inexperience, she had sensed that somehow or other, at every step, his path was being obstructed by unseen, imponderable forces. Anyway, she knew he felt it that way, and when that feeling obsessed him, he became a prey to stormy moods. She knew that some of the elders in the family disapproved of his ways: also that his ambition had often been thwarted by some or the other member of his own family.

She had also shared his bitter feelings when, for no fault of his, he had been superseded by Yudhishthira in the office of the Crown Prince. It was a grievous wrong, she had then felt, that he should be punished for his father having been born blind. Now he wanted to win Draupadi to become, in course of time, a powerful monarch. Evidently Gurudeva was coming in the way. So was she. She had even enlisted the Acharyadeva in this conspiracy to frustrate his plans. She had been thinking of even gaining Krishna's support. He was perfectly right. He was alone and friendless, this big husband of hers, so protective and loving in spite of some of his uncertain ways.

He had his friends, true—Karna and Aswatthaama, who encouraged his moods rather than restrained them.



There was his uncle Shakuni, an evil influence, scarcely a desirable person. His father doted on him far too foolishly. His mother never gave him sympathy when he really needed it, though she loved him. She, his wife, was the only person who could give warmth and support in his solitary struggle against fate. But she had been found wanting!

Bhanumati heard Duryodhana sighing repeatedly in his sleep. She could not bear it. What did it matter whether she went to Krishna or not? She could not keep quiet any more. She got up, placed her hand tenderly on Duryodhana's shoulders and shook him awake. '*Aryaputra,* I will go to Krishna if you want me to,' she said.

Duryodhana got up. He was in a wretched mood. 'What did you say?'

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he asked her.

'I am sorry I did not agree to abide by your wishes. I shall go to Krishna if you want me to,' said Bhanumati.

'Will you go, sure?' asked Duryodhana. He shook his head as if trying to awaken himself from a fanastic dream.

'Yes, I will, *Aryaputra*,' said Bhanumati, clinging to him. 'I shall do whatever you wish. Will you tell me what you want me to do?'

'Then, go and meet him. Ask him to be my friend. He has become a powerful man. His alliance would be very useful to me,' said Duryodhana.

'Yes, lord, I will do it.'

'And one thing more: Will you do it?' asked Duryodhana.

'What?'

'Ask him to arrange that Draupadi chooses me at the *swayamvara*,' said Duryodhana.

Although she was in his arms, Bhanumati was shocked at the selfishness implied in the question. She bit her lips and was inclined to withdraw from his arms and get away from the bedstead. He was asking her to pander to his fancy for the Princess of Panchala. For a moment she could not speak.

Duryodhana asked her anxiously: 'Tell me, Devi, that you *will* do it. Do it for my sake. It will not affect your position. But my future depends upon it.'

Bhanumati made up her mind. 'If you are happy, I don't care for my position, even for my life. I will go to Pushkar and do my best to persuade Krishna to help you to win Draupadi.'

'You are so good, beloved,' said Duryodhana, effusively embracing her, overwhelmed by her generosity.

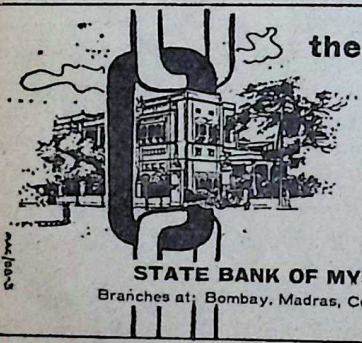
Bhanumati clung to him and suppressed a sob, hiding her head on his chest. She was being asked to sacrifice her position, her prospects, the future of her sons, her very life. Well, she would do it if that made him happy.

'And then,' Duryodhana added: 'You need not go with Acharyadeva alone. I shall ask uncle Shakuni to accompany you.'

Resentment choked her throat. Her husband had no confidence in her. Her effort to win it had gone in vain. He was sending his uncle to spy on her.

'Yes, lord, if you so wish,' she said, and suppressing a sob, lay down to spend a sleepless night.

[*To be continued*]



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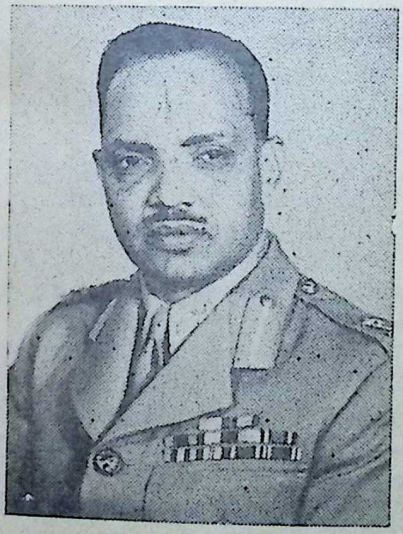
In this article we get a bird's-eye view of our military set-up. Having regard to the fact that even U.K. has streamlined her defence apparatus on the model of the American Pentagon, we too may need some such tightening up.

KNOW OUR ARMY

Lt. Gen. S. P. P. Thorat

THE President of India is the Supreme Commander of our Armed Forces. In practice, however, it is the Ministry of Defence who are responsible for laying down policies regarding the organisation, administration and utilisation of the Defence Forces as required for national stability and security. The Ministry of Defence formulate and obtain policy decisions of the Government on all defence matters and transmit them for implementation to the three defence service headquarters i.e. Army, Navy and the Air Force. The Ministry is also responsible for obtaining financial sanctions for defence expenditure and for its proper allocation to the three Services.



The Author

During the British times, these three Services were under the one Commander-in-Chief. After independence, they became independent of each other. The task of co-ordinating their activities has now devolved on the Defence Ministry. For this purpose, a number of committees have been established at various levels.

THE DEFENCE COMMITTEE

The most important is the Defence Committee of the Cabinet which is

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presided over by the Prime Minister and decides all matters of policy relating to defence. This Committee constitutes Government insofar as the Defence Ministry and the Services are concerned.

The second Committee is the Defence Minister's Committee which is presided over by the Defence Minister. Its decisions are normally final but important policy matters are referred to the DCC. Then there are other sub-committees under the DCC such as the DM's Production Committee, the DM's Research and Development Committee and the Chiefs of Staff Committee.

There are a number of inter-services organisations which are common to all the three Services. Hence these are directly administered by the Defence Ministry. The more important ones are: the Production and Inspection Organisation including ordnance factories, the research and development organisation, DG Medical Services, NCC Directorate of Resettlement, Directorate of Military Lands and Cantonments, Defence Staff College, National Defence Academy and many others.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS

The executive head of the Army is the Chief of the Army Staff. He has an organisation known as Army HQ to assist him in the discharge of his duties.

Army HQ consists of six branches. These are: The General Staff Branch, the Adjutant General's Branch, the Quarter-Master General's Branch, the Master General of Ordnance Branch, the Engineer-in-Chief's Branch and the Military Secretary's Branch.

The Chief of the General Staff is the head of the General Staff Branch which deals, among others, with military operation, intelligence, training, staff duties, weapons and equipments and the Territorial Army. It is also responsible for co-ordination.

The second branch is the Adjutant General's Branch under the Adjutant General. This deals with all matters concerning man-power, personal services such as pay and pensions, discipline, terms and conditions of service, ceremonials; and it also co-ordinates the activities of the medical services and the legal branch.

The third branch is the Quartermaster General's Branch under the QMG. The responsibilities of this branch are of road and sea movements of personnel and stores, the provision of rations, fodder, petrol and oil and for the provision of accommodation. It also deals with military forms, cantonment, fire and postal services, etc.

The fourth branch is that of the Master General of Ordnance under the Master General of Ordnance. This is responsible for ensuring that the various types of warlike stores and equipment required by the Army are made available in right quantity and at the right time and place.

The fifth branch is the Engineer-in-Chief's Branch. This is controlled by the Engineer-in-Chief who is not a principal Staff Officer and, therefore, ranks lower than the CGS, AG, QMG or MGO. He is the technical adviser on all engineering works to the Chiefs of Staffs of the three Ser-

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vices. He is also responsible for the technical training of all engineering units and personnel.

Finally, we have the Military Secretary's Branch under the Military Secretary, who, like the E-in-C, is also not a principal Staff Officer. This handles the C.Rs of officers, is responsible for the grant of all types of commissions and controls, all postings of officers, their transfers, promotion, retirement. etc.

THE COMMANDS

So much for Army HQ. We now come to Commands.

India is divided into four military commands, viz. Southern, Eastern, Western and Central, each under the G.O.C.-in-C, in the rank of Lieutenant General. The G.O.C.-in-C. is responsible for the administration, training and operational efficiency of troops located within his command. In addition, he is responsible for the planning and execution of operations within his command. From 1957 to 1961, I had the honour of being the G.O.C.-in-C. of the Eastern Command.

The highest field formation is an "Army" commanded by a G.O.C.-in-C. This may have one or more formations called "Corps" under it and in addition it will have units of various supporting arms like units of the Armoured Corps, Parachute Brigade, etc. as are allotted to it by Army HQ.

The Corps consists usually of three divisions. A division is commanded by a Major General and normally has three Brigades under it. Each Brigade consists of three battalions. The battalion is the smallest yet the most important self-contained infantry unit and is commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel. The total strength of a battalion is about 700. You will realise that for reasons of security I cannot divulge the number of Corps, divisions and other sub-units in the Indian Army.

So far we have dealt only with the infantry. Till recently the infantry was referred to as the "Queen of the Battlefield," because it was the infantry soldier who finally shot or bayonetted the enemy and either killed him or made him surrender or run. In recent years the science of war has made revolutionary advance and has, therefore, become extremely complex.

FIRE SUPPORT FOR INFANTRY

All manner of long-range weapons have been invented which make it difficult for the infantry to reach the enemy alive. It is, therefore, necessary to support the infantry on to its objective i.e. make it possible for the infantry men to reach the objective alive and come to grips with the enemy. This is done by giving them fire support from heavy weapons. e.g. artillery and tanks, etc. to neutralise the enemy fire. During all phases of a modern war, the infantry also requires engineer support, signal communications and various types of administrative support such as food, clothing, means of movement, replenishment of weapons and ammunition, etc. The agencies which provide these supports are known as Arms and Services. The Arms include the Armoured Corps which as you may know are equipped with tanks. These

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are tracked vehicles and can move across country with ease. They are heavily armoured and are, therefore, immune to small arms fire. They carry weapons capable of producing terrific fire power. Because of all these, the Armoured Corps is a very powerful and fast moving striking force.

The next component of the arms is the artillery. Its weapons are field, heavy and mountain guns, anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns and heavy mortars. All these produce a far heavier volume of fire than the small arms with which the infantry is equipped. The role of the Artillery is to dominate the battlefield with fire and to assist the infantry and the armour to reach and capture their objectives.

The third component of the arms are the engineers who are responsible for the construction, maintenance and operations of communications required for the movement of troops and stores. They are also responsible for bridging fortifications, and demolitions. Without the help of engineers, it would be almost impossible for large bodies of troops to move over difficult country.

The Signals are the last of the arms. As the name implies, they are responsible for inter-communications in the field, which are usually line telegraphy and telephony, wireless telegraphy and telephony, etc. They perform a most important, indeed a vital, role in the conduct of operations.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Finally we come to the Services who give administrative support to the Army. They include the Army Service Corps—who are responsible to feed, clothe and house the Army—and provide motor or animal transport of their movement. The Army Ordnance Corps deals with the provision of all warlike equipment, weapons and ammunition either as initial issues or as replacements of battle casualties. The Corps of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering is responsible for the maintenance and repair of weapons, scientific instruments, etc. The Army Medical Corps looks after the health of the Army and its medical administration during peace and war and the Veterinary Corps do the same in respect of all animals.

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76081

HENRY FORD

[*b.* July 30, 1863; *d.* April 7, 1947]

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J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton

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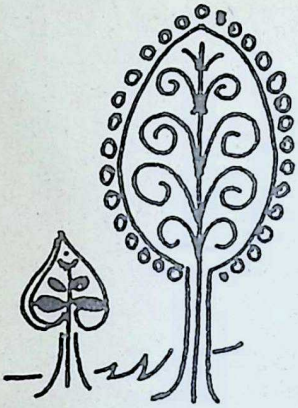
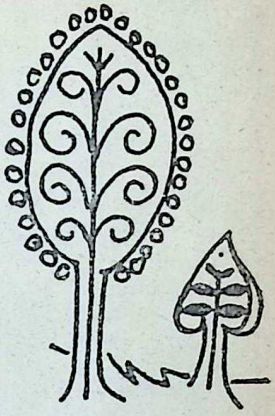


TREES IN NATIONAL ECONOMY

V. S. Rao
[Inspector General of Forests]



WOOD is one of the most important of strategic materials. And trees, which supply us wood, also provide us defence in respect of soil, water, wind and climate.

We all know what great role they play in offering protection against soil erosion, devastating floods and storms.

Not long ago a German scientist was telling me of the magnitude of the problem of air pollution in his country. It is caused by the large number of industrial establishments which keep on pouring smoke and fumes of various kinds into the atmosphere of prosperous towns. To the populations of urban areas, who already suffer from the stresses and strains of a hurried life, this is an added disadvantage.

Trees are amongst the most efficacious purifiers of air. That is why it is not only necessary to have, in the midst of urban organisations, parks and open spaces which are known as the lungs of towns, but it is also important to raise large numbers of trees alongside roads, in avenues, around playgrounds, in parks and gardens.

Nor is the need for trees less in the countryside. Extensive rural tracts are bereft of trees. Innumerable cattle graze the soil-binding grasses down to the roots, and with constant trampling, eliminate even this fragile cover. These areas then become the sources of large quantities of dust. In the dry summer months the soil is shipped up into clouds of dust which rise high into the air and travel far, depositing sand and grit in villages and towns, blinding the eyes and choking the lungs of man and beast.

There is no doubt that much of the dust nuisance can be mitigated by the growing of trees on a large scale. In the U.S.A. a century of deforesta-

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tion and unwise cultivation had resulted in the creation of what was known as the Dust Bowl. And that, too, in one of the most prosperous agricultural tracts. They have since then set matters right by creating an extensive system of shelter belts of trees in the region. Similar work has been done very effectively in parts of Russia.

In Rajasthan, one of our biggest sources of dust storms, the rigour of the desert climate coupled with the pressure of men and cattle in a waterless tract makes it extremely difficult to grow trees or even grass, without the imposition of restrictions which are greatly resented.

It is really remarkable what a great role is played by tradition in the matter of the popular observance of practices which are good or bad. Where good traditions exist, they persist for a long time and survive many vicissitudes which the history of a populace might go through. In this connection, I am reminded of the excellent farm forestry practices prevalent in the Manipur and Kashmir Valleys. I have rarely seen the like of them in the rest of India.

In Manipur, every homestead land has an outer boundary of a large number of closely spaced trees of silky oak, known to botanists as *Grevillea robusta*, which is a native of Australia. Somehow the people took a fancy to this tree and have grown it in their homestead lands as well as on waste patches amongst their fields, throughout the length and breadth of the Manipur Valley. Apart from the silky oak they also grow various local species of trees

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as well as that most versatile of plants, the bamboo, which, in their rural economy, has numerous uses. I was greatly encouraged to note that Manipuris even cultivate in their compounds such tall grasses and sedges as they require for basket-making, domestic walling, etc.

Anyone who has visited the Kashmir Valley cannot but be struck by the very large numbers of poplars and willows that the people raise on their lands and the care with which they protect the trees planted by Government agencies along roadside, or canal banks, in marshy areas and so on. This is apart from the orchards of apples, walnuts, peaches, apricots, cherries and similar fruit trees which they raise in profusion. The Panchayats and other local bodies are also doing an excellent job of raising poplar and willow plantations. Should the Kashmir Valley be bereft of these trees it would lose much of its enchantment.

I do not mean to suggest that good traditions of treeplanting did not exist anywhere else in India. In a recent tour of mine in the North-East Frontier Agency, where destruction of forests by shifting cultivation is the general rule, I was greatly gladdened to find some tribals such as the Apatanis and the Daflas raising, with considerable care and skill, plantations of blue pine and bamboos.

In many parts of India, planting trees on the banks of minor irrigation tanks has been an age-old practice. But unfortunately some of these good practices seem to have disappeared in parts of the country.

(*Continued on page 45*)

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Weather-forecasts in this country, hitherto, had been a standing joke; one could bet on the opposite of what they said.

Asked the reason for it sometime back, the weather-chief said that until we could actually be present inside of a weather disturbance, we could not be sure.

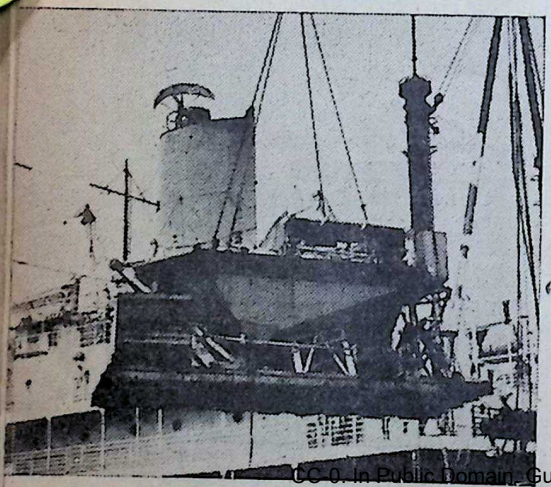
One felt like laughing at that time, but what he said is actually being accomplished now, by the Nomad.

'NOMAD'

BEFORE the onset of the next heavy cyclone season (October-November) the Bay of Bengal will have a robot weather-man in mid-ocean who will warn Indian meterologists of the changing conditions of air and water every six hours.

Their eight-ton automatic weather ship, called *Nomad*, developed in the United States, arrived in Madras recently. It will be anchored some 200 miles out of Madras next September to start its weather-vigil continuously for the next three years.

The weathership being unloaded.



The anchor-point is in the centre of area where tropical cyclones frequently develop, and the *Nomad* will transmit by short wave radio air and sea surface temperature, pressure, wind speed and direction. The batteries for the electronic equipment in the weather ship will be continuously charged by two miniature windmills. Also the *Nomad* will operate warning lights continuously.

The weather information will be picked up by the regional meteorological centre in Madras and will be distributed immediately to other centres in India and neighbouring countries by teleprinter. The broadcasts from the weather ship which will be heard at distances of 600 to 1,000 miles, will be useful to ships in the ocean too.

One of the specialists who was associated with the only other ocean-based robot now in operation (in the cyclone track of the Gulf of Mexico) said, the *Nomad* will be able to give one to two days of advance warning of heavy storms and cyclones. In fact this was what happened when

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hurricane Carla hit the coastal areas of Texas in September 1961. The timely warning then from *Nomad I* and other weather facilities enabled more than 500,000 persons to escape the ravages of the storm.

The steady stream of information from the *Nomad* will be useful also to forecast rains more accurately, especially the north-east monsoon rainfall.

TREES IN NATIONAL ECONOMY

—Contd.

And a good many of the deleterious ones persist, such as the wide-spread denudation of the hills by the process of *jhum* or shifting cultivation, the cutting down or mutilation of trees on roadsides and other places where it is not possible to provide intensive watch and control.

It is true that a general improvement in the standards of living will make it uneconomical to spend energy to cut stray trees for marketing. But meanwhile national standards of conduct and discipline play also a great part.

WITTICISMS ON GOLD

Gold is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world.

—Feltham

* * * *

To have gold is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in sorrow.

—Johnson

* * * *

There is no place so high that an ass laden with gold cannot reach it.

—Rojas

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'The Cunning Giant'

ON the bank of the river Mahi, there was situate, many years ago, a flourishing habitation called by the name 'Kattana.' This village was peopled by four thousand industrious souls with the single exception of Vakrabuddhi, a lazy idler. He was the son of one of the learned and wise men of the village, but when he was just six summers old, his father suddenly took ill and died. The loss of the father was a loss to the village indeed, for in him the village had lost one of its strong pillars, and as such the entire village looked after and brought up Vakrabuddhi as a favourite. They doted on him and tried to gratify every one of his childish wishes so much so he grew to be an idler, learning no trade.

When he grew to be a man, he married a beautiful woman and lived happily with her, spending whatever riches his father had left him. When all his riches had gone, and when the villagers' fascination for and attachment towards him had waned, he found himself at his wits' end. As he could put neither his brain nor brawn to any useful purpose, he became the laughing stock of the village; his wife, though lovely, chaste and obedient, felt very small in the eyes of other women of the village who took pride in the doings of their husbands and were never tired of relating the exploits of their men.

Kumudini, the wife of Vakrabuddhi, many a time persuaded her husband to go out and seek some profitable employment. But every time he would return late in the evening after having expended the whole day on the banks of the river, watching the fishes and frogs at play, and keep-

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For aches and pains

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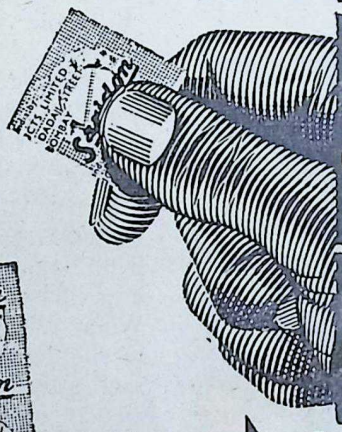

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ing the company of the cattle that grazed and enjoying the sight of the flock of milk-white cranes that alighted from the blue sky to pick and select their fishy-meal. He often wondered how sweet a roasted crane would taste, but he had neither courage nor tact to catch one.

At sunset he would return home and lament his ill-luck, as he could not secure work to fit in with his qualities of head and heart; he would complain that all his wanderings had only contributed to his physical exhaustion and had increased his appetite. Then he would consume all the food his wife would have cooked in the fond hope of feasting him when he would return home in triumph.

His downcast head and laboured walk would proclaim his defeat and Kumudini, tears streaming down her lovely cheeks, would run into the kitchen and hide her face in her hands. "Shame, Shame," she would murmur. "I cannot get this man do a single profitable work; how can I bear this indefinitely. I am resolved to take a final step."

●●●

Driven to desperation she resolved to get rid of her husband, so that she could at least be free to engage herself in some useful occupation to sustain herself with honour.

The next day she said to him: "My lord, I have lived with you all these years, with contentment. Now I have exhausted all my patience and you have not begun to earn a single rupee though we have been married five years now. Now I have resolved, much against my will, to take to some occupation if you do not get yourself employed profitably from tomorrow."

She prepared sweet food that he liked best and flavoured it with spices; all the same she poisoned the food so that her husband on eating it would reach the regions of the higher world where he could repose in eternal idleness, while she would be free to live an honest and industrious life.

Next day was a Tuesday and in the neighbouring village of Shimoro, it was a bazar day when the villagers amused themselves by taking part in one or the other kind of country-sports, or other entertainments like singing and dancing. Such bazars were held once in a month and that day was a day of festivities.

That morning Vakrabuddhi started from his house carrying the bundle of poisoned food. He was in a joyous spirit and he assured his wife that he would return in a day or two after having secured a job congenial to his taste and after having earned sufficient wealth to gratify her needs as well as greed. Kumudini pretended to be very sad and said that she would find it difficult to live without him even for a day, but told him how carefully she had cooked the cakes and spiced them to his taste so that he should not go hungry while he laboured hard to earn a little wealth. With a tear in her eyes, but with a blessing on her lips she sent him away and hoped she would not have the displeasure of setting her eyes on his face again.

The moment he was on the street Vakrabuddhi rejoiced. He had planned to go to Shimoro and join the

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festivities and then would return after having invented some plausible story to appease his wife's displeasure.

Vakrabuddhi had rambled through a good part of the country; he had reached the brink of a thicket beyond which was situate Shimoro.

For some weeks past in that part of the country a wild, ferocious elephant was causing havoc to the cultivated lands as well as destroying life. The rogue elephant took refuge in the thicket and when in a fit of passion would emerge out on its rampaging expedition. The Raja of Shimoro had notified by beat of drums that anyone who would kill the elephant would be entitled to a handsome reward and be provided with a lucrative employment.

Vakrabuddhi was not aware of the exploits of the elephant nor of the Raja's announcement. Finding a majestic tree and a small brook nearby, he decided to clean his weary and dusty limbs and to take his food and rest a while before proceeding on with his journey.

He tied his bundle of cakes to the lowest branch of the tree and descended to the brook to cleanse himself. Just then, perhaps attracted by the flavour of the spices, the wild elephant emerged out of the thicket with its trunk lifted high. Reaching the foot of the majestic banyan tree, it trumpeted loudly, the sound echoing through the thicket and the villages beyond. Vakrabuddhi, on hearing the fearful sound, ducked into the brook, his knees trembling. He tried to hide himself by lying flat at the edge of the brook, immersing his body in the water, but keeping his head above.

The elephant fortunately took no notice of him. It snatched the bundle of cakes and gobbled it up. And then lo! as if suddenly struck by madness, it circled round the tree and sank down dead with a heavy thud sending up clouds of dust and shaking the very earth.

Vakrabuddhi scampered out of the brook and ran towards the elephant. He thought that he would cut off the trunk of the elephant and carry it home to show it to his wife as a prize of his exploits, so that she would no more think of him as indolent and worthless.

He took out the long knife he had fastened to his belt and chopped off the trunk of the elephant and then directed his steps homeward.

Meanwhile a number of villagers who had been hiding round the thicket with the object of killing the elephant, came running to the spot and began to cut whatever portion of the elephant they deemed important so that they could carry it to the Raja and claim the reward.

The Raja on hearing the news of the killing of the elephant was overjoyed because the poor villagers were saved from the ravages of this wild beast and announced the reward to that person who possessed the trunk of the elephant, for according to his view only that person who could hold the elephant's trunk could have the strength, sinew and courage to crush the beast. So he sent out a body of soldiers to search for that person.

Vakrabuddhi was resting under the foot of the banyan tree when he was

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These are world renowned medicines for 39 years. They are used by ladies, gents, children and old persons in lakhs of families in India and abroad and they are satisfied with the same. It does not lose its freshness though stored for longer period and the effects are equally good. Beware of imitation.

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confronted by the soldiers of the Raja. He was told of the reward and the lucrative employment that awaited him. Reaching the palace he waxed eloquently before the Raja how he assaulted the wild animal with his fists, and how he twisted its trunk and pulled it out! He confessed that it was not just physical prowess, but cunning tact and a deep knowledge of the ways of animals that helped him to destroy that ferocious beast.

The Raja believed the story and gave him a reward of five hundred rupees and asked his minister to get him suitably employed so that he could earn a decent income.

Highly satisfied with the new position he had acquired, Vakrabuddhi gave little thought to his wife at home, but resolved to serve the Raja as best as he could.

From th circumstance of the killing of the elephant, Vakrabuddhi earned the title "The Cunning Giant", and to the populace of Shimoro he was known by that name. He lived a happy life, being a favourite of the Raja.

●●●

The Raja had frequent territorial disputes with a neighbouring zamindar and there had been many skirmishes between the armed retainers of both the parties; but invariably the Raja's men sustained defeat. Now, news came to the Raja that the zamindar had assembled a large body of men at the border and was contemplating to forcibly occupy a couple of villages, the titles of which were in dispute. The villagers fearing the atrocities of the zamindar prayed to the Raja to send out the "Cunning Giant" at the head of a small army to defeat and drive out the men of the zamindar.

When the Raja conveyed the wishes of the villagers to Vakrabuddhi, he shuddered. But he managed to hide his thoughts from the Raja and said: "Good Sire, for one who has killed the ferocious elephant, a body of men is nothing but a child's game. I propose that I should be permitted to go alone and accomplish victory in my own way."

The Raja agreed and ordered his men to do the bidding of the "Cunning Giant."

Vakrabuddhi was planning a flight from the Raja's territory. He thought that he would mount the best steed in the Raja's stables and as soon as he reached the outskirts of Shimoro, he would ride into the thicket and whence he would gallop to his home country.

Vakrabuddhi had never ridden a horse before. So he told the men to bind him tight on the saddle so that he might not slip off or drop down in the middle of the flight. He took no weapon of any kind, for he said: "My hands are more powerful and stronger than any weapon the Raja can give. The hands that pulled out the elephant's trunk can easily pull out the hands and limbs of hundreds of human beings."

Mounted and strapped to the saddle of the best steed of Shimoro, Vakrabuddhi sped towards the border regions. As he sighted the well-armed body of the zamindar's retainers at a distance, his heart was

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Where distinction lends a hand

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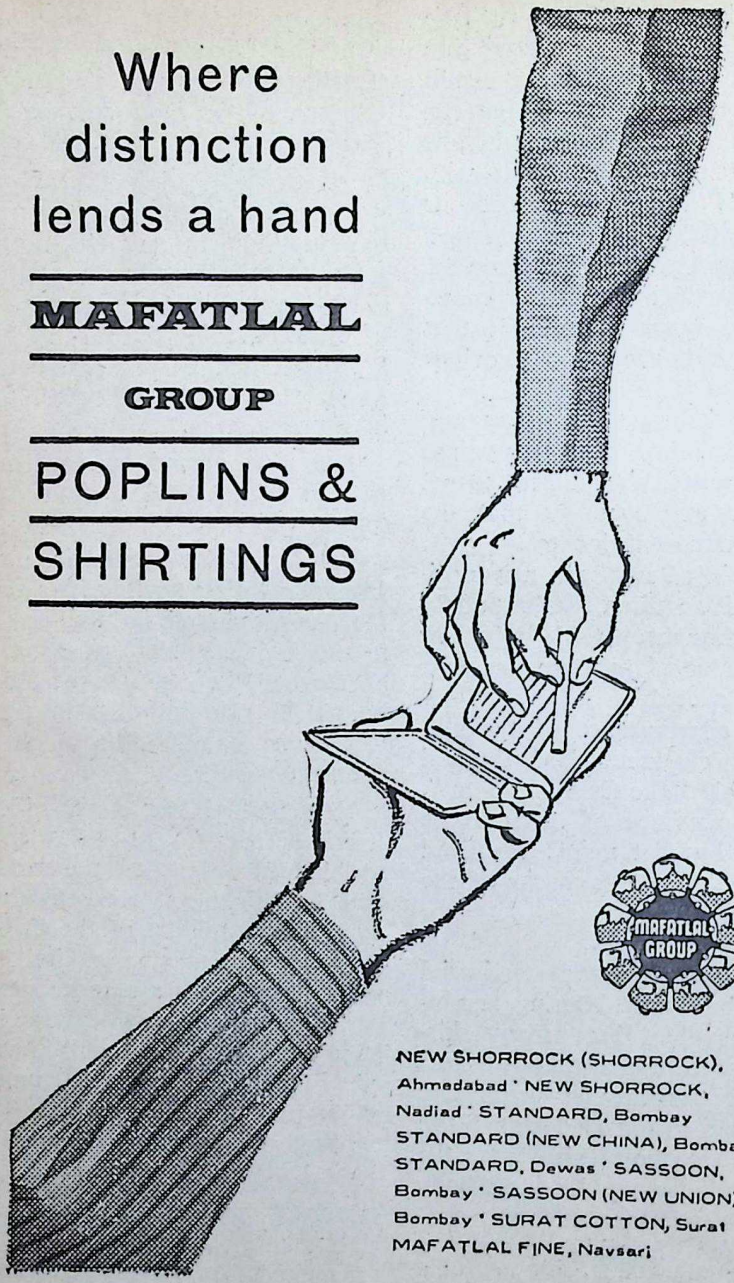

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in his mouth. His only thought was of escape.

Seeing a branch of a tree spreading over the road, he clutched at it thinking that he could climb the tree, forgetting that he was strapped firmly to the saddle. The result was that due to the impact of the pull of the horse, the branch came off from the tree and got entangled in his trappings, and he rode on as a strange apparition with part of the tree on his shoulder. The sight was, of course, terror-striking. The zamindar's men, who had already heard of the valour of the "Cunning Giant," now perceived that he was approaching them carrying half a tree as his weapon. They took to their heels, as all thoughts of giving a fight vanished at the very sight of the apparition.

Vakrabuddhi returned to Shimoro triumphantly and flaunted the branch of the tree as his magical weapon. The Raja was mightily pleased and he conferred on him more titles and raised him to the rank of nobility of his kingdom and rewarded him handsomely and augmented his salary.

Reaching his residence Vakrabuddhi heaved a sigh of relief. He ruminated: "It was just good fortune that enabled me to kill the elephant and drive the zamindar's men. Suppose something more hazardous happens in the future. No, no, that cannot be; it is not every time that an elephant turns wild, nor can the zamindar think of fighting again. Perhaps, it is God's method of sending me fortune. And now I have enough and more; God will be pleased and will save me from further dangers". Thus he consoled himself and lived an easy and extravagant life.

●●●

After the lapse of a year or two, a tiger was found to have its abode in a thicket near the capital. It was a savage beast, killing all men and cattle. The villagers were terror-stricken and complained to the Raja that the "Cunning Giant" be commissioned to kill the tiger, as all efforts of the Raja's hunters and soldiers had failed.

So the Raja called the "Cunning Giant" to the durbar and said: "My friend, it seems that Fate has so willed that only your valour can come to the rescue of my poor people, who live every night in dread of a fierce tiger that has found its way into the thicket. My hunters who have been trying to kill it, have now confessed their failure, and so I call upon you to accomplish the impossible as you have done on two previous occasions."

"It only pleases me, Good Sire, to know that my services are in demand", said Vakrabuddhi. "It is my duty to serve you and your people as long as I stay in your kingdom. But as before, I must have the freedom to choose the place and mode of battle, as you know by now, my ways are inimitable and beyond the comprehension of the common people."

The Raja agreed and ordered the commander of his troops to furnish the "Cunning Giant" all the weapons he required.

Vakrabuddhi returned to his abode crestfallen. He thought that the killing of the tiger would be no joke, for he had heard that tiger was the

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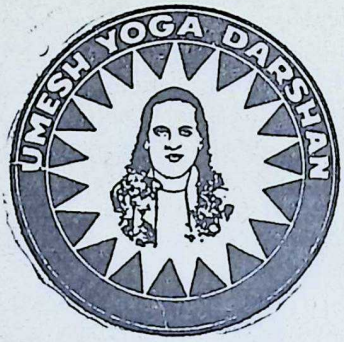

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wildest of wild beasts and the most treacherous too. He trembled as he visualised the fierce face, the striped body and the bushy tail of his antagonist. His teeth rattled and his limbs shook as he contemplated the ferocious animal poised for attack. He closed his eyes to get over the fear that engulfed him.

Recovering after a while his courage, he thought of a plan to kill the tiger. Knowing that it would be foolish to attempt to run away from the enterprise, he decided to trust to luck once more.

He made detailed enquiries to acquaint himself with the chief haunt of the tiger and the place where it rested during the day. The hunters who had been watching and following the beast indicated a tarmarind tree where they said it retired after having appeased its hunger.

Now Vakrabuddhi told the soldiers of the Raja to build a seat for him on the tree between the branches and then tie him up on the seat. Then he collected scores of spears and swords and daggers and deposited them near him so that they might be handy.

It was early in the morning when the tiger had not yet returned from its nightly prowl that Vakrabuddhi stationed himself on the tree waiting for his striped antagonist.

When the night had almost ended and the light of dawn seeped on the earth through the foliage, Vakrabuddhi perceived the striped lord of the jungle coming to the foot of the tamarind tree dragging a lamb.

After eating the lamb, the tiger lay down to rest at the foot of the tree. At the very sight of the tiger, Vakrabuddhi trembled from head to foot and with him shook the branch of the tree, causing the ripe leaves fall in a shower on the tiger. This roused the curiosity of the animal, which, sniffing the air around, detected the smell of human presence. It cast its glowing eyes up and discovered Vakrabuddhi seated on the branch, holding a spear in his hand. Fixing its gaze on him for some time, it made a horrifying howl that reverberated through the thicket. Then it leapt up to the branch with its mouth open and its forepaws outstretched in an effort to tear the man, but the branch on which Vakrabuddhi sat was just two feet beyond its reach.

By now the "Cunning Giant" had lost consciousness, but having been fastened to the tree he did not topple down. The spear he held in his hand fell plop into the tiger's mouth and cut its throat. The beast fell down dead.

When Vakrabuddhi regained consciousness, he found the tiger lying sprawled on the ground, blood gushing out of its mouth. He cut loose the strings that bound him, slipped down, severed the tiger's head from its body and went to the Raja, proclaiming his victory. The Raja elevated Vakrabuddhi to an exalted position and amply rewarded him.

Though apparently happy, the "Cunning Giant" was under the grip of a terrible thought. He thought that if he continued in the country of the Raja, before long some unfortunate event would befall him, for

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it appeared to him that one after another, events were shaping towards his destruction. Therefore, he resolved to leave the Raja now with all his honours thick upon him and his reputation for courage and strength unmarred.

One day he approached the Raja and said: "Your Majesty, I have been serving Your Highness for the last few years loyally and to the best of my ability. Meanwhile I have not given much thought to the anxiety and worry of my wife and relatives at home on my account. So, I crave your permission to go back to the village of my birth; I shall return, if Your Highness so desires after a few days."

The Raja graciously granted his request and gifted him with one of the best steeds in his stabie and handfuls of gold.

Vakrabuddhi mounted the steed in a quixotic fashion and seated himself behind a big bundle containing all the riches he had earned during those fortunate years of his life.

After days of lone journeying when he mused over the great exploits he would relate to his wife, the many jewels and golden ornaments with which he would deck her, and the ways in which he and his wife would plan and shape their future life, he arrived at the village of Kattana one early dawn.

As he rode past the bazar, now lonely and deserted except for a few homeless sleepers on the frontage of the closed shops, and turned to the street where his house had stood, he espied at a distance a woman trudging along with an earthen pitcher on her head to the river bank for fetching water. At first he did not recognize her, as she had worn a threadbare sari and as her frame was almost bony. He thought she must be a victim of years of penury and pitied her. But as he neared her and when the figure hearing the sound of horse's hoofs, turned to look at him, he was pained at the apparition that stood before him. She was his wife, Kumudini; there was no mistaking her eyes, and those dimples on her cheeks, though the cheeks and eyes had sunk deep on the face.

Vakrabuddhi alighted from his horse and gathering the emaciated figure of his dear wife in his arms, placed it on the saddle, and led the steed home.

Kumudini almost swooned at the sight of her husband who was in princely attire and in healthy radiance.

Reaching home, Kumudini fell at his feet, wept copiously, and told him through her tears, how she had intended to kill him by poisoning his food.

"Don't lament, my good wife," said Vakrabuddhi. "All that happen, happen for the good. Your sending me away was a blessing in disguise. If you had meant ill of me, it was not your fault; anyone in your place would have done worse. Now that God has blessed me with good fortune, I shall give up my indolence and shall put my brain and brawn to useful purpose. Now I realise that my sin was greater than yours, for by my indolence I have almost killed your body and soul. Let bygones be bygones, let us live for the future."

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They Stood for Our Dharma—6

A Dhaarmic Duet

THERE was once a fowler who was wandering in a forest looking out for birds that he might shoot with his arrow. Of wicked nature, he was terrible to see. Black as a raven, he had bloodshot eyes and looked like the very God of Death. His legs were long and his feet were short. His mouth was large and his cheek bulged out. He had no friend or kinsman. Everybody kept away from him disgusted with his evil ways. For, the wicked ones who kill other creatures without compunction should be avoided like a poisonous serpent.

Capturing the birds of the forest caught in the net which he used to spread out, he used to sell their meat and earn his living. Thus did he live for many years untroubled by any consciousness of his sinful conduct. Long habit had blunted the edge of his conscience and his sense for a good life. And thus, he spent his time happy with his wife.

One day, as he was wandering in the woods in quest of birds, there arose a great storm which threatened to uproot the trees. The sky was overcast with dark clouds and tongues of lightning leaped from side to side. And then, it poured heavily, deluging the earth, and in a moment, it was a vast sheet of water everywhere.

The fowler was filled with unspeakable dread. Shivering with cold and trembling with fear, he roamed listlessly through the forest. In vain he looked about for a dry spot. Every path and every eminence was under water.

Many a bird fell down dead blasted by the wind and rain. The wild animals roamed about alone or in packs filled with fear and looking out for a shelter. Cold and shivering in every limb, the fowler could neither stand nor move.

In this plight, he beheld a female pigeon on the ground stiff with cold. Sinner that he was, though himself in a similar plight, he picked up the bird and put her in a cage. Accustomed always to evil ways, the evil one could not refrain from evil even in such distress.

And then, he saw close by a tree taller than the rest. Countless birds had flocked to it for refuge from the fury of the weather. It stood there in its lordly height like a good man intent on giving succour to those in affliction.

Soon, the sky cleared and became spangled with myriads of stars, look-

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ing like a magnificent lake with lillies blooming on its bosom. Looking at the blue sky studded with stars, the fowler turned his steps homeward still shivering with cold. He saw that the night was far advanced; and his home was a long way off. So, he resolved to spend the night under the tree. Making a bed of the leaves that lay strewn about, he stretched himself to sleep resting his head on a stone.

Meanwhile, the male pigeon that had made his nest on a branch of that tree was in intense anguish that his mate who had earlier gone out in quest of food had not returned though it was so late in the night. 'It has been a terrible storm,' he lamented, 'and my dear wife has not yet come back. What could have happened to her? Is she free from any harm? Without her, my nest appears empty.

'Though filled with sons and grandsons, daughters and daughters-in-law, with servants and others, a householder's home is still empty if there is no wife. The house by itself does not deserve that name. It is the wife that makes the home. A house without a wife is verily a wilderness.

'If my wife of ruby eyes, of bright plumage and sweet voice does not return, what use is my life to me? Constant in her duty, she would not eat if I have not eaten; she would not bathe till I have bathed. She would not sit before I have sat down or lie down to sleep till I go to bed.

'Sharing my joys and sorrows, she would feel forlorn when I am away and she would turn my wrath by her gentle speech. Devoted to her lord and resigning herself to him, she used to be ever intent on my welfare. Fortunate is he who has a wife like mine. One can enjoy the joys of a sweet home with such a wife though living at the foot of a tree. Without her, life even in a palace will be dark and dreary.

'The wife is a true helpmate in the pursuit of *dharma*, *artha* and *kaama*. She is the trusted friend when one travels away from home. She is said to be the richest possession of her lord. A man comes alone into the world and leaves it alone. During his sojourn in it, his wife keeps him faithful company.

'In disease and distress, there is no friend like a wife; there is none like her who can give a man solace and comfort. There is none so dear like the wife, no refuge like her in the world. And in doing acts of *dharma*, none can stand by a person and help him so dutifully like his wife.

'He who has not a wife at home who is good by nature and pleasant of speech, let him betake himself to a forest; for there will be no difference for him between his home and a wilderness.'

The she-pigeon in the fowler's cage heard these lamentations of her lord and she said to herself:

'How fortunate am I that my lord speaks so highly of me whatever be my nature, good or bad! She is no wife whose husband is not pleased with her. If a woman's husband is satisfied, then that gives satisfaction to all her gods. Her lord is the highest god to a wife because she has been married to him before the

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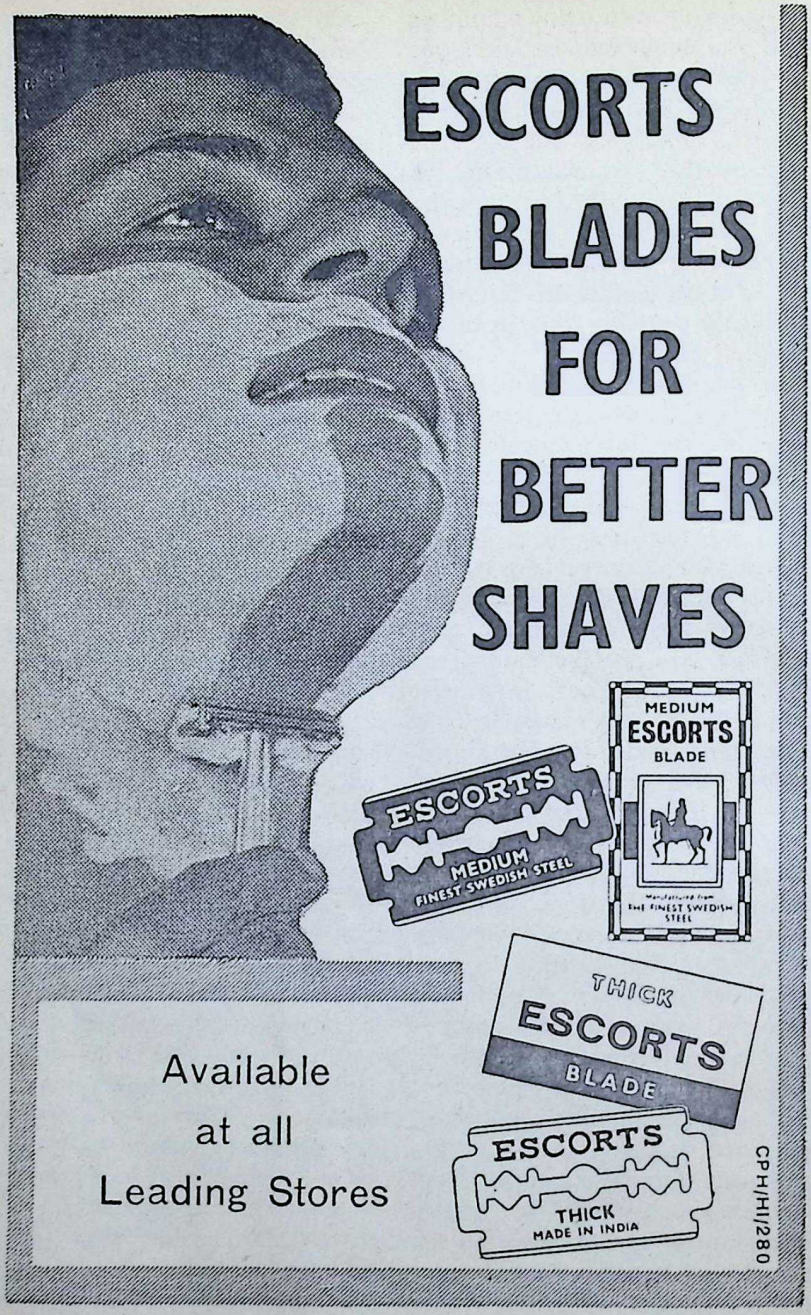

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sacred fire. That wife with whom her husband is not pleased becomes consumed into ashes even like a flower-laden creeper in a forest fire.'

Reflecting like this, despite her affliction in the fowler's cage, the she-pigeon spoke to her woe-stricken mate:

'Listen, my lord,' said she, 'to my words and act on them to obtain merit. Be thou, dear one, the rescuer of a supplicant. Here lies this fowler and sleeps at your door. His limbs are stiff with cold and he is tired and hungry. Do unto him the offices of hospitality.

'To let a supplicant die of cold and hunger at your door is a sin as heinous as killing a pure good man or a cow which feeds the world.

'Clear is the *dharma* that we of the pigeon-tribe should pursue, and you know it. So, stand by it. We have heard that he who performs his appointed *dharma* to the extent of his powers goes after death to regions of supreme bliss.

'Thou hast sons and progeny and there is nought else of earthly goods for thee to secure in this life. So give up attachment to thy body. Offer what is due to this fowler so that his heart may be pleased. That way thou wilt earn merit and thy life will be truly purposeful.'

Thus did the she-pigeon speak from her captivity and cast longing glances at her lord.

The male pigeon heard what his mate said. Pleased with her words so wise and of such *dhaarmic* import, and tears of joy flowing from his eyes, he resolved to honour the fowler showing him every hospitality.

Addressing the bird-slayer in terms of due humility, the bird said: 'Welcome, guest, welcome this day to my abode. I shall wait on you. Tell me what you will have me do. Do not grieve or stand on any ceremony. This is your home. Tell me quickly, what I may do for you; what is your desire? You have sought refuge under me and so you are dear and sacred to me.

'Even an enemy must be received with hospitality when he comes to a person's house. The tree does not withdraw its shade from him who comes to cut it. He cannot live happily in this world nor attain salvation in the next who fails in the duties of hospitality.'

Hearing these words of the bird, the fowler replied: 'Protect me from this cold which freezes my limbs.'

Thereupon, the pigeon carried a small dry twig to a place where there was a fire, lit the twig with it and carried it back to the foot of the tree. Collecting the dry leaves, he set fire to them and made a big fire.

'Warm yourself in this fire without fear from any quarter,' said the bird to the fowler.

Warmed and refreshed, he spoke to his winged host and asked for food to appease his hunger.

The bird replied: 'Alas! I have not stored anything which I may give you to eat. We of these woods live on what we gather for the day. Like the ascetics of the forest we live from day to day without keeping anything for the morrow.'

And yet, the bird felt sad and cursed itself that it was unable to appease the fowler's hunger.

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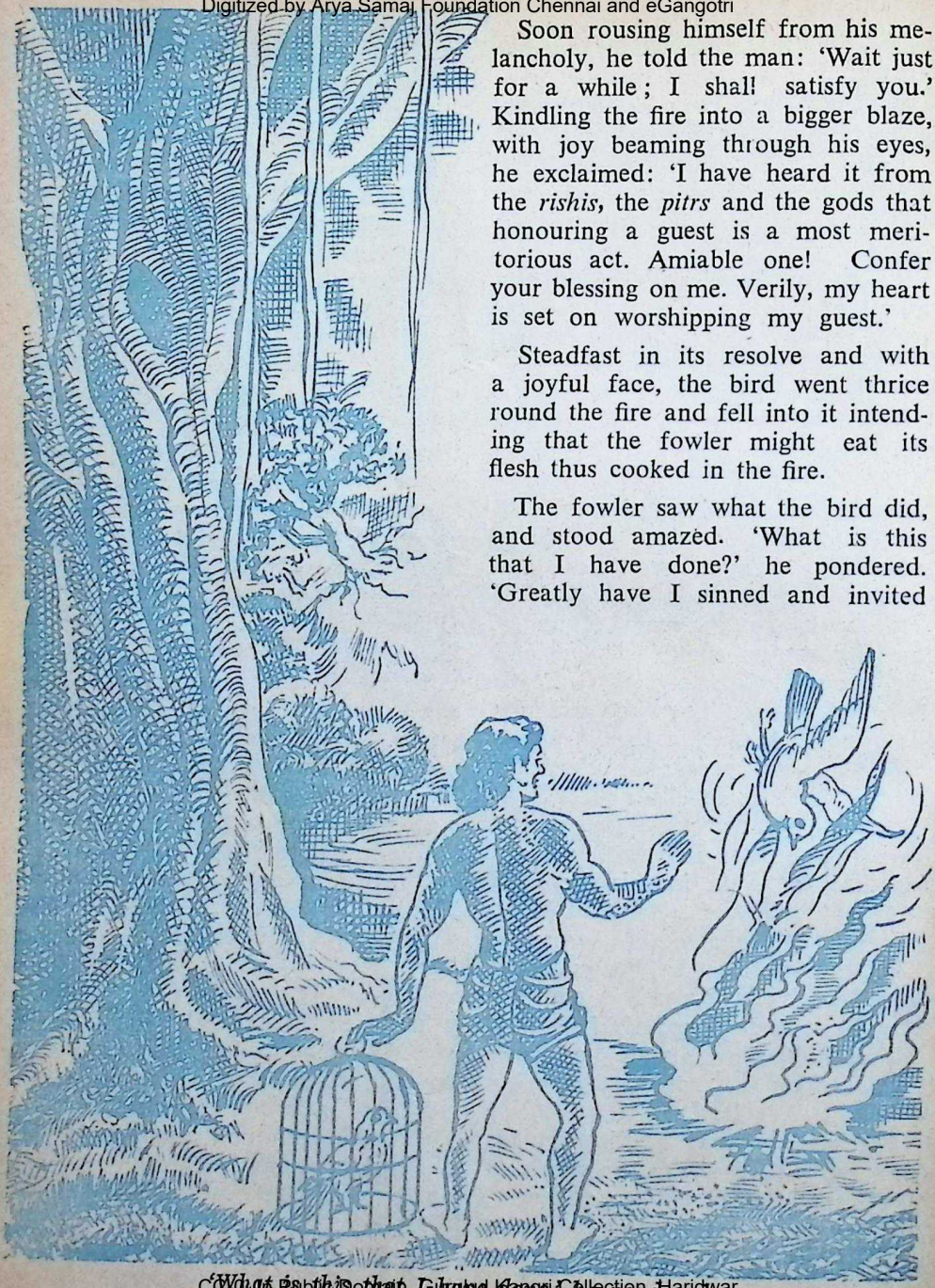
Soon rousing himself from his melancholy, he told the man: 'Wait just for a while; I shall satisfy you.' Kindling the fire into a bigger blaze, with joy beaming through his eyes, he exclaimed: 'I have heard it from the *rishis*, the *pitrs* and the gods that honouring a guest is a most meritorious act. Amiable one! Confer your blessing on me. Verily, my heart is set on worshipping my guest.'

Steadfast in its resolve and with a joyful face, the bird went thrice round the fire and fell into it intending that the fowler might eat its flesh thus cooked in the fire.

The fowler saw what the bird did, and stood amazed. 'What is this that I have done?' he pondered. 'Greatly have I sinned and invited



'What is this that I have done,' he pondered.

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dire reproof.' And he felt very guilty indeed.

Reproaching himself, he said: 'My mind has been wicked and I have committed a heinous sin.

'This noble bird has taught me a great lesson. He sacrificed his life at the altar of *dharma*.

'Henceforth, I shall abandon everything, my sons and my wife and even my life. Profiting by the example of this bird, I shall renounce all pleasures. I shall wear myself out like a shallow tank in the summer heat.

'I shall bear hunger and thirst; I shall endure the scorching rays of the sun; I shall starve my flesh by fasts and feed my spirit by penances to make myself eligible for higher worlds.

'Hereafter I shall pursue the path of *dharma;* for *dharma* is the way and the goal. I shall follow the lead of the pigeon and practise *dharma* even as he has done.'

The fowler threw away his staff, his iron-hook, his net and the cage; he released the she-pigeon from the cage and went forth to roam about in the world and determined not to turn back from his high resolve.

After he left the spot, the she-pigeon, who had been set at liberty, thought of her lord and husband and cried out disconsolately in the extremity of her grief:

'I do not remember even one occasion, my dear lord,' she wailed, 'when I have displeased thee. Miserable is the lot of a widow though she is the mother of many sons. Bereft of her husband, she becomes an object of pity for her kinsfolk.

'Thou hast ever cherished me with love and affection and thou hast always held me in great esteem. Thou didst use to speak to me most endearingly as we sported together on hill and dale, in the springs of rivers and on tops of trees. We used to soar together in the sky in felicitous companionship. Alas! Gone are those joys now!

'Limited are the gifts that a father, or a brother, or a son can confer on a woman. Her husband alone dowers her with unlimited plenty. Who or where is the woman who would not adore her lord?

'There is no protector to a woman as her husband. Where can she find happiness except in her husband? Even abandoning everything else, she should find refuge in him.

'What is my life worth when thou art gone? Would a noble wife wish to live after her husband is dead?'

Lamenting like this, she plunged into the blazing fire and immolated herself in its flames.

Then she beheld her lord shining in ethereal splendour, riding on a celestial car, adored by noble personages. She joined her husband on the chariot and they both ascended to Heaven.

The fowler saw all this from a distance and he said to himself: 'I too shall strive to attain this state by my austerities.' He went forth with no thought of food or shelter. He gave up all earthly ties. As he wandered forth, he saw a beautiful lake full of colourful lotuses and lovely water-fowl. Though he felt acute thirst and intense weariness, he con-

(*Continued on page 66*)

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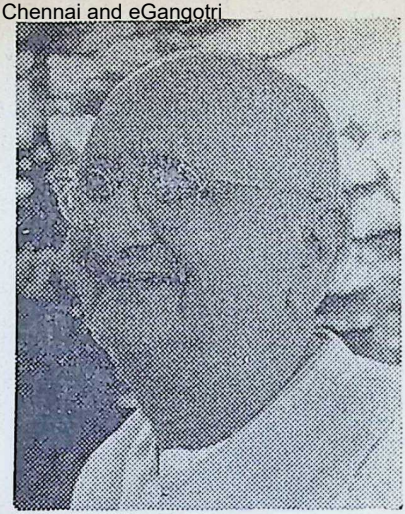

DAKOR KENDRA

THE staff and students of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Arts and Science at Dakor were the recipients of a few good pieces of advice and a humorous talk on the experiences of the well-known Sarvodaya leader Sri Babalbhai Mehta who visited the institution on July 10, 1963 at the request of the Principal, Dr. C. M. Mehta. The great Gandhian leader who has trekked more than 2000 miles visiting villages in the interior of Gujarat drew a vivid picture of the poverty and the simple and humble life of the villagers he came across. He reminded the students that 60% of the people in India earn less than Rs. 25 a month and exhorted them to help improve their lot to the extent they could. The Principal in his concluding remarks advised the students and members of staff to have a picture of the Indian villager in their minds in all their activities and to put into practice the advice offered by Sri Babalbhai Mehta.

CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS

THE 26th International Congress of Orientalists will be held at New Delhi from 4th to 10th January, 1964.

Scholars wishing to register themselves as members may address the Joint Secretary, XXVI International Congress of Orientalists, Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, New Delhi-1.

SWAMI RAMDAS OF KANHANGAD

IT was with a great sense of shock that we learnt, at the time of going to press, of the sudden demise of Swami Ramdasji of Kanhangad, at the age of 79. Called Papa lovingly by his disciples, Swamiii was a model of self-realized soul. His life was a monument to the power of Lord's Name. May his *Adhyatmic* power guide this country.

A Dhaarmic Duet—(*Contd.*)

trolled his mind and desisted from slaking his thirst or bathing his limbs in the inviting waters.

He penetrated into an adjoining forest infested by beasts of prey. Lacerated and torn by thorns and bleeding all over, he went on and on unmindful of whatever happened to him. Not far off he saw a blazing fire which enveloped the entire forest and consumed everything in its dreadful course.

The fowler ran towards the devouring conflagration. He plunged headlong into it. It turned his frame into ashes and with it burnt away all his sins and purified his soul. And then he found himself in Heaven.

[From the *Mahabharata*, Santi Parva]

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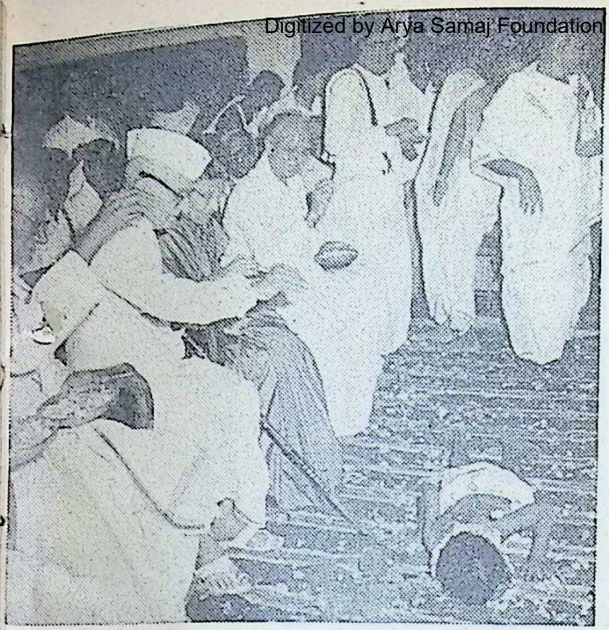
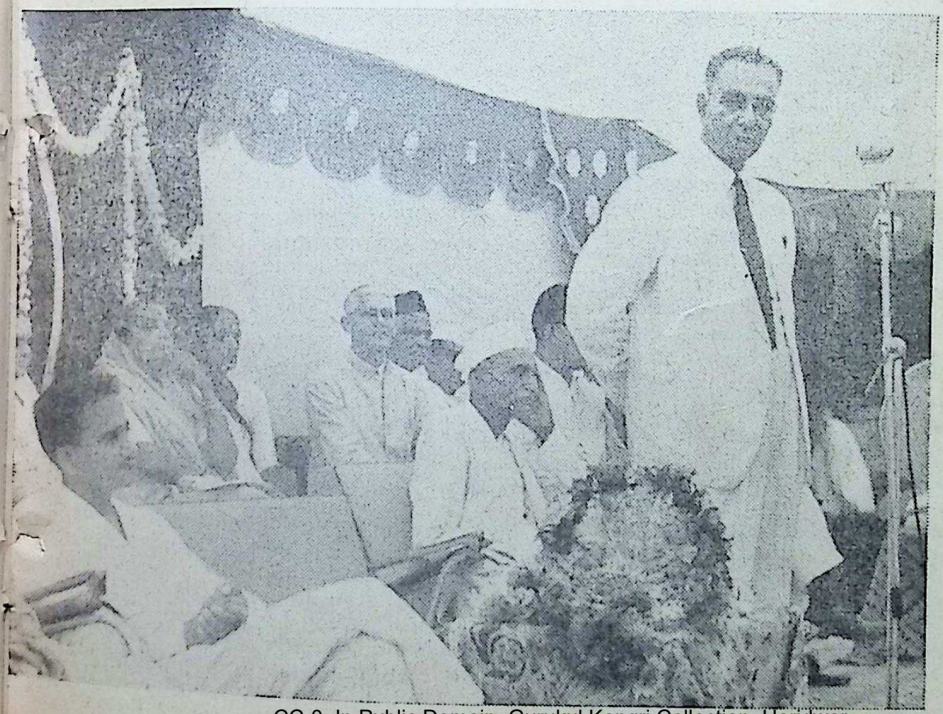


Kulapati and Smt. Munshi with other distinguished guests, blessing the new Brahmacharins at the Dharmopanayana, conducted for over a 100 boys on June 16, 1963 at Dharmaprakash, Madras, by its Trustee Shri K. Seetharama Rao. (see Notes & News, *B. J. issue of July 7, 1963)*

Below:

Chief Justice J. M. Shelat of Gujarat High Court was felicitated at the Bhavan's College, Dakor. He is seen addressing the gathering (see Notes & News, *B. J. of July 7, 1963)*



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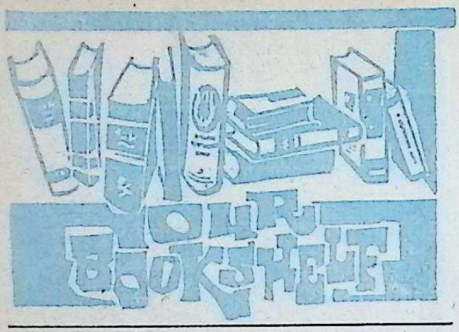

BRITISH PARAMOUNTCY AND INDIAN RENAISSANCE Part I, (1818-1905). (The History and Culture of the Indian People, Vol. IX). Edited by R. C. Majumdar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1963. Price: Rs. 35.

THE present volume bypasses Vols. VII and VIII and succeeds Vol. VI, and with the growing unity of India in the 19th century, we find the volume devoted to this century very largely written by the Editor with the collaboration of six scholars including Sardar K. M. Panikkar. One-third of the volume relates to the pre-Mutiny period; about one-fifth discusses the Mutiny of 1857; and the rest deals with the post-Mutiny developments. The substantial tome under survey maintains the reputation of its predecessors and exhibits a levelheadedness coupled with forthrightness, worthy of the Director, Dr. K. M. Munshi and the Editor, Dr. R. C. Majumdar; it is a monumental achievement, though a definitive history of British India in the 19th century may emerge fifty years after our Independence rather than after about fifteen years.

Tracing the expansion of British India we are told that the rendition of Mysore was the only exception to the rule of the British authorities condemning the action without relinquishing the fruit thereof (p. 41). The annexation of Satara is "one of the blackest chapters in the history of British rule in India" (p. 159). The story of the annexation of Sindh might be taken for "a lost chapter from *The Prince* of Machiavelli" (p. 220). Ranjit Singh and Shivaji are compared: "In spite of many obvious differences he offers a striking analogy to Shivaji" (p. 247). Lord Dalhousie's annexation of the Punjab would not "bear a moment's scrutiny" (p. 288). The first century of British rule in India laid the foundations of her abject and universal poverty (pp. 373 & 401). Chapters XIII to XXII are devoted to the great upheaval of 1857: historical antecedents, nature and causes of the outbreak, reasons for its failure, etc. "It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the so-called First National War of Independence of 1857 is neither First, nor National, nor a War of Independence" (p.625).

The last part of the book covers the period 1857-1905 and contains a discussion of Foreign Policy; the Frontier (NW and NE); the Afghan and Burmese wars; the administrative organisation; internal disturbances; Indian States; trade and commerce; industry, banking, currency and exchange; land revenue policy; and the general economic condition of the people. To the volume are appended a full Bibliography, a Chronology, a list of Governors-General; and a brief Index. On p. 32 (map) Vallore stands for Vellore; on p. 46 agreeable is misprinted. The subject of this volume will be continued in Vol. X, though originally (in 1945 when the volumes were planned) only one volume was contemplated to cover the 19th century. It is indeed difficulty to do justice, in a short review, to the manifold excellences of a volume of 1205 pages.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

KASTURBA MEMORIAL. Published by Kasturba Gandhi National Memorial Trust, Kasturbagram, Indore (M.P.) pp. 250. Price: Rs. 12.

THIS Souvenir published on the occasion of the 19th death anniversary of Kasturba Gandhi in February 1963 contains a number of articles on the problems of women in our society and revolve round the dynamic personality of 'Ba,' the true and noble image of Indian womanhood. Concerning themselves most with the extent of and

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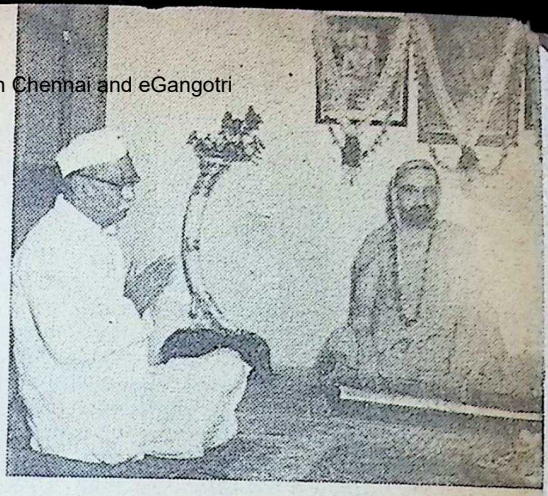
scope for social activity by women, they sum up the essential role that women have played and have to play in home and outside and their importance as an indispensable factor for human welfare. They expostulate that women of modern India have to face new challenges and shoulder high responsibilities in the sacred task of building a new and powerful nation out of the poor, ignorant masses of this country. An admirable piece of work to have been linked with the name of Kasturba whose record of service to women and children ranks high indeed by any criterion and who is the last in the line of our heroic women martyrs.

—*P.V.*



An illustration from "Smriti Kusumanjali" reviewed in the last issue. Late Babu Rajendraprasad when he paid his respects to H. H. Jagadguru Sri Abhinava Vidya Tirtha, the present Pontiff of Shringeri Math

SANSKRIT

GITADARSHANAM, with a commentary (Bhashya) and a Gujarati translation by Sri Nalin M. Bhatt. Published by Gita Bandhu Granthavali, Marine Drive, Bombay. 1962. Price: Rs. 6.

THIS is a new venture on old and traditional lines. There was a stage in the development of thought in India, when the original text was written in the form of short aphorisms, which are nothing more than paragraph headings. The author himself must have elaborated the points. At a later stage, the explanation was written out in the form of a commentary called the *Bhashya*. Then super-commentaries followed in course of time. The present book, giving the teachings of the *Gita*, is written in the form of such aphorisms, with a *Bhashya* by the author himself. This is a new feature, for the author of the *Sutras* to write out the *Bhashya*. Corresponding to the eighteen chapters of the *Gita*, there are eighteen chapters in the work, with a preliminary and a concluding chapter, making the total of twenty chapters in the work. When a work is written, there are certain preliminaries to be considered which are called the *Anubandha-chatushtaya*. The stock-taking is done in the last chapter. The author takes the central point in each of the chapters. Then he gives the points in the form of an aphorism and elaborates his theories in the form of a commentary. After the aphorism the meaning of the words in the aphorism is given before the commentary. The author is not a mere erudite scholar with much of book learning stuffed in his mind. He has realised and experienced what he is writing about. He is a real scholar too, and in explaining his points, he introduces many scholarly topics. I can give the discussion about *Atman* under the 11th aphorism in the third chapter as a specimen of his scholarship and originality. *Gita* is taken as a teaching of the means for final release, *Moksha*. There must be knowledge of things and the things known must be put into practice in one's active life. This is his doctrine about the *Sankhya* and the *Yoga* aspects of the teaching in the *Gita*. The author does not explain all the verses in the *Gita*. He takes only the main points and in discussing the points, he cites passages profusely from the *Gita* to illustrate and substantiate his position. In many places it is found that he tries to explain his point in relation to the present intellectual environments in which we live and move, a feature that is worthy of con-

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sideration by those who write on ancient subjects. The author has shown by practical demonstration that Sanskrit is as virile, as adaptable and as elastic for modern purposes as any modern language. A few errors, which are not the result of defects in proof reading, could have been easily avoided if someone else had scrutinised the original manuscript. *Drashtavya* with *R* as a full consonant in the first syllable is written with *R* as a vowel (p. 1). *Imam eva tattvatrayam* may be an error for *idam eva* (p. 3). *Tad evarthah* is also not correct (p. 4). In *apricchamanah*, the *N* is cerebralised, which is not correct (p. 40). There are similar errors in Sandhi or euphonic combination too like *sanghtao svartham* (p. 16) and *samanvayo pradarsaniyas* (p. 22). *Vanchayet* in the last line but one on p. 10 should have been plural. Perhaps they are errors in proof reading and not in the original. The words are kept separate without Sandhi and this is carried too far. It goes against the cadence of Sanskrit. The proof reading could have been done in a far better way. The work is original in plan and execution and also in content.

—*Dr. C. Kunhan Raja*

KAMALĀ: A Sanskrit rendering of Sri V. D. Savarkar's Marathi poem by Dr. G. B. Palsule, with a Foreword by C. D. Deshmukh. Copies: Author, 596 Sadashiv, Gokhale Wada, Poona-2. Price: Rs. 2.50.

DR. PALSULE has given a new lead to all those engaged in the making of modern literature in Sanskrit, by this beautiful metrical rendering of the first part of Vir Savarkar's inspiring Kavya in Marāṭhi *"Pānipat"*, in which the Vira and Srngara *rasas* have received a perfect blending. The Sanskrit rendering fully reproduces the true martial spirit and patriotic fervour of the original, together with its exquisite poetic charm, grace of language and elevated imagery and poignancy of feeling. It is a fitting tribute to the personality of Savarkar—an embodiment of Bhāratiyan values, in precept and example. The 'Hindu view of life receives its best and noblest exposition here. The Marāṭhi original and its Sanskrit rendering in 443 Anushtubh verses of equal ease and felicity are printed face to face. The motto of the Kavya:

Apyagnau Kamalam Kseptum yuktam eva tathāvidham |
Devakrtyārthayajṇāya yadi prajvalito asti saḥ ||

is bound to strike every sensitive Bhāratīyan ear as a clarion call to the service of the motherland at the present juncture.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

GUJARATI

UPĀYANA: Essays in Literary Criticism. By Prof. V. R. Trivedi. Published as a commemoration volume on the occasion of the 60th birthday of the author. Copies can be had from the Popular Book Store, Surat. pp. 482. Price: Rs. 10.

THE SAHITYA AKADEMI has recently announced its awards for 1962 to eight authors in different Indian languages. Among the recipients is Prof. V. R. Trivedi, an eminent Gujarati literary critic, thinker and educationist of today. The award has been given for his *Upāyana*, a collection of essays in literary criticism in Gujarati.

Prof. Trivedi is a widely respected figure in Gujarat. A sheaf of contributions by him collected under the title *Upāyana* was presented to him on the occasion of his 60th birthday in 1960, when Smt. Shantagauri Trivedi and he were felicitated at what was perhaps the biggest gathering of its kind in Gujarat for two decades.

Divided into four sections, the first section consists of essays on aesthetics. The author has discussed here a wide variety of literary problems such as the art of poetry, the creative process, the poetic experience, the process of enjoyment in literature, *rasa*, beauty and aesthetic pleasure, the poetic image, progressivism in literature, the mutual relationship of life, literature and criticism, the beauty of prose, forces of modern literature, the romantic tendency in Gujarati literary criticism, relativity in the theory of *rasa*,

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obscenity in literature, the writer's responsibility, and the basis, scope and function of criticism.

A keen student of European criticism and Sanskrit rhetorics, the author has attempted in these essays a harmonious synthesis of both, often producing a result that is as natural and remarkable as it is elegant and inspiring. Prof. Trivedi breaks new ground in his exposition of the process of aesthetic enjoyment and propounds the theory of *anubhāvanā* which is novel in the history of Gujarati literary criticism.

The second section consists of five lectures Prof. Trivedi delivered as Thakkar Vassonji Madhavji Lecturer of the University of Bombay in 1946. The lectures deal with modern Gujarati reflective prose from Durgaram to Anandshankar, covering the period from 1884 to 1905. The author has handled here a theme not dealt with in such detail by any other critic or historian. Prof. Trivedi has assessed the varying achievement both in thought and prose style.

The third section gives studies and estimates of some notable writers and works. Prof. Trivedi's discussion of the trends in modernist poetry is as illuminating as it is searching and penetrating.

The fourth section which comprises articles by well-known writers gives a glimpse of Prof. Trivedi as man and of his achievement as a literary critic, thinker and educationist.

Marked by profound scholarship, independent judgment and delicate sensibility, his essays show, as much by discussion as by his own example, that criticism can be as enjoyable as any other form of art. They bear eloquent testimony to his critical if creative mind and these are regarded as a veritable treasure-trove of Gujarati literature.

As a critic, Prof. Trivedi can be plain-spoken and gentle without ever being harsh or stern. He is logical and persuasive. He combines in his writing various critical methods. He can evaluate just without fear or favour and without showering undue praise on anybody. Sweetness and light, which Matthew Arnold valued so highly in a critic, are in ample evidence in his writings. He evinces in all his writings a deep sympathy, pellucid sincerity, admirable balance and disarming candour. In his discussion of the philosophy of literature he espies a remarkable originality of thought and depth of insight. His approach is neither dogmatic nor iconoclastic. Free from prejudices, prepossessions and inhibitions, his literary judgments are held in high esteem and have been a literary influence. His gentle humanity pervades all his works. Generally serene and highly dignified with occasional touches of wit and humour, his prose style is remarkable for its concise, powerful and felicitous expression and for its variety of rhythm. Prof. Trivedi communicates his aesthetic experience with a romantic ardour all his own. Some of his essays are full of lyrical grace and are highly enjoyable. Observes Kaka Saheb Kalelkar: "You have a glimpse of the whole of Gujarati literature in his writings which should be translated into other Indian languages. His dissertation on the beauty of prose is to be found neither in Gujarati nor in any other Indian language." There, in a nutshell, you have the essence of Prof. Trivedi's valuable contribution to Gujarati literature. *Upāyana* is a classic and will be regarded as a landmark in the history of Gujarati literary criticism.

—*Sri R. M. Bhatt*

TELUGU

THE GURAZADA SOUVENIR. Editor: Sri D. Ramanuja Rao. pp. 72. Price: Rs. 2.

GURAZADA SATAVARSHIKA JAYANTI SANCHIKA (Telugu Edition of the Souvenir) Editor: Sri D. Ramanuja Rao. pp. 119. Price: Rs. 2.

Both published by the Gurazada Centenary Committee, Hyderabad.

THE volumes under review (the former in English and the latter in Telugu) were published on the occasion of the

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Centenary celebrations of Gurazada Appa Rao, the maker of a new epoch in Telugu literature. Sri Narala Venkateswara Rao rightly points out: "While K. Veeresalingam is the father of modern Andhra, Appa Rao is the father of modern Telugu literature."

Gurazada's contribution to Telugu literature was unique though not voluminous. What little he wrote was not only powerful but profound. He led the way to break the traditional thinking and writing. He was a sincere patriot whose song still rings in our ears: "Love the country, brother! The sod of earth on which you live is not the country; it is the men who live on it that make the country." He employed the spoken dialect of Telugu in all his writings and was successful in creating a new technique of drama, short story and lyric. Late Sir C. R. Reddi once said of his drama 'Kanyasulkam': "The play is bubbling with life and humanism, the characters of the play stroll about full of mercy and kindness...."

The English edition of the souvenir contains fourteen articles by writers of repute and admirers of Gurazada who knew him intimately. All the articles are well written and they bring home to the reader the achievements of Gurazada as a social reformer, a revolutionary thinker and a versatile writer. It is in the fitness of things that the organizers of the Centenary celebrations published the souvenir in English and Telugu. While the English edition presents this great litterateur and his achievements to the country at large, the Telugu edition serves the Telugu people to have an objective appreciation of this gifted Andhra, 'who has blazed a new trail in the field of modern Telugu writing.'

The printing and get-up of the souvenirs are quite good and the photos included in them add to their beauty.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

KANNADA

PRATYABHIJNAA HRIDAYA OF KSHEMARAAJA. Faithful rendering into Kannada by Sri J. Rudrappa, Retd. District Judge, 112, 4th Cross Road Gandhinagar, Bangalore-2. pp. 71+79 text+17 notes. Price: Ordinary Edition Rs. 2.50; Calico Bound Rs. 3.50 nP.

AS the author himself explains, he was helped in his study of this aspect of Kashmir Saivism by English tracts of J. C. Chatterji, K. C. Pandey and Kurt F. Leidecker. The author starts his introduction with an interesting story of the ancient history of Kashmir which was formerly known as Kaashyapakshetra *alias* Sarasvateepeetha; the very centre of all culture and beauty; according to him, Lahore is also to be interpreted as Lavapuri, the city founded by Lava, Kusha's city becoming Kashmir later. This aspect of Saivism is traced back to the 9th century A.D. After giving an excellent account of its philosophy, the learned author provides us with the 20 *sutras* of *Pratyabhijna Hridaya* and their translation. Samskritic culture is inextricably interwoven into the fabric of Kashmir and the lesson of such political and cultural contacts of the centuries should not be lost on us at the present day when Kashmir is looming large on the political horizon.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

PERIODICAL

FINEARTS: Fifth Anniversary Number 1963. Published by the Fine Arts Association, Kazipet. (C. Rly.).

THIS publication by the members of the above Association deserves encouragement inasmuch as it provides opportunity to our imaginative young men for creative work in the field of fine arts including literature. We have no doubt that their efforts would contribute much to the making of our future artistes, singers, poets and writers. We wish them success in their enterprise.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advs. & Prts., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.
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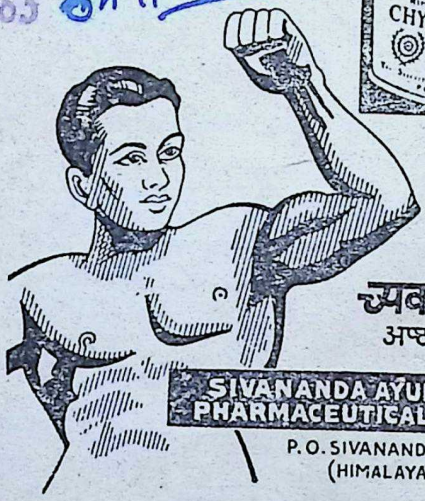

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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(Madhav Baug Temple, Bombay.)

Artist: Sri V. H. Pandya.

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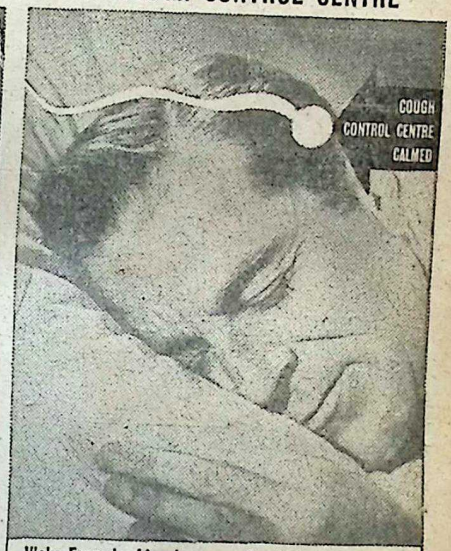

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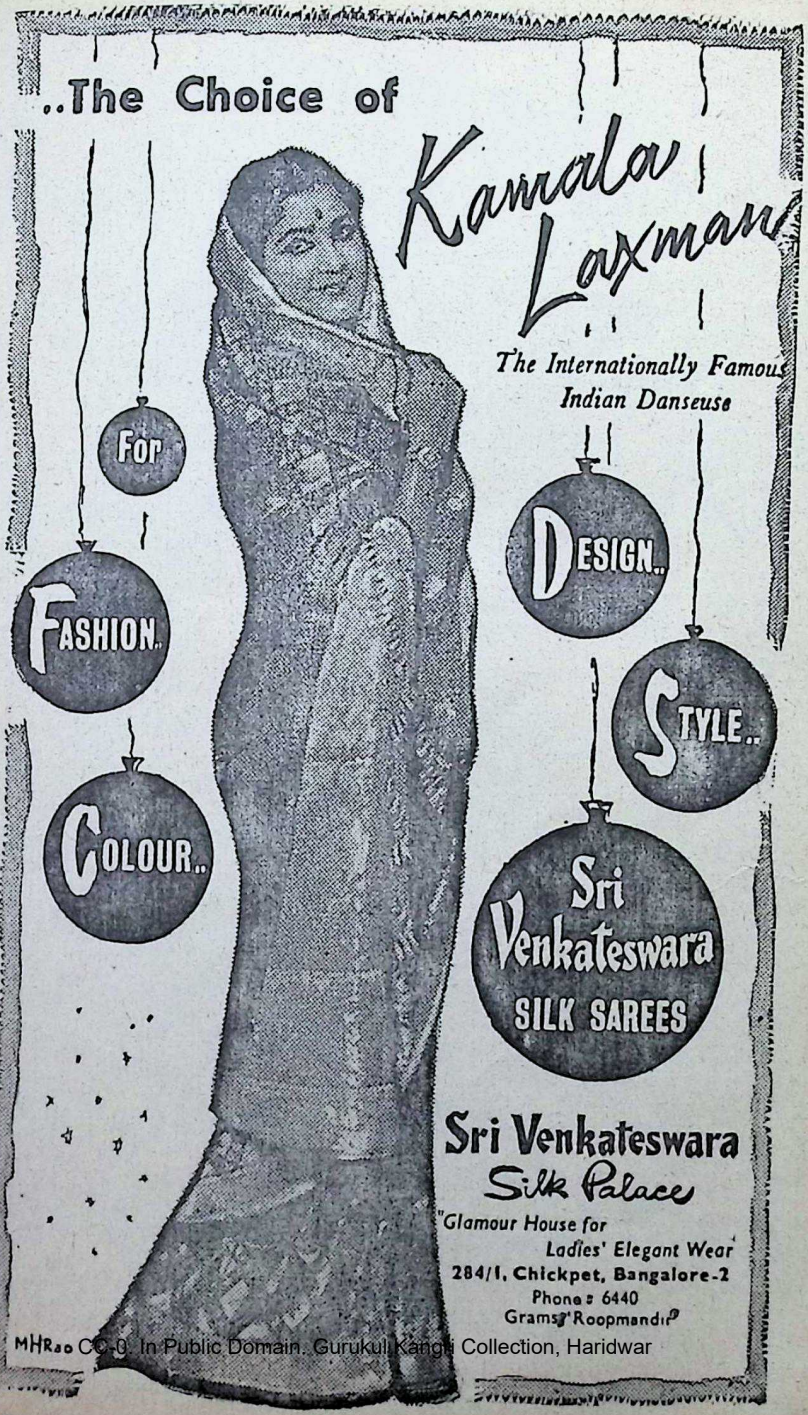

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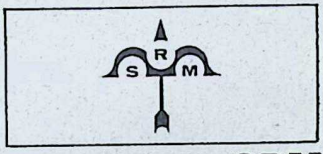

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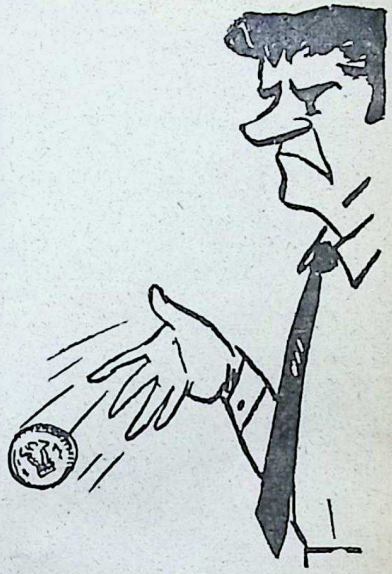

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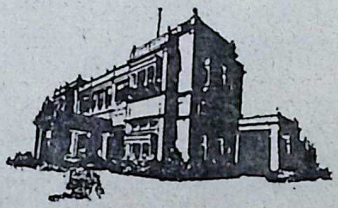

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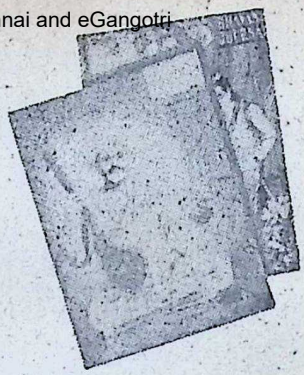

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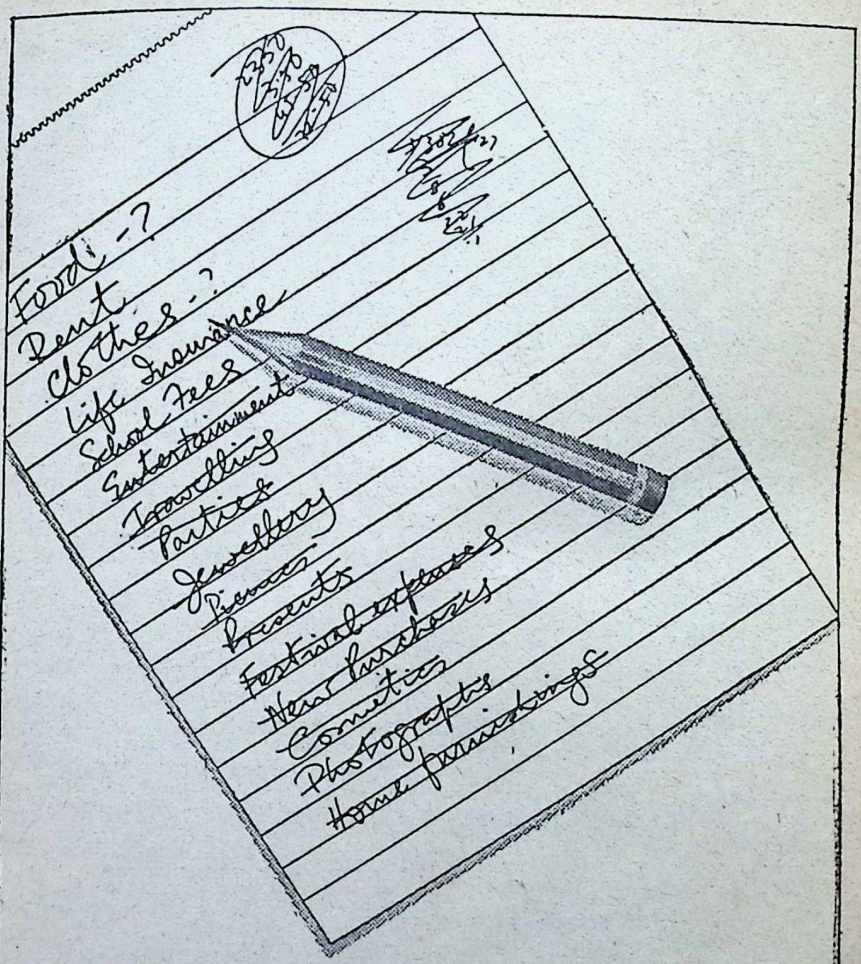

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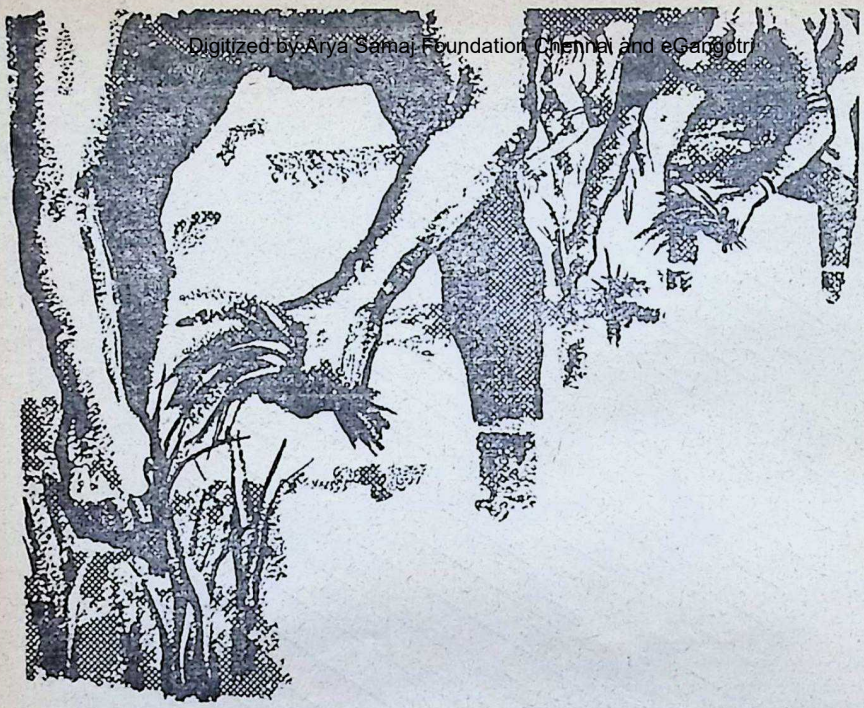

from the seed...

In the steel blaze of noon,
men of the earth 'drag the sun upon their backs',
toiling in the furrowed fields.

For a tomorrow, when the seed will burst to
plant, flower and fruit.

For the fruits of tomorrow then, the striving, the effort.
For a world that offers a little more—
a little less of the care, a little more of the joy.

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Today and Tomorrow... Hindustan Lever serves the home

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contents

* Lord Ganesa (Prayer) ... 5
* Kulapati's Message 6
* Kulapati's Letter No. 290 : Changing Hindu Society—The Need for Faith—*Shraddha*—New Exercises in Faith ... 7
* Vedic Hymn For Unity 14
* Doorways to Liberation (Vasishtha Ramayana) 15
* Bhajagovindam—Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada 18
* Where Women are Honoured—Manu 21
* The Eternal Bride—Sri Andal 22
* Bhagavata in a Nutshell ... 24
* The Two Forms of Bhakti—Chaitanya Mahaprabhu ... 26
* Immortal India—Swami Vivekananda 28
* Contribution of Hinduism to the World—Mahatma Gandhi ... 33
* Sraddha—Swami Sivananda ... 37
* Japa—Swami Ramdas ... 41
* Dharma—H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi ... 44
* Bharat, The Land of Spiritual Wisdom—H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka 48
* Love and Religion—Gurudev Tagore 50
* Seek and Listen to the Word of God—H. H. Pope Paul VI ... 53
* Soldiers All !—H. H. Sadguru Sree Rama Devi 56
* Bhagavad-Gita Consoles—Swami Chinmayananda 60
* Our National Flag—Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan 65
* Lessons of History—Sri Jawaharlal Nehru 69
* To the Soldier's Spouse—Sri Dwijendralal Roy ... 71
* 'Sarva Dharmaan Parityajya'—Sri C. Rajagopalachari ... 73
* Re-integration of Indian Culture—H. H. Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar 77
* Law, An Unifying Factor—Justice J. M. Shelat 80
* Panchakshara—Sri-La-Sri Panrimalai Swamigal 85
* Yagna—Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar 89
* Madurai Meenakshi Temple (Art Supplt. Illustrated by "Silpi") 97
* Krishnavatara (Part III) Uddhava's Mission—Sri K. M. Munshi 105
* Creative Thinking in Modern India—Sri R. R. Diwakar ... 117
* Sanskrit and the Three-language Formula—Sri N. H. Bhagwati 125
* Lyrical Prayers in Hindi Literature—Dr. R. D. Ranade ... 129
* Is Astrology a Reliable Science ?—Dr. Sampurnanand ... 138
* Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo—Sri Rishabhchand ... 142
* Seven Steps to Success—Swami Rama Tirtha 146
* The Canker of Corruption—Sri Kewal L. Panjabi 155
* Driving Out an Evil Spirit—Sri Mohan Khokar 162
* Never-changing Yet Ever-new—Sri Dilip Kumar Roy ... 169
* The Thoughtless Merchant (Story) 177
* Dharma versus Dharma (Story) 183
* Ananda Math (New Serial Story)—Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee 193

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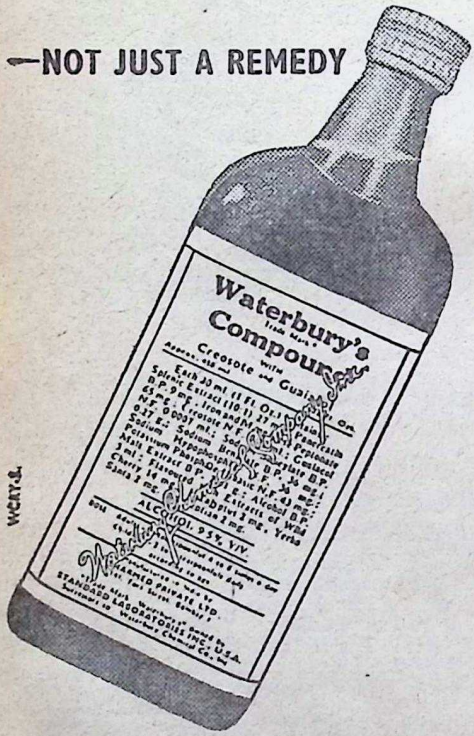

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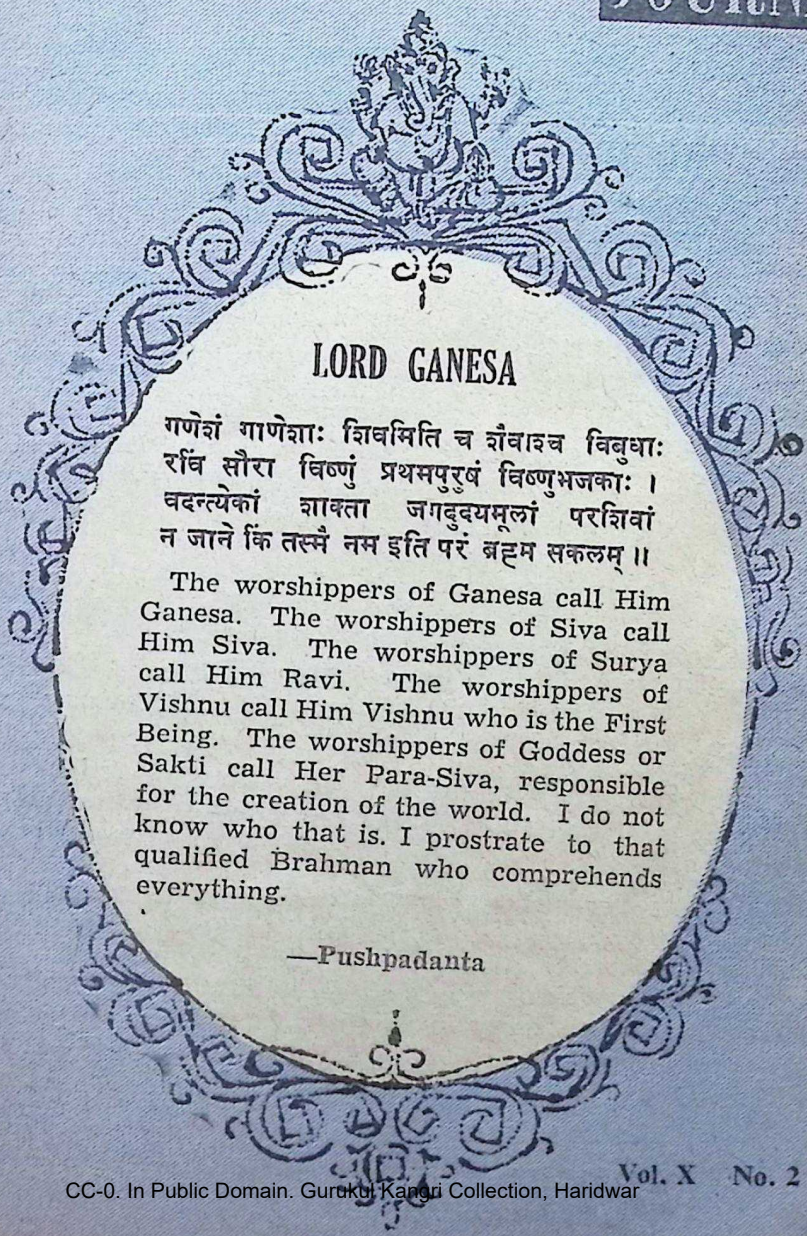
आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL



LORD GANESA

गणेशं गाणेशाः शिवमिति च शैवाश्च विबुधाः
रविं सौरा विष्णुं प्रथमपुरुषं विष्णुभजकाः।
वदन्त्येकां शाक्ता जगदुदयमूलां परशिवां
न जाने किं तस्मै नम इति परं ब्रह्म सकलम्॥

The worshippers of Ganesa call Him Ganesa. The worshippers of Siva call Him Siva. The worshippers of Surya call Him Ravi. The worshippers of Vishnu call Him Vishnu who is the First Being. The worshippers of Goddess or Sakti call Her Para-Siva, responsible for the creation of the world. I do not know who that is. I prostrate to that qualified Brahman who comprehends everything.

—Pushpadanta

Vol. X No. 2

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kulapati's message

The BHAVAN'S JOURNAL *enters its tenth year. In this short span, the Journal has carried the message of the Bhavan to an increasing number of readers.*

Evidently the contents of the Journal *have been having an impact on readers who are in earnest about appreciating the values of Indian Culture in an age when fundamental values are undermined on all sides.*

It has been the aim of the Bhavan to knit the readers of the Journal into a family based on the faith for which the Bhavan stands. This aim has been successful to some extent, if the response to the appeal made at the time of the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee for Associate Membership can be taken as an indication.

The Bhavan lives in the faith that Indian Culture—Bharatiya Vidya—has to be rescued from out-moded superficialities; its heritage has to be enjoyed by men and women of culture throughout the country; its values have to be re-captured in their pristine vitality by more and more people living up to them. This alone will enable earnest people to prepare themselves for the moral and spiritual effort so essential to arrest the tide of hedonism which threatens to drown the best in man in modern times.

This is the work of God and will bear fruit.

K. M. Munshi

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KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

No. 290

★ CHANGING HINDU SOCIETY ★ THE NEED FOR FAITH—*SHRADDHA* ★ NEW EXERCISES IN FAITH

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
AUGUST 18, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE Hindu society is passing through a period of rapid transformation. It is, therefore, the concern of every intelligent Hindu to take stock of the situation.

The situation is both complicated and pregnant with possibilities. The old fabric is disappearing. We have not yet a clear picture of how the new one is going to shape. It will, therefore, require all the strength and resources we possess to mobilise the forces—social, moral, religious and spiritual—before we can give a new creative vitality to our life.

We must face the situation squarely. We must appraise the momentum of the factors which force the pace of transformation. Of them, the most powerful is the industrial revolution and the technological advance which is revolutionising the mode and equipment of life all over the world.

This new factor in the life of man has led to the growth of cities where large-scale industries converge. Year after year, these cities at-

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tract millions of intelligent young men, uprooting them from the family and social environments in which they were living before. These magnified marts where money and success are the supreme ends of life, have a great levelling influence. They have no fixed social standards and no effective social opinion to control individual life. In the schools and colleges which spring up in these cities, generations are being reared in an atmosphere unaffected by ethical, religious or spiritual influences. The cinema is their temple and church. Hedonism is their most attractive cult.

Again, due to this very factor, the world has shrunk in size, and much more so, our country. In my young days, to go to the small town five miles away from my native town, was a great adventure. Now every train from every part of the country to every other is bursting with people going from somewhere to somewhere else. Foreign countries are no longer foreign; visiting them is no luxury, but a sheer necessity. Naturally, therefore, the habits, customs and institutions, built up in an age of the bullock-cart, are obsolete.

With modernity is associated a new and enlarged concept of man's dignity. In old India, the dignity of man was recognised at the rarefied altitude of philosophical or spiritual outlook. The wise look upon a dog or a *pariah* as equal to others: *sunichaiva swapake cha panditah samadarshinah*. Now it is projected in every sphere of life, leading to a sense of equality between man and man, between one sex and another, demanding equal opportunities for the rich and the poor, for the sons of the learned and the illiterate. Under these conditions, the social attitudes which have come down to us from old times, and the institutions which fostered them, cannot possibly survive.

Above all, we have to take account of the advancement of science. In old days when science was not developed, whenever man did not understand a natural phenomenon, he attributed it to miracles or to divine intervention. Religious forms and beliefs which were accepted then, can no longer command allegiance. Faith cannot be based on explanations which every student of science would consider as untrue.

When I was young, there was a saint living near Cambay, who used to perform the miracle of setting fire to the sea. Now, with so much petroleum found in and about Cambay and part of it flowing into the

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sea, who would believe that the saint performed a miracle by divine intervention? His miracle lay only in his being able to trace the stream of oil in the sea.

These outworn husks which are falling apart can never be re-cemented. However, Hinduism will not—cannot, die. By 'Hinduism' I do not merely mean the religious system with all its creeds and dogmas which we call by that name, but the basic values which have been shaping the social, moral, religious and spiritual way of our life from age to age. Whenever the country was faced with cataclysmic changes, they enabled the people to survive by developing great vitality. Even during the last 150 years, we know that they have gathered creative vigour which has blossomed into the Indian Renaissance.

●●●

We have now to build appropriate social attitudes, religious forms and spiritual practices round the core of Hinduism, which is the concept of *Rita*, the Cosmic Order, moral, religious and spiritual, which is *sanaatana*—eternal, ever true and ever life-giving.

The basic values which enable an individual to find self-fulfilment in terms of this Cosmic Order are: *Satya*, that is, accord between mind, word and deed in individual life; *Yajna*, that is the surrender of the ego, so that life may be consecrated to a higher purpose; *Tapas*, that is, purity of mind and body, from which alone springs Beauty which gives a sense of complete self-fulfilment, and lastly, *Shraddha*, that is, Faith, which enables an individual to draw upon God's unfailing strength and creative power.

These fundamental values, as I said, are the true foundations of *sanaatana dharma*, universal and eternal, of all religious faiths. That is why the Lord has said:

> *yo yo yaam yaam tanum bhaktas shraddhayaarchitumicchati;*
> *Tasya tasyaachalaam shraddhaam taameva vidadhaamyaham.*
>
> "Whatsoever the form a devotee worships with faith, it is I who make his Faith permanent and unflinching."

....All religions, whatever their outward differences, lead the devotee to God, and it is the quality of the devotion that matters. However, we, in India, through our *Avataars*, saints, *saints* and teachers, working for

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centuries, have built on these foundations, a collective mind and a way of life which make India the Motherland of the Spirit.

●●●

Of these, *shraddha*, Faith in God, is the central value. Sri Krishna says that He loves most the devotees who are possessed of the highest faith—*shraddhayaa-parayopetaa.*

Experience through ages throughout the world has proved the truth and the power of *shraddha.* There is no full and happy life without a firm belief that God is and in-forms all existence. An individual can reach the highest fulfilment only when he is no more than His instrument —*nimittamatra.*

No adventure in the search for truth, no love transcending egoism, no beauty ever unfading can be realised without man developing faith. This has been the message of great teachers in all lands, the burden of all religions.

In modern times, a political system has sprung up, spread by force and fraud, which has, for one of its central doctrines, the spread of godlessness through coercion and mass indoctrination.

Today the Power which enforces this doctrine on the subject confronts us across the Himalayas in arrogant aggressiveness. It presents menace not only to our national existence but to our way of life based on faith—be that religion Hinduism, Islam or Christianity. We have accepted the challenge. We shall carry on the struggle till our last breath with faith.

"Maamanusmara yudhya cha"—Remember Me and Fight. For, the Lord has said: "Those devoted to me shall never perish." (*Na me bhaktah pranashyati*).

Another modern doctrine which undermines faith is sometimes called "secular humanism". It claims that goodness can exist; that one can be sincere, loving and self-disciplined apart from and without faith. This doctrine is one of those intellectual refinements which modern man has invented to justify the pursuit of collective selfishness which is called 'utilitarianism', or the ceaseless hunt for pleasures which is hedonism.

It is forgotten that while godliness without goodness is fraud, goodness without godliness is fiction. Goodness is only the earthly essential of godliness and inseparable from it.

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For the Communist who denies God, goodness is *bourgeoisie* weakness to be exploited for the sinister end of dominating the world by force and fraud.

●●●

How can a man be sincere without true humility? And how can he be truly humble without living in contact with God, before Whom alone he can stand in his true, naked, erring self? This contact is established in various ways—by visit to a temple, a mosque or a church or a *gurudwara*.

When you go to a house of God, you do not go to a roof and four walls; you seek the presence of God; your body and mind are purified; your pride is humbled; your soul is uplifted.

Again, how can a man develop love towards others without actively training his emotions to submerge his ego? And how is this training possible without an earnest endeavour to contact God?

Again, how can purity of mind and body—the conquest of filth in mind, word and deed—so essential for living in Beauty be attained unless we learn to look upon life as an offering like a beautiful flower to be placed at the feet of Higher Power?

The activities which initiate us into a religious life—that is a consecrated life—take diverse forms. They may take the form of a ritual, the recital of a scripture, the surrender to a *guru*, the search for knowledge at the feet of a learned man, *tirtha yatra*, prayer or an act of penance.

●●●

However, this is preliminary training. It only trains us for genuine exercises in faith; acts of love in which we learn to lose our egotism in a larger consciousness which makes us feel one with the rest.

These exercises in faith are necessary to enable us to bring God into our life. Unless we take them, we continue only to think of ourselves or hanker after pleasures or lose ourselves in the affairs of the world. Truth, Love and Beauty elude us.

If we want Hinduism to release fresh creative vitality, even preliminary exercises in faith should be inspired by an earnest aspiration to bring God into our life through consecrated activities. Otherwise, they are meaningless.

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Even philosophic knowledge by itself is barren unless it enables us to live in truth and faith in daily life.

Exercises in faith, to be fruitful, would necessarily rule out the pursuit of religion for selfish ends, to secure personal benefits or to attain individual salvation. No religion can survive, if our religious practices are commercial ventures of investing in one life to gather selfish gains hereafter. ●●●

If religion has to be vitalised, such exercises must be satisfying to the modern mind which is different from the old mind. Religious practices must be uplifting; religious symbols must be inspiring. Temples must be clean, set in a sanctified atmosphere; the music accompanying prayers must be soulful; the officiating priest must be a man of learning and faith.

I am a man of faith. I visit temples in humility to get an opportunity of activising my faith. I stand in front of the deity, whatever it is, trying to surrender myself to Him.

However, when I visited the temple of Jagannatha at Puri, I was shocked at the uninspiring atmosphere, jostling crowds, importunate *pandas*, darkness all around, pools of water on the ground and noises at which all the inspiration flew away.

In the same way, when I visited the temple of Kashi Viswanath, the most sacred shrine in India, I stood humbly before the deity, and what did I find? Dirty water splattered all over the sanctum; jostling and shouting crowds; devotees in filthy dress and unkempt hair, clinging to the deity; cows roaming all round soiling the ambulatory path.

I cannot stand in front of a deity in a temple without my early memories being stirred but even my memories associated with a 100 temples were smothered in this ugly atmosphere.

Let us not forget that religion is not merely to maintain faith in the elders, but also to restore faith in the younger generations; in the 'cinema-star-gazing' youngster brought up in the colleges where exercises in faith are unknown; to the intellectuals indifferent to religious values; to the scientist whose vision is confined to his special subject.

Religion can never survive if it is supported only by the faith of old men. They are the citizens of a vanishing world. We have to cater to

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new generations brought up under modern conditions. Our rituals and prayers have therefore to be effective, meaningful, offered in a spirit of humility and earnestness.

●●●

If religion means, as I said, consecrated life *i.e.* a life lived in the presence of God at all times in faith, the highest form of spiritual fulfilment is to see God in all and all in God. Sri Krishna has said: "He who sees Me in All and All in Me, is never lost to Me, nor I to him:"

"Yo maam pashyati sarvatra sarvam cha mayi pashyati
Tasyaaham na pranashyaami so cha me na pranashyati.

This identification is not a feat of logic nor of intellectual conviction. It is an experience; an act of faith. It can be realised only by humbly trying to extend the frontiers of our individual life to include more and more men in our world of love, to find fulfilment of being one with God, not by words, not by thoughts but in action. This is the Way, the Truth, the Life.

The conflict supposed to exist between science and religion, which is part of the modern belief, is a Western myth. In India we have always given science a place in our religious system. While it is true that religion cannot survive if it is based on exploded myths, science and materialism can never give a satisfying answer to man's fundamental aspirations.

Activities vitalising Hinduism require to be co-ordinated. Those of us dedicated to this service should search our hearts, scan new horizons, and face the problem of human destiny. We must develop the courage to discard self-denying other-worldliness which had become a badge of god-mindedness in the past. Like Arjuna we must fight the battle in the different spheres of life with all our actions dedicated to Him.

Yours sincerely,

Kuppuswami

Hinduism is a relentless pursuit after truth.... I can no more describe my feeling for Hinduism than for my own wife... I have no other wish in this world but to find light and joy and peace through Hinduism.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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VEDIC HYMN FOR UNITY

आ यातु मित्र ऋतुभिः कल्पमानः संवेश्यन्पृथिवीमुस्रियाभिः।
अथास्मभ्यं वरुणो वायुरग्निर्बृहद्राष्ट्रं संवेश्यं दधातु ॥

LET Mitra come, associating himself with the seasons, uniting the earth with his ruddy rays; then let Varuna, Vayu and Agni assign great royalty of union to us.

धाता रातिः सवितेदं जुषन्तामिन्द्रस्त्वष्टा प्रति हर्यन्तु मे वचः।
हुवे देवीमदितिं शूरपुत्रां सजातानां मध्यमेष्ठा यथासानि ॥

Let Dhata, Raati and Savita be delighted to hear these my words; let Indra and Tvashta welcome my words. I call divine Aditi, mother of heroic sons, that I may be the midmost man of my fellows.

हुवे सोमं सवितारं नमोभिर्विश्वानादित्यां अहमुत्तरत्वे।
अयमग्निर्दीदायद्दीर्घमेव सजातैरिद्धोऽप्रतिब्रुवद्भिः ॥

I call with acts of homage, Soma, Savita and all the Adityas, in the contest for pre-eminence; may this fire burn very long, kindled by my fellows who gainsay not.

इहेदसाथ न परो गमाथेर्यो गोपाः पुष्टपतिर्व आजत्।
अस्मै कामायोप कामिनीर्विश्वे वो देवा उपसंयन्तु ॥

May you be here; may you not go away. May an active herdsman who is prosperous drive you hither. Let all the gods unite you together who desire the accomplishment of the task.

सं वो मनांसि सं व्रता समाकूतीर्नमामसि ।
अमी ये विव्रता स्थन तान्वः सं नमयामसि ॥

We bend your minds together, your actions together, your designs together. You yonder who are of discordant courses, we make you bend them together here.

अहं गृभ्णामि मनसा मनांसि मम चित्तमनु चित्तेभिरेत।
मम वशेषु हृदयानि वः कृणोमि मम यातमनुवर्त्मान एत ॥

I seize your minds with my mind. Come after my intent with your intents; I put your hearts in my control. Come with your tracks following my motion.

—Atharva Veda, III-8.

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Doorways to Liberation

SAID VASISHTHA:

मोक्षद्वारे द्वारपालाश्चत्वारः परिकीर्तिताः।

शमो विचारः सन्तोषः चतुर्थस्साधुसङ्गमः॥

Four sentinels stand guard at the gate of Liberation. They are Equanimity (Sama), *Self-enquiry* (Vichara), *Contentment* (Santosha) *and Company of saints* (Sadhu-sangama).

एते सेव्याः प्रयत्नेन चत्वारो द्वौ त्रयोऽथवा।

द्वारमुद्घाटयन्त्येते मोक्षराजगृहे तथा॥

The friendship of the sentinels must be cultivated with effort: all the four of them, or at least two or three of them. When you succeed in it, they will open the gate of the royal mansion of Liberation for you.

एकं वा सर्वयत्नेन प्राणांस्त्यक्त्वा समाश्रयेत्।

एकस्मिन्वशगे यान्ति चत्वारोऽपि वशं यतः॥

At least of one of the sentinels must be cultivated, even at the cost of life. When one of them is thus befriended, all the four will in due course become friendly too.

शमेनासाद्यते श्रेयः शमोहि परमं पदम्।

शमः शिवः शमः शान्तिः शमो भ्रान्तिनिवारणम्॥

Equanimity bestows virtue (shreyas); *it is beatitude.* Sama *is auspiciousness, it is peace, it destroys illusions.*

श्रुत्वा स्पृष्ट्वा च दृष्ट्वा च भुक्त्वा घ्रात्वा च शुभाशुभम्।

न हृष्यति ग्लायति यः स शान्त इति कथ्यते॥

He is said to be equanimous who is unaffected by hearing, touching, eating or smelling things whether likeable or not. He who neither gloats nor feels dejected over things, is equipoised.

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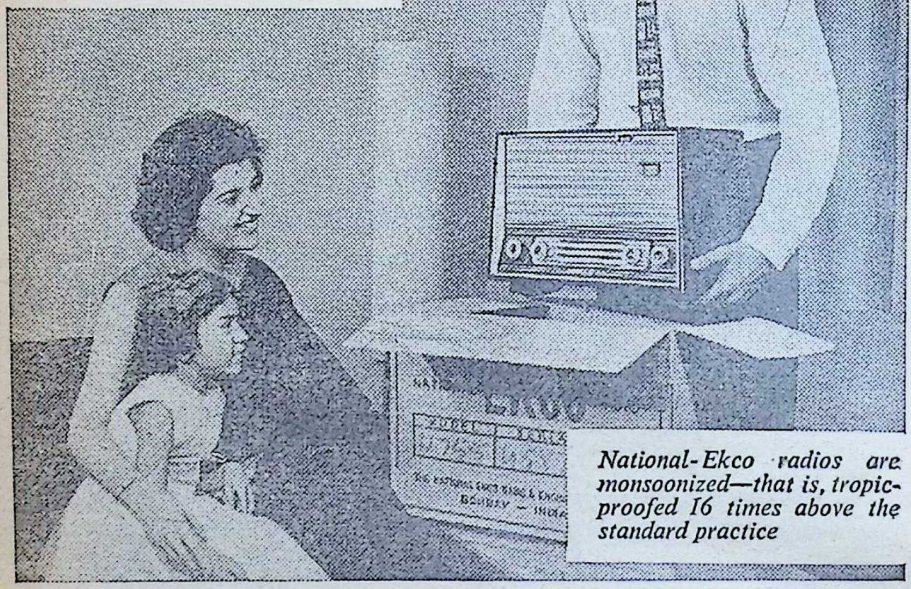

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यः समः सर्वभूतेषु भावि काङ्क्षति नोज्झति ।

जित्वेन्द्रियाणि यत्नेन स शान्त इति कथ्यते ॥

He is said to be equanimous who feels equally towards all beings, who doesn't long for happiness, and doesn't seek to escape what fate has imposed on him and thus overcomes his sense-biddings by conscious effort.

कोऽहं कथमयं दोषः संसाराख्य उपागतः ।

न्यायेनेति परामर्शः विचार इति कथ्यते ॥

Who am I? How has the evil of samsara *come to happen? Enquiry of this kind in this light of reasoning (sanctioned by the Vedas) is called* Vichara.

विचाराज्ज्ञायते तत्त्वं तत्त्वाद्विश्रान्तिरात्मनि ।

अतो मनसि शान्तत्वं सर्वदुःखपरिक्षयः ॥

Truth is realised by enquiry. By realization of truth, peace in Atman follows. It follows therefore that serenity in mind leads to decline of all sorrow.

अप्राप्तवाञ्छामुत्सृज्य सम्प्राप्ते समतां गतः ।

अदृष्टखेदाखेदो यः स सन्तुष्ट इहोच्यते ॥

He is said to be a contented person who, without desiring for the unobtainable, is satisfied with what he has; and is happy equally in adversity and prosperity.

पूर्णतामलमाश्रित्य स्वात्मन्येवात्मना स्वयम् ।

पौरुषेण प्रयत्नेन तृष्णां सर्वत्र वर्जयेत् ॥

Having obtained the fulness in Atman by himself, one should abandon greed in all matters by manly effort.

विवेकः परमो दीपः जायते साधुसङ्गमात् ।

मनोहरोज्ज्वलो नूनं आसेकादिव गुच्छकः ॥

By association with the saintly, the great lamp of discrimination burns brightly and beautifully, even as a bunch of flowers becomes by watering.

अपि कष्टदशां प्राप्तैः दिशां विवशतां गतैः ।

मनागपि न सन्त्याज्या मानवैस्साधुसङ्गतिः ॥

Those suffering from the worst of fate and those who are helpless, should never forsake the company of the saintly.

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BHAJAGOVINDAM

[The original of this poem, sometimes called Moha Mudgara, **was sung by Adi Sankara while he was in Kasi.**

This famous poem has been a favourite with all mumukshus.—Ed.]

Worship the Lord repeating his Divine Name often. When death is about to lay her icy hand upon thee, thy knowledge of the grammatical aphorisms, does not avail thee.

Give up all thought for riches. Keep thy heart steady and wise, devoid of all desires. Enjoy peace contented with what befalls thee, as fruit of thy own actions.

Let not blind love possess thee, being enamoured of women's beauteous blooming breasts. Ponder in thy heart again and again and know that after all, they are nothing but flesh and blood.

The Life is inconstant like the drop of water on a lotus leaf. Know that all the world is eaten into the core by sickness, selfishness and sorrow.

So long thou art toiling for riches, as long thy friends cling to thee. But as you get old and decrepit, none of them cares to know even how you do.

So long as breath lasts in the body, thy welfare is sought after by all. But when the spirit quits its mortal frame, even thy wife is shocked at the sight of thy frame.

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Meditate on this that wealth is always a misfortune. And this is truth therefore that not a particle of genuine happiness is to be found therein. The rich fear even their sons. This is the way of the world.

The child longs to sport away his time. The youth is after woman. The aged one is care-worn, but none there is who is fondly devoted to the Supreme Being.

Who is that—whom you call—thy wife? Who are they—whom you say—your sons? This world of ours is indeed magical and inscrutable. Who are you—yourself, and wherefrom do you hail? Ponder over in thy mind, my brother, these problems and know the Truth.

The fellowship of the wise develops non-attachment and non-attachment brings about non-delusion. Non-delusion in turn leads to realization which ends in the final liberation even in this very life.

As age advances, where are thy lustful emotions? When water dries up wherein is the tank? When riches decay, where are thy followers? When the truth of the Supreme Self is realized, where is this world?

Do not be proud of youth, riches or retinue. For, time snatches away all these in a moment. Abandoning all this visible world as illusory, realize the Oneness with the Supreme.

Days and nights, sun-rise and sun-set, summer and winter, come and go in succession. Thus beguiling away time, our life here is ever shortening. Nevertheless, the all-consuming desire does not abate.

—Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada

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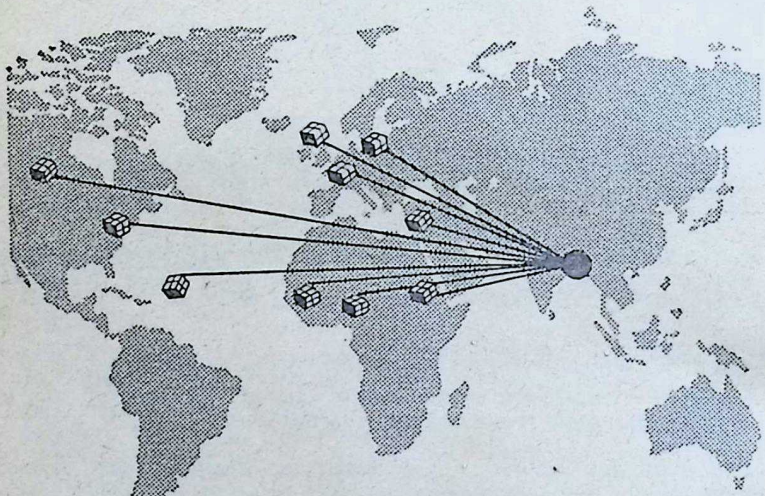
OUR TOP TEN CUSTOMERS



The United Kingdom,
the United States of America,
Canada, Germany, Belgium,
West Indies, Nigeria,
Sierra Leone, Cyprus
and Sudan, amongst others,
have purchased from January
to December 1962,
3,706,700 pairs of footwear

FROM Bata INDIA

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WHERE WOMEN ARE HONOURED . . .

WOMEN must be honoured and adorned by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law, who desire (their own) welfare.

Where women are honoured, there the gods are pleased; but where they are not honoured, no sacred rite yields rewards.

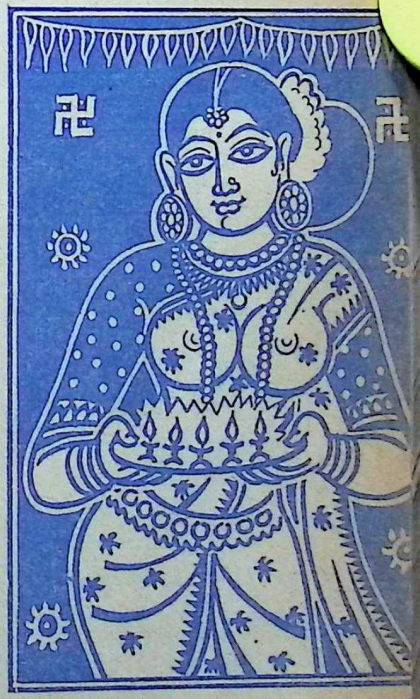
Where the female relations live in grief, the family soon wholly perishes; but that family where they are not unhappy ever prospers.

The houses on which female relations, not being duly honoured, pronounce a curse, perish completely, as if destroyed by magic.

Hence men who seek (their own) welfare, should always honour women on holidays and festivals with (gifts of) ornaments, clothes, and (dainty) food.

In that family, where the husband is pleased with his wife and the wife with her husband, happiness will assuredly be lasting.

—Manu



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[*"TIRUPPAVAI" is a famous Tamil lyric, sung by the Vaishnavite Saint Sri Andal or Goda Devi. These hymns have fascinated seers and saints for a long time. They have many charms—literary, artistic, spiritual and cultural.*

It is said that a Saint allowed himself to be operated upon for carbuncle under the anaesthesia of these songs alone!

They are now widely sung in Tamilnad particularly in the month of December-January.

Basing her theme on the Katyayani Vrata, Sri Andal sings these songs in praise of Sri Krishna. A few selections are given below. Ed.]

THE ETERNAL BRIDE

You measured the world with your feet, hail unto those feet.
You went forth and vanquished Lanka, hail unto your prowess.
You kicked Sakatasura to his doom, hail unto your fame.
You catapulted the calf at the tree, hail unto your feet.
You lifted up the Govardhana hill like an umbrella, hail unto your grace.
Hail unto your hand that holds the spear, deadly unto foes.
We have come to you thus praising, seeking your drum (parai),
Be pleased to have compassion on us.

★

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Born you were at night as the son of one (Devaki),
Grow you did in concealment as the son of another (Yashoda)!
Unable to bear it, Kamsa meant evil by you,
But you put his devilish intent to fault by frustrating it.
And stood menacingly on his bosom like fire.
O Trivikrama! We have come to you praising, for getting you!
Grant us our desire and we shall for ever
Sing your praise that confers prosperity and bespeaks your valour.
Our sorrows thus dispelled, we shall for ever rejoice!

★

Early in the morn have we come and prostrate before you
Listen, O Lotus-footed one, to our prayer.
Born in the race which tends the cows and lives by it
You cannot refuse to take us on as your slaves.
O, Govinda, we have not come to you to receive your drum and return.
For ever and for all lives shall we live with you,
As your relatives and servants, to serve you alone.
Be pleased to convert all our wishes into love of you.

—Sri Andal.

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BHAGAVATA IN A NUTSHELL

ज्ञानं परमगुह्यं मे यद्विज्ञानसमन्वितम् ।
सरहस्यं तदंगं च गृहाण गदितं मया ॥

Do thou receive the knowledge which I impart, which is the highest secret, associated with special and practical knowledge along with all the secrets about them and all that may be accessory to them.

यावानहं यथाभावो यद्रूपगुणकर्मकः ।
तथैव तत्त्वविज्ञानमस्तु ते मदनुग्रहात् ॥

May you, through my Grace, have a true and comprehensive knowledge of Myself, my true dimensions, my nature, my qualities and action, (and a knowledge of the principles with which the world is to be created).

अहमेवासमेवाग्रे नान्यदच्चत्सदसत्परम् ।
पश्चादहं यदेतच्च योऽवशिष्येत सोऽस्म्यहम् ॥

In the beginning (before creation) truly I alone was; nothing else was; neither the gross nor the subtle things nor Prakriti, their cause; afterwards (after creation) what exists is Myself; it is Myself that exists; all this world is Myself and after Pralaya (Dissolution) I alone remain.

ऋतेर्थं यत्प्रतीयेत न प्रतीयेत चात्मनि ।
तद्विद्यादात्मनो मायां यथाभासो यथा तमः ॥

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Know then this to be Maya by reason of which even in the absence of any real thing, there is an appearance of existence, the Atman, being the object of such misapprehension. By the same count, even that which exists does not appear to be so—as in the case of false appearances and Tamas (Rahu) is not seen though he exists.

यथा महांति भूतानि भूतेषूच्चावचेष्वनु।
प्रविष्टान्यप्रविष्टानि यथा तेषु न तेष्वहम्॥

Even as the great Bhutas (the principles of material cause) may be said to have entered all created things, big and small and yet entered not; in a similar way I am in them as well as not in them.

एतावदेव जिज्ञास्यं तत्त्वजिज्ञासुनाऽऽत्मना।
अन्वयव्यतिरेकाभ्यां यत्स्यात्सर्वत्र सर्वदा॥

He who desires a knowledge of the Atman needs to enquire and understand only this much that Atman exists at all times and in all places, that it is the cause of all effected things, that it is different from such created things in the causal state and is a witness in the three states of wakefulness, dreaming and sleep. Also know that it is connected with the higher states such as samadhi *also.*

एतन्मतं समातिष्ठ परमेण समाधिना।
भवान्कल्पविकल्पेषु न विमुह्यति कर्हिचित्॥

Thus, with perfect concentration, you will follow this doctrine and you will never lose your sense. You will also learn to take pride in all creations of the kalpas.

—The Lord in *Srimad Bhagavata*

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THE TWO FORMS OF BHAKTI

THE *sadhan* or *bhakti* is of two kinds: one following the ordinances of religion, the other following the heart's inclination.

The man without a natural desire for Krishna adores Him in obedience to the bidding of the Sastras; such *bhakti* is called regular (*baidhi*). "King, it is the duty of the man who seeks liberation to hear, to praise and to meditate on God, the Universal soul, the supremely beautiful, the liberator from bondage" (*Bhagavat*, III 1-5).

The modes of cultivating *bhakti* are many; they are—taking refuge at the feet of the *guru*, initiation, service of the *guru*, inquiry into the true religion, following the path of saints, renunciation of enjoyment out of love for Krishna, residence at holy places associated with Krishna, accepting alms no further than suffices for one's sustenance, fasting on the eleventh day of the moon, reverence to foster-mothers, fig trees, kine, Brahmins and Vaishnavas, shunning from a distance all offences against adoration and the holy name, avoiding the study and exposition of too many books and arts, looking at loss and gain as alike, control of grief and other passions, abstaining from abusing other gods and scriptures, never listening to scandal about Vishnu or Vaishnavas, giving no shock by thought or speech to any creature that lives, listening to chants, hymn-singing, keeping God in remembrance, worship, adoration in words, attendance on idols, dancing, singing, petitioning and prostration before Krishna's image, visiting shrines, reading scriptures, reciting the holy name, *sankirtan*, enjoying incense,

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garlands, and the *Maha-prasad*, witnessing *arati*, giving up whatever is dear to one's own self, meditation and serving Him.

Direct all your efforts to the service of Krishna, witness His Mercies, celebrate His Nativity and other days in the company of *bhaktas*.

Ever fly to Him for refuge.

He who adores Krishna's feet in preference to *sastraic* rites, feels nevertheless no temptation for forbidden sins. Even if he commits a sin unwillingly, Krishna purifies him and he need not practise penance for it. (*Bhagavat* XI, v. 38)

Theological knowledge and monachism are not at all necessary means of cultivating *bhakti ;* Krishna's society gives inoffensiveness and discipline (*Bhagavat* XI, xx 31).

Hitherto I have held forth on the cultivation of *bhakti* in accordance with the *sastraic* teaching. Now let me tell you, Sanatan, about *bhakti* in compliance with natural inclination.

A passionate longing for the object of desire is the *swarup* characteristic of inclination (*raga*).

Absorption in the object of desire is its *tatastha* feature.

The nature of an 'inclination-led' *bhakta* pays no heed to *sastraic* reasoning. His two types are *external* and *internal*.

In the external, the devotee through his physical organs performs chant and listens to it, while in his mind he imagines himself to be identical with his ideal (such as any *sakhi* or cowherd-mate of Krishna).

Withdrawing himself into his own mind, such a votary ever remains close to his object, the dearest Krishna, and thus serves Him incessantly.

In the path of inclination (*raga*) he takes Krishna as the object of his chief emotion, *viz.*, as master, comrade, child or sweetheart (*Bhagavat*, III, xxv. 35).

From the sprout of love (*prema*) issue two things, *rati* (addiction) and *bhava* (emotion).

These two conquer the Lord for us.

Thus have I expounded *abhideya* from which we gain the treasure of love for Krishna.

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...I have been told that looking into the past only degenerates and leads to nothing, and we should look into the future. But of the past is built the future. Look back, therefore, as far as you can, drink deep of the eternal fountains that are behind, and after that, look forward, march forward...

Immortal India

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THIS is the ancient land where wisdom made its home before it went into any other country, the same India whose influx of spirituality is represented, as it were, on the material plane, by rolling rivers like oceans, where the eternal Himalayas, rising tier above tier with their snow-caps, look, as it were, into the very mysteries of heaven.

Here is the same India whose soil has been trodden by the feet of the great sages that ever lived.

Here first sprang up inquiries into the nature of man, and into the internal world.

Here first arose the doctrines of the immortality of the soil, the existence of a Supervising God, as immanent God in nature and man, and here the highest ideals of religion and philosophy have attained their culminating points.

This is the land from whence, like tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world, and this is the land from whence once more such tides must proceed in order to bring life and vigour into the decaying races of mankind.

It is the same India which has withstood the shocks of centuries, of hundreds of foreign invasions, of hundreds of upheavals of manners and customs.

It is the same land which stands firmer than any rock in the world, with its undying vigour, indestructible life.

Its life is of the nature of the soul, without beginning and without end, immortal, and we are the children of such a country!

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...The one common ground that we have is our sacred tradition, our religion, and upon that we shall have to build...

Children of India, I am here to speak to you today about some practical things, and my object in reminding you about the glories of the past is simply this. Many times have I been told that looking into the past only degenerates and leads to nothing, and that we should look to the future. That is true. But of the past is built the future. Look back, therefore, as far as you can, drink deep of the eternal fountains that are behind, and after that, look forward, march forward and make India brighter, greater, much higher than she ever was. Our ancestors were great. We must first recall that. We must learn the elements of our beings, the blood that courses in our veins; we must have faith in that blood and what it did in the past; and out of that faith and consciousness of past greatness, we must build an India yet greater than what she has been. There have been periods of decay and degradation. I do not attach much importance to them; we all know that. Such periods have been necessary. A mighty tree produces a beautiful ripe fruit. That fruit falls on the ground, it decays and rots, and out of that decay springs the root and the future tree, perhaps mightier than the first one. This period of decay through which we have passed was all the more necessary. Out of this decay is coming the India of the future; it is sprouting, its first leaves are already out; and a mighty, gigantic tree, the Urdhvamula, is here, already beginning to appear; and it is about that that I am going to speak to you.

The problems in India are more complicated, more momentous, than the problems in any other country. Race, religion, language, Government —all these together make a nation. The elements which compose the nations of the world are indeed very few, taking race after race, compared to this country. Here have been the Aryan, the Dravidian, the Tartar, the Turk, the Mogul, the European—all the nations of the world, as it were, pouring their blood into this land. Of languages the most wonderful conglomeration is here; of manners and customs there is more difference between two Indian races than between the European and the Eastern races.

The one common ground that we have is our sacred tradition, our religion. That is the only common ground, and upon that we shall have to build. In Europe, political ideas form the national unity. In Asia, religious ideals form the national unity. The unity in religion, therefore, is absolutely necessary as the first condition of the future of India. There must be the recognition of one religion throughout the length and breadth of this land. What do I mean by one religion? Not in the sense of one religion as held among the Christians, or the Mohammedans, or the Buddhists. We know that our religion has certain common grounds, common to all our sects, however varying their conclusions may be, however different their claims may be. So there are certain common grounds; and within their limitation this religion of ours admits of a marvellous

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...Our life-blood is spirituality. If it flows clear, everything is right; political, social, any other material defects, even the poverty of the land, will all be cured if that blood is pure...

variation, an infinite amount of liberty to think and live our own lives. We all know that, at least those of us who have thought; and what we want is to bring out these life-giving common principles of our religion, and let every man, woman, and child, throughout the length and breadth of this country, understand them, know them, and try to bring them out in their lives. This is the first step; and, therefore, it has to be taken.

We see how in Asia, and especially in India, race difficulties, linguistic difficulties, social difficulties, national difficulties, all melt away before this unifying power of religion. We know that to the Indian mind there is nothing higher than religious ideals, that this is the key-note of Indian life, and we can only work in the line of least resistance. It is not only true that the ideal of religion is the highest ideal; in the case of India it is the only possible means of work; work in any other line, without first strengthening this, would be disastrous. Therefore, the first plank in the making of a future India, the first step that is to be hewn out of that rock of ages, is this unification of religion. All of us have to be taught that we Hindus-dualists, qualified monists, or monists, Shavias, Vaishnavas, or Pashupatas—to whatever denomination we may belong, have certain common ideas behind us, and that the time has come when for the well-being of ourselves, for the well-being of our race, we must give up all our little quarrels and differences. Be sure these quarrels are entirely wrong; they are condemned by our scriptures, forbidden by our forefathers; and those great men from whom we claim our descent, whose blood is in our veins, look down with contempt on their children quarrelling about minute difference.

With the giving up of quarrels all other improvements will come. When the life-blood is strong and pure no disease germ can live in that body. Our life-blood is spirituality. If it flows clear, if it flows strong and pure and vigorous, everything is right; political, social, any other material defects, even the poverty of the land, will all be cured if that blood is pure. For if the disease germ be thrown out, nothing will be able to enter into the blood. To take a simile from modern medicine, we know that there must be two causes to produce a disease, some poison germ outside, and the state of the body. Until the body is in a state to admit the germs, until the body is degraded to a lower vitality so that the germs may enter and thrive and multiply, there is no power in any germ in the world to produce a disease in the body. In fact, millions of germs are continually passing through everyone's body; but so long as it is vigorous it never is conscious of them. It is only when the body is weak that these germs take possession of it and produce disease. Just so with the national life. It is when the national body is weak that all sorts of disease germs,

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... Our vigour, our strength, nay, our national life is in our religion... That is the national mind, that is the national life-current. Follow it and it leads to glory. Give it up and you die...

in the political state of the race or in its social state, in its educational or intellectual state, crowd into the system and produce disease. To remedy it, therefore, we must go to the root of this disease and cleanse the blood of all impurities. The one tendency will be to strengthen the man, to make the blood pure, the body vigorous, so that it will be able to resist and throw off all external poisons.

We have seen that our vigour, our strength, nay, our national life is in our religion. I am not going to discuss now whether it is right or not, whether it is correct or not, whether it is beneficial or not in the long run, to have this vitality in religion, but for good or evil it is there; you cannot get out of it, you have it now and for ever, and you have to stand by it, even if you have not the same faith that I have in our religon. You are bound by it, and if you give it up, you are smashed to pieces. That is the life of our race and that must be strengthened. You have withstood the shocks of centuries simply because you took great care of it, you sacrificed everything else for it. Your forefathers underwent everything boldly, even death itself, but preserved their religion. Temple after temple was broken down by the foreign conqueror, but no sooner had the wave passed than the spire of the temple rose up again. Some of these old temples of Southern India, and those like Somanath of Gujarat, will teach you volumes of wisdom, will give you a keener insight into the history of the race than any amount of books. Mark how these temples bear the marks of a hundred attacks and a hundred regenerations, continually destroyed and continually springing up out of the ruins, rejuvenated and strong as ever! That is the national mind, that is the national life-current. Follow it and it leads to glory. Give it up and you die; death will be the only result, annihilation the only effect, the moment you step beyond that life-current. I do not mean to say that other things are not necessary. I do not mean to say that political or social improvements are not necessary, but what I mean is this, and I want you to bear it in mind, that they are secondary here, and that religion is primary. The Indian mind is first religious, then everything else.

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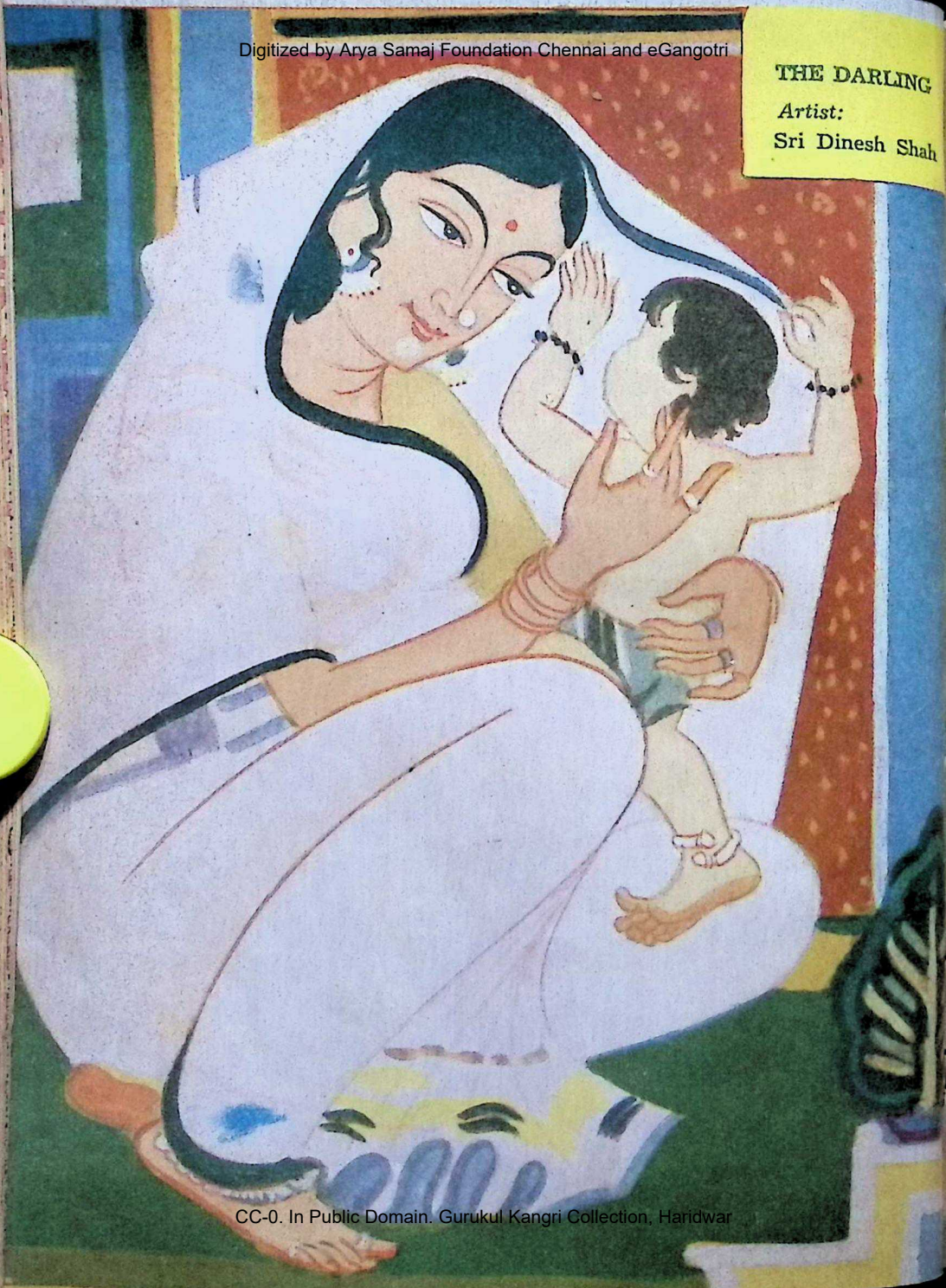

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. . . Hinduism is a leaven which makes the world worth living in . . .

CONTRIBUTION OF HINDUISM TO THE WORLD

Mahatma Gandhi

VARNASHRAMA DHARMA itself is a unique contribution of Hinduism to the world. Hinduism has saved us from *bhaya,* i.e., peril. If Hinduism had not come to my rescue, the only course for me would have been suicide. I remain a Hindu because Hinduism is a leaven which makes the world worth living in. From Hinduism was born Buddhism. What we see today is not pure Hinduism, but often a parody of it. Otherwise, it would require no pleading from me in its behalf, but would speak for itself, even as if I was absolutely pure I would not need to speak to you. God does not speak with His tongue, and man, in the measure that he comes near God, becomes like God. Hinduism teaches me that my body is a limitation of the power of the soul within.

Just as in the West they have made wonderful discoveries in things

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...Hinduism is by no means a spent force or dead religion...

material, similarly, Hinduism has made still more marvellous discoveries in things of religion, of the spirit, of the soul. But we have no eye for these great and fine discoveries. We are dazzled by the material progress that Western science has made. I am not enamoured of that progress. In fact, it almost seems as though God in His wisdom had prevented India from progressing along those lines so that it might fulfil its special mission of resisting the onrush of materialism. After all, there is something in Hinduism that has kept it alive up till now. It has witnessed the fall of Babylonian, Syrian, Persian and Egyptian civilizations. Cast a look round you. Where is Rome and where is Greece? Can you find today anywhere the Italy of Gibbon, or rather the ancient Rome, for Rome was Italy? Go to Greece. Where is the world-famous Attic civilization? Then come to India, let one go through the most ancient records and then look round you and you would be constrained to say: 'Yes, I see here ancient India still living.' True, there are dung-heaps, too, here and there, but there are rich treasures buried under them. And the reason why it has survived is that the end which Hinduism set before it was not development along material but spiritual lines.

Among its many contributions, the idea of man's identity with the dumb creation is a unique one. To me cow-worship is a great idea which is capable of expansion. Its freedom from the modern proselytization is also to me a precious thing. It needs no preaching. It says: 'Live the life'. It is my business, it is your business to live the life, and then we will leave its influence on ages. Then, take its contribution in men. Ramanuja, Chaitanya, Ramakrishna, not to speak of the more modern names, have left their impress on Hinduism. Hinduism is by no means a spent force or a dead religion.

Then, there is the contribution of the four *Ashramas,* again a unique contribution. There is nothing like it in the whole world. The Catholics have the order of celibates corresponding to *Brahmacharis*, but not as an institution ; whereas in India every boy had to go through the first *Ashrama*. What a grand conception it was! Today our eyes are dirty, thoughts dirtier and bodies dirtiest of all, because we are denying Hinduism.

There is yet another thing I have not mentioned. Max Muller said forty years ago that it was dawning on Europe that transmigration is not a theory, but a fact. Well, it is entirely the contribution of Hinduism.

Today, *Varnashrama Dharma* and Hinduism are misrepresented and denied by its votaries. The remedy is not destruction, but correction. Let us reproduce in ourselves the true Hindu spirit, and then ask whether it satisfies the soul or not.

Purify it

Religions like nations are being weighed in the balance. God's grace and revelation are the monopoly of no race or nation. They descend eq-

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ually upon all who wait upon God. That religion and that nation will be blotted out of the face of the earth which pins its faith to injustice, untruth or violence. God is Light, not darkness. God is Love, not hate. God is Truth, not untruth. God alone is Great. We, His creatures are but dust. Let us be humble and recognize the place of the lowliest of His creatures. Krishna honoured Sudama in his rags as he honoured no one else. Love is the root of religion or sacrifice, and this perishable body is the root of self or irreligion, says Tulsidas....

The Chief Value

The chief value of Hinduism lies in holding the actual belief that ALL life (not only human beings, but all sentient beings) is one, i.e., all life coming from the One Universal Source, call it Allah, God or Parameshwara. There is in Hinduism a scripture called *Vishnusahasranama* which simply means 'One Thousand Names of God'. These one thousand names do not mean that God is limited to those names, but that He has as many names as you can possibly give Him. You may give Him as many names as you like, provided it is one God without a second, whose name you are invoking. That also means that He is nameless, too.

This unity of ALL life is a peculiarity of Hinduism which confines salvation not to human beings alone, but says that it is possible for all God's creatures. It may be that it is not possible, save through the human form, but that does not make man the Lord of creation. It makes him the servant of God's creation. Now, when we talk of Brotherhood of Man, we stop there, and feel that all other life is there for man to exploit for his own purposes. But Hinduism excludes all exploitation. There is no limit whatsoever to the measure of sacrifice that one may make in order to realize this oneness with all life, but certainly the immensity of the ideal sets a limit to your wants. That, you will see, is the antithesis of the position of the modern civilization which says: 'Increase your wants.' Those who hold that belief think that increase of wants means an increase of knowledge whereby you understand the Infinite better. On the contrary, Hinduism rules out indulgence and multiplication of wants as these hamper one's growth to the ultimate identity with the Universal Self.

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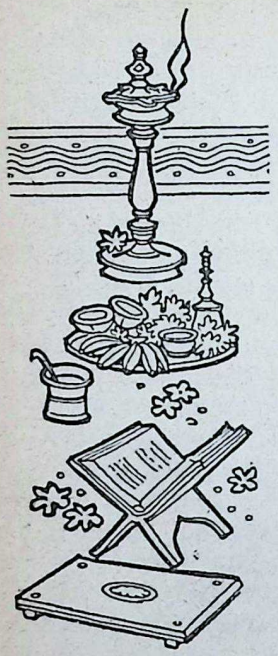

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. . . Sraddha or faith is behind every type of great achievement . . .

Swami Sivananda

SRADDHA

[The Sage of Rishikesh blessed us with this article a few days before he attained his Maha-samadhi on 14th July 1963.—Ed.]

SRUTIS, the revealed texts in the ancient Sanskrit literature, emphatically declare, *sraddha bhakti dhyana yogadavaihi*, that is, know Him by faith, devotion and meditation. Faith occupies the first place. Without Sraddha or faith, there can be no possibility of any approach to the Divine Being. The very practices of concentration and meditation are made possible by faith.

Sraddha is the very foundation of all spiritual life. Students of any form of Yoga, Karma, Bhakti, Raja, Tantra, Jnana, are required to possess this fundamental virtue. It is Sraddha that develops itself into intense aspiration, Mumukshatva, devotion, Bhakti, and Jnana-anubhava.

Both in Yoga and Vedanta, Sraddha occupies an indispensable and important role. Patanjali Maharshi, the great exponent of the Raja Yoga philosophy, lays a good deal of stress on Sraddha. He says, "*sraddha veerya smriti samadhi prajna purvaka itaresham*—to others (this Samadhi) comes through faith, energy, memory, concentration and discrimination of the real." (Ch. I-20). A great prominence he has given to Sraddha by placing it at the very beginning of this *Sutra,* aphorism. If a person has Sraddha, then energy, memory and the rest come by themselves. He will collect all his energies and recover memory of the ultimate Tattwa, the basic and final Reality, and will exert to realise it.

In this context let us remember the passage constituting the 39th and the 40th verses of the fourth chapter of

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the *Bhagavad Gita*: "He who is full of faith obtaineth wisdom, and he also who has mastery over his senses; and having obtained wisdom, he goes swiftly to the supreme Peace. But the ignorant, faithless, doubting self goes to destruction. Neither this world nor that beyond, nor even happiness is there for the doubting self."

So, wisdom and peace are rewards of faith. Therefore also, Sraddha or faith forms the most important item in the *shadsampat* or sixfold virtue of the Sadhana Chatushtaya or the four means of Salvation, in the path of Jnana.

It is Sraddha or faith that is behind every type of great achievement both in the human field and on the spiritual arena. The rare achievements of Viswamitra Rishi in his Tapas and Yoga, the success of Napoleon in the field of battle, the attainments of Mahatma Gandhi in his Karma Yoga and practice of Yoga, the awe-inspiring majesty and the soul-stirring magnanimity and the grandeur and nobility of great personages like Tulsidas, Ramdas, Sri Dattatreya, Sri Sankara, Yamadeva and Jadabharata, are the effects of the working of this simple secret called Faith or Sraddha.

In the lives of devotees, saints and sages, Sraddha has worked miracles and done wonders. It is the master-key to success both in life and for God-realization or attainment of Divine Consciousness. Faith makes the impossible, possible, the weak, strong, and the timid, brave; it is the greatest creative force and healing power. Faith in God grants man inner spiritual strength, joy, freedom, immortality.

The factors that strengthen this faith are: Satsanga or association with great souls, devotees, saints, sages, prayer, self-purification, meditation, study of scriptures, whereas bad company, greed, passion, inordinate love for personal properties, kith and kin, and unwholesome food are the enemies of faith. They pervert intellect, cloud the understanding and damage memory. They produce wrong Samskaras or impression in the mind and render it gross and impure.

For a man of faith there is nothing impossible of accomplishment. There is no limit to the number of incredible achievements of the endless succession of the Indian saints and sages, gained through this simple power, Faith. Sraddha will transmute us into Divine Light and Love and Delight; we must cultivate it every day by weeding out doubts and by heartfelt prayers.

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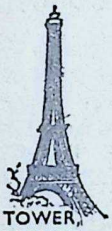

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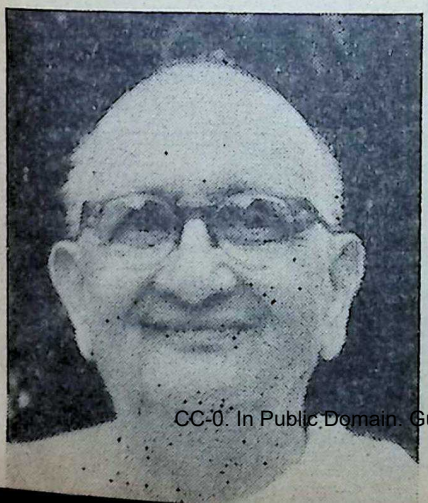
JAPA

SWAMI RAMDAS

[Swami Ramdasji shuffled off his mortal coils on 25th July 1963. We were fortunate to be favoured with this contribution a few days prior to that.—Ed.]

GOD-REALIZATION is only for him who has so controlled his mind as to subdue the desires relating to the objects of the senses. It is rightly said that a king can extend his empire to the ends of the earth, nay, he can gain even the lordship of the worlds, but it is extremely hard to conquer and subdue the mind. The real and the greater hero is he or she who has controlled and mastered the mind. This mastery is possible only when the invincible divine energy latent in the heart of the human being is awakened and is set to work in place of the weak, individual will and initiative. The divine Name, in reaching this ideal, proves an invaluable and invincible means. Constant Japa or utterance of the Name arrests the restless nature of the mind and, developing a high state of concentration, conserves all the physical and mental energies for removing the veil from the indwelling Truth who is infinite power, light, peace and joy. In a word, the Name is an unfailing key that unlocks the gates of the heart, permitting an outflow of immortal love, wisdom and power. Thereafter the soul is merged in the universal effulgence of an eternal and all-blissful existence.



So God's all-powerful name takes the aspiring soul to the highest summit of Truth. What is required first is an absolute faith in the greatness and potency of the Name, which comes only by the grace of the Lord. When the Name becomes the sole mainstay and refuge of the aspirant who thirsts for the highest goal of life—God-realization—he or she marches towards the goal not only in rapid strides but also with a heart filled with courage and cheerfulness. Indeed, blessed is the soul who possesses an unflinching faith in the greatness of the divine Name!

When we are repeating the Name, we must also be having the consciousness that we are repeating the name

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of One who is within us, who is our true life and being. Without it, the repetition becomes merely mechanical and does not help us in any way. When we tune ourselves with the Name, we tune ourselves with God. We must keep this central fact in our mind when doing the Japa. Then the practice will gradually make us aware of Divine existence within us. At the beginning, we are not aware of this, but we intellectually accept the idea that God dwells within us and we take His name. The association with Him is there mentally, and it grows into an experience when we actually feel His presence by constantly stressing on the mind the truth that God whom we aspire to see is within us and that the name we repeat is His name. As we become aware of Him within us, we become conscious of Him also without us. We feel His presence everywhere.

Of all the disciplines for controlling the restless mind, there is none so easy and efficacious as the repetition of God's name. But the difficulty with some is that they cannot repeat the Name continuously although they desire to do so. The reason for this is that their love for the Name is not greater than their love for the perishable objects of the world. It is a psychological truth that our mind thinks most about the object which we love most, because our concentrated love inevitably influences the mind to remember that object. So also, if our mind is fired with an intense love for the Name, this love will automatically enable us to repeat the Name constantly. The name of God will start on our tongue spontaneously and will run on it continuously. Further, the sweet sound issuing from the utterance of the Name will prove to be a veritable nectar to the attentive ear. When thus the mind is inebriated, as it were, with the love of God and filled with the music of His name, all its desires will be transmuted into divine waves of ecstasy, and all the movements of the senses will be saturated with the same joy. When we are in this joy, the vision of God will flash out of us and grant us the experience of the universal Reality—God. This is the ineffable summit of divine union and revelation.

Such is the power of the Name. Which name of God you repeat is not of consequence. But you must remember that the Name represents God within you. So you can repeat any Name you hold dear and fill yourself with divine ecstasy. This is the easiest and best method by which you can purify yourself preparatory to God-experience. This is what the sages and saints in all parts of the world are dinning into your ears. Take the holy Name and you become holy. Think of God and you become the image of God. You need not do any other spiritual practice than praying to God and taking His name. The object of all spiritual practices is to maintain a continuous remembrance of God. When Japa can do that, why should one do any other Sadhana or rite? Japa is an all-inclusive and all-sufficient practice by which you can be ever in tune with God and finally merge yourself in Him. Japa is thinking of God constantly to the exclusion of everything else. God-thought keeps away every other thought. This thought also ultimately disappears and you realize your identity with God.

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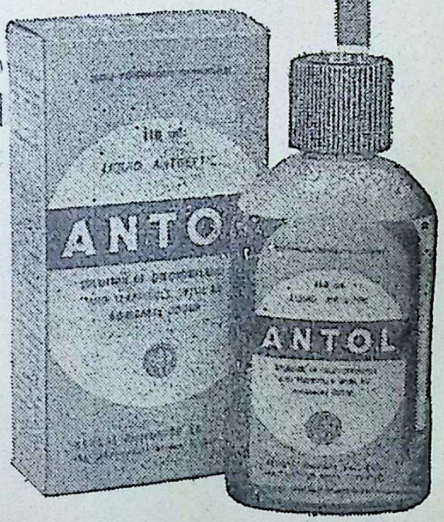

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Dharma is what supports the universe and is the ground of its stability and its sanctity... Dharma is unchanging and inviolable...

DHARMA

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

DHARMA is a concept distinctive to Hindu view of life and mode of conduct. It embodies a wealth of meaning of various shades and significances. From one point of view, it stands for the Law Eternal governing the entire universe. From another, it refers to the rules of behaviour of specific individuals or groups of them in the course of life or under particular conditions.

Dharma is both the Law of Spirit and the Law of Matter. It includes within its scope both Science and Spirituality, signifying that the two are not opposed to each other. In fact, in ancient India every science was spoken of as a Saastra and was considered auxiliary to Atmajnana, which is spiritual knowledge. A common Dharma binds Matter and Spirit whereby Matter is sublimated and the Spirit itself becomes a fact of experience. Any attempt to understand or deal with Matter in separation from Dharma or in disregard of it will lead to error, and will be destructive of both life and value. Dharma is what supports the universe and is the ground of its stability and its sanctity.

From this, it will follow that Dharma is unchanging and inviolable. If it should change in any measure, to an infinitely greater extent will it

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undermine the universe. Its inviolability flows from its eternality. It is not created by any being, human or other. The Vedas are the source of all *dharmas*: वेदोऽखिलो धर्ममूलम् । The Vedas cannot be traced to anyone's authorship and so are considered to be *apaurusheya*. Consequently, the Dharmas spoken of in it are not promulgated by any determinate person. They too are eternal like the Vedas. What is eternal is neither changing nor changeable.

The precepts of Dharma do not admit of differences of interpretations according to personal predilections, environmental conditions or social patterns. Any concession to these factors will make Dharma inconstant and unsure. The basic Dharmas of every age and clime are the same. Dharma does not tolerate deviations which will undermine its essence. For, Dharma relates to what *is* and what *must be*, not to what one would *like it to be*. What *has always been*, *is* and *ever will be*. That makes Dharma *Sanaatana*. Sri Rama repeatedly says *Esha dharmassanaatanah* (एष धर्मस्सनातनः).

Human intelligence which is both finite and varied cannot sit in judgment on Dharma. Man-made laws are discussed in Courts regarding their import and applicability. That is because they admit of differences of interpretation and human reasoning does not function uniformly (तर्को अप्रतिष्ठः). Dharma is the rule of a disciplined life. It has to be obeyed without question. Ours is not to reason why. In respect of Dharma, we must only *Do* and *Live*.

The Truth of Dharma is hidden, as it were, in a cave: धर्मस्य तत्त्वं निहितं गुहायाम्. It is difficult to comprehend. It is परमदुर्ज्ञेयः It cannot be reasoned out. In respect of Dharma, one acts only by Faith. *What* it is is more important than *Why* it is; for Dharma is of the Spirit which is more and higher than the Mind and baffles all attempts of the limited Mind to determine its *Why*.

Dharma is an ordinance, a *saasana* of the *Saastra*. So, to know what may be done and what not, one must go by the *Saastra*. Said the Lord in the *Gita*, तस्मात् शास्त्रं प्रमाणं ते कार्याकार्यव्यवस्थितौ। These Saastras include the *Srutis*, the *Smritis* and the Puranas; the last two being amplifications of the Srutis, are never at variance with them. Speaking of the way in which Sudakshina, King Dilipa's wife, constantly walked in her husband's footsteps, our national Poet Kalidasa says that she followed him as faithfully as the Smriti followed the Sruti (श्रुतेरिवार्थं स्मृतिरन्वगच्छत्). The Smritis embody the traditional practices of the people through a long number of years and based on the principles of Sruti. Such tradition may contain *adjustments* of the Law such as Aapath Dharma; what is "Aapath" and what is "Aapath-Dharma" are defined precisely; but they cannot by any means involve *annulment* of the Law.

It must be noted that an *aapath-dharma* is more an exception than the rule. It has force only so long as the *aapath* lasts. When that situation has passed away, the individual must

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revert to the prescribed normal *dharma*. One cannot justify every deviation from the prescribed Law by pleading a condition of *aapath*.

As repositories of dateless tradition, the Smritis too are in a sense eternal. They contain the laws as they *were*, not as they were *made*. Manu did not promulgate laws on his own, but detailed the existing code. When, to quote Kalidasa again, it was said of the subjects of Dilipa:

रेखामात्रमपि क्षुण्णादामनोर्वर्त्मनः परं ।
न व्यतीयुः प्रजास्तस्य नियन्तुर्नेमिवृत्तयः ॥

the आमनोर्वर्त्मा "the ancient path since the days of Manu' refers not to a *new road* laid by Manu. Manu here is an idealisation of a personality who received the Eternal Law and gave utterance to it.

Alike in the exposition of Dharma and in the explanation of Sastraic classics, immemorial tradition has played a great part in our country. And this is rightly so. Tradition represents the collective wisdom of a people confirmed by use and sanctified by allegiance to Sruti. In understanding the classics, questions of literary criticism like authorship, date, text etc. are irrelevant from the point of view of the guidance that an individual seeks from their substance for the ordering of his life. In fact, such discussions which have only superficial significance may deflect the mind from the value of the subject-matter and even undermine the reverence with which such classics should be approached. A *nandavana* consecrated for floral offerings in a Temple is not to be regarded as a laboratory for the study of Botany. Such an approach to our classics is both purposeless and pernicious.

Dharma as taught in our Saastras is absolutely paramount. Not having any human origin, it is greater than the greatest of men. It is higher than the king who is bound by its mandate as much as any of his subjects. A king rules in accordance with Dharma. He cannot abrogate or amend it to suit his purposes. On the other hand, his is the sacred trust to preserve it inviolate and lead his subjects in subservience to it. With him as their exemplar नियन्ता, they stick to the track without deviating from even by a hair's breadth. That was the practice of our kings of old portrayed in the writings of our great Poets like Kalidasa.

It is this reverence for our ancient Dharma on the part of the rulers and the ruled in our country that has earned for it its very proper appellation as a *Dharmakshetra*.

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With Foreword by

Dr. S. RADHAKRISHNAN, PRESIDENT OF INDIA

By MINOSHEHER H. TOOT

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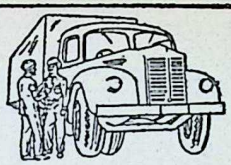

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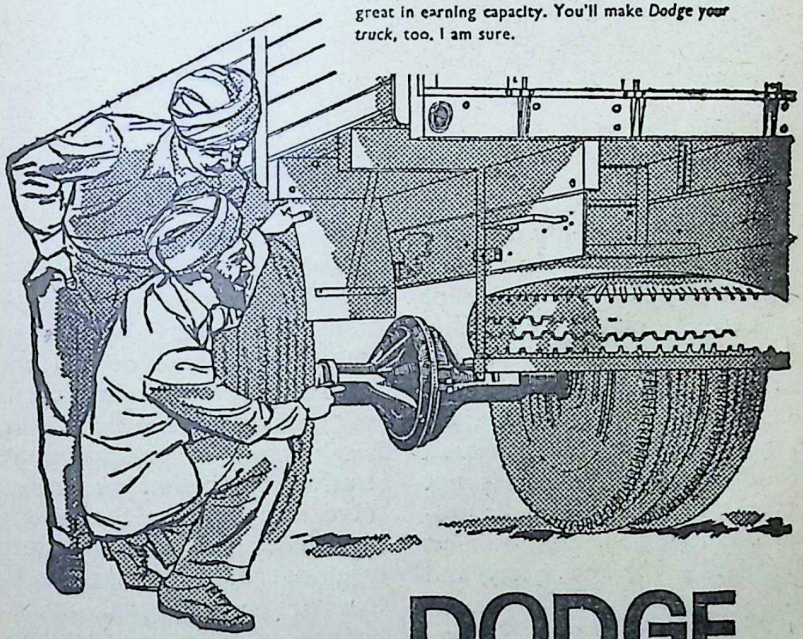

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BHARAT

THE LAND OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka

INDIA, though politically a young nation, is culturally the oldest nation of the world. Many ancient cultures like those of Greece, Rome, Sumer, Babylon, Egypt, etc., have disappeared for one reason or other. But India's culture which has passed through many vicissitudes has stood the test of time, because it has not merely been a continuous organic process but was laid on the soundest foundations of truth, love, piety and sacrifice.

The cultural, moral and philosophical traditions which India built in the past emanated from this spiritual heritage and became the bed-rock of the whole social and political structure. The subtle but strong thread of unity seen through the infinite multiplicity of her life was preserved at the aesthetic, cultural, religious and spiritual level which transcended material or mundane considerations. India preserved this unity even though it never enjoyed in the past the same measure of political or administrative unification as it does today. It is ironical that when there is maximum of political and administrative unification in India today, there is a cry for the emotional integration. This is sufficient to indicate that mere political, administrative or constitutional unity is not enough. There is something else, some higher bonds which keep the people together, and these are the cultural and spiritual bonds which are embedded in India's great heritage. There was an orderliness in the past which properly balanced the elements of unity and diversity. Any undue emphasis on any of these

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elements would naturally disturb this delicate balance. The best course would be to restore the balance which we had attained after the experience of centuries. Let us re-discover the soul of India.

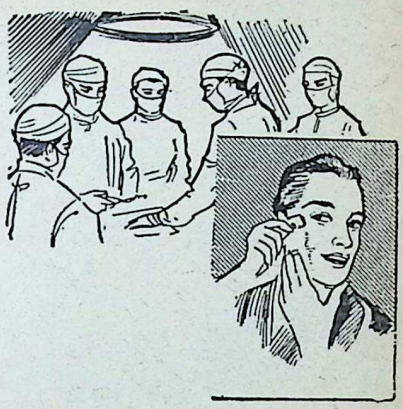
As a people, we in India have set a pattern of life anchored firmly in the time-honoured traditions. Although we are in the flux and impact of modern times, we can ill afford to lose spiritual moorings. We have fortunately a gift of spiritual heritage which few nations in the world could possess. The lamp of India's knowledge and culture lighted by the divine sense of our ancient sages, seers, saints and selfless thinkers still continues to shine like a searchlight. It has never been extinguished. It has continued to shed the light in the past and it does so even today. Let us turn this searchlight within. Let us hope that it will help us in this darkness of 'maya' and show the real path of truth, progress and harmony of life.

Let us not forget these immortal lines of Upanishads and the *Gita*:

1. सत्यं ज्ञानमनंतं ब्रह्म ।
2. प्रज्ञानं ब्रह्म ।
3. ज्ञानादेव तु कैवल्यम् ।
4. ऋते ज्ञानान्न मुक्तिः ।
5. तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ।
6. न हि ज्ञानेन सदृशं पवित्रमिह विद्यते ।

Make no mistake. Without Hinduism India has no future. Hinduism is the soil into which India's roots are struck, and torn out of that, she will inevitably wither as a tree torn from its soil.

—Mrs. Besant



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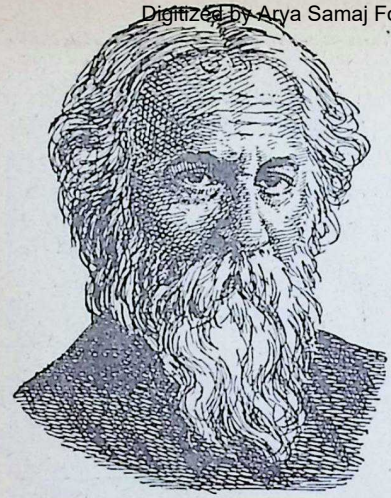

LOVE AND RELIGION

THE tendency of the Indian mind has ever been towards that transcendentalism which does not hold religion to be ultimate but rather to be a means to a further end.

Such an extreme form of mysticism may be explained to the Western readers by its analogy in science. For science may truly be described as mysticism in the realm of material knowledge. It helps us to go beyond appearances and reach the inner reality of things in principles which are abstractions.

But though science brings our thoughts to the utmost limit of mind's territory it cannot transcend its own creation made of a harmony of logical symbols.

But in India it has been said by the *yogi* that through an intensive process of concentration and quietude, our consciousness *does* reach that infinity where knowledge ceases to be knowledge, subject and object become one—a state of existence that cannot be defined.

The ancient explorers in psychology in India who declare that our emancipation can be carried still further into a realm where infinity is not bounded by human limitations, are not content with advancing this as a doctrine; they advocate its pursuit for the attainment of the highest goal of man.

Perfection has its two aspects in man which can to some extent be separated, the perfection in being and perfection in doing.

Where the question is not that of utility but of moral perfection, we hold it important that the individual shall be true in his goodness. For goodness represents the detachment of our spirit from the exclusiveness of our egoism; in goodness we identify ourselves with the universal humanity.

And yet it is equally true that, though all our mortal relationships have their end, we cannot ignore them with impunity while they last.

India has not advised us to come to a sudden stop while work is in full swing. So in the division of man's world-life which we had in India, work came in the middle, and freedom at the end.

India gave a concrete meaning to man's life from start to finish.

First came *brahmacharya*, the period of discipline in education; then *garhasthya*, that of the world's work; then *vanaprasthya*, the retreat

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for the loosening of bonds; and finally, *pravarjya*, the expectant awaiting of freedom across death.

From individual body to community, from community to universe, from universe to Infinity—this is the soul's normal progress.

For this fourfold way of life India attunes man to the grand harmony of the universal, leaving no room for untrained desires of a rampant individualism but leading them on to their ultimate modulation in the Supreme.

If we really believe this, then we must uphold an ideal of life in which everything else—the display of individual power, the might of nations—must be counted as subordinate and the soul of man must triumph and liberate itself from the bond of personality which keeps it in an ever-revolving circle of limitation.

But such an ideal of utter extinction of the individual separateness has not a universal sanction in India.

There are many of us whose prayer is for dualism, so that for them the bond of devotion with God may continue for ever.

For them religion is a truth which is ultimate and they refuse to envy those who are ready to sail for the further shore of existence across humanity.

They know that human imperfection is the cause of our sorrow, but there is a fulfilment in love within the range of our limitation which accepts all sufferings and yet rises above them.

●●●

In the Sanskrit language the bird is described as "twice-born"—once in its limited shell and then finally in the freedom of the unbounded sky.

In all departments of life man too shows this dualism—his existence within the range of obvious facts and his transcendence of it in a realm of deeper meaning.

Having this instinct inherent in his mind which ever suggests to him the crossing of the border, he has never accepted what is apparent as final, and his incessant struggle has been to break through the shell of his limitations, his ceaseless adventure of the Endless Further.

Only for man can there be religion because his evolution is from efficiency in nature towards the perfection of spirit.

Whatever name may have been given to the divine Reality it has found its highest place in the history of our religion owing to its human character, giving meaning to the idea of sin and sanctity, and offering an eternal background to all the ideals of perfection which have their harmony in man's own nature.

We have the age-long tradition in our country that through the process of *yoga* man can transcend the utmost bounds of his humanity and find himself in a pure state of consciousness of his undivided unity with Parabrahman.

While accepting their testimony as true, let us at the same time have faith in the testimony of others who have felt a profound love, which is the intense feeling of union, for a Being who comprehends in himself all things that are human in knowledge, will and action.

[**Condensed from his *Religion of Man***]

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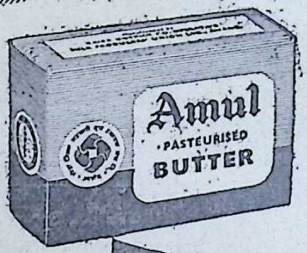

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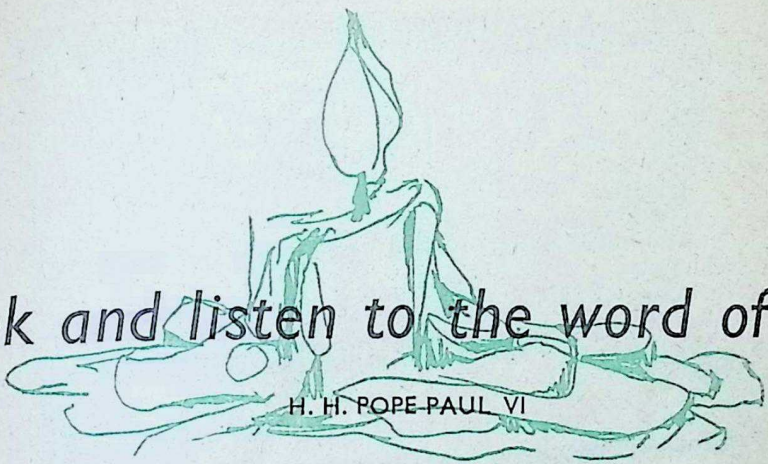
...If man seeks and listens for the Word of God, then the Truth that brings salvation will enter his soul...



seek and listen to the word of god

H. H. POPE PAUL VI

THE art of producing things has triumphed over modern man, surrounding him with sophisticated material riches that give the illusion of happiness.

The general run of people today no longer have the religious sensibility of those of yesterday.

The people most closely involved in the characteristic activities of modern life—scientific research, factory work, mechanics, technology, bureaucracy, sport, economics, entertainments, and so on—are less inclined to practise their religion than people who have not yet been caught up in the fever of their intense activity.

A great many young people are fascinated by the outward aspect of the world around them and soon get infected with the spirit of destructive criticism.

Young people are inclined to work for their own ends rather than for any heroic ideals. They are impatient of the interior life and have little feeling for poetry or prayer. Even woman, who surpasses man in her instinctive concern with the essence of life and hence with the religious sense, today responds less than formerly to her natural impulse towards piety and goodness.

Man has confined himself to external phenomena and psychological experience.

What is most characteristic of today, as regards human activity, is the attempt to free it from anything that lies beyond a human law bereft of any natural and absolute foundation, or beyond a human consciousness reduced to the narcissistic level of psychological analysis.

Obsessive exaltation of man lies behind a number of philosophical attitudes that have diverted the human mind from God thereby extinguish-

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From the author's *Man's Religious Sense*

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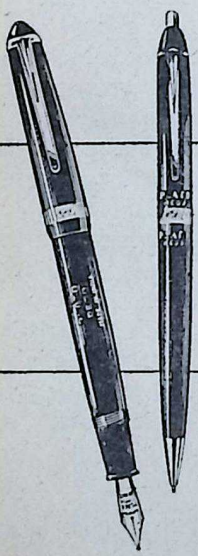

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ing the religious sense and having innumerable pernicious consequences quite beyond the wit of man to describe.

The stupendous dialogue between God and man which defies description and yet constitutes our religion, is based on the assumption of a special receptive capacity in man himself.

If man seeks and listens for the Word of God then, we believe, the Truth that brings salvation will enter his soul and create a new relationship between himself and God—will bring faith and supernatural life. But if he does not listen, God will speak in vain and a fearful tragedy will begin to unfold.

God is the secret and central light that kindles up the sun, his dazzling representative; and he lives, enlightens, and comforts in the diffusion of his beams. His spirit inspires and actuates the air, and in it a breath of life to all his creatures. He blooms in the blossom, and unfolds in the rose. He is fragrance in flowers, and flavour in fruits. He holds the infinitude in the hollow of his hand, and opens his world of wonders in the minims of nature. He is the virtue of every heart that is softened by a sense of pity or touch of benevolence. He coos in the turtle and bleats in the lamb; and through the paps of the stern bear and implacable tigress, he yields forth the milk of loving-kindness to their little ones.

—Henry Brooke

in infinite variety,
a festival of fabrics
handloom house
221, DR. DADABHAI NAVROJI ROAD,
BOMBAY-1

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SOLDIERS ALL!

INDIA lived, and lives by her spiritual wisdom. Those who keep guard over her frontiers, those who preserve her power and prestige, are the unseen thought-vibrations of the bygone Sages.

You are the glorious descendants of the Master Seers, who lived in the eternity. You are the efflorescence of the undying spiritual tradition. Infinite strength is localised in your deeper bosoms. Only it is hidden from your knowledge and experience. Now, hear that secret doctrine of imperishable wisdom.

You are not the phenomenal beings, subject to the sway of passions. You are not the mortal bodies, subject to origination and annihilation. You are the children of the Almighty, heirs to the heavenly throne of blessed immortality. You are the indestructible Spirit, the luminous Self, Infinite, free of bondage, eternally perfect, beyond nature-born qualities, untouched by grief and gladness, unaffected by success and defeat, praise and censure.

You are not in the bodies. All bodies are in you, all worlds are in you, the Infinite bosom, the limitless Vast of Peace. Bliss is your nature, and not sorrow; quiescence is your nature and not struggle; freedom is your nature and not bondage; eternity is your age; Love is your radiance; knowledge is your weapon; fearlessness is your auspicious fame.

Contemplate on the glory of your true nature. When you catch a glimpse of the Effulgent Being, when you see a spark of that Hidden Fire of Divine Splendour, you will become personification of power and embodiment of fearlessness. It is such children that your country requires, not to protect her body only but to proclaim her glory.

Banish all evil tendencies from

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your bosom; root out passions; let only this sublimated passion remain in you, the passion for purity and perfection, passion for service and sacrifice.

Rise above the petty self and breathe the pure air of freedom.

Unless you transcend your ego-self, there is no freedom for you.

Feel, feel, every one of you, that your body is India, that India's glory is your glory, that India lives with you and dies with you. Then alone you become a worthy soldier, deserving honour and homage of adoration.

Can there be a greater glory than to be a servant of India? Can there be a nobler salvation for you, than in dying to protect India's honour?

Understand Mother India. She is divine, spiritual wisdom personified. She is Mother Shakti manifest to your physical vision. When you get ready to die for her, the Imperious Mother Shakti, the Mother of the Universe, will be with you, with Her hands raised in blessings over your head.

Before becoming a servant of Bharat, before becoming a child of Mother India, how can one grow into Universality? Verily, verily, Mother says unto you, honour India, and you honour the whole world, for India is the grand granary of eternal wisdom and hence the nourisher of the whole world.

India is the sustaining root of the world, and he who serves India, serves the whole world.

Love and serve India, sacrifice your precious lives for India, and you become the true devotees of God, the heroic children of the Mother Shakti.

Purify your vision, My children, by looking upon your country as the Divine Mother and gradually your vision will encompass the entirety of creation.

Let "Desha Bhakti", that is, loving devotion to India, be your ideal.

Raise yourselves above all sectarianism, based upon caste, creed, and provincialism. Fall not a prey to disruptive tendencies. You are all one, one in body and spirit. All divisions are off-shoots of ignorance and selfishness. The doers of good belong to one caste, whatever be the religion they belong to. Let selflessness be your religion. Worship God in His creation. He who is hostile to His creation, is the enemy of God. Consecrate the greatest shrine in the world, your own heart, for the worship of the Supreme Deity—LOVE. Assert over and over again that you

H. H. Sadguru Sree Rama Devi

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are the children of the Mother Shakti and see for yourselves what tremendous streams of energy will be set in motion within you. Keep your roots in the Holy Soul and embrace the whole humanity in love. The whole world is your home, and humanity your brothers and sisters. Identification with bodies, sense of separated existence—this indeed is the blot on your glory, a stain over your Mother India's fame. Remove it, if you are a patriot. Identify yourselves with blemishless consciousness. Live as spiritual entity with your minds always inclined to the feet of the Supreme.

The darkest evils which you have to root out, are fear and narrow-mindedness, which prevent your entry into God's kingdom. You may be a giant in physical strength, a giant in intellectual abilities, but, know it for certain, when fear assails the citadels of your hearts, you are dead already. Fear is another name for death and fearlessness is eternal life. Smile even before the approaching death. Every one born should die, but, heroes die with a smile on their lips and a celestial calm over their faces. My Children should never be cowards.

Similarly shun narrow-mindedness like a virulent poison. Never identify yourselves with groups. Anything that paves way to disintegration is your enemy. Keep your open minds towards the march of time and civilisation. Give up superstitions. Seek and serve Truth only. Keep purity as your inseparable companion and trustworthy friend. Be glorious sons of India, be pure and radiant like un-smelt flowers to be offered in worship at the feet of Mother India.

Spin into your character, virtues of fadeless fragrance. Manifest your divinity in the sphere of your duties. Display magnanimity of your heart in service and sacrifice. Regulate your mental thoughts. Direct your impulses to purity of motives.

Stick to your post of duty with tenacity. Adore duty as a worship of the Divine. Approach your work with a free, masterly spirit. Both head and heart should work in unison in the field of your work. What India wants now is not the recluses, but dynamic workers devoted to the service of God. Observe order and punctuality with devotion to the ideal. Measure not your work by the standard of remuneration. Every duty is sacred and dignified.

Never look down on anyone. Feel jealous of none. Send your good thoughts to all. Salute the Divinity. Be truthful in thought, polite in speech and dignified in behaviour. Reject as poison anything that weakens you either physically, intellectually, morally or spiritually. Let strength be your watchword. Have no unholy alliance with worrying fancies of the wandering mind. Feel no sense of want. Each of you, My children, is abode of infinite perfection. Realize your true origin and rest in the glory of your divine majesty.

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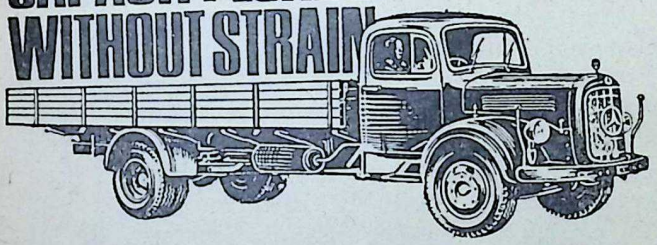
SPARE POWER FOR HAULING CAPACITY LOADS WITHOUT STRAIN



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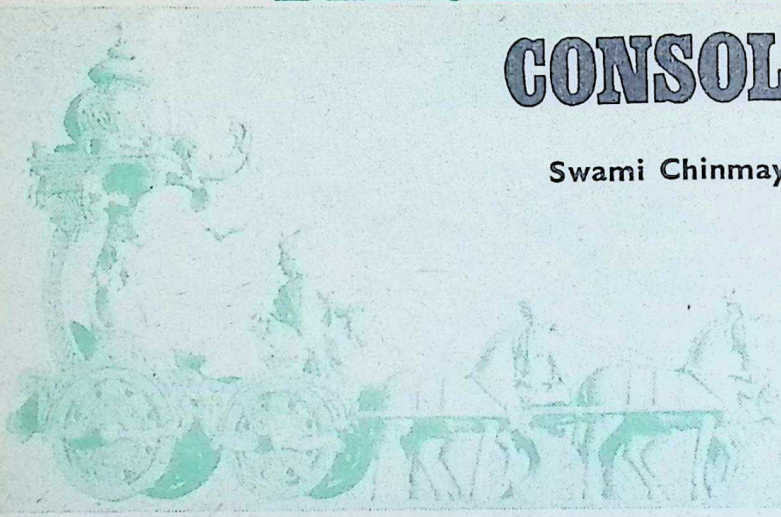
BHAGAVAD-GITA CONSOLES

Swami Chinmayananda



AN old woman once approached the Buddha with the dead body of her only son and pathetically implored him to give back the child its life. The Lord of Compassion was much moved by her sorrow and consoled her saying that if she would get a handful of mustard seeds from any house, where so far no death had occurred, he would be able to bring her child back to life. Without realising the import of his great words, the poor woman went from house to house, begging for the mustard seeds in vain, and finally came to realise that there is no living thing which is not subject to death. She learned the truth that irrespective of power, position and wealth, death deals impartial blows on one and all alike, that death is the leveller of all.

Death and birth are the two phases of the one mighty phenomenon called 'change.' Only from the death of the 'old' can the 'new' emerge out. "Old order changeth yielding place to new" is the order in Nature. But in Nature this process proceeds so smoothly and harmoniously that, we, casual and unintelligent observers as we are, fail to observe the slow motion of this mighty wheel.

The morning matures to become the noon, and the noon steadily grows to be the evening, which silently modifies to play as night, and the night has to end necessarily yielding its place to the dawn. Autumn precedes winter which moves on to meet spring, and spring itself slowly merges into summer, and thus forms the circle of seasons, each following the other in perfect rhythm and order, with precision and harmony.

Youth emerges when the childhood has passed away, and youth in its

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turn must hand us over to the middle-age, and as time passes on it must again grow through old age to reach death, the inevitable end. Buds mature into flowers, flowers fulfil themselves in fruits and the fruits must die and decay, if the seeds are to sprout out.

This flow of change is noticed not only in the physical plane but also in our mental and intellectual planes. Immature thoughts and ideals are destroyed as we acquire more wisdom through education and other experiences in life. From the thoughtless childhood we grow up into a reckless age of vigorous youth, and soon arrive at a more mature age when our thoughts are wiser and actions more purposeful.

But for this death and birth following each other in such an irresistible regularity, all glamour would have been lost from life; nor would there be any beauty left in Nature. Without change, life would end in absolute stagnancy. In spite of our appreciation of all these ideas, when death actually creeps to snuff out the flame of life in one who is dear and near, we suddenly imagine with a pang that something is lost for ever and, in the sorrow and gloom that follow, we are not able to correlate that this *death* also is but that non-stop, passionless whirl of the irresistible wheel-of-change. Under the veil of illusion in the general ignorance of the benevolent play of birth and death, we try to cling on to one particular spoke of the wheel, with obstinate tenacity. And we come to suffer an unending measure of sorrow, for the wheel of change stops never.

Swami Chinmayananda

In spite of all his education and noble valour and renown, Arjuna finds himself perplexed and scared at the prospect of killing the dear and near ones in a righteous war which he, a Kshatriya Prince, was called upon to fight as his bounden duty. In that one sweep of overwhelming anxiety, all his erstwhile values of life dropped off from him and he imagined himself to be the 'doer' in the actions he was about to perform. Burdened thus, Arjuna found himself incapacitated to face a war and cause sufferings to his elders, teachers, cousins and friends.

It is to this confused and confounded Partha that the *Gita* is addressed, and we, being in the same plight as Arjuna, find equal solace and inspiration in the Lord's great utterances. Through the very opening lines Krishna shows us the futility of our vain moanings over things not under our control.

We are grieving for those that should not be grieved for. Still we prattle words of wisdom. A wise man should know that it is worthless to grieve either for the dead or

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for the living.[1]

In terms unequivocal Krishna declares the continuity of Self, and the transient and ephemeral nature of the experience of the ego, through which it passes on its journey from life to life. "Just as in this body the embodied ego (*Jīva*) passes into childhood, youth and old age, so also does this individuality pass into another body."[2]

Hence man's endeavour should be to discover the Unchangeable, Immutable and Eternal Substratum on which the panorama of life is recorded. To find It out would be to realise the Supreme Truth, and that is, and that should be, the main purpose of life.

What we now understand as real (*sat*) is really unreal (*A-sat*) and as such has no being; there is no non-being in the Real.[3] Only very few have fathomed the depth of this truth and to them vagaries of life and the varieties of experiences hold no value at all. Real wise man is he, who has intellectually grasped this truth about life. Yet, there is one Vital Power, pervading everything, which is the very stuff and substance of all the worlds of perceptions, which we experience—and 'none can cause the destruction of that.'[4]

This being so, it is foolish on our part to imagine ourselves to be the slayer or the slain. That which can be killed is the perishable stuff with which this body is made up and the delusory arrogation that 'I have slain' belongs to the ego-centre.[5]

These bodies of the embodied Self are perishable, indeed, and the only Factor that is indestructible in this

---

1. अशोच्यानन्वशोचस्त्वं प्रज्ञावादांश्च भाषसे ।
गतासूनगतासूंश्च नानुशोचन्ति पंडिताः॥

You have grieved for those that should not be grieved for; yet, you speak words of wisdom. The wise grieve neither for the living nor for the dead. (*Gita* II-11).

न त्वेवाहं जातु नासं न त्वं नेमे जनाधिपाः ।
न चैव न भविष्यामः सर्वे वयमतः परम् ॥

Never was a time when I was not, nor you, nor these rulers of men. Nor, verily, shall we ever cease to be hereafter. (*Gita* II-12).

2. देहिनोऽस्मिन्यथादेहे कौमारं यौवनं जरा।
तथा देहांतरप्राप्तिर्धीरस्तत्र न मुह्यति ॥

Just as in the body the embodied ego passes into childhood, youth and old age, so also does it pass into another body; the firm man does not grieve at it. (*Gita* II-13).

3. नासतो विद्यते भावो नाभावो विद्यते सतः ।
उभयोरपि दृष्टोऽन्तस्त्वनयोस्तत्त्वदर्शिभिः ॥

The unreal has no being; there is no non-being of the Real; the truth about both these has been seen by the knower of the Truth (or the seers of the Essence). (*Gita* II-16).

4. अविनाशि तु तद्विद्धि येन सर्वमिदं ततम्।
विनाशमव्ययस्यास्य न कश्चित्कर्तुमर्हति ॥

Know That to be indestructible by which all this is pervaded. None can cause the destruction of That . . . the Imperishable. (*Gita* III-17).

5. य एनं वेत्ति हंतारं यश्चैनं मन्यते हतं ।
उभौ तौ न विजानीतो नायं हंति न हन्यते ॥

He who takes the Self to be the slayer and he who thinks He is slain, neither of these knows. He slays not, nor is He slain. (*Gita* II-19).

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multiplicity is the Pure, Indestructible Atman.[6]

And that Indweller in this physical equipment 'is not born, nor does He ever die; after having been, He never again ceases to be; Unborn, Eternal, Changeless and Ancient, He is not killed when the body is killed.'[7]

Having thus made it clear that the Self is neither an agent nor an object of the action of slaying, and having established the Immutability of the Self, Krishna sums up his arguments by saying, "Whosoever knows Him to be Indestructible, Eternal, Unborn, and Inexhaustible, how can that man slay, O Partha, or cause others to be slain".[8]

"Weapons cleave It not and fire burns It not, water wets It not and wind dries It not, because It is Eternal, All-pervading, Stable, Immovable and Ancient. In its real nature It is unmanifested, unthinkable and unchangeable."[9]

Caught as it were in the whirlpool of changes, this Eternal Self goes on changing one embodiment after another "just as a man casts off his worn-out clothes and puts on new ones."[10]

Old bodies may die off and new bodies are taken on, and there is no occasion to moan after this inevitable change.[11]

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6. अन्तवन्त इमे देहा नित्यस्योक्ताः शरीरिणः ।
अनाशिनोऽप्रमेयस्य तस्माद्युध्यस्व भारत ॥

They have an end, it is said, these bodies of the embodied-Self. The Self is Eternal, Indestructible, Incomprehensible. Therefore, fight, O Bharata. (*Gita* II-18).

7. न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचि-
न्नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः ।
अजो नित्यः शाश्वतोऽयं पुराणो
न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे ॥

He is not born, nor does He ever die; after having been He again ceases not to be; unborn, eternal, changeless and ancient he is not killed when the body is killed. (*Gita* II-20).

8. वेदाविनाशिनं नित्यं य एनमजमव्ययम् ।
कथं स पुरुषः पार्थ कं घातयति हन्ति कम् ॥
(*Gita* II-21).

9. नैनं छिन्दन्ति शस्त्राणि नैनं दहति पावकः ।
न चैनं क्लेदयन्त्यापो न शोषयति मारुतः ॥
अच्छेद्योऽयमदाह्योऽयमक्लेद्योऽशोष्य एव च ।
नित्यः सर्वगतः स्थाणुरचलोऽयं सनातनः ॥

Weapons cleave It not, fire burns It not, water wets It not, wind dries It not. (*Gita* II-23).

This Self cannot be cut, nor burnt, nor wetted, nor dried up. It is eternal, all-pervading, Stable, Immovable and Ancient. (*Gita*-II-24).

अव्यक्तोऽयमचिन्त्योऽयमविकार्योऽयमुच्यते ।
तस्मादेवं विदित्वैनं नानुशोचितुमर्हसि ॥

This (Self) is said to be unmanifested, unthinkable and unchangeable. Therefore knowing This to be such, you should not grieve. (*Gita* II-25).

10. वासांसि जीर्णानि यथा विहाय
नवानि गृह्णाति नरोऽपराणि ।
तथा शरीराणि विहाय जीर्णा-
न्यन्यानि संयाति नवानि देही ॥

Just as a man casts off his worn-out clothes and puts on new ones so also the embodied-self casts off its worn-out bodies and enters others which are new. (*Gita* II-22).

11. अथ चैनं नित्यजातं नित्यं वा मन्यसे मृतम् ।
तथापि त्वं महाबाहो नैनं शोचितुमर्हसि ॥

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Birth and death have to follow each other systematically to keep up the balance in Nature and to weep for death is stupidity indeed. Like the old woman of Buddhistic lore, we are deluded that death and sorrow are misfortunes affecting our individual selves. A little calm reasoning is all that is needed to pull us out of this muddle of vain sorrows and to surrender wholeheartedly to this Universal Law in a spirit of reverence and gratitude.

After all what makes us sorrowful at the time of parting from a dear one? The dying one does not feel the aftermath and we are at present completely ignorant of the course he has to follow thereafter. It is we who are left out that bemoan—for the selfish reason that a few drops have been spilt from what we imagine to be our cup of joy. *We* would have been much happier had *he/she* been alive. *I* would have found *my* life easier if *my dear* one continued to be near *me*. It is this selfish end that predominates even such sorrowful events. Krishna's bugle-call is to wake up man from this delusory misconceptions of happiness.

Real and Absolute Bliss lies beyond the wheel of this change, the *Samsar*. Rare indeed are those who have crossed beyond the *Samsar*, and realised the Infinite Indestructible Indweller in the body of everyone. Some see this as a wonder, some speak of this as a wonder, some hear of it in wonderment. Yet few understand it.[12]

Krishna reiterates that salvation from this whirlpool can come only by constantly remembering Him. When such a devotee comes to the end of his life his remembrance of this Supreme Goal takes him to better and higher realms of experiences, leading to the realisation of the Absolute. The type of embodiment into which we will pass on leaving the present one, and the quality of experiences we will have to face therein, are decided by our thoughts at the moment of our death. Hence it is but wise that we make the final parting of our dear ones as peaceful and cheerful as we can and allow them to die with their thoughts, resting upon the Immutable Self.

For, Krishna exhorts again and again that "Fly unto Him for refuge with all your being and by His grace you shall obtain Supreme Peace and the Eternal Abode."

But if you think of Him as being constantly born and constantly dying, even then, O mighty-armed, you should not grieve. (*Gita* II-26).

जातस्य हि ध्रुवो मृत्युर्ध्रुवं जन्म मृतस्य च।
तस्मादपरिहार्येऽर्थे न त्वं शोचितुमर्हसि॥

For certain is death for the born, and certain is birth for the dead; therefore over the inevitable you should not grieve. (*Gita* II-27).

12. आश्चर्यवत्पश्यति कश्चिदेन-
माश्चर्यवद्वदति तथैव चान्यः।
आश्चर्यवच्चैनमन्यः श्रृणोति
श्रुत्वाप्येनं वेद न चैव कश्चित्॥

One sees This as a wonder; another speaks of This as a wonder; another hears of This as a wonder; yet, having heard, none understands This at all! (*Gita* II-29).

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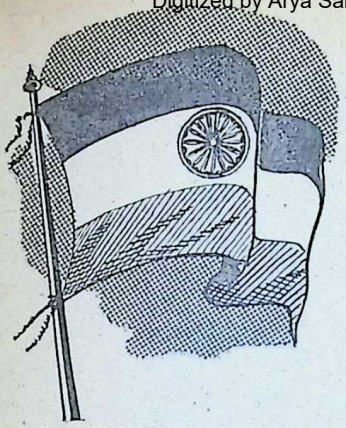

Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan

Our National Flag

THE flag is a symbol not merely of India but of the whole of humanity.

It is a flag which describes the different aspects of the life of the country or the people of the world.

You see in the middle a blue circle, the wheel of time symbolised by the colour of the sky or the sea which is a cosmic process. The wheel goes on. But is that all? If time were all, it would be all-devouring, nothing would remain. Death would be the end of all existence and annihilation would face us.

So, people would think there is no meaning for this world, no purpose for our existence. We are asked: does not this cosmic process, symbolised by the sea and the sky, the colour of the sea and the sky which is blue, does it not indicate that it is not self-maintaining, self-sustaining, but that it depends upon some eternal background? You put at the back of it the white, what Shelley calls the white radiance of eternity. There must be something on which this temporal process rests.

Time is not all. There is another side to our existence, and that is the eternal side. So, whereas this is given the blue colour, the cosmic colour, of the sea and the sky, that is given the pure white to point out that those who wish to describe the eternal by concepts of words do injustice to the immensity of that mystery.

They are not in a position to give an exhaustive expression of what that eternal background is. The homage which the finite mind can pay to the infinite is to say you are indescribably incomprehensible. So, the colourless or the pure white is the tinge which is given there.

Time, therefore, is not all. If it were all, death would be the end of it all. We ask a question whether we cannot escape from the tyranny of time, whether we cannot escape from death, whether there is not some way by which we can get away from this process which is a perpetual procession of events which we call "sansar."

You call it time. Well, we live in

From his speech at the Edinburgh University, June, 1963.

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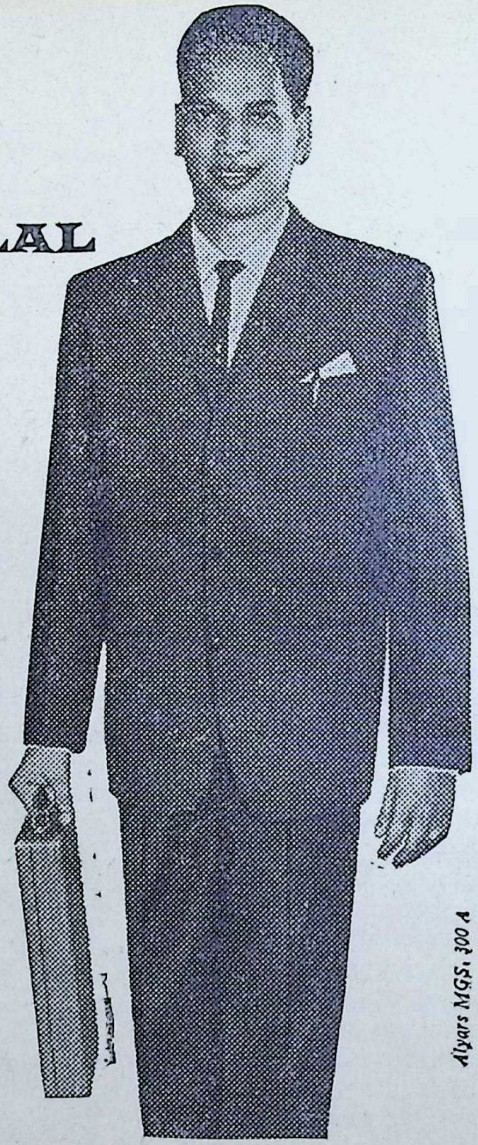

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time and we know there is the eternal. How can human beings live in the process of time with the prospect of the eternal? How is it possible for them to have both these poles in their hands? You must have the two ends to the whole thing—the temporal end and the eternal end. That means discipline, remaking of yourself, transformation of your nature, burning of your lower passions. That is what is necessary.

The colour of fire which consumes all evil, all things which are base in our character—that has been from the beginning of our history taken as a symbol of this process of suffering and discipline. Our monks, our ascetics put on that colour—robes of that orange colour. It is the colour of fire. Buddha wore it. His disciples even today wear it.

So, then, you find this orange at the top. It is the symbol of the process through which each individual has to pass, if he is enabled to live in the world of time with the perspective of the eternal. So, we have put that at the top.

What is it all for?

You undergo suffering, you discipline yourselves, you lacerate yourselves and pass through monasteries and try to bring some kind of transformation in your nature. Is this the end? Are suffering and discipline to be regarded as the ends of life? No, we are to build a green paradise on earth.

Green is the colour of life, the colour of vegetation, the colour of all growth. We indicate it that way.

So, in this flag, it is not peculiarly Indian in any sense of the term, as

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I have explained. You have time, you have eternity, you have discipline, you have the constructive work of building a paradise on earth. All you have to pass through is for the purpose of establishing a human society where love and justice reign.

Where we are, we are bound together by peace and concord. That must be regarded as the end. We cannot do it if we are locked in the procession of time. We can do it if you understand 'Unless the Lord build the house, we build it in vain'. All this is symbolised by the flag. Time, eternity, discipline, creative life— you have it. It is a flag for the whole of humanity. It is a flag which anybody, who thinks about it, can accept and understand.

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LESSONS OF HISTORY

Jawaharlal Nehru

GREAT empires have risen and fallen and been forgotten by man for thousands of years till their remains were dug up again by patient explorers from under the sands that covered them. And yet many an idea, many a fancy, has survived and proved stronger and more persistent than the empire.

"Egypt's might is tumbled down,
Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice' pride is nought
But the dreams their children dreamed,
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
These remain."

So sings Mary Coleridge.

The past brings us many gifts; indeed, all that we have today of culture, civilization, science, or knowledge of some aspects of the truth, is a gift of the distant or recent past to us.

It is right that we acknowledge our obligation to the past. But the past does not exhaust our duty or obligation.

We owe a duty to the future also. and perhaps that obligation is even greater than the one we owe to the past. For the past is past and done with, we cannot change it; the future is yet to come, and perhaps we may be able to shape it a little.

If the past has given us some part of the truth, the future also hides many aspects of the truth, and invites us to search for them. But often the past is jealous of the future and holds us in a terrible grip, and we have to struggle with it to get free to face and advance towards the future.

History, it is said, has many lessons to teach us; and there is another saying that history never repeats itself.

Both are true, for we cannot learn anything from it by slavishly trying to copy it, or by expecting it to repeat itself or remain stagnant; but we can learn something from it by prying behind it and trying to discover the forces that move it.

Even so, what we get is seldom a straight answer. "History," says Karl

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From: *Glimpses of World History*

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Marx, "has no other way of answering old questions than by putting new ones!"

The old days were days of faith, blind, unquestioning faith. The wonderful temples and mosques and cathedrals of past centuries could never have been built but for the overpowering faith of the architects and builders and people generally.

The very stones that they reverently put one on top of the other, or carved into beautiful designs, tell us of this faith.

The old temple-spire, the mosque with its slender minarets, the Gothic cathedral—all of them pointing upward with an amazing intensity of devotion, as if offering a prayer in stone or marble to the sky above—thrill us even now, though we may be lacking in that faith of old of which they are the embodiments.

But the days of that faith are gone, and gone with them is that magic touch in stone.

Thousands of temples and mosques and cathedrals continue to be built, but they lack the spirit that made them live during the Middle Ages.

There is little difference between them and the commercial offices which are so representative of our age.

Our age is a different one; it is an age of disillusion, of doubt and uncertainly and questioning.

We can no longer accept many of the ancient beliefs and customs; we have no more faith in them, in Asia or in Europe or America.

So we search for new ways, new aspects of the truth more in harmony with our environment.

And we question each other and debate and quarrel and evolve any number of "isms" and philosophies.

As in the days of Socrates, we live in an age of questioning, but that questioning is not confined to a city like Athens; it is world-wide.

Sometimes the injustice, the unhappiness, the brutality of the world oppress us and darken our minds, and we see no way out.

With Matthew Arnold, we feel that there is no hope in the world and that all we can do is to be true to one another:

"For the world which seems
To lie before us, like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

And yet if we take such a dismal view, we have not learnt aright the lesson of life or of history. For history teaches us of growth and progress and of the possibility of an infinite advance for man.

And life is rich and varied, and though it has many swamps and marshes and muddy places, it has also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers, and wonderful starlit nights (especially in gaol!), and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music, and books and the empire of ideas. So that each one of us may well say:

"Lord, though I lived on earth, the child of earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky."

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To the Soldier's Spouse

[To Mevar's heroes when attacked by Jehangir]

Dwijendralal Roy

He's gone to the front to fight, and wrest great laurels of victory,
To answer India's stirring call
And for her honour to stake his all
And churn Death's deep to win the nectar of immortality.

Refrain:

Whether he conquers or falls in battle, hold high thy head in pride!
Come do thy hair and wipe thy tears, O blessed soldier's bride!

He's gone to meet the foeman's challenge in the holy name of God,
Where armours grapple with armours and clash
The sanguine swords in a lightning-flash,
Where yells and roars outvie the cannon and blood flows mingling with blood.

Refrain:

Whether he conquers or falls in battle, hold high thy head in pride!
Come do thy hair and wipe thy tears, O blessed soldier's bride!

In that dread field of doom none parley, vacillate or flee,
There gory and grim in dark delight,
Death dances, a Titan of the Night
And drums of thunder beat time with deep groans of agony.

Refrain:

Whether he conquers or falls in battle, hold high thy head in pride!
Come do thy hair and wipe thy tears, O blessed soldier's bride!

He's gone to answer the soul's great call to attain everlasting peace,
He may return triumphantly
Or, dying, win immortality.
And thou, too, maid, to thy last breath, shalt share his deathless bliss.

Refrain:

Whether he conquers or falls in battle, hold high thy head in pride!
Come do thy hair and wipe thy tears, O blessed soldier's bride!

[Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy]

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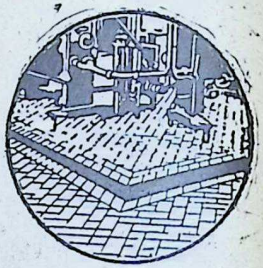

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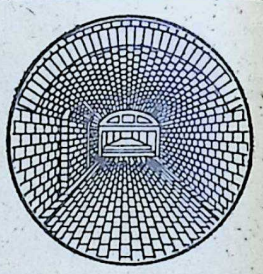

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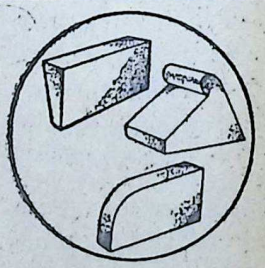

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C. Rajagopalachari

'sarva dharmaan parityajya'

सर्व धर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज।
अहं त्वा सर्व पापेभ्यो मोक्षयिष्यामि मा शुचः॥

sarva dharmaan parityajya maam ekam saranam vraja
aham twaa sarva paapebhyo mokshayishyaami maa suchah.

THIS is the great SUM-UP, *charama sloka,* of the *Gita* discourse. It gives to all sinners the message of Hope and God's grace.

While this is the plain meaning of the *sloka* for ordinary men, it has been given by denominational interpreters the tinge of theology. It is explained to mean: give up all other ways of attaining *moksha;* depend only on the way of complete surrender. This is the standard interpretation given to this *mantra* of Hope for all. The first line of the *sloka* is certainly open to the interpretation, give up all (other) *dharmas* and come to me as your sole refuge. *Dharma* is here equated with various means of attaining salvation. The word 'other' has to be read into the line to draw this meaning, and it cannot be objected to as an unreasonable interposition.

Now, the way I would read the *charama sloka* is this:

Even if you have disregarded all the obligations imposed on you by the Shastras, come to me surrendering yourself totally to my mercy. I shall release you from all the sins incurred by such disregarding of duties; do not despair or grieve.

There is substantial difference between these two interpretations. According to the usually accepted interpretation, Sri Krishna definitely advises giving up all other means of salvation which may have been taught by various teachers and asks the disciple to follow the path of total dependence on Divine grace, *saranaagati.* It is, so to say, advice against

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wasting energy in difficult ways and pursuits. No *jnana yoga* or other *yogas* but only *saranaagati*. It would be thus a 'protestant' simplification as against 'catholic' complications.

But is it this doctrinal simplification that the *mantra* really intends? Is it not rather hope for all erring mortals that the *mantra* intends to give? The worst sinner, who has been guilty of breaking every injunction of *dharma* can attain absolution from his sins by genuine penitence and surrender to the Lord's mercy—this would be the message in the *charama sloka* if my submission be accepted.

The other interpretation is a definite admonition to give up all other ways hitherto taught, because they are hurdles in the way of total surrender. This meaning besides reading the word 'other' where it does not occur, calls for an unconventional interpretation of the word *dharma*. It is interpreted to mean *ways of attaining salvation*. Further, as it would be odd to interpret the Gitaacharya to advise disregarding *dharmas, parityajya* is taken to mean giving up concern about the fruits of those means, not abandoning the *dharmas* themselves. That is to say, a harking back to the teaching in the early chapters of the *Gita,* as to doing what you do without concern or attachment to the results of your actions.

In order to support the interpretation which I commend, the word "*api*" (even) has to be read into the verse: (Even) if one has disregarded every injunction of *dharma,* one can seek and obtain grace by total surrender. But this is not a forced reading of the verse. Surrender necessarily involves genuine and unqualified penitence.

There is a subtle difference in sense between the two forms of the verb, the one with suffix *ya* appended, and the other with the suffix *tvaa* appended. The grammatical rule appears to be that *ya* can be appended to verbs modified by *pari* or other similar prefixes and *tvaa* is to be appended to verbs in the unmodified form, e.g. *tyaktvaa, parityajya*. But apart from this rule, is there not a subtle but clear difference in connotation between the two forms? *Ya* suffix is appended where the first action is done and is over before the second action begins; *tvaa* suffix is appended where the first and second actions are simultaneous or almost so. If the first action is a definite, immediate, preliminary step or a mental or other act simultaneous with the second, *tvaa* is appended. If one has to say, Sankar after settling his private affairs adopted *sanyaas*, one would use the suffix *ya* with the first verb. If one has to say Sankar uttering a loud oath brought his club down on Subban's head, the suffix *tvaa* would have to be used.

Let us rebuild the *mantra* to illustrate this:

सर्वधर्मान् त्यक्त्वा पार्थ
मामेकं शरणं व्रज।

sarvadharmaan tyaktvaa Paartha
maamekam saranam vraja

or

त्यक्त्वा सर्वेतर धर्मान्
मामेकं शरणं व्रज।

tyaktvaa sarvetara dharmaan
maamekam saranam vraja

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This form would lead at once and without any room for controversy to the standard interpretation.

But the word is not *tyaktvaa* but *parityajya*. The abandonment or disregarding or breach of injunction is not a preliminary discipline, but something that has happened before the second action. And the second line refers to sins accumulated, which would be the natural consequence of such breaches of *dharma*, and which the Lord affirms he will absolve the sinner from.

Towards the end of Chapter IX of the *Gita*, we have the verse:

अनित्यं असुखं लोकं
इमं प्राप्य भजस्व माम् ॥

anityam asukham lokam
imam praapya bhajaswa maam

Having been born in this transient unhappy world, depend on and worship me.

praapya is certainly not here a part of the discipline. It means, having been thrust into an unfortunate position, look to me to save yourself.

योगस्थः कुरु कर्माणि
सङ्गं त्यक्त्वा धनंजय ।

yogasthah kuru karmaani
sangam tyaktvaa Dhananjaya

To give up *sangam* is a part of the discipline preached, and is a simultaneous condition of the mind when doing the act.

My contention amounts to this: The *charama sloka* was not intended to ask for a disregarding of other disciplines but provides grace for the worst sinners. If the former meaning were intended the *mantra* could easily have been:

त्यक्त्वा सर्व धर्मान् पार्थ
मामेकं शरणं व्रज ।

tyaktvaa sarva dharmaan Paartha
maam ekam saranam vraja.

If interpreted as a great message of hope and mercy, *sarva dharmaan* is *sarvadharmaan*, not *sarva itara dharmaan*. The word "other" need not then be attracted into the verse.

Compare the following from Valmiki about the crow that attacked Sita:

दत्त्वा स दक्षिणं नेत्रं
प्राणेभ्यः परिरक्षितः ।

datvaa sa dakshinam netram
praanebhyah parirakshitah

giving up his right eye, he saved his life.

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or in *Gita* VI. 12

तत्रैकाग्रं मनः कृत्वा....।
उपविश्यासने .....॥

tatrekaagram manah krtvaa upavisyaasane.

Then be seated steadying your thoughts on a single point.

Compare also *Valmiki Sundara* 39, 28. Sita's message given to Hanuman:

रावणं जित्य संयुगे

Raavanam jitya samyuge etc.

Here *jitya* is used although it offends the conventional rule as to the verbal form for appending *ya*. The commentators simply say *jitya* is *jitvaa*, reconciling it to the grammatical rule.

वेदम् अनूच्याचार्यो अन्तेवासिनमनुशास्ति।

Cf. Taittireeya: *vedam anuuchyaachaaryo antevaasinamanusaasti*

After having taught the Veda, the teacher enjoins the disciples. The two actions are not simultaneous or almost simultaneous. The enjoining follows the completion of the teaching of the Veda.

...रसोप्यस्य परंदृष्ट्वा निवर्तते

rasopyasya paramdrshtvaa nivartate
Gita II 59

drshtvaa is simultaneous with *nivartate.*

Likely I have not enough grounds for or authority behind my contention. The difference I seek to make between *Ya* and *tvaa* may be only in my ignorance and imagination. But I respectfully submit my view all the same, because it makes the *mantra* a message of Hope for the sinner which is what is wanted by most of us, rather than a settlement of theological preferences about method.

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Re-integration of Indian Culture

H. H. Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar

IN a changing world there will always be a need for reorganizing thoughts and re-shaping courses of action, but guidance can always be obtained from well-established traditional cultures, of which the culture of India is a notable example. The world is moving fast today. Advance in science and technology has put enormous powers into the hands of man. The relationship of man with man, which after all is the main problem of civilization, has become more complicated and difficult. Rivalries of race, region, economic progress and political ideology have appeared and are threatening to rupture the seamless fabric of human brotherhood. The invention of nuclear weapons has rendered enmity more dangerous and friendship more valuable than in any previous period of history. But in an age in which war can only spell universal ruin, peace seems harder to achieve than ever before.

In such an age of unprecedented power, temptation and peril, it is only true culture, as enshrined in our conception of *dharma*, that can save civilization. The relationship between the *jivatman*, and the

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lization and the soul and body of man. Unity, harmony, balance, the fulfilment of knowledge through wisdom, the restraint of power by responsibility, unswerving loyalty to moral laws, unvarying respect for spiritual values in all conditions—these are the lessons of the culture we have inherited, and if learnt and properly practised they will be found fully adequate to meet the needs of even this exacting time. But they have to be learnt by every one of us and practised always with earnestness. By applying and adapting the wisdom and good feeling of our forefathers to solve our present-day problems, we shall be able to keep intact the bond of culture which links us to our ancestors on one side and to posterity on the other, and bequeath benefits in the same manner as we have inherited. Our great culture could thus be utilized as a remedy for the wear and tear of present-day history.

A significant quest of the Indian mind has always been the determination of the relationship between the

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Supreme, or *Brahman*. Various approaches have been made to this problem from the time of the Upanishadic philosophers. Philosophic thought on this question in the last twelve hundred years has been greatly influenced by the notable contributions made by the three great *Acharyas*, Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhva, the founders of the three systems of Advaita, Visishtadvaita and Dvaita. While Dvaita argues that the individual and the Supreme are separate and distinct, Visishtadvaita conceives of the two as having unity with a difference and Advaita maintains that the two are wholly identical. Advaita if rightly understood can be of the greatest value at the present day in the re-integration of our culture and the unity of man.

One of the greatest things that our culture has done for us in the past, and is still capable of doing, is to unite us in a brotherhood of kindred souls under its own aegis, and we should take care to refrain from doing anything to break this unity. Every Indian is born to an inheritance of four hundred and thirty million friends. It will not do if this inheritance is broken up by narrow loyalties of region or language, or impaired by an ingrowing habit of endless controversy. A nation's strength, and its value to human society, depend on the firmness with which its members are knit together. It is a dictum of the *Mahabharata* that lesser loyalties should yield place to greater ones, and our greatest loyalty is to the nation as a homogeneous part of humanity as a whole. The entire spirit of our culture is a warning against the twin evils of what Socrates calls the "under-valuing of the greater and over-valuing of the less."

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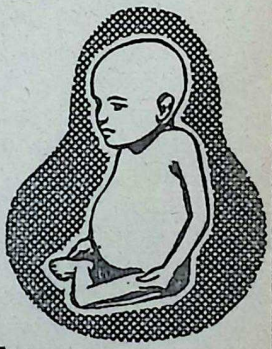

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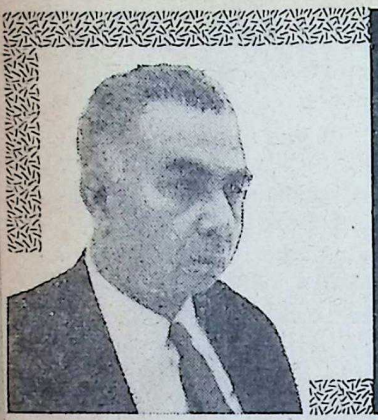

LAW AN UNIFYING FACTOR

TWO characteristics of law, its territorial uniformity and the certainty of its application, lend to it its unifying force. People now-a-days are so accustomed to the territorial uniformity and the certainty of its application that whenever they read in the beginning of a statute the section which lays down that it shall apply to the whole of India or to a State they hardly ever give a thought that this concept of uniformity took nearly a century to fructify. Indeed, one of the most beneficent results of the association of the British and the Indians during the last 150 years was the introduction of this territorial uniformity and the certainty of law in our legal and judicial system.

During the pre-British period, though the rulers in their respective territories established some sort of Courts, there hardly existed any uniformity or even certainty either in the law or its administration. The administration of law was entrusted not to the specialist but to the Shastris and the Pandits in respect of the Hindu subjects and to the Maulvis in respect of the Muslim subjects. For the rest of the subjects there was hardly any law to be applied except the whim of the judge and such traditions or precedents as he thought expedient to apply. In fact there hardly ever was any realisation amongst the rulers of the need of an uniform law. The absence of such a uniform, certain, territorial law was one of the reasons why there was total lack of sense of the oneness of the country.

The credit of establishing Courts of law on a country-wide scale for the first time must go to the Mughals. Indeed the Mughal Emperors vied with each other in their pride for administering King's justice but the law that they administered was still the personal law and the traditions that they had imported. Neither the judge, much less the king was an expert in law. There was therefore no uniformity nor certainty either of law or its applica-

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tion which alone can create a spontaneous respect for law and obedience to it. Different laws applied to different sections of the subjects in different ways and in different territories. A subject of the Emperor living in Gujarat was almost a foreigner in a different region if he were to go to another part of the country. Passing from Ahmedabad to Delhi, a traveller would have to traverse through different regions with varying types of Courts and different systems of laws, being not at all certain which laws will apply to him and to which of them he will be subject to, except perhaps the personal law which he carried with him.

The foundation of the present system of administration of law was made, though in a very small way, when in 1618, Sir Thomas Roe, the first British Ambassador of James I of England, obtained permission from the Mughal Emperor to establish a factory at Surat and secured at that very time a treaty which granted to the English factory the privilege of deciding disputes between its British subjects residing in the factory.

In 1661, Charles II gave a charter to the East India Company the power to administer justice to all persons belonging to the Company according to the laws of England and to execute decrees. In 1668 when the Portuguese ceded Bombay Island to Charles as dowry and Charles in his turn gave it on lease to the Company at a quit-rent of £10 a year, the Island which was not a part of the Mughal country was governed by the Portuguese law. The charter of Charles II whereunder Bombay was ceded to the Company, directed the Company to make laws consonant to reason and not contrary or repugnant to the English laws.

In 1669 rules for the civil government of Bombay and the establishment of a Court, the sittings of that Court and a right of appeal from the judgment of that Court to the Governor and his Council were drafted by the Company's law officers in England. The correspondence between Surat where the headquarters of the Company were and Bombay shows that under those rules offences such as theft, murder and mutiny were tried with the aid of jury.

Three years hence, in 1672, Governor Aungier eminent in the annals of the Company for his statesmanship and foresight, issued a proclamation for the abolition of the Portuguese laws and the promulgation of English laws and for the setting up of a Court of judicature at Bombay. The first judge of the Court was one Wilcox who fortunately recorded a detailed note of the ceremony which took place on August 8, 1672, when the Court was inaugurated.

After Wilcox was given the oath, the commission of his appointment was read out and then followed the address of Aungier, memorable not only for its noble sentiments but for setting the pattern in the years to follow of the administration of justice not merely in the island of Bombay, but throughout the country as parts after parts of the country fell under the suzerainty of the Company and later on the British Crown. The address reminded the Judge that the residents in the island of Bombay

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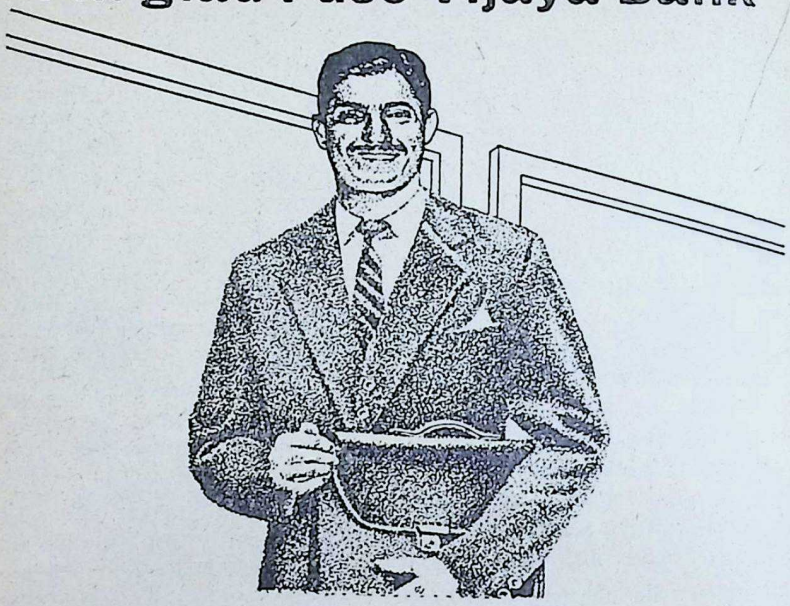

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were of different nations and religions, the English, the Portuguese, and the other Christians, the Muslims and the Hindus and exhorted the Judge, that while sitting in his seat of justice and judgment, he must look upon them with one single eye, without distinction of nation and faith, for, they were all the subjects of the Crown and the Company and had all equal title and right to justice. The final passage of his address was still more memorable and must have awed and impressed the listeners with the majesty of its sentiments. The right of every citizen, even the poorest, to justice was not only as between one and the other but even against him as Governor and those who served under him and even against the Company itself when Law, Reason and Equality should require the Judge so to do. For that was his duty and therein he would be justified and in doing so, God would be with him to strengthen him and the Crown and the Company would commend him and reward him and he, as the Governor, would be ready to assist, and honour him to the utmost of the power and authority entrusted to him.

Thus began in the small area of the island of Bombay the establishment of the English laws and the principles of equity and good conscience which the Chancery Court in England had by that time already crystallised. The address of Aungier marked the recognition of the supremacy of law, the subordination of the executive to the judiciary and the equality of all before law, the three features of administration of justice which stood in contract with the system then prevalent in the rest of the country.

From the time that this small beginning was made, nearly a century elapsed during which the Company on the one hand extended its territory and on the other extended the application of English laws with all the juristic concepts implied in those laws. English judges who were brought to preside over the various Courts that came to be established brought along with them the principles of law with which they were familiar and gradually embodied those principles in the administration of justice entrusted to them.

[To be continued]

A VOW

Gloom is encircling India. Let us take a vow at this perilous hour to protect the honour of our motherland. We have to fight for dharma. During our lifetime, we have seen India freed from bondage. Let not our motherland be bound again and we become prostrate. Death is certain for all those who are born. We should not fear death. In obedience to the call, let us stand up and fight and come out victorious in this war of good against evil.

Forty-five years ago, we plunged in the struggle for independence under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, went through the gauntlet of defiance and faced the wrath calmly, coolly and courageously. Let us face it once again with heroism and manhood to defend the integrity of our motherland.

—V. A. Sundaram

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Sri-La-Sri
Panrimalai Swamigal

....The five colours are symbolic of the powers of the five primordial elements.....

Panchakshara

THIS is a dynamic universe in which positive and negative energies co-operate to set its myriad activities in motion. The forces emanating in diverse ways from the five primordial elements are the ultimate sources of this dynamism. To bring them under control, to utilise the forces of good and to annihilate those of evil, one has to resort to the Supreme Energy of the five-lettered mystic *mantra*.

To be effective for the transformation of the universe for the good of mankind, this *mantra* has to be received in due process of initiation by an earnest and devout seeker from a competent guru. Reading it by oneself and practising its meditation without proper guidance will be futile of any benefit, and, what is worse, would produce great harm. Any knowledge acquired otherwise than from a guru will give, not light, but darkness.

The seeker must have faith in God and abiding devotion to Him. The Satguru would himself come in quest of him and give him the *upadesa* suited to his capacities. Mutterance and meditation of it in the proper manner will bring extraordinary powers and enable the fulfilment of purposes beyond ordinary mortals.

Different orders in the five-lettered *mantra* have different kinds of efficacies. The order *Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya* helps to achieve the objectives of this world, while the order *Si-Va-Ya-Na-Ma* dowers one with the desires of the world beyond. These successions of the mystic letters, along with the forms *Si-Va-Ya-Si-Va* and *Si-Va-Si-Va*, enlarged or contracted if uttered with piety and diligence and in the prescribed manner will beget the grace of God and by it all supernatural powers. So declares the sacred book known as the *Tirumantiram*.

The sacred texts in Tamil identify the five letters of the *Panchakshara* with different factors of the supersensible and the sensible world. *Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya*, these five letters signify respectively *Stambhana*, *Mohana*, *Maarana*, *Ucchaatana* and *Vasya*. In another group, they stand for *Mala*, *Maya*, *Siva*, *Arul* and *Atma* and again for *Waking*, *Dream*, *Sleep*, *Deep Sleep*, *and Laya of Life Processes*.

The letter *Si* is central to Panchakshara *mantra*. *Na*, *Ma* and *Va*, *Ya*

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stand for the inhaled and exhaled breath. If the breath in its three-fold aspects of *rechaka*, *pooraka* and *kumbhaka* is controlled, canalised and centralised preceded by the mystic syllable *OM*, and if the *mantra* is uttered even once with concentrated devotion it is declared that the floodgates of God Siva's grace will be opened wide on the earnest seeker.

The *Sivasakti* packed into the Panchakshara *mantra* permeates this entire universe and is immanent in every particle of it and exhibits itself in the five-fold activities which it engages in by its own grace. These are Creation, Protection, Destruction, Concealment and Beneficence. Five divinities are associated with these five activities, namely Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Maheswara and Sadasiva. In the *mantra*, *Na* stands for Brahma, *Ma* for Vishnu, *Si* for Rudra, *Va* for Maheswara and *Ya* for Sadasiva.

II *The Five Elements and Their Colours*

These divinities again are looked upon as presiding over the five primordial elements of Earth (*Prithvi*), Water (*Ap*), Fire (*Tejas*) Wind (*Vayu*) and Ether (*Akasa*). These five elements are, in their turn, associated with five colours. They are, in the order of the elements, Golden Yellow, White, Red, Green and Black.

Adopting the methods of Raja Yoga, if one concentrates on the mid-point between his eyebrows withdrawing his senses from external objects, one's internal eye will see an effulgence. On deeper concentration, the five colours will be seen in arresting brilliance. A more intense practice of this process will reveal these colours even in the waking state to the sensuous eye. But one must be wide awake without closing the eyelids even once. That is the height of *yogic sadhana*. These five colours will be seen in every object of the universe.

As you dig deep down into the earth, the colours will be visible in the clay, in the stones and in the minerals. In the vegetable kingdom they may be seen in every tree, plant, creeper, in leaf, flower, fruit and seed. In insects like snakes, worms, fish, frogs, crabs, oysters, in birds like the peacock, the parrot, the cock, the eagle, sparrow, silk worm, crow and crane, in animals like the deer, the tiger, horse, sheep and cow, and also in men these five colours can be seen singly or in combination. The sky shows these colours at sunrise, at sunset, and in the rainbow. In short, there is nothing in this vast world which does not exhibit these five-fold colours.

The five colours are symbolic of the powers of the five primordial elements. Hence it is that the ancient Tamils adorned themselves with jewels set with five-coloured gems strung on five-coloured threads. They also used to wear five-coloured garments. The belief was that by such adornment and attire they could acquire the powers of the respective elements warding off evil and obtaining whatever is auspicious and good.

Another time-honoured practice based on this belief was to cook rice, make it into five balls of different colours, scoop each ball into a hollow and light a wick in it. These five lamps will be waved clockwise and counter-clockwise each thrice before persons

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suspected of affliction by evil spirits and then the lights are thrown out on a trijunction of roads.

The *'harathi'* to ward off the evil eye is made of five ingredients. They are (1) Turmeric powder standing for the yellow *prithvitattva*, (2) Calcium (Chunam) for the white *aptattva*, (3) Chillies for the red *tejotattva*, (4) Betel leaf for the green *Vayutattva*, and (5) Charcoal symbolising the dark *akasatattva*. The liquid with these thrown into it is likewise waved thrice clockwise and counter-clockwise, the index finger of the person waving it is dipped into it and a *tilak* of that liquid is impressed on the forehead of the person who is the subject of this proceeding. Then the whole thing is emptied in the street in front of the house.

The yellow associated with *Na* in the *mantra* has primacy over the other colours. Hence it is that the lime-fruit is used in worship of God. The lime-fruit is also used by *maantrikas* in their practices. When one goes to see superior personages like the guru, the king, the saint or any other big person, one takes a lime-fruit and respectfully offers it to him and it is accepted with pleasure.

The turmeric root has an excellence all its own. It is a bounty conferred on man by God. As a preventive against all kinds of ailments and evil eyes, our women generally smear their faces, hands and feet with turmeric paste during their daily bath.

Yellow is the colour signifying auspiciousness. The *mangala sutra* in a wedding is yellow in colour. The *kankana* tied round the wrist at every holy function is also of yellow thread. These are traditions established by our ancients for our prosperity.

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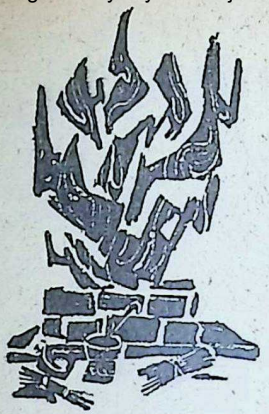

YAGNA

TO the Karmakandin, the whole body of the Vedas, with the exception of the Upanishads, presents the most valid and authoritative source for our ritualistic literature. There is no doubt that our ancient *rishis* were imbued with a sense of awe and veneration for the Vedic injunctions as to Karma. Of all such rituals, *Yaga* or *Yagna* stands out pre-eminent.

The term *Yagna* refers to the offering made to the fire, lit on an altar. The term connotes an act of sacrifice. Many are the Vedic passages that equate the *Yagna* or *Yaga* with God Himself, while not a few of them speak of it as the cause of the Universe.

The *Narayanopanishad*, for instance, describes *Yaga* in the following terms:

यज्ञेन हि देवा दिवं गता
यज्ञेनासुरानपानुदन्त
यज्ञेन द्विषन्तो मित्रा भवन्ति
यज्ञे सर्वं प्रतिष्ठितम्
तस्मात् यज्ञं परमं वदन्ति ॥

The gods perform oblations in sacrifices; they were the upholders of the Universe; the performers of *Yagnas* attain Heaven, where the previous gods reside.

"It was through *Yagna* that the *devas* could ascend to Heaven. Through its powerful instrumentality, they overpowered and held in subjection the entire horde of Asuras. Verily, this *Yaga* has the potency to convert erstwhile sworn foes into present companions. Everything rests in *Yagna*. Therefore, they say 'the *Yagna* is supreme.'"

Again, in the Vedic hymn समिष्ट यजुस् by name, which is meant to be chanted while a particular oblation is in progress, the Deity invoked is none other than the Highest God.

In the group of इष्टि (auxiliary, minor rites) styled दिवश्येन the *yagna* itself is the presiding deity of one of the *yagas*. The two hymns that are in use at the oblation speak of it in terms of the highest praise and most obvious reverence:

यज्ञो रायो यज्ञ ईशे वसूनाम् । यज्ञ सस्यानामुत सुक्षितीनां । यज्ञ इष्टः पूर्वचित्ति दधातु यज्ञो ब्रह्मणवान अप्येतु देवान् । अयं यज्ञो वर्धतां गोभिरश्वैः । इयं वेदिस्स्वपत्या सुवीरा ।

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-ARUNA-

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इदं बर्हि रतिबर्हींष्यन्या । इमं यज्ञं विश्वेऽवन्तु देवाः ।

"This *yagna* is the master of wealth and of dwelling places, of diverse crops and beauty-spots on this Earth. Let this *yagna* vouchsafe for the performer heaven. Let this *yagna*, performed with the aid of so many sacred hymns reach God. Let it increase the cattle wealth. Let the place of its performance be associated with good sons and servants. Let the grass-growing on this sacred spot excel all the others of its kind and let the Devas protect the performance."

In the *Taittereya Sanhita* occurs the following description:

अयं यज्ञस्समसदद्धविष्मानृचा साम्ना यजुषा देवताभिः । तेन लोकान् सूर्यवतो जयेमेन्द्रस्य सख्यममृतत्वमश्याम् ।

"The requisite articles of oblation and appropriate hymns have made our present *yagna* progress very well. Let us, therefore, win the worlds and rid them of their darkness.

"Benefiting by our friendship with Indra, let us attain 'Immortality'.

In the Purushasukta, which incidentally finds an honoured place in all the Vedas, there is the famous hymn:

यज्ञेन यज्ञमयजन्त देवास्तानि धर्माणि प्रथमान्यासन् ।
ते ह नाकं महिमानस्सचन्त यत्र पूर्वे साध्यास्सन्ति देवाः ॥

The greatness of *yagna* is well emphasised in the *Bhagavad Gita*. The following verses may be cited in support of this contention:

सहयज्ञाः प्रजाः सृष्ट्वा पुरोवाच प्रजापतिः ।
अनेन प्रसविष्यध्वमेषवोऽस्त्विष्टकामधुक् ॥
(३।१०)

The Prajapati, having in the beginning (of creation) created mankind together with sacrifice said, "By this: shall Ye propagate; let this be the milch-cow of your desires, the cow which yields all desired objects.

यज्ञाद्भवति पर्जन्यो यज्ञः कर्मसमुद्भवः
(३-१४)

From sacrifice arises rain and sacrifice is born of action.

Ranging from the simple domestic rituals (Agnihotra) right up to Rajasuya or Aswamedha, performed either in proclamation of a sovereign's might or in commemoration of a royal conquest, *yagas* dominated the life of the early Vedic Aryans.

This rigid formalism, however, could not command either a large following or universal adoption but it is a measure of the esteem, regard and veneration for the *yaga* that this term came in later times to be so widened as to express anything given away as a sacrifice—a connotation of an attitude of mind and the spirit behind the gift.

Yaga has come to be equated with *Tyaga*—renunciation.

This accounts for the origin of the five sacred duties of *yagnas* i.e. Deva-*yagna*—daily sacrificial oblations. *Pitru yagna* offerings of water to the Manes, *Bhuti Yagna* or offering food to the lower order of creation, *Manushya yagna* or feeding of the Brahmin and *Brahma yagna* or study of the Vedas. These five *yagnas* are said to remove the sins, unavoidably committed by the householder in preparing food etc. To the same principle of *Tyaga*, involved in the sacrifice, we owe the extension of the connotation of *yaga* to include such acts as gift, worship, penance, concentration and studies and understanding of the Vedas:

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द्रव्ययज्ञास्तपोयज्ञाः योगयज्ञास्तथापरे ।
स्वाध्यायज्ञानयज्ञाश्च यतयः संशितव्रताः ॥

The rite known as Agnihotra, is a simple domestic ritual and is to be performed both morning and evening daily beginning with आधान, the fire-producing ceremony till his last breath. But this is called Homa, and is not designated as *Yaga* as such, though there is an element of renunciation here also.

The Vedic *yagnas* thus described fall into three categories. They are *Nitya*, compulsory, *Naimittika*, occasional and *Kamya*, productive of some fruit or desired ends. The point is well emphasised in the Vedas that the performance of the first two types of *yagnas* has the power to so purify the mind as to create in the doer a desire to know his real self. The Upanishad says:

तमेतं वेदानुवचनेन ब्राह्मणा विविदिषन्ति
यज्ञेन दानेन तपसाऽनाशकेन ।

The Brahmins desire to know Him the *Atman* by the study of Veda, by the performance of *Yagas*, and by the gifts, and the desireless penances.

In the same manner, even the *Kamyakarma* performed without any trace of attachment stands on a par with the *nitya* in so far as its effect on the performer is concerned. Such a one gets in him a strong urge to know his Atman. The Smriti text runs thus:

महायज्ञैश्च यज्ञैश्च ब्राह्मीयं क्रियते तनुः ।

"Both the *yagas* and *Maha-yagas* bring about the unity between the individual body and Brahman."

Speaking of the utility of the Vedic sacrifice, Sri A.C. Bose, in his *The Call of the Veda*, (Bhavan's Book University Publication) says "The glorious lustre of the blazing fire, the sweet perfume of the burnt ghee, the blades of grass, the cooked offering, the crushed Soma and all the other materials of *yagna* had their direct and purifying effect on the minds of the worshippers. And the acting of the priests, the chanting and the music, and the mass-action in making the final offering—these carried an immediacy of appeal which was of no small spiritual value."

From the standpoint of the oblations offered in sacrifice, *yagas* fall into three broad divisions. They are (1) *Ishti* (2) *Pasuyaga* and (3) *Somayaga*. In the first the oblation offered is either milk or ghee or curd or rice or *Purodasa*, i.e. cake made of rice flour.

Besides, four priests are required for its performance. They are (1) The *Adhvaryu*, (2) *Brahma*, (3) *Hota* and (4) *Agneedhra*.

The Adhvaryu is the chief officiating priest. He has both principal and subsidiary rites to perform. He chants the relevant *mantras* in a low voice and all the *mantras* he chants are from the *Yajurveda*.

To Brahma is assigned the task of supervising the progress of the *yaga*. He too has certain rites to perform.

The Hota chants portions from the *Rigveda* and unlike the Adhvaryu, he does the reciting in a loud voice.

Agneedhra's chief duty is to look after the fires in the altars. He tends them, as it were.

Pasu-yaga is a kind of *yaga* that requires for its conduct six priests. They comprise, in addition to the four priests just mentioned, two more, to

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wit, Prasasta or Maitra-Varuna who also recites some *riks* and Pratiprasthata who may be described as an assistant to the Adhvaryu. Here, a goat is to be the sacrificial offering. Its Vapa or Omentum is extracted from its body, baked in ghee and then offered to the fire to propitiate the particular Deity invoked. Also mutton is taken out from eleven parts of its body, cooked and then offered to the same Deity. Many are the Vedic passages that emphatically declare that the goat, thus offered in sacrifice, ascends directly to heaven, there to live in the company of the *yogins*.

Soma-yaga is another type of *yagna*. Here, in addition to Pasu and Purodasa, the juice of the *soma* plant is to be offered in sacrifice. The Vedas declare that all the gods, especially their lord, Indra, are greatly pleased with *soma* juice. This is to be purchased at a price. It should be churned and taken in wooden utensils. All these acts are to be gone through, to the accompaniment of recitation from the three Vedas.

Soma-yaga requires sixteen priests for its performance. Generally speaking, such *soma-yagas* are performed in a day, but the preliminary or subordinate rites take up the preceding three days. There are certain *soma-yagas* which are performed over many days, while a few extend to even years. Such long drawn-out *yagas* are called *Satra-yagnas*.

It is the Yajamana who performs the sacrifice, chanting the relevant *mantras*. He is required to concentrate on the particular god to whom the offering is made. He should renounce his ownership of the articles used in the *yaga* and transfer it to the chosen deity. This is the principal rite and is *yaga* proper. This is to be done by him while the Adhvaryu consigns them to the fire and the Hota keeps reciting the appropriate *mantras*, proclaiming the greatness of the deity.

But in the *Satra-yaga* all the participating priests are also *yajamanas* and they enjoy the fruits of the *yaga* unlike in the other *yagas* where the single *yajamana* alone is entitled to the fruits of the sacrifice and the priests get only their fees or *dakshina*.

A bath (Avabhrita) taken by all the participants in the *yaga* marks the conclusion of the sacrifice.

In the *Soma-yaga* the fire into which the offerings are made is called the Uttara-vedi. The fire is to be lit on particular altars. Chayana is the name by which the construction of the altars is designated. There is a *chayana* called *Garuda chayana*. Here the altar resembles a vulture with its wings outspread. In order to erect this altar, a thousand bricks of varying shapes and measurements are needed. They have to be prepared in clay, baked and arranged in a particular pattern, consisting of five layers, each of two hundred bricks. The preparation of the bricks, their baking and laying out—all these are accompanied by the chanting of *mantras*. It is on this vulture-like altar that the fire is to be placed to which offerings are made.

A CORRECTION

On page 155, first column, second para, second line, the year 1954 should be read as 1945.—Ed.

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In ancient times every Dwija performed the *yaga*, an institution by itself. But now these *vaidika-yagnas* are not performed in many parts of India. Only in the South and in certain places of Maharashtra, these *yagas* are still being performed. Signs are not wanting to show that even here, these will in future cease to be performed. But it is well to remember that several Vedic texts are extant where minute details about the performance of the *yaga* and the construction of the altars are very succinctly given.

As has been mentioned earlier, such constructions presuppose not merely a high degree of proficiency in geometry, but in engineering too. Many such texts in palm-leaves await the light of the day. They reveal to us the depth of knowledge in mundane and spiritual matters possessed by the Vedic Aryans.

There can be no two opinions as to the need for preserving and continuing the institution of Yagas in all their pristine glory; for, they constitute an integral part of the Vedas and the Vedas themselves (as also Gitacharya) proclaim in no uncertain terms that national and individual prosperity depend solely on their performance, at which, the gods are pleased, enabling them to dower plenty on humanity.

In conclusion, it must be emphasised that these rituals, difficult and complicated though, have this for their aim, namely, to condition the aspirant's mind in such a way that he may attain liberation through self-realisation.

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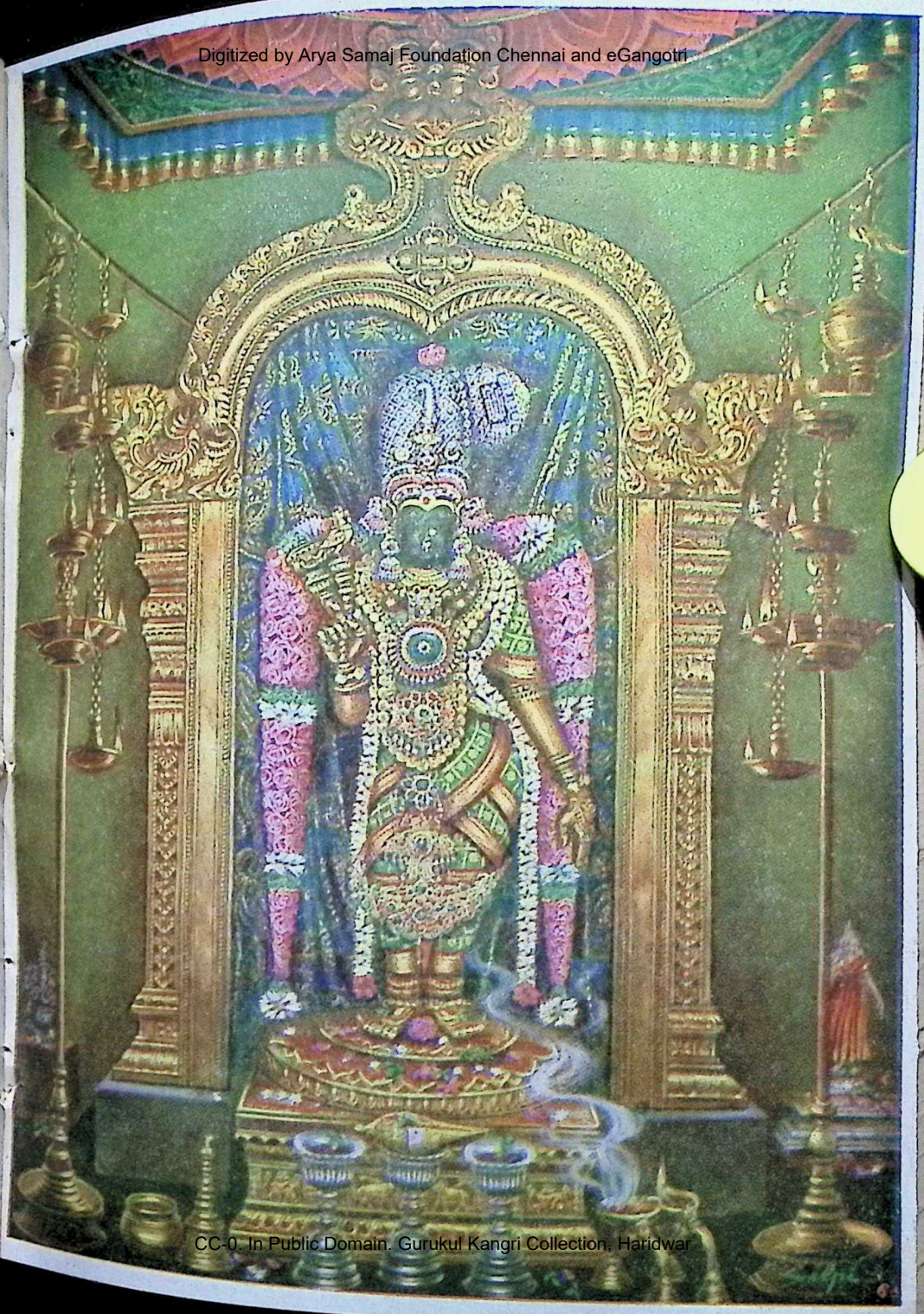

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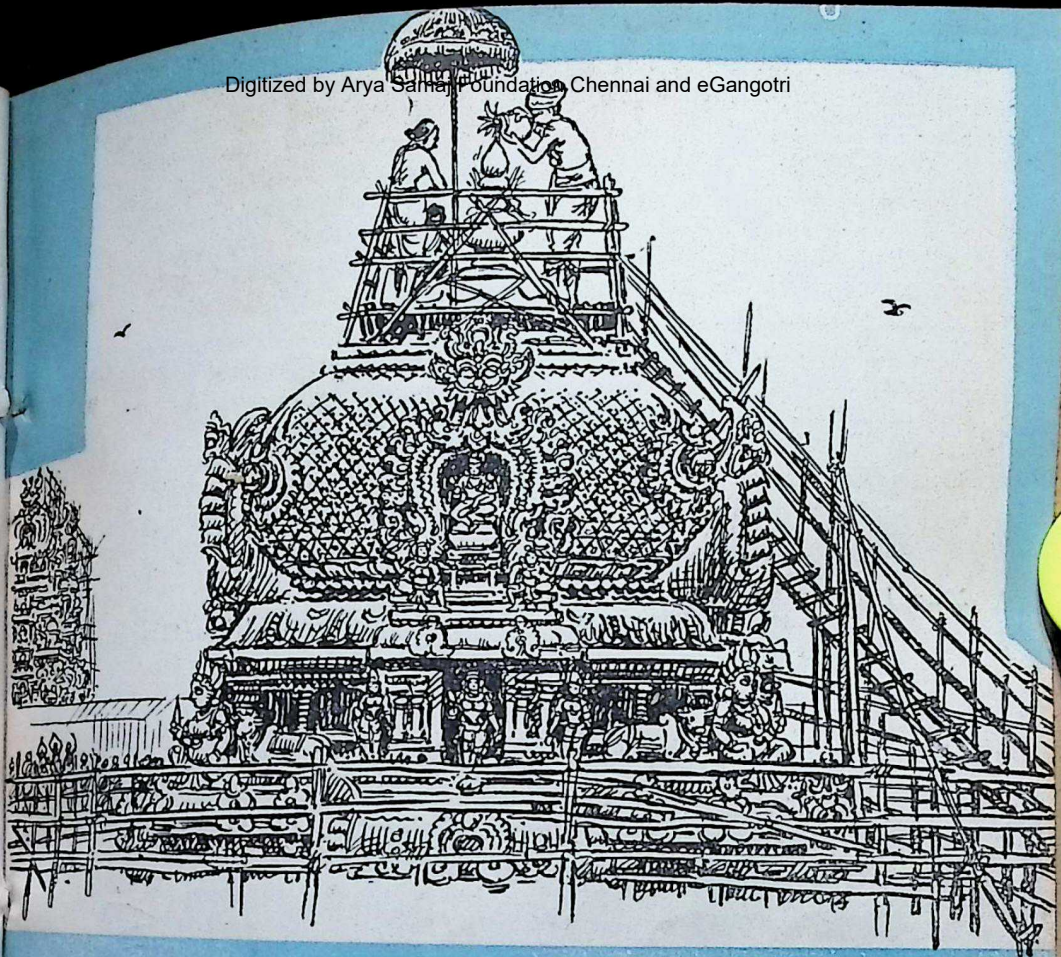

Kumbhabhishekam of Sri Meenakshi Temple was celebrated recently on a grand scale. The Golden Vimana of Sri Meenakshi.

MADURAI MEENAKSHI TEMPLE

[INDIA is one and indivisible. From time immemorial its North had been linked with the South, East with the West by means of sacred bonds transcending all material considerations. Pilgrimage, without which education was not considered complete, cemented the forces of unity. The rivers were gods; temples were kshetras. Visiting them from one end of the country to the other was obligatory on the part of the devout.

In the present state of our country, a positive attempt has to be made to recapture that spirit. The first step in that direction would be to have an intelligent idea of the sacred spots of the country. It is the intention of this feature to supply that information from the abiding cultural angle.—*Ed.*]

MADURAI is the heart of Tamil Nad. It claims a history extending to 25 centuries. As Mathura on the banks of Yamuna is sanctified by the sport of Sri Krishna,

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Madurai on the banks of Vaigai is sanctified by the sport of Lord Siva Himself, perpetuated in *Haladya Purana*.

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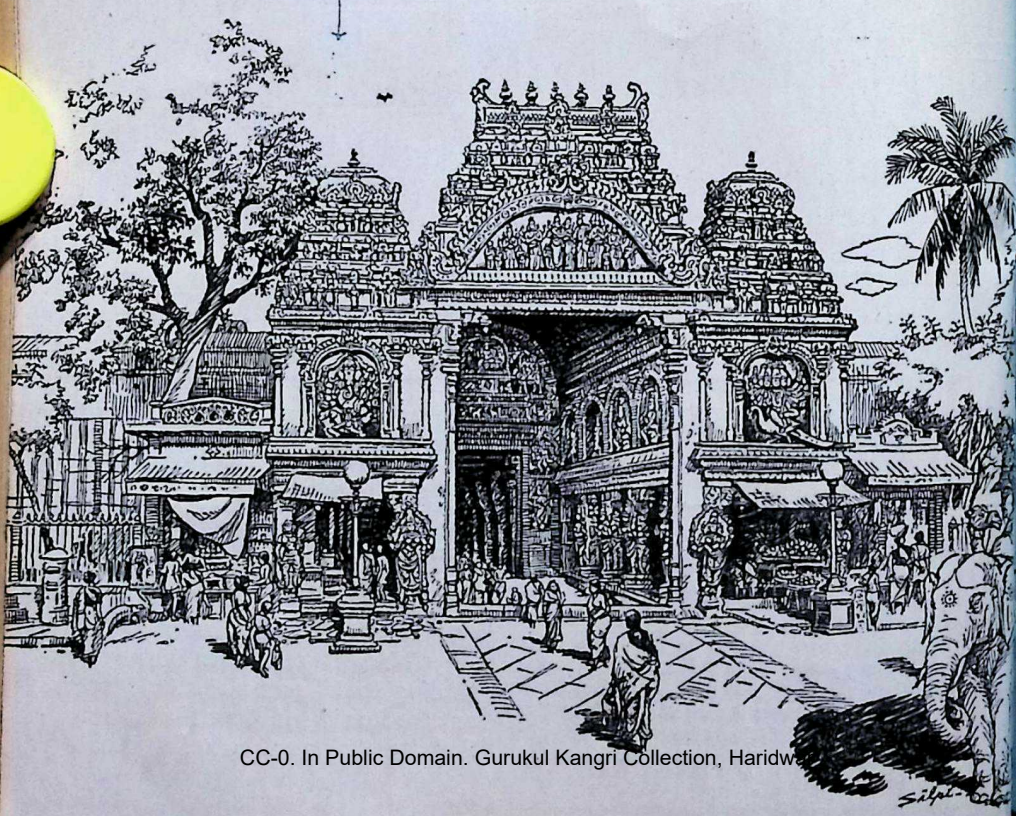
The City of Madurai has been famous in history as the capital of a great Hindu kingdom whose kings very appropriately inscribed the picture of a fish on his banner as a tribute to their patron deity Meenakshi. It was renowned as the seat of an Academy of Tamil Letters which has bequeathed a rare wealth of immortal literature in that language. God Himself participated in the deliberations of this Academy. The final liquidation of an un-Vedic religion in the Tamil country was brought about in this city by a Saiva saint who laid a wager for the truth of the doctrines of his orthodox faith and won it. Here did one, who came in the noble line of the illustrious *satis* of our land, vindicate her love and fidelity to her lord as the fire of her chastity wrought vengeance on the erring king who decreed hasty punishment on her innocent husband.

According to the Puranas, the Divine Mother Parvati Herself came to earth to be the daughter of Mala-

Main Entrance to Meenakshi Temple: Ashta-Sakti Mandapa ↓

Sri Vallabha Ganapati →



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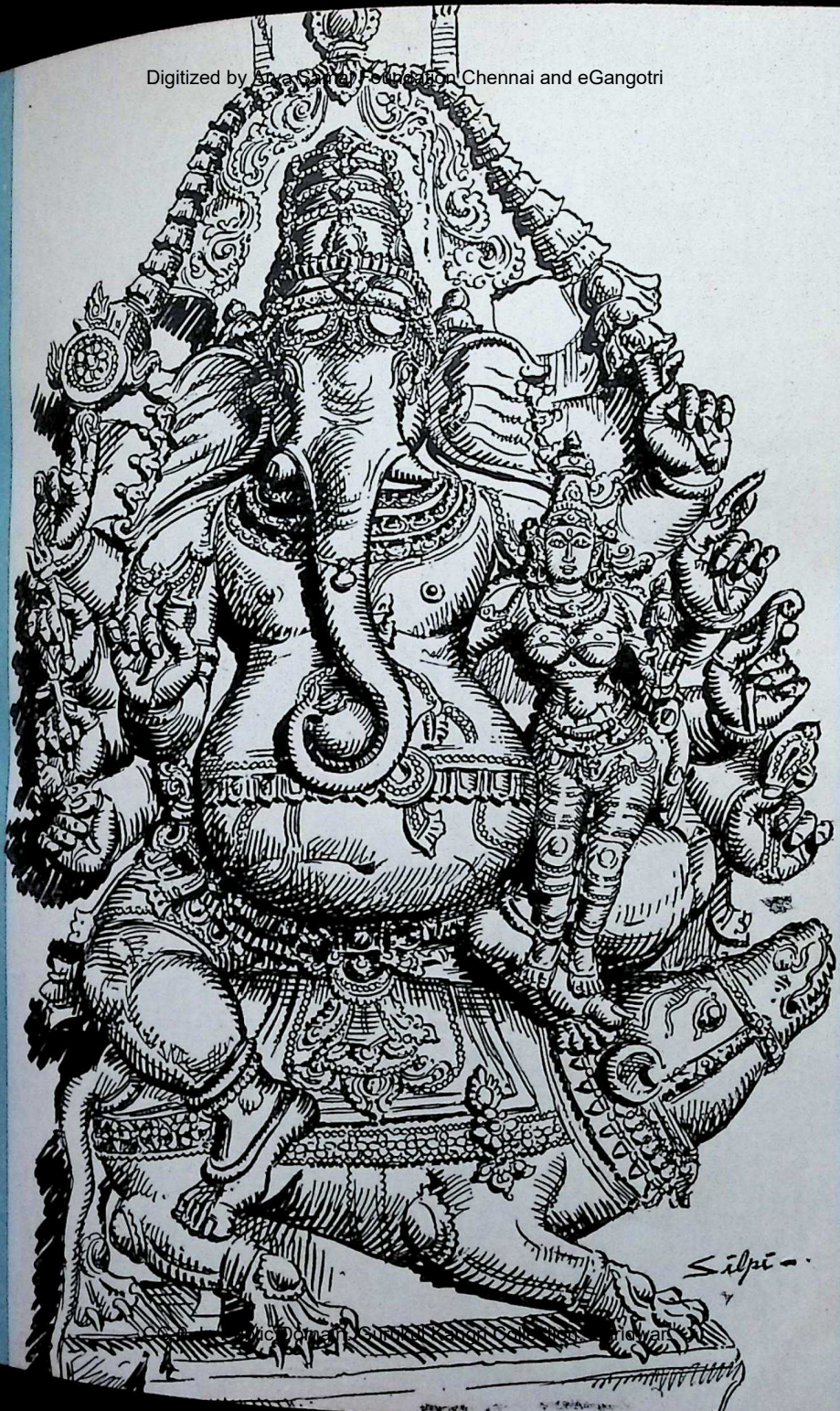

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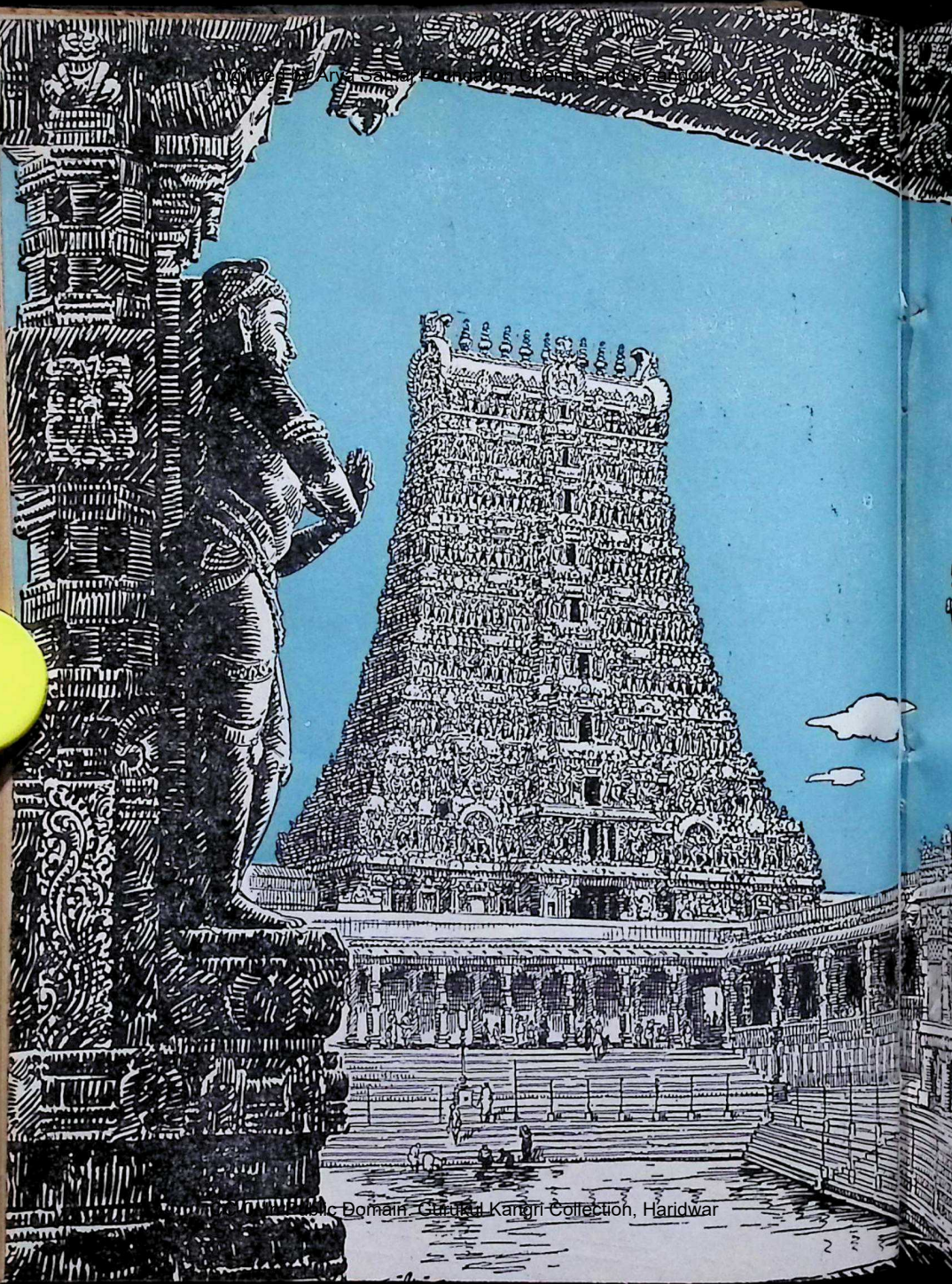

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The Golden Lily Tank: The famous Southern Tower at the background.

yadwaja Pandya who ruled over the principality of Madurai. The story is that She was born with three breasts, and it was foretold that the third breast would vanish when the person who was to marry Her appeared before Her. In due course, God Siva Himself stood before Her in a form of surpassing beauty as Sundareswara, and claimed Her as His bride and then the third breast disappeared. This divine marriage is celebrated as an annual festival in this city and witnessed with devout rejoicing by pious worshippers.

Some creatures rear their young ones by suckling them at their breast. Others make their offspring grow by transmitting life-energy by contact with their bodies. The mother-fish simply *looks* at her brood, and, upon that, they all develop after her kind in marvellous profusion. Suchlike is the Goddess at Madurai. Shaped like the fish, Her eyes swim and gambol in the waters of Her beneficent countenance; and, as they do so, they look with maternal love at the millions of Her children and nourish them with every mark of plenty and prosperity.

It was on a night at Madurai in the year 1800. One Mr. Peter was the Collector of the District. The sky was overcast with clouds. Flashes of lightning blinded the eyes, and peals of thunder deafened the ears. The Collector was sitting on a chair looking on the fury of the elements. A sweet little girl of less than ten years suddenly appeared before him, bade him move off from where he was sitt-

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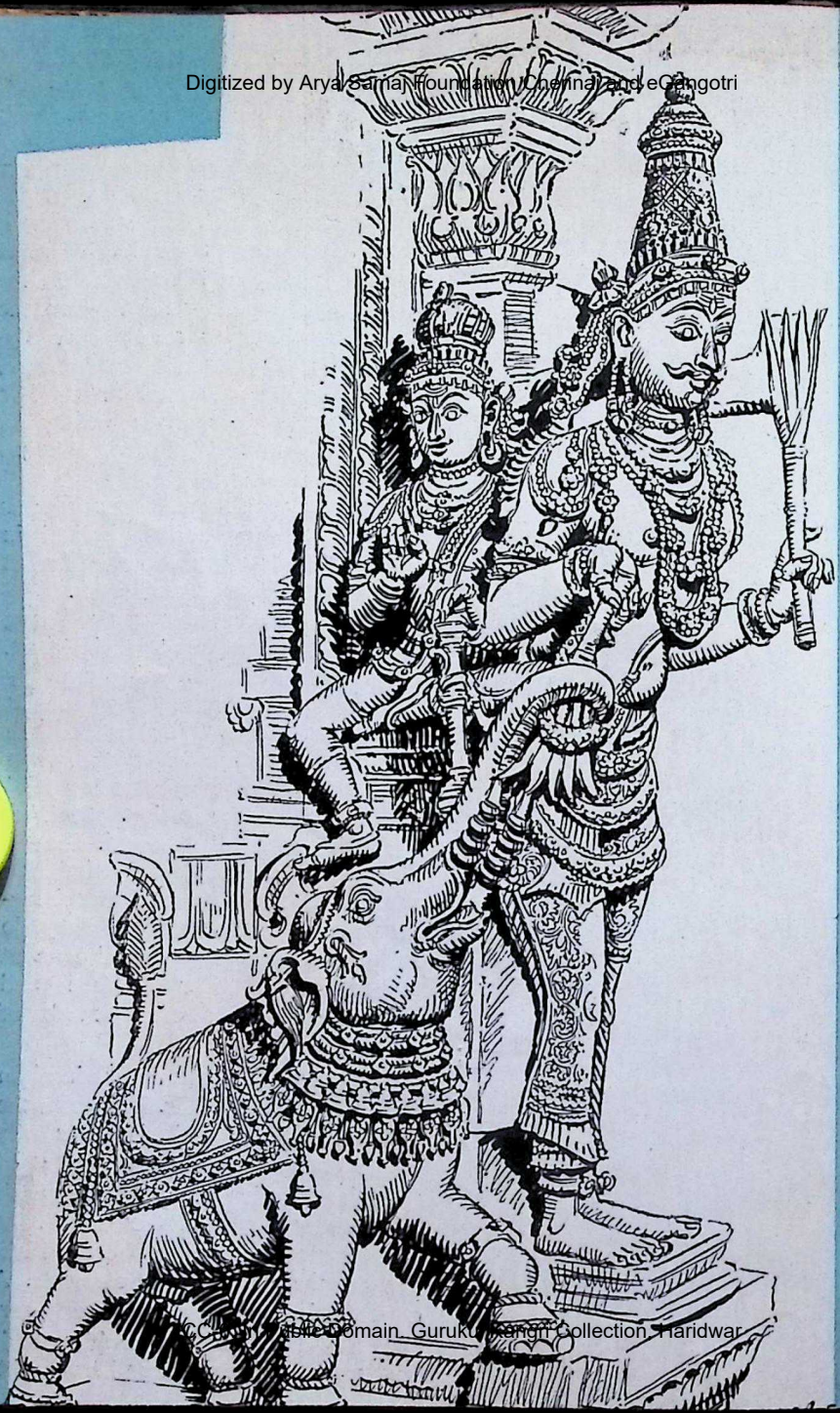

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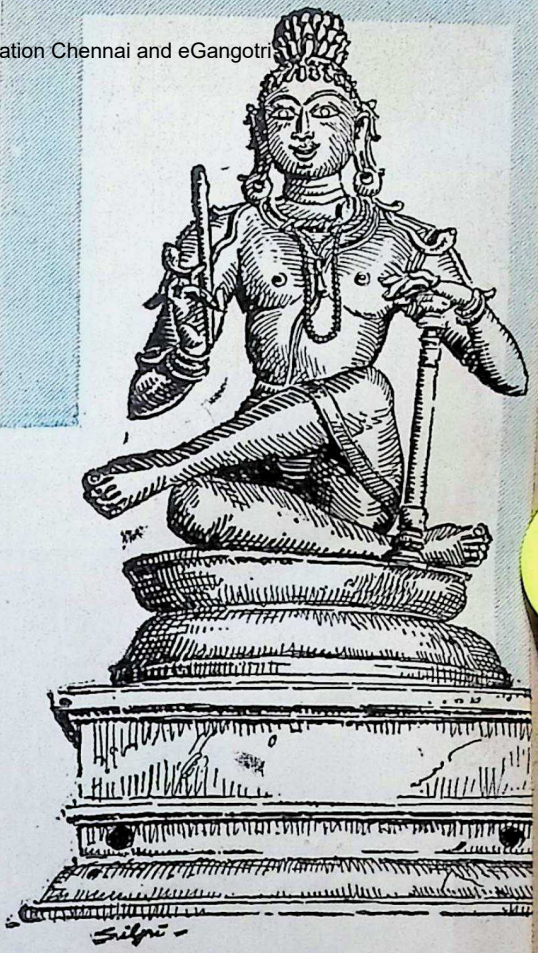
← *Abhisheka Pandya and the elephant (read narration) in the Pudu Mandapa built by Tirumalai Nayak.*

ing, and, as suddenly, disappeared. Hardly had Peter stepped aside from the spot when a beam of lightning pierced the roof and clove the ground at his feet. The Collector stood fixed to the spot lost in dismay. Thenceforward he became a staunch *bhakta* of Meenakshi, whose person he adorned with a number of costly jewels which exist to this day in that temple as reminders of that great miracle.

The temple at Madurai is a monument of architectural grandeur of great extent and generous dimensions to which the Pandyan rulers and the Nayak Chieftains contributed in lavish measure. It was in the days of Tirumalai Nayak that its huge towers rose to the sky proclaiming the glory of the Goddess presiding in their precincts. The Golden Lily Tank, the musical granite pillars, and the outsize Vinayaka are some of the interesting features inside the temple inviting the pilgrim to the sanctum of Sri Meenakshi who stands on Her pedestal as a charmingly sweet maiden of sixteen looking benediction at the stream of devotees who file to Her presence with aching hearts, and leave it with a peace which defies expression.

A very interesting story is told in connection with the sculpture of the elephant and the King (see opposite page). King Abhisheka Pandya was childless. Lord Sundara wanted to bless the King with a child. He took the form of a Siddha and seated him-



The Siddha: Utsava Murti

TO READERS

This article on Madurai will be continued in the next two issues too, exhibiting the cultural treasures of the famous city. After that, we shall take the readers to the *Seven Punyakshetras*—**Saptha Mokshapuris —beginning from Ayodhya and afterwards to Mathura, Haridwar, Kashi, Kanchi, Ujjain and Dwarka.**—*Editor.*

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self in the *prakara* of Madurai temple at the time the King came along and refused to stand up as a mark of respect to the King. The latter challenged the Siddha to prove himself the superior by asking the sculptured elephant nearby eat the sugarcane he held out. At a glance from the Siddha, the stone-elephant came to life and not only wrested the cane but the king's pearl-garland too, both of which it swallowed. The attendants thereupon started to attack the Siddha, but at their very first move, they stood petrified. The king had no further doubt about the identity of the Siddha whereupon he fell at Lord's feet and the Lord blessed him with a child.

[*To be continued*]

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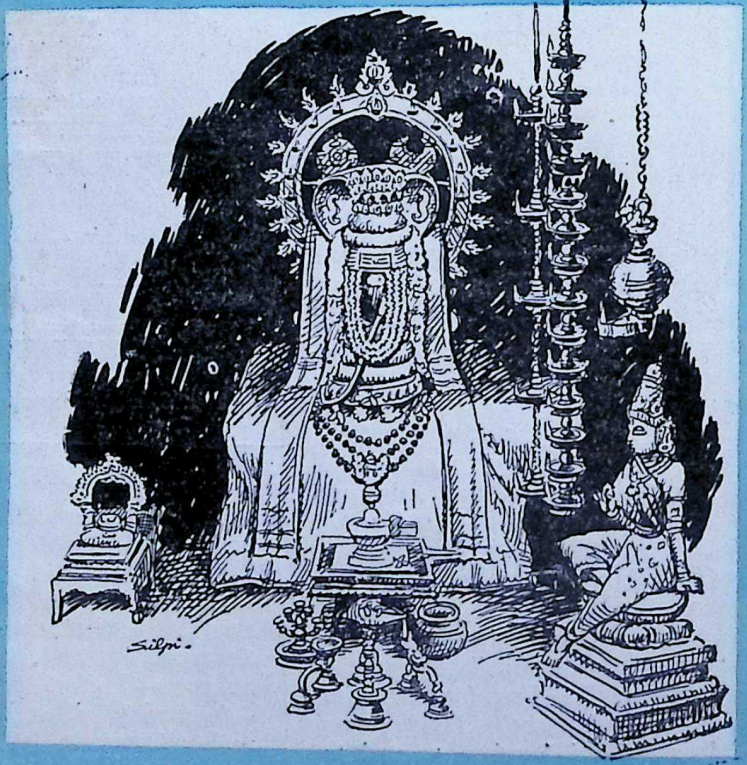
Lord Soma-Sundareswara



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KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER XXVII

Uddhava's Mission

THE Raja-sabha agreed to allow Duryodhana to go to the *swayamvara* because of the opportune arrival of Krishna's message brought by Uddhava.

Uddhava, handsome and self-possessed, came to the Raja-sabha with a smile on his face, and with easy courtesy, prostrated himself before Grandfather and the King. After saluting the others, he gave an additional touch to his courtesy by prostrating himself before Dronaacharya also, in recognition of his great position as an outstanding Brahman warrior and a disciple of that source of might, Parashurama.

'Welcome, Uddhava, son of Devabhaaga. We are glad to see you again in Hastinapur. Take your seat,' said Grandfather. 'Are your people well?'

'I do not come from Dwarka, Venerable Sir. For the last few months, I have been living with my father-in-law, the Best of Nagas,' replied Uddhava.

'Then it is true that you have married the Naga Princesses?' asked the King.

'Yes, I have, lord,' replied Uddhava.

'Are the noble lord of the Nagas, King Karkotaka, and his people well?' enquired Grandfather.

'Yes, Grandfather,' replied Uddhava.

'Vidura tells me that you bring us

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a message from the Best among the Yadavas, Krishna V*aa*sudeva,' said Grandfather.

'Yes, Venerable Sir', replied Uddhava. 'And also a message from King Chekitaana of Pushkar, and another from the lord of the Nagas. They all send their prostrations to Grandfather and their salutations to the noble King'.

'And what are the messages that you bring?' asked Grandfather.

'The Best among the Yadavas, Krishna V*aa*sudeva, sends you this message,' began Uddhava in his most persuasive voice. 'He and Balaraama are coming north to attend the *swayamvara* of the Princess of Panchala. Several Yadava *atirathis* are also coming with them. On their way, they want to spend a few days at holy Pushkar.'

'They are welcome,' said Dhritaraashtra.

'V*aa*sudeva was sure that you would make them so, lord,' replied Uddhava. 'But he begs of the noble lord and Grandfather to right a grievous wrong. Last year, King Chekitaana was driven out of Pushkar by the Kuru forces. It was an unjust war, entirely unprovoked. King Chekitaana and his people had therefore to find an asylum with King Karkotaka across the Yamuna. Krishna V*aa*sudeva seeks this favour: Restore him his lost territory so that he could play host to the Yadava warriors at Pushkar.'

'What?' interjected Duryodhana, his brow gathered in sudden anger. 'Pushkar was won by the force of our arms and we will retain it with all the might of the Kurus.' As he said these words, he almost jumped from his seat. Karna instinctively clutched at his sword, while Aswatthaama threw a fierce look at Uddhava.

Uddhava turned to Duryodhana with an apologetic smile and continued unperturbed: 'Noble Prince, let me complete V*aa*sudeva's message that I am commissioned to deliver to Grandfather and the noble King. Ultimately it will be for them to decide what to do.'

'Great God, this V*aa*sudeva is working a miracle,' muttered Dronaacharya to himself as a wave of warm friendliness for him surged up in his heart. Here was a strange drama being unfolded by this miracle worker, which was surely going to end as he wanted it.

'To this message,' continued Uddhava, 'King Chekitaana has added his own.'

'What is it?' asked Grandfather.

'His message is: "Grandfather Bheeshma, you are the very embodiment of *dharma*. As the King of Pushkar, I was very friendly to the Kurus. Without any provocation, my territory was invaded, and I and my people had to take refuge with the noble King of the Nagas. With your characteristic righteousness, noble Grandfather, you should restore it to me and my people. If Krishna V*aa*sudeva and Balaraama, the noble sons of Vasudeva, come to Pushkar, I must be there to play the host".'

Duryodhana, irritated by the courtly ways of Uddhava, said, his face red with anger: 'Grandfather, this is impertinence.'

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Grandfather did not heed Duryodhana's interruption and turning to Uddhava, asked him: 'Son of Devabhaaga, what message do you bring from King Karkotaka, the Best of Nagas?'

'The Best of Nagas has also sent a similar message: "My son Manimaan, before he goes to the *swayamvara,* would like to join King Chekitaana in receiving the V*aa*sudeva Brothers and bring them to Nagakoot on their way to Kampilya".'

'These are strange messages,' commented the blind King.

'Father, they are commands,' broke in Duryodhana. His blood was boiling at what he considered to be impertinent demands which, but for the decorum required to be observed in the presence of the elders, he would have rejected forthwith.

'It is an insult!' exclaimed Karna in indignation, as his hand unconsciously went again to the sword hanging by his side.

'We will not surrender Pushkar,' said Duryodhana.

Grandfather raised his hand to silence the indignant protests of the youngsters.

'Noble Grandfather, Krishna V*aa*sudeva has also sent word to me to convey to you, Venerable Sir, that the Yadavas are not coming to fight with the Kurus. After halting at Pushkar, we will all go to the *swayamvara* of Draupadi. King Chekitaana is invited; he is also coming with us. So is Manimaan, Prince Karkotaka's son and my brother-in-law. Naturally we do not want a war over Pushkar on the way,' said Uddhava.

Shakuni, with a broadly benevolent smile said, spreading out his fat hands: 'If that is your wish, the best way is to accept our hospitality at Pushkar. The noble King would not like to reject the request of Krishna V*aa*sudeva altogether, inspired as it is by a spirit of friendliness.'

Grandfather looked indulgently at Shakuni and turned to Uddhava, expecting a reply.

'Noble King, there would have been no necessity to send these messages if all that was wanted was mere hospitality,' said Uddhava.

'Then we will have to reject the request of V*aa*sudeva,' said Duryodhana impetuously.

Uddhava turned to the King. 'It is open to you, noble King, to turn down the request. V*aa*sudeva had that possibility in mind and begged you not to do so. Saatyaki, with the Yadava *atirathis,* will already be on the way. King Chekitaana and Prince Manimaan are prepared to cross the Yamuna.'

'Do you threaten the Best of Kurus with war?' asked Duryodhana angrily.

'We do not want a war,' replied Uddhava. 'We want that the Best of Kurus and Grandfather, the defender of *dharma,* should right the wrong done to Chekitaana.'

Duryodhana turned to Grandfather and said: 'Venerable Grandfather, we cannot be dictated to by V*aa*sudeva.' Then turning to Dronaacharya, he added: 'Acharyadeva, let us march to the defence of Pushkar.'

Dronaacharya looked enigmatically at his pupil and said with a smile: 'Duryodhana, you wanted to go to the *swayamvara* for winning the bride.

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So do the Yadavas; so do King Chekitaana and Prince Manimaan. You cannot have a war with the parties going to the *swayamvara* if you want to win the hand of Draupadi,' he added with a paternal smile, but with a sarcastic emphasis.

'I don't care what happens to the *swayamvara*. Chekitaana cannot have Pushkar back under the threats of V*aa*sudeva. We must reject his demands,' concluded Duryodhana, slapping his hand on his thigh.

Dronaacharya said in the authoritative tones of a Guru towards a pupil: 'There is no heroism in winning unrighteously. There is no humiliation in yielding to *dharma*.' The Acharya's face was full of dignity. 'I had already told you that it was wrong to have driven Chekitaana out of Pushkar. It was wrong politically because you converted a friend into a foe. It was wrong militarily, for Pushkar is surrounded by kings who could easily combine to take it over. And now it is unwise to disregard the friendly advice of Krishna V*aa*sudeva, a great hero. He gives us an opportunity not only to right a wrong, but to make a dignified escape from an untenable position. I would humbly request Grandfather to grant the request of V*aa*sudeva.'

'You won't fight?' asked Duryodhana rather rudely.

'You can fight if you want. But I would have nothing to do with it,' said the Acharya coolly. 'I am sure, noble Grandfather is of the same view.'

'What you say is right, Acharya,' said Grandfather, after raising his hand, as was his habit, to call attention to his remark. 'We cannot depart from *dharma*. We cannot go to war for an unrighteous cause. Uddhava, please convey my blessings to noble V*aa*sudeva. Tell him that we will hand over Pushkar to King Chekitaana and even join him in receiving Krishna and Balaraama, the noblest of Yadavas, with due honours. Acharya, you yourself said just now that there should be no war between the Princes going to the *swayamvara*.' Grandfather exchanged a significant glance with Vidura. 'Now that there is going to be no war, please agree to Duryodhana and the other Princes attending the *swayamvara* of Draupadi. Who knows what the great God has in store for us? I feel that, with His blessings, things are going to turn out all right.'

In a momentary flash, Dronaacharya reviewed the situation. It was necessary to teach Duryodhana a lesson. With the Yadava *atirathis* going to the *swayamvara* in such strength, there was no saying that a Kuru Prince would win the bride. Even if Krishna V*aa*sudeva did not accept the bride himself, with Balaraama, the master mace-wielder in the whole of Aryavarta, and Saatyaki and Kritavarma, spoken of as great archers, there was little chance of their doing so. If they fail to win the bride, it would be no humiliation for him, for he had objected to their going to the *swayamvara*.

With Duryodhana as the Crown Prince, the power of the Kurus was sure to decline. Another power was rising. Krishna V*aa*sudeva was acquiring ascendancy over the Kings of Aryavarta. With the Yadavas welded

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into a compact alliance under his leadership, with Jaraasandha bottled up in the east, Drupad pledged to him in friendship, and Bheeshma holding him up as an embodiment of *dharma*, there was no saying how far he would go. And the way he had behaved with him, he deserved to go far. He might end by being an uncrowned *Chakravarti*, in which case nothing would serve his purpose better than to make friends with Krishna Vaasudeva.

He flashed a smile of contempt at Duryodhana, turned to Grandfather respectfully and said: 'If Pushkar is to be handed over to King Chekitaana, and Krishna and Balaraama are to be received with due honours, will the venerable Grandfather permit me to go there and play the host?'

'Certainly you can do so, Acharya,' said Grandfather.

As the Raja-sabha was dispersing, a chamberlain came in. 'Sir, the Most Venerable Mother is free from *puja* now. You can bring Uddhava now,' he said to Vidura.

Vidura exchanged a significant glance with Uddhava. Both of them hurriedly left for the mansion of the Most Venerable Mother. ●●●

The Most Venerable Mother, the grand-mother of Dhritaraashtra, was on her usual seat—the very image of placid dignity which nature gives to those who enjoy beautiful, old age.

With a graceful wave of her hand, she welcomed Uddhava and Vidura. This was the second occasion in his life when Uddhava had the opportunity of meeting this great woman,

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in charm as wonderful in age as she was reputed to be in youth and as benign as the Mother Goddess in the most amiable of her moods.

As he prostrated himself before her, Uddhava's imagination raised vivid pictures of the life of this strange woman, once a fisher-girl, now a divinity, and was overwhelmed by the privilege of having her *darshan*.

'Son of Devabhaaga,' said the Empress in a voice still melodious. 'Are you well? I understand you come from Nagakoot. Are your father-in-law and others all well?'

'They are doing well. The Princesses of King Karkotaka send their humble prostrations and seek the blessings of the Most Venerable Mother,' said Uddhava.

The old face was lit up by a sweet smile. What mysterious power would that smile have been holding, Uddhava thought, when it held sway over the heart of Emperor Shantanu in the years gone by!

'Any news?' she asked significantly.

'Yes, Venerable Mother,' said Uddhava almost in a whisper. 'You must have received my message which I sent you before the rains. The Five Brothers are living in Rakshasavrat, where nobody could find them.'

The Empress looked on all sides to see that no one was within ear-shot and remarked: 'Yes, Vidura told me about it. I am so happy. I wish to see them take their proper place in life. Then I can spend my last days happily.'

'That is why I am here, Venerable Mother,' said Uddhava. 'V*aa*sudeva wishes that they should come out of that terrible Land of the Demons in the month of Margashirsha, about the time the *swayamvara* of Draupadi is held.'

The old Empress smiled again. 'Everyone seems to be anxious to win Drupad's daughter—Duryodhana also, and even Karna and Aswatthaama, I learn. What was decided at the Raja-sabha, Vidura?'

Vidura folded his hands and respectfully said: 'Venerable Mother, they decided that the Princes should accept the invitation of Drupad.'

'How did Drona come to agree to this?' asked the astute Empress.

Vidura laughed. 'It was a surprise indeed. I think he was happy at undoing the mischief that Duryodhana had done by driving out Chekitaana from Pushkar. Perhaps he thought that Duryodhana would never win the bride and learn a lesson.'

'He is a difficult boy to deal with, this Duryodhana of mine. The Great God alone knows how things are going to shape when he rules over Hastinapur. Now, Uddhava, what is the latest news of my sons?' the Empress turned to Uddhava.

'The situation is impossible,' said Uddhava. 'V*aa*sudeva wants them to go to the sw*ayamvara*. He thinks that that would be an appropriate occasion when, in the presence of assembled kings, they could stage a comeback to life. It would be a great opportunity to restore them to their position.'

'Then, what is the difficulty?' asked the Empress. 'They won't come out?'

Uddhava lowered his voice, cast his eyes on all sides of the room to see that no one else was present and said: 'Yudhishthira would not come

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out till the Master gives the word; he says it is his business to tell him what to do. Arjuna wants to come out of Rakshasavrat at once, even if he has to come with us to Dwarka; he is fed up with the life he is leading in the Rakshasavrat, but he would not come out unless all the brothers and Aunt Kunti agree to do so.'

'I know they are wonderful brothers—five flames of the same fire. I have not seen such affection and confidence among brothers in all my life. Dvaipaayana is here; he landed this morning. He might agree to Yudhishthira coming out,' said the Empress.

'But that is not all. Bheema says he would not come out at all, and the others say that they would not come out without him,' said Uddhava.

'But surely he does not want to bury himself in the Land of the Demons?' asked the Empress.

'He is the King of the Rakshasas, Venerable Mother, and now he has a Crown Prince,' said Uddhava.

'What?' asked the Empress in surprise. Even Vidura could not help opening his eyes wide.

'He has got a giant of a son, who, even though he is six months old, roars like a lion. Bheema claims that he himself is the first descendant of Emperor Bharat who won a kingdom without the help of his ancestors and has a son who is the eldest heir to the glory of the Bharatas,' said Uddhava.

The Venerable Mother's face dissolved into a broad smile. 'Yes, it is true. He would be the heir-apparent to the empire of Hastinapura. Come day. Why does not Bheema bring him here?'

'The Queen of the Rakshasas, Hidamb*aa*, would not part with her son.'

'Then bring her also, though Bheema would have been the first Bharat who would have married a Rakshasi. I hope she is not in the habit of eating men,' said the Empress.

'King Vrikodara—that is what Bheema is called there—Mother, has issued an edict that no Rakshasa should eat human flesh, and Hidamb*aa*, like a loyal wife, has given up eating it, though I am afraid sometimes she feels like doing it. But the situation revolves round Gatotkacha,' said Uddhava.

'Gatotkacha! What a name!' exclaimed the Empress.

'Yes, that is the name of Bheema's son,' replied Uddhava.

'But why Gatotkacha?' she asked, unable to restrain her impulse to laugh at the funny name.

'The Rakshasas call him Virochana. Bheema has named him Gatotkacha, because he is as hairless as the bottom of an earthen pot', replied Uddhava, joining in the laughter. 'But the boy has created immense difficulties. Hidamb*aa* will not leave her people. Her people will not allow her to leave. She will not allow Gatotkacha to be taken from her. Bheema will not leave the boy behind. The Brothers would not leave without Bheema. And we do not know what to do. V*aa*sudeva has sent me a message that I should see that the Five Brothers come to the *swayamvara* without anyone knowing it. How can I achieve the impossible? That is why I came to you, Venerable Mother.'

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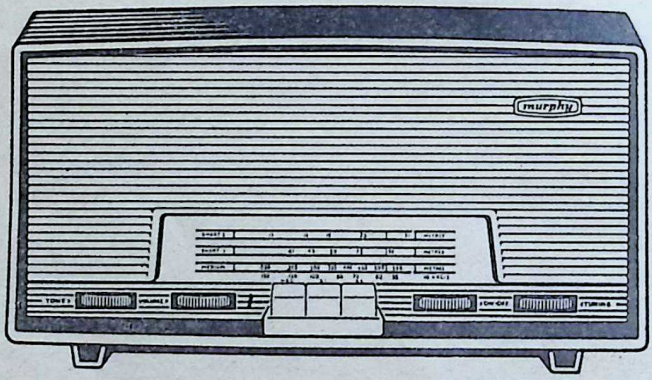

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The Empress thought for a little while. 'This is a difficult position indeed. Vidura, can't you go and persuade them?'

'It is beyond me, Mother,' replied Vidura. 'I can persuade everyone else in the world except Bheema once he is in an obstinate mood.'

The Venerable Mother placed her wrinkled though shapely hand on her brow, as if she had suddenly seen light. 'I now see it. That is why Dvaipaayana unexpectedly arrived this morning. When I heard that he had arrived, I was sure that something important was going to happen. He turns up every time we need him', said the Empress, her face glowing with maternal pride. 'Do you know, Uddhava, that Dvaipaayana is great as a Sage, but greater as son? I do not know what I would have done but for him. Vidura, will you go and see whether he has finished his midday *sandhya?* If he as, will you ask him to come up?'

Vidura left and the Empress began to enquire Uddhava about what was happening in Nagakoot. ●●●

A heavy step and a hearty laugh were heard. Uddhava rose from his seat with joined hands as Veda Vyas came, his broad face beaming with an affectionate smile. In spite of his heavy body, the Master prostrated himself before his mother, took the dust off her feet and applied it to his eyes.

The Empress patted the magnificent, snow-white head of the Sage as if she was patting the head of a small child.

'Mother, are you doing well?' asked the octogenarian son.

'As well as a very old woman can be,' said the Empress and smiled. 'I need you badly, Krishna.'

The Sage smiled broadly in response. 'I somehow knew that you would want me at this time here.'

'How did you know it, son?'

'I do not know how. But an insistent voice in me—the Great God's perhaps—told: "Go to Mother" and I obeyed. Perhaps your unexpressed wish comes in the form of His mandate.'

'My son, we are facing a very difficult position. You know the Five Brothers are living in hiding in Rakshasavrat. Bheema seems to have become the King of the Rakshasas and married a Rakshasi. He has also got a son. Now Krishna V*aa*sudeva wants them to come out. He thinks the appropriate time to re-appear in life would be the *swayamvara* of Draupadi. But Bheema would not leave Rakshasavrat, and so the others, as you can easily imagine, would not think of leaving without him.'

'Why?' asked the Master.

'Things are all tied up, Krishna. Bheema would not leave his son behind him. The Rakshasi—what is her name, Uddhava?—could not part with her son and she would not come away with her husband. What is to be done?' asked the Empress.

'Mother, she is perfectly right,' said the Master quietly. 'You have not lived among the Rakshasas as I have. She will find our ways—or rather the way in which we live—rather unnatural. She would immediately wither away if she came to live with us.'

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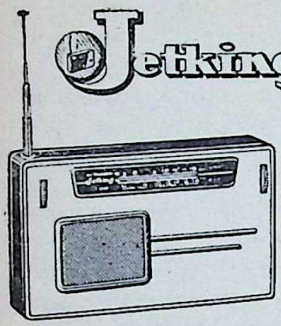

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'Then, how can you get the Five Brothers to come out? Perhaps such an opportunity for their re-appearance would never recur,' said the Empress.

'If the mother does not give up her son to the father, the father has to sacrifice his son for his duty. Remember, *dharma* is tied up with the triumph of the Five Brothers,' said the Master. 'Perhaps it is best even for the boy to be with his mother. Unlike your son, he may not prefer to go with his father,' he added and laughed loudly, as he reminded his mother how she had parted with him when he was an infant to his father, Sage Parashara.

'And I was right and the Rakshasi is wrong,' replied the Empress, as the memory of that unhappy moment crossed her mind when she had handed over little Krishna Dvaipaayana to Muni Parashara. 'A child's place is with its father. That is the only way to keep up the ways of a righteous family. I would have never deprived you of your father .....'

'..... Unless you happened to be a Rakshasi', said the Master and again laughed heartily. 'A Rakshasi would sacrifice her husband and if need be, devour her child too.'

'Don't tell me that there are such demons, Krishna', said the Empress. 'But what has to be done about Bheema? Once he makes up his mind, he is as obstinate as he alone can be. Krishna, my son, suppose you go to Rakshasavrat yourself and meet them. You will be able to persuade him, I am sure.'

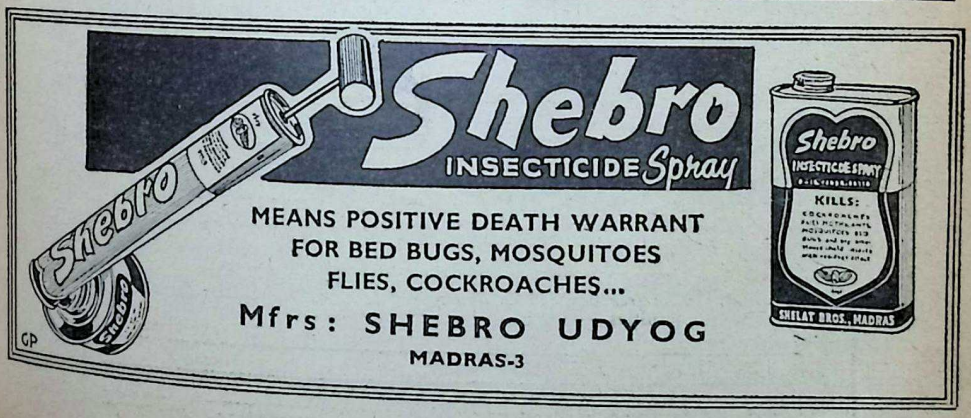
The Sage laughed—for his age, a very boyish smile. 'I know why I was wanted here—to untie yet another knot. Yes, I will go. They are my children and your wishes are commands, Mother.'

'My son, you are such a comfort,' said the Empress and her smile was proud.

[*To be continued*]

Trust a man with work who has love, wisdom, a clear vision and lack of desire to possess.

—Tirukkural.



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Creative thinking IN MODERN INDIA

R. R. DIWAKAR

THERE are, no doubt, a few people who are willing to accept the view that there is enough creative thinking in modern India. But we generally come across two superstitions, namely, that there is no creative thinking in modern India and that it stopped somewhere in the 16th or 17th century; that Indians are either repeating, revising, reviving, or interpreting old thought and action or imitating and adopting blindly western thought and culture.

There is some truth in both these superstitions and they are therefore more dangerous than if they had no substance of truth in them. The above ideas are disastrous since they have assumed the dimensions of superstitions. You know that the essence of a superstition is that it is believed blindly and without thinking.

These superstitions have come into being for various reasons. Some may be mentioned here briefly. As it happens in the case of individuals as of nations and peoples, a strange wave of inferiority complex has been affecting the Indian mind for some centuries. Being humbled, conquered, and enslaved long ago in the political field, the inferiority complex spread to other spheres of life and India lost the initiative and began to feel that it had almost lost its soul.

In the early centuries and previous to the Christian era, India had successfully beat back the Persians, the Greeks, the Huns, from its frontiers, though it always kept the door open for cultural exchanges. Internally the Indian nation had to contend within its own borders against forces of political disruption and ultimately dynastic and regional ambitions predominated. They became so powerful and mutually destructive that the sense of political unity and national integration was lost beyond repairs. But culturally, somehow, integration continued with all vigour and vitality though indigenous and local strains of thought and culture and ways of life such as Buddhism, Jainism and others sometimes held sway. But ul-

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The Author

timately the dominant impress of Sanatana Dharma founded on the broad and comprehensive spiritual base of the Vedas, Upanishads, and the *Gita* triumphed. The social and economic structure though out of date today grew along on account of sociological and other reasons and was dovetailed into the web of Indian life and culture. It served a conservative purpose for centuries but has now become a burden and an obstacle in the way of democratic growth, single-minded vigorous functioning as a society which knows its own mind, and is hampering all rapid progress.

As we have to deal with modern India and its thinkers, I need not go into the details of what happened between the periods of Moslem invasions followed by centuries of Muslim rule, and the advent of Western powers. The aggressively assertive and the dogmatically militant Moslem invaders and rulers, with a few exceptions, established in India not merely political governance but took the opportunity to promote cultural predominance through encouragement to religious conversion by means which were often different from spiritual. Indians who had lost confidence in themselves on account of loss of independence, and on account of their somewhat vulnerable social and religious structure had no remedy against the new attack. No doubt, India in its religious and social approach is assimilative rather than convertive, adaptive rather than aggressive, exclusive instead of inclusive. But non-aggressiveness when it degenerates into non-protectiveness, adaptiveness into surrender, and exclusiveness into losing all, it becomes a pitiable spectacle. One need not dwell here as to how all this led to the promotion of the two-nation theory and the creation of Pakistan. By the time of the advent of Western powers in India, the Moslem as well as other rulers had wholly lost the vision of nationhood and even if some had it, there was no atmosphere to promote it and marshal together a united front against the Westerners. Disunity, mutual jealousy was the rule. The Westerner came with superior insight into the situation, better organising power, more disciplined army equipped with modern weapons and he had his prize—India! To add to all this the West had stolen a march on the East in science and technology in which the East is yet a distant straggler. Thus in politics, in military art, in industry and commerce, in science and tech-

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nology, the British who proved superior to other Western adventurers, became masters of the Indian peninsula. Neither Hindu nor Moslem, neither Sikh nor Maratha, could make any effective stand against the British. Apart from politics, the British had their own ways of further strengthening the inferiority complex which had already taken hold of India and all fell a prey to it.

One more factor has added to the hypnosis created by all that has been described above. Even original and creative Indian thinkers have tried to lean upon tradition and derive their ideas from the ancient texts. Seemingly therefore they try only to interpret the old and not to state the new. The reason is twofold: the texts are so fundamental and broad at their base that they can be said to support even new ideas for centuries to come; there is always an advantage in saying that what one says is derived from what has already been said, because then it gets the support of tradition.

I have stated that there are two superstitions, with some truth in them, and have hinted at the reasons for them. But now we have to see and know and understand creative thinking in modern India.

The history of modern India for our purposes may be said to begin after the British impact started telling on the Indian mind. Similarly, creative thinking can be described negatively as that thinking which is not merely mechanical or logical or derivative: which is not merely revivalist or repetitive or explanatory; which is not only borrowed or imitative. Creative thinking is that kind of thinking which is original and fresh, which makes an impact on current thinking and gives it a new orientation. It cannot usually be deduced by logic beforehand, but may be explainable later. It is not easy to foretell or foresee original or creative thinking. It has something unpredictable about it. It is like a new seed which sprouts and develops into chains of fresh thinking. It is not sterile or unproductive like repetitive or imitative thinking.

A panoramic view of the history and culture of India, in spite of its varied and sometimes calamitous vicissitudes, presents a picture which is equally rich in composition, depth and colour. It is like the Himalayas, with all its stark and rocky heights and deep valleys, it stands majestically against the sky with snow-clad peaks aspiring to kiss the heavens and be one with them. The Indian mind has been soaring and sojourning for the last few thousand years between the earth and the heavens; sometimes it loses itself in the hazy heavens; but always returns to the earth to enrich it with the experience of the breath of infinity and eternity. Those who choose to look at India in patches may well be misled by brightness here and darkness there. But the story of the Indian people and their guiding genius does not lend itself to that kind of scrappy treatment. It has an unbroken continuity and the virile tunes of the Vedic Riks such as *"Krinwanto Vishwamaryam"*; the calls for social integration such as *Sangachhadwam Samvadadhwam*; the penetrating insight reflected in *man-*

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Yo Hanti Sadvipra Bahudha

Vadanti still reverberate through the hills and dales of India. They still evoke an unprecedented response in the Indian heart.

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India has a vitality which has defied and withstood innumerable internal conflicts and external onslaughts on every aspect of its life and culture. Yet it has emerged successfully from all of them, changing here and there, losing as well as gaining but surviving bravely without losing anything that is fundamental.

India does not only live continuously but is also vital. It is not only vital but is creative. It responds to the new challenges and is giving new thoughts and is evolving new techniques and ways of life, not only for herself but perhaps for the whole of humanity. A time has at last come, thanks to science and technology, that no longer can individuals or groups or nations live for themselves exclusively. They have to belong irrevocably to the family of man.

It is only with this perspective and in this context that we can fully understand the significance of what Will Durant has said in the opening remarks on India in his *Our Oriental Heritage*.

"Here is a vast peninsula of nearly two million square miles; two-thirds as large as the United States, and twenty times the size of its master, Great Britain; 320,000,000 souls, more than in all North and South America combined or one-fifth of the population of the earth; an impressive continuity of development and civilization from Mohenjo-daro, 2900 B.C. or earlier, to Gandhi, Raman, and Tagore; faiths compassing every stage from barbarous idolatry to the most subtle and spiritual pantheism; philosophers playing a thousand variations on one monistic theme from the *Upanishads* eight centuries before Christ to Shankara eight centuries after him; scientists developing astronomy three thousand years ago, and winning Nobel prizes in our own time; a democratic constitution of untraceable antiquity in the villages, and wise and beneficent rulers like Asoka and Akbar in the capitals; minstrels singing great epics almost as old as Homer, and poets holding world audiences today; artists raising gigantic temples for Hindu gods from Tibet to Ceylon and from Cambodia to Java, or carving perfect palaces by the score for Mogul kings and queens—this is the India that patient scholarship is now opening up, like a new intellectual continent, to that Western mind which only yesterday thought civilization an exclusively European thing."

It is also with this same view that Dr. Radhakrishnan, our philosopher-statesman, has characterised Hinduism as "a movement" and not a mere ritualistic and doctrinal religion. It is a system of culture and a Sadhana for liberation of the human spirit which finds itself overwhelmed and imprisoned by the house of flesh and blood which it has built. It is a living and an aspiring spirit that guides the movement and takes the human soul from step to step till it has made its own the highest attainment it is capable of in this cycle of existence.

It would be wrong to say that whatever had to be said has been once for all said by the Vedas and Upanishads and other texts. Swami Vivekananda rightly said that Veda is knowledge. It is as infinite as Reality itself. Every age, every step in social change and evolution, every advance in science and technology invokes new knowledge. In fact, they all call for a new synthesis. The synthesis which is required today is that between science and spirituality,

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between spirituality and materiality, between individual and society, between nation and the family of nations, between the East and the West, between violence in nature and non-violence in man, between elemental emotions and reason, between heaven and earth.

India by its tradition and its highly spiritual approach can contribute the highest to the desired synthesis. It is in this direction that modern Indian thinkers since the days of Raja Ram Mohan Roy have tried to contribute by original thinking and have added something to the sum total of efforts by man in various countries.

However, if India is to succeed in this supreme effort of synthesis, it must endeavour to realise in experience on all levels, the basic and seminal synthesis of the Spirit and its Manifestation. Somehow the idea persists that the spirit is prior and therefore superior and its manifestation is secondary, and therefore, inferior. The lesson which the invocatory *mantra* of *Isha Upanishad*, *"Aum Poornamadah"* carries in it has been lost sight of. It is now necessary to shatter the shell of the orthodox idea that Brahman or Paramatman is only transcendental or spiritual, and that at some moment in time it began manifesting itself; that spirit and its material manifestation have separate existences; that escape from matter and identification with the spirit is the *summum bonum* of human endeavour. It is now necessary to realise that the highest Reality is at once and without any doubt transcendent and immanent, that there is continuity, eternity, and simultaneity in Being and Becoming, in fact Reality is Being-Becoming at one and the same time, without intermission and break. *Nivritti* and *Pravritti* are inseparable counterparts of the same movement like inhaling and exhaling. Neither the one nor the other is superior or inferior. Our wrong and lop-sided ideas and judgements in this matter are influenced by the weakness which is inherent in our life (*Prana*) in the present stage of our evolution. We are on the way to transcend the same and rise superior to it.

Now let me revert to the examples of creative thinking by some Indians in recent times. It is obvious that only a few examples can be given here.

I am happy to note here that Bengal has been the first in modern times to give India a lead in creative thinking. It is true that the three great Acharyas, Shankara, Ramanuja and Madhva, all come from the South of India. It is also significant that Dr. Radhakrishnan who has qualified himself as an Acharya by writing cogent and masterly English commentaries on the Prasthana-Trayi (The Upanishads, the Brahmasutras and the Gita) comes from the South. But the honour of ushering in the Renaissance in India goes to Bengal. Raja Ram Mohan Roy is aptly called the Father of the Indian Renaissance. He harked back the English-educated Indian mind from the easy and attractive temptations of the zealous Christian missionaries and pointed out the basic truths in the Vedas in a new light. Maharshi Devendranath and others proved

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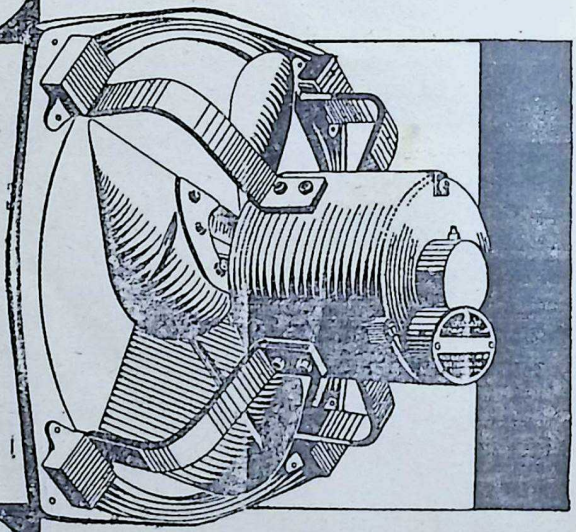

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once again the richness and depth of Upanishadic teaching which could satisfy the most earnest religious seekers. The model adopted however was not wholly indigenous and Brahmoism remained a catalytic agent instead of becoming a mass movement.

It was reserved for Sri Paramahamsa Ramakrishna, the unlettered school-master, to initiate a new era in Indian spiritual life. In the hagiology of the world and in the whole history of mysticism, there is not a single example of the Sadhak or devotee going through the Sadhana of several religious modes and attaining perfection in them. As if this was not enough, Ramakrishna went through the Sadhana of the woman devotee, Radha, and for six months he identified himself with her. We have yet to find another person whose consciousness was wax in the hands of its owner and who could mould it like a master-artist. He has proved that not merely *Sarva Dharma Samabhava,* but *Sarva Dharma Samanvaya* is possible and practical.

He was a seer too. He held back Vivekananda from entering into Nirvikalpa Samadhi. He foretold him that he had a mission to carry out. And so it happened. His consort Sharadamani from a simple rustic girl was transformed into the Mother of the Ashram. Ramakrishna raised her from the level of carnality to spirituality to the extent of being able to initiate others to spiritual life.

This trio, therefore, could be said to be the new living fountainhead of modern spiritual life among the educated as well as the uneducated. It has given a generating centre which has given new meaning to Sannyas and a fresh task for Sannyasins of rejuvenation of the spirit through faith and service. I can quote here a few names of those who have thought and acted creatively in modern times. It would be impossible however to characterise fully the creative element in each one of them and to assess the impact of that creativity on our thinking and lives. Perhaps it is too early to do so in most cases. The names I am quoting are, of course, not exhaustive and in this vast country where the art of writing modern types of biographies has not yet developed, it is difficult to have access to all the great minds which have thought and acted creatively in several spheres and regions.

If Ramakrishna was an example of manifesting the highest apex as well as control of human consciousness, Jagdish Bose engaged himself in bridging the gulf between matter, life, and mind through the study of the thread of consciousness in its most rudimentary manifestation. That was a new orientation and its consequences are far-reaching. C.V. Raman of Bangalore whose genius was recognised by the bestowal of the Nobel Prize is still more busy discovering the mystery of crystals, light, and the human eye.

Lokmanya Tilak who may be said to have dominated the political scene for about fifteen years was a remarkable person. But while he was busy playing the game of patriotic politics in the style of a democratic leader, his mind was working in an original way on the age of

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the Vedas and the kinship of the Vedas with the Chaldean sacred texts. His interpretation of the *Gita* as the gospel of Karmayoga *par excellence*, is a distinct landmark in the thinking of the modern mind.

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Gandhiji was an original thinker in many ways and above all, his actions gave his thinking an authority and effectiveness which can rarely be equalled. The impact of his thoughts and interpretation of the old words *Satya* and *Ahimsa* and the new words of *Satyagraha* and *Sarvodaya* have opened new avenues in individual and social living and social change. In South Africa, in Britain, and in the United States, his teaching and example are being followed in fighting apartheid, nuclear weapons and Negro segregation respectively.

Tagore's perhaps was the first clear voice against the evils of extreme and blind nationalism. His contribution to literary creation need not be mentioned as it is too well known and too original to be forgotten for centuries to come.

Many friends often ask me as to whether Sri Aurobindo was a dualist or a monist, a Bhaktiyogi, Karmayogi or a Jnanayogi, a philosopher or a mystic, a patriot or a philosopher. These questions show how reluctant the common mind is to leave the old ruts of thought. Creative thinking of Sri Aurobindo is not confined to one or two fields. It is comprehensive. India to him was the Mother to whom everything was to be surrendered. Independence to him was but a stage in the fulfilment of the great destiny which awaited India. Not this Yoga or that Yoga but Integral Yoga was his gospel. He had his fingers on the pulse of the evolution of humanity to the next cycle of life and called upon man to consciously take part in it. As Chittranjan Das predicted in his famous oration in defence of Sri Aurobindo at the Alipore Bomb Case trial, what the latter has said and written is being read and re-read in this and other countries as reflecting a new vision and a new light.

Sri Swami Kuvalayanand of Lonavla has struck a new line in Yoga—he is studying not merely physical, but the nervous, endocrinal, and brain changes and reactions during yogic exercises. The results will throw scientific light on the claims and mysteries of Yoga.

J. Krishnamurty has quite a new way of presenting his experiences of living. His three volumes on *Commentaries on Living* throw light on how to solve problems which confront us. Out of the commentaries rises his new philosophy like cream from churned milk.

Sri Ramana Maharshi, Kavyakantha Vasishtha Ganapati Shastri, Kapali Sastry are names to conjure with. Brahmashri Daivarat of Gokarn is known for his *Chanddodarshan*, inspired composition of 424 new Riks on which his Guru Vasishtha Ganapati Shastri has written elucidative commentaries.

I have given these few examples and I hope they can convince anybody as to how Mother India has not gone barren nor has God become bankrupt. Nature is said to abhor vacuum. So does the Indian mind abhor all that is merely mechanical and sterile and imitative, and always looks forward to all that is new and creative.

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SANSKRIT and THE THREE-LANGUAGE FORMULA

N. H. BHAGWATI
Vice-Chancellor, Banaras Hindu University

THE Central Sanskrit Commission, the Central Board of Sanskrit and the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad have made all efforts to resuscitate the traditional Sanskrit learning and considerable progress has been achieved by the re-establishment of traditional education in the Pathshalas as also by invigorating Prathama, Madhyama and the Acharya, Shastri and other examinations at all stages.

This effort, however colossal it may be, is not enough to inculcate the importance of studying Sanskrit in the public mind. The traditional learning of Sanskrit can only be adopted by a very small proportion of the population. All our religion, culture and heritage is enshrined in the Sanskrit language and in order that the citizen in general, imbibes a true love for them, it is necessary that he should be familiar with the Sanskrit language. Any system of education which ignores this essential prerequisite fails to attain the desired objective and requires to be reoriented.

I well remember my student days when, from the 4th standard in the High School, we had Sanskrit as one of the second languages. We studied Sanskrit right up to the matriculation

The Author

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and there was a paper in Sanskrit which we appeared in; the person who topped the list being awarded the Jagannath Sankarseth Scholarship. In the College also, in the Previous and in the Inter Arts, we had a paper in Sanskrit and we studied some of the advanced dramas of Kalidasa, Bhasa, etc. This was followed by the Sanskrit Honours course where we in addition to a few compulsory papers in English, studied Sanskrit by and large, in its further stages studying the Vedas, the *Bhagavad Gita,* the Brahmasutras, etc., the most successful student at the examination bagging the Bhau Daji prize. There was a similar specialisation in Sanskrit for the M.A. course and a first class M. A. with Sanskrit was an asset to any College or teaching institute. This education in Sanskrit was not necessarily all-pervading but it touched a number of students who cultivated their love for Sanskrit and acquired such proficiency therein that they maintained the same throughout their life.

This was, however, not enough. The familiarity with Sanskrit language which is an essential requirement for cultivating acquaintance with our religion, culture and heritage could not be imparted in general by this system of education nor can it be done by any specialisation which could be possibly had in the secondary education or in Universities in our country. The Central Sanskrit Commission, knowing fully well that the mother-tongue, English and Hindi will be the three languages which would require to be studied by any school-going child in India recommended that Sanskrit should be the fourth language to be compulsorily taught in the various stages of education. This question bristled with difficulties and several educationists wondered whether knowledge of four languages should be made compulsory for a student in India, thus imposing a very great burden upon him in his educational career. In so far as most of our Indian languages have derived their existence from Sanskrit and Hindi also is more or less a tributary of Sanskrit, it might have been thought that the making of Sanskrit a compulsory language for study would not have imposed such a heavy burden on the student population in India. I, however, intend to steer clear of these controversial questions and leave the solution thereof to the educationists who abound in our realm. My immediate objective is to point out in fact how Sanskrit can be easily and properly adjusted within the three-language formula. This formula was evolved by the Central Ministers' Conference, by the National Integration Conference and by the National Integration Council. It seems to have found favour with a large part of our countrymen. The formula means that besides studying his mother-tongue, a student should study English as well as Hindi, English because it is a common link-language as also the repository of all knowledge in sciences, technology and otherwise and Hindi because it is the official language of our Union and it is also a common link-language between the various States constituting Bharat. This may be all right where the mother-tongue of a student is other

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than Hindi. Where, however, the mother-tongue is Hindi, it would only mean that the student will have to learn two languages. Hindi and English and therefore, a third language has to be thrown in. One would have expected that this third language would be Sanskrit, having regard to the various considerations which we have urged above. The consideration of this aspect of the question, however, has not been done without importing any extraneous considerations, and political considerations have biassed the recommendations of not only the politicians but also the educationists of our country. The antipathy of the southern regions to the imposition of Hindi has been well-known and there has been a lot of political agitation in this regard. In order to placate the southern regions, the politicians as well as educationists have, in the case of Hindi-speaking areas, where a student's mother-tongue would be Hindi, recommended that in order to induce the people of the southern regions to adopt Hindi as one of the three languages to be learnt the students of Hindi-speaking areas, should, by way of a gesture, learn Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam or Kanarese as one of the languages, thus studying three languages, namely, Hindi, English, and Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam or Kanarese as the case may be. Live and let live is no doubt a very sound policy and peaceful co-existence is necessarily, a corollary of it, but trying to do something with a view to placate the recalcitrant elements instead of persuading them and making them see the right thing is something quite different. The protagonists of the three-language formula even now should come to the conclusion that Sanskrit should be the third language in the case of Hindi-speaking areas and the students in the Hindi-speaking areas, should, in following the three-language formula adopt Hindi, English and Sanskrit as the three languages to be learnt by themselves at all stages of education and a great fillip would be given to the study of Sanskrit in our land. There is no doubt a section of opinion in our country which sponsor Sanskrit as the official language of India, but having regard to all the circumstances, this appears to be out of bounds of practical politics. As a proper alternative to the same, we could introduce Sanskrit as one of the three languages, as part of the three-language formula to be compulsorily taught to the students of all Hindi-speaking areas and achieve considerable progress in the achievement of the desired goal. If these efforts materialise, they would, along with the efforts of the Central Board of Sanskrit Education and the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad in cultivating the traditional learning in Sanskrit, go a long way towards keeping us Indians familiar with the language in which all our religion, culture and heritage are enshrined. May we hope that the politicians and the educationists concerned will see the utility of adopting this formula and will carry out though not wholly, at least in some part, the recommendations of the Central Sanskrit Commission!

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LYRICAL PRAYERS IN HINDI LITERATURE

Dr. R. D. RANADE

WHEN we talk of lyrical prayers in Hindi literature, we cannot have any other idea in our mind except that of Surdas, who is the greatest Hindi lyrical poet. In one very famous poem—

अबकी राखि लेहु भगवान,

Surdas gives us a Saint's prayer to God to guard him from evils coming from opposite sides. He takes the illustration of a sparrow on a tree being shot by a huntsman from below, and pounced upon by a hawk from above:

दोउ भाँति दुख भयो कृपानिधि

In such a pathetic situation, the sparrow lifts herself emotionally towards God and prays to Him to protect her from the opposing evils. In a Marathi poem also there is a good reference to this story:

पिपीलिकारूपें हरि प्रगटला
अवचित डंखला पारध्यासी
बाण पारध्याचा लागे ससाण्यासी
....
बाण लागताचि गतप्राण झाला
रक्षितो भक्ताला येणें परी

Now, in this poem, the author brings in only a 'Pipilika' or an ant, which is capable of stinging the huntsman and making him shoot off the mark, but not capable of killing him. Surdas has thought better. He has brought in a serpent. The serpent stings the huntsman, and the arrow, which was originally aimed at the sparrow, hits the hawk. And so the huntsman dies on account of the serpent's bite, and the hawk dies

From the author's *Pathway to God in Hindi Literature*, *Bhavan's Publication.*

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on account of the huntsman's arrow. So both these opposite evils destroy each other by the Grace of God!

In this connection, I am reminded of a famous Sanskrit verse which runs thus:

कान्तं वक्ति कपोतिकाऽऽकुलतया नाथान्तकालोऽधुना
व्याधोऽधोध्दतचापसज्जितशरः श्येनः परिभ्राम्यति।
इत्थं सत्यहिना स दष्ट इषुणा श्येनोऽप्यधः पातितः
तूर्णं तौ हि यमालयं प्रति गतौ दैवी विचित्रा गतिः॥

Here also the author brings in a serpent. Surdas has followed him, and it was due to the Grace and protection of God that the sparrow was saved from both the huntsman and the hawk.

In this way, whenever we find ourselves in a critical situation we should lift our minds towards God, throw ourselves upon His mercy, and pray to Him to protect us from opposing evils.

The present writer is reminded of the position in which India was in the year 1942 during the last Great War. On the one side the Japanese had already bombed Calcutta and other Indian stations, on the other side the Germans and the Italians, with their conquests in Egypt and near the Caucasus, were intending to descend into India. India was caught between the devil and the deep sea, the Japanese on one side and the Germans and Italians on the other. But the cry of the devotees of India was heard by God, and India like the sparrow was saved

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from an intensely critical situation by the Grace of God.

Let us now take another lyric from Surdas, which has been very much in vogue as sung to the accompaniment of the lyre. Though there is not much of metaphysical thought in it, still there is very intense devotion. The poem in question, namely,

मेरो मन अनत कहाँ सुख पावे

is an illustration of *Aikantika Bhakti.*

A sparrow on a barge in mid-ocean; when the tempest is raging high and the night is falling, and when there is no other place to go to, addresses the ship thus: "Thou art my sole resort, O my Barge." Even so the devotee regards God as his only Barge, on whom he is to rely and in whom he is to rest. There is no other place to go to. Where could the sparrow go in the midst of the ocean? Wherever she casts her eye, she finds only high seas and mountainous billows. Similarly, in the tempestuous sea of life, the only resort for us is God.

Surdas further says, following his usual method of analogies and similes, the one God to whom we should send our heart-felt prayer is far above all other petty deities, just as the Ganga is above all rivers, or the lotus above all brambles. There is no use milking a she-goat when we have a wish-cow; similarly, why should we dissipate our energies for nothing? Let us concentrate our mind on the one omnipotent God, who is capable of taking away all our evils under all circumstances.

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song in the Surdasian manner, in which the use of words is fully worthy of the thoughts it contains:

नैनहीन को राह दिखा प्रभु

The situation is like this: Surdas is a typically blind man, who very often talks about the experiences of blind men. A blind man is described in this poem as climbing a very difficult hill. There are deep ravines below, and one false step would mean instant annihilation. The blind man has to rise to the city of God, which, in the manner of Bunyan, is situated on the top of a hill. He implores God to help him and lead him on the upward path by taking him by the hand, so that the light inside him might be ignited. By that light, he may be able to traverse the darkness and ascend to the city of God.

The significance of the initial song in *Sursagar* is great—

आँधे को सब कछु दरसाई

It is God's great omnipotence which has made a blind man see things, which are not accessible to the vision of ordinary men. It was said about Homer and Milton, that they wrote poems about heaven when they could not see things even on earth, both being blind men. Even so Surdas. He was physically blind, but from the inside, he had the vision of a great seer. Hence there was nothing very impossible for him by way of the apprehension of God.

After these prayers, which contain the essence of the lyrical devotion of Surdas, let us pass on to two other prayers, one from a female devotee and the other from a male devotee, both in the pure Braja style.

As might be seen by the contrast between the two poems, the female devotee sings in devotional and pathetic terms and is prepared to leave away everything for the sake of God, while the male devotee speaks in bold and self-respectful terms and is prepared even to die for God.

Let us see, in the first place, what the female devotee says. We shall here give a free translation of the poem. "I shall leave the house and leave the forest. I shall leave cities and citizens. I shall even leave the parapet near the famous 'Banshibat' (बंशीबट). I shall be afraid of nobody. I shall be prepared to leave my body. But tell me, how would it be possible for me to leave my love? I shall duly discharge my regal duties with full ceremony. People have lost their sense, and accuse me of having lost mine. I shall prevent nobody from calling me a fool if he likes. I shall bid good-bye to all talkers and listeners. I shall leave my father and my brother; and, forsooth, my very mother. But how will it be possible for me to leave Lord Krishna?" This is her *Aikantika Bhakti* towards God.

Let us see what the male devotee says. He is prepared to brave all dangers for the sake of God. In a famous song—

तौक पहिरावौ, पाँव बेडी लै भरावौ

the devotee says, "Put an iron ring round my neck, or imprison me in heavy chains. Fasten strong ropes round my body, or flay me alive if you please. Administer poison to me, and then pierce a dagger in my

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heart. Drown me in mid-stream under a heavy load of stones. Make me sleep on a bed of scorpions, or burn me alive by setting fire to my garments. Throw me down from a precipice, or make a dark cobra inject its poison into me. You may do all these things; but you cannot take away my love towards Girdhari,—the darling of Nand."

We now come to the verse of Bahiro. This verse is an embodiment of complete resignation to the will of God:

इतनी कृपा हो स्वामी जब प्राण तन से निकले।

The devotee throws himself altogether into the hands of God. "Make me, or mar me as you please," he says. The song is composed by a poet not much known to fame; but the ideas it contains are very well worthy of our consideration. Bahiro is imagining here what ought to be his prayer to God, when he is leaving his body. He says there are five alternatives possible. "In the first place, I want a sort of रटनमुक्ति, he says—

श्रीकृष्ण कृष्ण कह कर, मेरी जान तन से निकले।

"Let me say Krishna, Krishna, and die in God." This is what we have called रटनमुक्ति which belongs to a Bhakta of the type of Narada, and is analogous to what we might call स्मरणमुक्ति.

ओमित्येकाक्षरं ब्रह्म व्याहरन्मामनुस्मरन्।
यः प्रयाति त्यजन् देहं स याति परमां गतिम्॥

says the *Bhagavad Gita*. The second type of liberation may be called निकटमुक्ति.

जब साँवरो निकट हो
तब प्राण तन से निकले।

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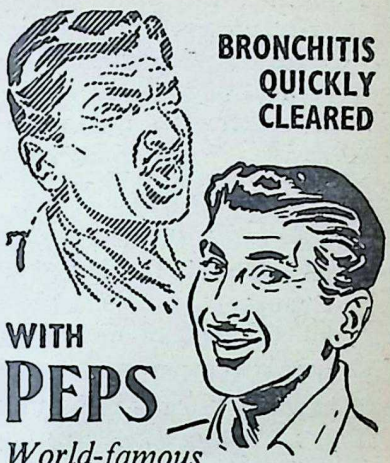
says Bahiro. "To be in the proximity of God, to be in His presence while dying, constitutes the second kind of absolution. This is somewhat like Madhvacharya's doctrine of liberation, namely, सामीप्य. Proximity in one sense means proximity before death, and proximity in the other means proximity after death. Then another kind of alternative he suggests is that of अन्तर्भावमुक्ति.

चित्त में जो तू अड़ा हो
तब प्राण तन से निकले।

"Let me die," says Bahiro, "when Thou art absolutely caught up inside my mind." We know how Ramanuja laid great stress on the conception of अंतर्यामिन्, and his doctrine of liberation was that of सारूप्य. .To be like God, not to be simply in His presence or to be near Him, but to be exactly like Him, was what Ramanuja demanded.

'निरञ्जन: परमं साम्यमुपैति'

says the Upanishad. After this we come to the fourth type, namely, आत्मदर्शनमुक्ति. Says Bahiro, "Let God give me His vision (आपहि दरस दिखावे) with ringing of His anklets (नूपुर की धुन सुनाना), and let me die in that vision and audition, being fully absorbed in God so that there might be no distinction between myself and God." This is like the सायुज्यमुक्ति of Sankaracharya. "यथा नद्यः स्यन्दमानाः समुद्रेऽस्तं गच्छन्ति नामरूपे विहाय," says the Upanishad. This kind of मुक्ति could also well be seen in the *Bhagavad Gita* which says यत्र चैवात्मनात्मानं पश्यन्नात्मनि तुष्यति, or in Patanjali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when he says, तदा द्रष्टुः स्वरूपेऽवस्थानम्.

So, uttering the name of God feeling His presence near himself, experiencing His immanence in the mind, or realising his identity with God, the seeker goes on to the last Mukti, namely, शरणगमनमुक्ति.

जब हो तुम्हारी मर्जी
तब प्राण तनसे निकले।

says Bahiro. This is the Mukti which Krishna taught to Arjuna in the Eighteenth chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, सर्वधर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज।

We have to "surrender" ourselves to God. Self-surrender, according to the author of the poem, is the highest type of Mukti. In modern times, we know Sri Aurobindo Ghosh made "surrender" the chief plank of his Integral Yogic Philosophy. In ancient times, specially in Christ, we find that there is an unmistakable evidence of this type of liberation. Let us carry our minds back to the books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and we shall find how, on the night previous to the day of his crucifixion, in the garden of Gethsemane, when he was experiencing great agony of soul, Jesus Christ prayed "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done;" also how, when, on the next day, he was experiencing great agony on the Cross, he exclaimed in Hebrew, '*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.*' "My Lord, My Lord, why hast Thou forsaken me?" "I desire," he says "that my life be spared for spreading Thy gospel; but if it be Thy will that I should pass away, let Thy will be done." This is the great Christian doctrine of liberation through surrender. Ramanuja's Prapatti is also a good Sanskritic counterpart of the same doctrine. The poet Bahiro has given us the quintessence of the doctrines of the great Theistic and Vedantic philosophers, such as the रटनमुक्ति, the निकटमुक्ति, the अन्तर्भावमुक्ति and the आत्मदर्शनमुक्ति, rounding them off with his own doctrine of शरणगमनमुक्ति, which involves an absolute self-surrender of devotee to God.

In estimating the greatness of great men, the inverted law of the physical stands for the intellectual and spiritual nature—the former is lessened by distance, the latter increased.
—Schopenhauer

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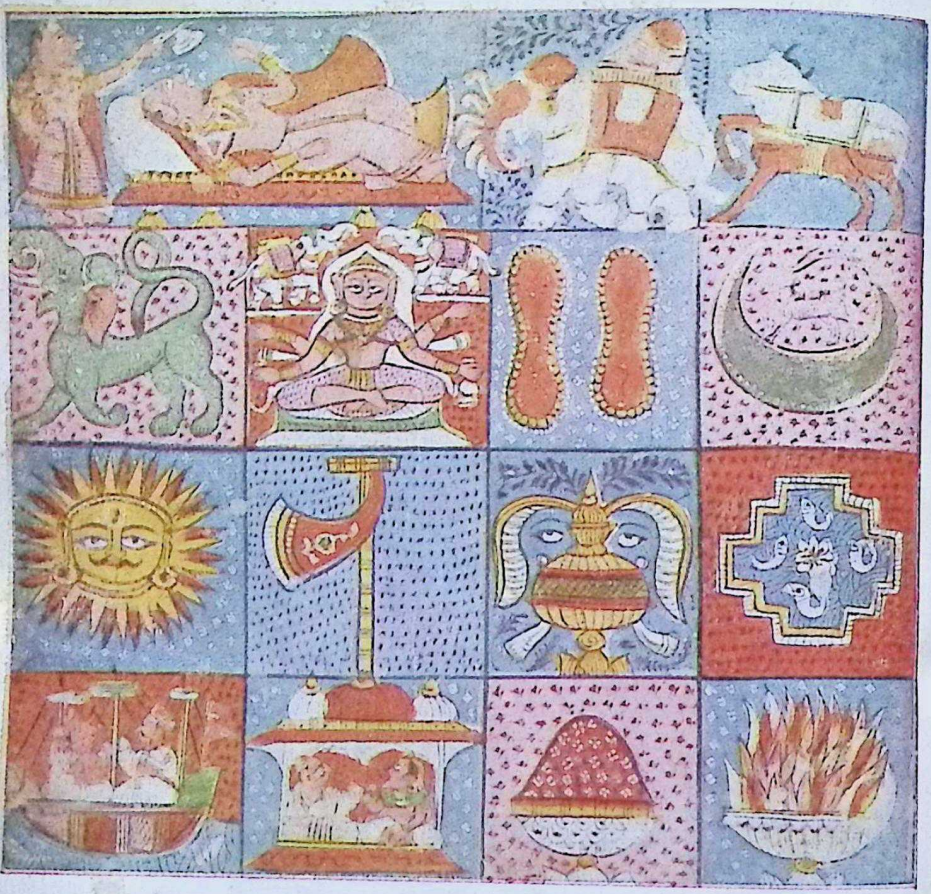

THE FOURTEEN AUSPICIOUS DREAMS
seen by the mother of a would-be Tirthankara.

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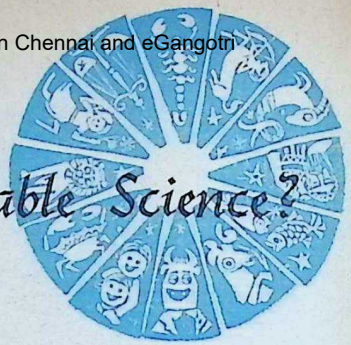

Is Astrology a Reliable Science?

Dr. Sampurnanand

IN asking me to write on this subject, the Editor has made a really big assumption, thoroughly justified from my point of view but hardly likely to commend itself to that large section of opinion in India which takes its cue from outmoded Western ways of thought. Nor will it find support from those educated Indians—and their number is not inconsiderable—who lack the courage of their convictions and will denounce Astrology in public as a superstition while consulting astrologers on the sly. The assumption to which I refer is that Astrology is a Science, whatever the degree of its reliability may be.

The detractors of Astrology possess what they consider to be an infallible weapon when they pose the questions: How can the stars affect human destiny? This question is thoroughly unscientific. In Science, facts precede theories. There can be no explanations, if there are no facts to explain. If apples and stones did not fall to the ground and planets did not obey Kepler's laws of motion, no one would have thought of the law of gravitation. It is not the functions of the Scientist to answer hypothetical questions. Unless a person admits that a relationship is clearly seen to exist between human destiny and the positions of celestial objects, he cannot demand an explanation.

I do not propose to take up the task of explaining astrology. The astrologer proceeds on the hypothesis that the Universe is one integrated whole and that natural phenomena are correlated to one another, however convenient it may be, for certain purposes, to study them, in isolations. The movement of sun-spots sets in motion electrical and magnetic forces, indicated by the erratic movements of magnetic needles a million miles away, which certainly affect the nervous systems of men and animals.

The Author

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There are other natural phenomena, purely of a material nature, which have a clearly noticeable effect on our nerves and the cerebro-spinal system and the human mind are so closely related that the one always reacts upon the other. A disturbance of an existing mental state produces a mental tension, a strong emotional storm or an action leading to a pleasure or a pain. What else is human destiny?

The use of the word 'cause' creates a certain amount of confusion. One can say that the physical phenomenon, say the sun-spots, sets in motion a chain of events ultimately resulting in the experience, by a particular human being, of pain or pleasure. In this sense the sun-spot would be the cause of the mental experience. But there is also another way of looking at the matter and this would have a greater appeal to the person who believes in the law of Karma. A man has to have certain experiences, according to his actions in past lives. But no experience takes place *in vacuo*. A certain subjective and objective environment is necessary. Certain conditions must be present before an experience can be undergone. On the simple, and rather crude, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, principle, the external conditions could be said to have caused the experience. To my mind, it is more satisfying to believe that in the universe everything is connected with, and correlated to, everything else: that there are any number of causal chains which intersect at certain points. These are the crucial points in a man's life: they constitute his destiny. From the point of view of particular observers, any of these chains could be said to have led to the point. It all depends on which of these lines an observer concentrates his attention. The broader the field of study, the greater the number of lines observed and traced, the more accurately can predictions be made about the point of intersection: its location in space and time and its nature. No man can trace all the lines. The astrologer is concerned with one bunch of these lines, just as the doctor, the astronomer, the psychologist are concerned with other lines. If we speak of certain movements of heavenly bodies as causing certain events in human life, it can only be in the sense indicated above. It would be better to use the word indicate: astrology studies indicatives of human destiny, not causes. If one must speak in terms of ultimate causes, one can only refer to the inviolable law of Karma. The fruits of actions must be borne: the whole of nature only provides the necessary conditions.

Astrology satisfies all the criteria that would qualify a branch of study to be classified as a science. It studies certain natural phenomena, with special reference to their reactions on human life. Just as the Science of medicine bases itself on Biology, Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, Astrology bases itself mainly on Astronomy. It dovetails into the general body of scientific knowledge and does not contradict the facts ascertained by other disciplines. And it predicts future events on the basis of observation and calculation.

Now we come to the question: is it reliable; in other words, accurate?

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Are its predictions correct? This is more a matter of observation, than of logic.

There has been a subtle change in the concept of scientific accuracy in recent years. The old mechanical universe so laboriously built up by Scientists from Newton onwards has collapsed. The existence of random factors has had to be admitted and indeterminacy has become an orthodox doctrine. Astrology can be no more accurate than Science in general. Apart from unknowable and unknown elements that may vitiate results, the known factors of which notice must be taken to insure absolute accuracy are really and literally innumerable and there is no known way of taking them all into consideration. The law of inverse squares may operate freely but the effect of even the smallest planet attached to a dwarf sun in the most distant galaxy cannot be wholly negligible. And yet even the cumulative effect of most of these bodies, galaxies, Suns, planets and comets, has to be ignored for purely practical reasons. All that the astrologer attempts is to assay the effects of our nearest neighbours, the Sun, the moon and the planets of our own Solar system. These objects do not float in a medium devoid of all matter. Their movements bring them opposite large groups of stars in regular succession and whatever effects a particular planet may have is in some way modified by the cumulative effects of the stars constituting the particular constellation, the Zodiacal sign against which it happens to be located at the time. The regularity of planetary movements makes it possible for the astrologer to study these modifications also. Such study conduces to greater accuracy. But the very large number of elements which have had, most regrettably, to be ignored cannot but make themselves felt and introduce an element of inexactitude in the calculations. But making due allowance for all these factors, astrology strikes a very high statistical average and this is all that any science can be called upon to do.

I think every fair observer will come to this conclusion. Within the limitations imposed upon the Science, astrological predictions are accurate, both qualitatively and quantitatively.

It will be noted that while the caption carries the word 'reliable,' I have throughout used the adjective 'accurate'. It is true, of course, that to the extent that Science is accurate, it should be reliable, i.e. a safe guide to conduct. But this does not apply wholly to sciences which deal with living things, particularly human beings. Man is not wholly guided and controlled by his environment. The elusive element of Personality is incalculable. There is a spark of Divinity in man, a strain of freewill which howsoever feeble, is never completely absent. It is more manifest in some men than in others, more manifest at certain stages of life than at other times, but it is there, all the while and no astrologer can judge exactly which way it will bend conduct and character. He can, by a close study of his subject, make a fairly approximate estimate but no more. The law of Karma is no slave-driver and there is no such thing as absolute pre-destination. Every honest

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and experienced astrologer will admit this. Astrology, then, can be a fairly reliable guide but not an infallible one.

I should like to end this article with what might appear to be a slightly irrelevant observation. I see that we in India are deliberately adding to the natural difficulties to which Astrology is subject. Like other Sciences, astrology is also imperfect. Continued observations are necessary but nothing of the kind is being attempted. The problems created by democracy particularly need to be carefully studied to enable predictions in mundane astrology to be made with any confidence. It is not difficult to make the necessary arrangements but this is not being done. The silly ridicule with which astrologers are being treated is corrupting the Science. Astrologers are being made to feel that they have no reputation to lose and are fast degenerating into quacks. Astrology is respectable in the United States, for example, but it is being made disreputable in India. This deplorable state of affairs must end soon. Astrology should be given a fair chance and made to prove its worth. It claims to be a practical branch of knowledge which will stand or fall by its predictions of important coming events and the contributions it makes to human prosperity and peace of mind. Some of the greatest men in history have had faith in it. It would be the height of impudence to denounce it outright without trial as a superstition and a fraud.

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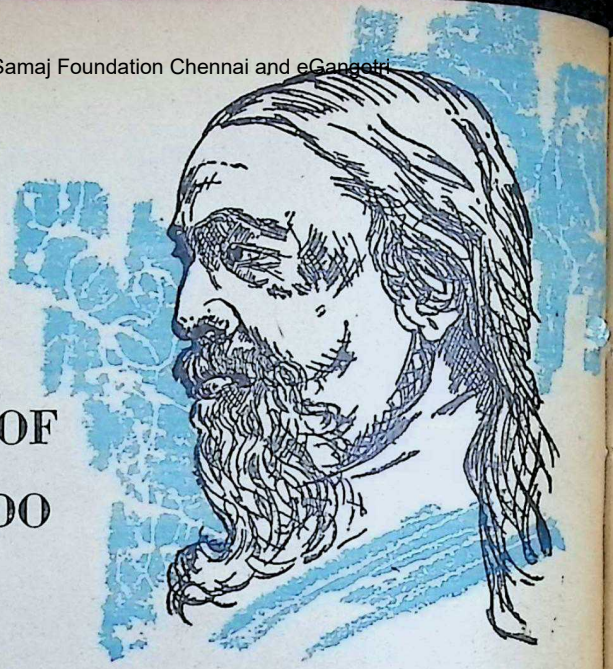

PHILOSOPHY OF SRI AUROBINDO

Rishabhchand

POET, [1]politician, scholar of vast erudition, philosopher,[2] linguist, philologist, historian, sociologist, literary genius, and, above all, a Yogi of unparalleled eminence, Sri Aurobindo summed up in himself the major spiritual and cultural achievements of the past and the highest and deepest aspirations of the present, and prophesied and pioneered the divine perfection of the future, synthesising what is the best and most creative in the East with what is dynamic and progressive in the West. He has given to humanity a practical way, not only of release from the distressing perplexities of today, but of realising the utmost perfection and fulfilment of its destiny. His message is a message born of spiritual vision. It instils hope and courage and points to the golden flush of the coming dawn. Man is not meant, he says, to struggle and suffer interminably in ignorance. If he goes deep within himself, he will discover his real being, infinite and immortal, which uses his outer personality of mind, life and body for its evolution and self-expression. Within his real being he will discover the Divine, the Master and Lover of his being, who is leading him from falsehood to Truth, from darkness to Light, and from death to immortality. The mission of his life is to discover, realise and manifest the Divine in terms of his material existence. It will not do any more to run away from this world of ignorance and suffering into some far-off *Nir-*

1. Regarding Sri Aurobindo's epic, *Savitri*, Raymond F. Piper of Syracuse University writes in his "The Hungry Eye": "...It is the most comprehensive, integrated, beautiful, and perfect cosmic poem ever composed...of unparalleled massiveness, magnificence."

2. "Aurobindo is the greatest contemporary philosopher and great in the company of the greatest mystics of all time..."—Rev. E. F. F. Hill in the *World Review* for October, 1949.

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vana or the silent and immutable Beyond. He must recover and possess the immortal Ananda which, according to the Upanishad, is the origin and sap of all existence, and make it dynamic and creative here, in this work-a-day world. He must bring the Beyond down into the material life and make it the overt Master and Ruler of this "vale of tears". The whole of his earthly life with all its aims and interests and activities has to be conquered from the ego and offered to the Divine, so that He can convert his human life into Divine life. The division between Spirit and Matter, Light and Life, the inner and the outer, the spiritual and the secular must be healed for ever. All existence must be seen, felt and experienced as the one Divine and His multiple self-expression. Union with the Divine, the supreme Reality, must not remain a luminous realisation of the depths of his being, but become a constant fact and living experience of even his outer nature and active life. "Brahman is in this world to represent Itself in the values of Life. Life exists in Brahman in order to discover Brahman in itself. Therefore man's importance in the world is that he gives to it that development of consciousness in which its transfiguration by a perfect self-discovery becomes possible. To fulfil God in life is man's manhood. He starts from the animal vitality and its activities, but a divine existence is his objective"[3]

Such is the teaching of Sri Aurobindo. It is a gospel of the transformation of human nature into Divine Nature, and human life into Divine Life. It is a gospel of the marriage of Spirit and Matter, earth and Heaven, in a new race of Supermen. It is a gospel of light and love, unity and harmony, peace and prosperity on earth.

Humanity stands today at crossroads. It is wearied out by its wanderings, and confused and bewildered. It does not know in which direction to turn. Darkness is gathering round it, and anxiety and alarm gnaw at its heart. Disaster and destruction stare it in the face. The light that Science pretended to bring has only intensified the prevailing gloom.

It is one of those *yuga-sandhis*, crucial stages of earthly evolution, when, according to the traditional Hindu view, the old values collapse and perish, and new ones are about to be born. Such crises invariably induce a special intervention of the Grace of God.

The old ways of reform and readjustment have totally failed. Moral precepts have proved ineffectual against the tidal resurgence of the animal in man. How can outer rules, how can mental principles arrest the dry-rot within? Man's life and nature have to change completely, radically, integrally, if he is to survive the present danger. But how can his life and nature change radically? It cannot, indeed, be done by any amount of moral preaching and practice. "Morality", says Sri Aurobindo, "is a part of the ordinary life; it is an attempt to govern the outward conduct by certain mental rules or to form the character by these rules in the image of a certain mental ideal. The spiritual life goes beyond the

3. *The Life Divine* by Sri Aurobindo.

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mind; it enters into the deeper consciousness of the Spirit and acts out of the truth of the Spirit. As for the question about the ethical life and the need to realise God, it depends on what is meant by fulfilment of the objects of life. If an entry into the spiritual consciousness is part of it, then mere morality cannot give it."[4] The only effective way to transform man's life and nature is to transform his consciousness, for consciousness is the essence of him. It is futile to think of changing his life and nature without first changing his consciousness. A total and radical transformation of human consciousness and nature alone can save mankind at the present juncture and make for his progress in evolution. But a transformation of consciousness cannot be achieved by the human mind. It can be done, as is known to all spiritual seekers, only by those men who have gone beyond the human mind of ignorance and realised the infinite and eternal Consciousness.

In ancient India people always looked up to spiritual personalities for guidance in life. Neither kings nor politicians, but the *Rishis*, the spiritual seers, were virtually the leaders of the nation. They were the law-makers and the arbiters of the nation's life, and consulted and obeyed by the rich and the poor alike. The homage paid to the *Rishis* was, in fact, a homage paid to spiritual knowledge and power. The question which Vivekananda put to Sri Ramakrishna at their very first meeting—"Have you seen God?"—was typical of the traditional attitude towards the *Rishis* or spiritual Gurus to whom the guidance not only of the lives of a few individuals but of the collective life of a whole community was entrusted. If a man has seen God, it was thought, he has realised the eternal Truth of existence. He alone knows what life is, what its goal is, and how it should be lived in order to be able to reach its goal. He alone who has realised God is capable of leading others to Him. As is well known, spirituality, in ancient India, was not confounded with morality. Moral purity, self-sacrifice, strength of will, disinterestedness and austerities[5] were regarded as stepping stones to spiritual life, but they did not constitute it. These qualities in themselves could not entitle their possessor to spiritual leadership. The only test of spiritual leadership was whether one had seen God, experienced Reality, attained and lived in the infinite and eternal Consciousness, embodied the divine Presence.

The philosophy and the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo meet the deepest need of the hour. They propose to lead modern man to the heart of Reality. They promise to unite him with God, and through God with the whole world, not in a withdrawn quiescence, but in the full flood of life's activities, so that the Will of God may find a rich and harmonious expression in the life of mankind. Sri Aurobindo accepts the whole of life as a field for the evolutionary self-expression of the Divine, and his teachings embody a dynamic spirituality which seeks to transform the consciousness and nature of man so radically as to make them fit vehicles for the manifestation of God on earth.

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4. *Letters of Sri Aurobindo*, Vol. I.

5. These are *sattwic* qualities, but Sri Krishna asks Arjun to rise beyond the three *gunas*, even beyond *sattwa*.

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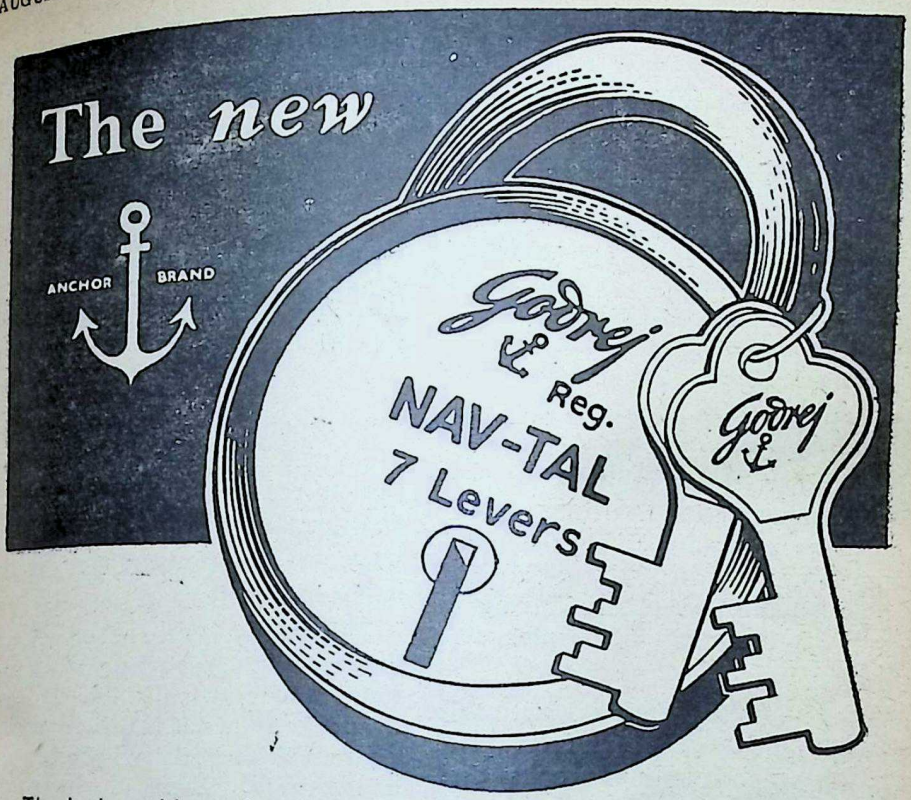

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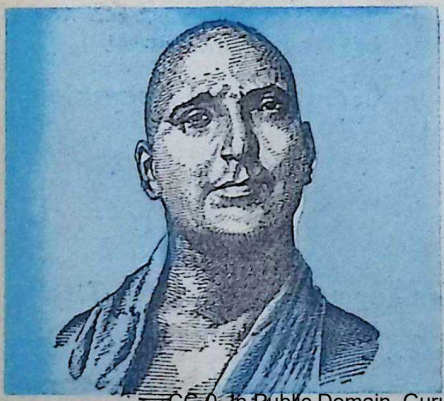
seven steps to SUCCESS

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

THE secret of success is an open secret. Everybody has got something to say on the subject, and perhaps you have often heard its general principles enunciated, but the vital importance of the subject justifies any amount of emphasis driving it home into the minds of people.

WORK

At the outset, let us put this question to Nature around us. All the "books in running brooks and sermons in stones" preach with unmistakable accent the gospel of continuous, incessant work. Light bestows upon us the power of sight. Light gives a mainspring to all beings. Let us see what light is thrown on the question by Light itself. I will take for illustration the ordinary light—the lamp.



The underlying secret of a lamp's lustre and splendour is that it spares not its wick and oil. The wick and oil or the little self is being constantly consumed and glory is the natural consequence. There it is, the lamp says, spare yourself and you will be immediately extinguished. If you seek ease and comfort for your bodies, waste your time in sensual pleasures and luxury, there is no hope for you. Inactivity, in other words, would bring to you death, and activity and activity alone is life.

Look at the stagnant pond and the running stream. The crystal water of the running river is ever fresh, clear drinkable and attractive. But, on the other hand, see how disgusting, odorous, filthy, dirty and stinking, is the water of the stagnant pond. If you wish to succeed, follow the line of action, the constant motion

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of a river. There is no hope for a man who would waste his wick and oil in preserving it from consumption. Follow the policy of a river, ever progressing, ever assimilating, ever adapting itself to the environment and ever performing work.

Work, work, incessant work, is the first principle of success: "From good to better daily self-surpassed." If you work on this principle, you will see that it is as easy to be great as to be small.

SELF-SACRIFICE

Everybody loves white objects. Let us examine the cause of their being the objects of universal Love. Let us account for the success of the white. The black objects are everywhere hated, discarded and rejected, and let us take this fact as it is and account for it.

Physics tells us the reality of the phenomenon of colour. Red is not red, green is not green, black is not black and all is not what it seems. The red rose gets its lovely colour by reflecting or throwing back that colour. The other colours in the Sun's rays are entirely absorbed by the rose and nobody attributes those colours to the rose.

The green leaf absorbs all other colours in light and appears fresh and green by the very colour which it denies to itself and throws back.

Black objects have the property of absorbing all and reflecting no light. They have no spirit of sacrifice in them and no charity. They do not renounce even a single ray. They do not throw back even an iota of what they receive. Nature tells you that black, black like coal, shall he appear who refuses to give unto his neighbours what he receives.

The way to receive is to give. The secrect of appearing white is total renunciation—to throw back instantaneously on your neighbours all that you receive. Acquire this virtue of white objects and you must be successful. Imbibe the spirit of sacrifice and reflect unto others all that you receive. Have no recourse to selfish absorption and you must be white.

A seed in order that it may bud forth into a tree must perish itself. Fruition is thus the final result of complete self-sacrifice.

All teachers will bear me out in the statement that the more we impart the light of knowledge, the more we receive.

SELF-FORGETFULNESS

Students know that when they are speaking in their literary societies, the moment the idea, "I lecture" comes into prominence within their mind the speech is marred. Forget your little self in work and entirely throw yourself into it; you will succeed. If you are thinking, become thought itself, you shall succeed. If you are working, become work itself, and thus you shall succeed.

When shall I be free?

When 'I' shall cease to be?

Here is a story of two Indian Rajputs who went to Akbar, the great Moghul emperor of India, and sought employment. Akbar enquired about their qualifications. They said they were heroes. Akbar asked them to prove their statement. Both drew

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their daggers from the scabbards. There the two lightning flashes shone in Akbar's court. The flashes of the dagger were symbolic of their inner heroism. Immediately the two lightning flashes joined the two bodies. Each kept the point of his dagger on the other's breast, and both gave proofs of their heroism by running each other through with stoic calmness. The bodies fell, spirits met and they were proved heroes.

I do not point to the story which is shocking in this advanced age, but to the moral it teaches. The moral is, sacrifice your little self, and success must be yours. It cannot be otherwise. Cannot I say, the desire for success must die in your work before achieving success?

UNIVERSAL LOVE

Love is another principle of success. Love and be loved, that is the goal. The hand in order to live must love all the members of the body. If it isolates itself and thinks 'why should the whole body profit by my earnings,' there is no help for the hand, it must die. For, in order to be consistent in its selfishness, the hand should not put into the mouth the meat and drink that were secured by dint of the hand's labour alone whether with the pen or with the sword, etc., and should rather inject into its own skin all sorts of nourishing food, thus excluding the other organs from sharing the fruits of its labour.

True, this injection or the sting of a wasp or bee may make the hand swell, but all that swelling does more harm than good. Swelling is not improving and the sore hand is sure to die by its selfishness. The hand can flourish only when it realises in practice the identity of its self with the Self of all other organs of the body and does not alienate its own good from the good of the whole.

Co-operation is nothing but the superficial manifestation of Love. You hear so much about the utility of co-operation that I need hardly enlarge upon it. Let that co-operation proceed from your innate love. Be love and you are successful. A merchant who does not look upon his customer's interests as his own, cannot succeed. In order to prosper he must love his customers. He is to observe them with his whole heart.

CHEERFULNESS

Another factor that plays an important part is cheerfulness. I rejoice to see the smiles on your blooming faces. You are the smiling flowers. You are the laughing buds of humanity. You are the personification of cheerfulness. So what I wish to point to you is to keep up this feature of your life till the end of time.

Now let us see how it can be preserved.

Be not anxious as to the reward of your labours, mind not the future, have no scruples, think not of success and failure. Work for Work's sake. Work is its own reward. Without dejection at the past and without anxiety as to the future—work, work, work, in the living present. This spirit will keep you cheerful under all circumstances.

To a living seed must be attracted

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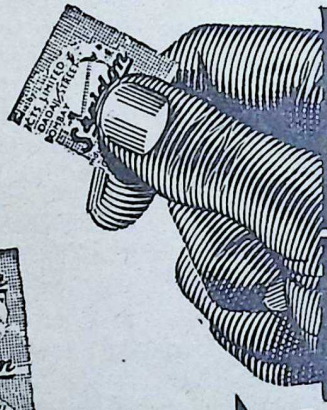

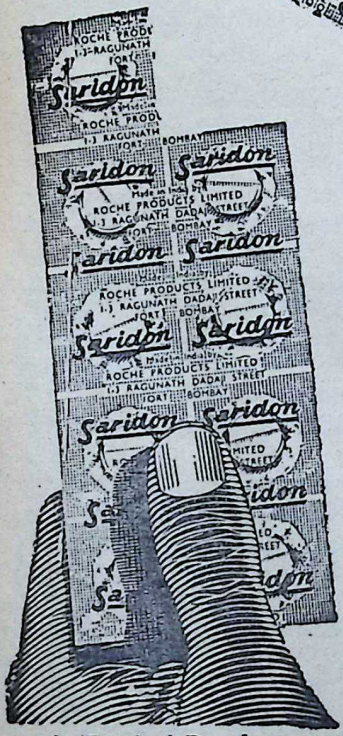

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by an inviolable law of affinity all that it requires of the air, water, earth, etc., to fructify. So does Nature promise every kind of help to a cheerful active worker.

"The way to more light is the faithful use of what we have."

If on a dark night you are to travel a distance of twenty miles and the light in your hand shows only up to ten feet, think not of the whole way being unilluminated. You will not find a spot in the dark. So a real, earnest worker by a necessary Law encounters no obscure ground in his course. Why then damp our cherful spirits by uneasiness about the event?

Falling suddenly into a lake, persons who do not know how to swim, can save themselves by simply preserving their equanimity. The specific gravity of man being less than that of water, he will keep floating on the surface. But ordinary human beings lose their balance of mind and by their very struggle to float get drowned.

So, oftentimes the very unrest for the future success causes failure.

Let us see the nature of thought which clings to the future and runs after success. It is like this.

A man goes to catch his own shadow. Let him run till the end of time, never, never will he be able to catch it. But let him turn his back upon the shadow and face the sun, then Lo! the same shadow begins to run after him.

The moment you turn your back upon success, the moment you cease to think of the consequences, the moment you concentrate your energy in your present duty, the same instant success is with you, nay, hugging you.

Hence follow not success, make not success your goal, then and then only success will seek you.

In a court of justice the magistrate need not invite the parties, the lawyers and the orderlies, etc, to make his court, but let the magistrate sit himself and the whole pageant of itself begins before him. So it is, dear friends! work at your own duty in profound cheerfulness and all that you require for success will lay itself at your feet.

FEARLESSNESS

The next point that I will urge upon your attention and will exhort you to verify by your own experience is fearlessness. Lions may be tamed by a single glance, enemies may be pacified by a single look, victory may be won by a single dash of fearlessness. I have roamed in the dense valleys of the Himalayas. I have met tigers, bears, wolves, and venomous animals. No harm was done to me. The wild beasts were looked straight in the face, glances met, the fierce animals were out-stared and the so-called terrible creatures sulked away. Thus it is, be fearless and none can harm you.

Perhaps you have seen how a pigeon in the sight of a cat shuts his eyes perhaps thinking that the cat does not see him. What happens? The cat pounces upon the pigeon and the pigeon is devoured up. Even a tiger is tamed by fearlessness, and even a cat eats him up who fears.

You might have seen how a trembling hand can never successfully pour a liquid from one vessel into another. It is sure to be spilt. But how easily the steady, fearless hand can handle the dear liquid without spilling a

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drop. There is Nature once again teaching you in unsurpassed eloquence.

Once a Punjabee sepoy was down with some fell disease on board a ship, and the doctor passed his capital sentence of throwing him overboard. Doctors! These doctors sometimes pass capital sentences. The sepoy came to know of it. There are flashes of fearlessness even in ordinary beings when brought to bay. He sprang up with unbounded energy and became fearless. He went straight to the doctor and pointing his pistol towards him, said: "Am I ill? Do you say so? I will shoot you." the doctor immediately gave him a certificate of health.

Despair is weakness, avoid it. The whole strength comes from fearlessness. Mark my words,—Fearlessness. Be fearless.

SELF-RELIANCE

Last but not least, nay the vital principle or the very key-note of success is self-reliance, self-dependence. If anybody asks me to give my philosophy in one word, I would say "Self-Reliance," the knowledge of self. Hear, O man! Know thyself. True, literally true! It is when you help yourself, God must help you. Heaven is bound to help you. It can be proved, it can be realised that your very Self is God—the Infinite, the Omnipotent. Here is a reality, a truth, waiting to be verified by experiment. Verily, verily, depend upon yourself and you can achieve anything. Nothing is impossible before you.

The lion is the king of the forest. He depends upon his own self. He is bold, strong, and the conqueror of all difficulties, because he is in himself. Elephants which when first seen in India were aptly called by the Greeks "moving mountains," are always afraid of their enemies. They always live in groups and employ sentinels to keep watch over them when they sleep, and none of them relies on himself or his own capabilities. They regard themselves to be weak and the whole group of elephants is bewildered—whereas a single elephant, the moving mountain, may trample scores of lions to death under his feet.

A highly instructive story is told of two brothers who shared their inherited property equally but after some years one was reduced to indigence and the other multiplied his fortune by tens. The answer to the question "Why and how" put to the one who became a millionaire was that his brother always said, "Go, go," while he himself always said, "Come, come." The meaning is that one used to order his servants "Go, go, and do this," while he himself was always lying on his feather-stuffed cushions, and the other was always on his feet and in his work, and called his servants for help. "Come, come, and do this." One depended upon his own power and the servants and the riches multiplied; the other ordered his servants, "Go, go." They went away, but fortune also obeyed his command "Go, go," and thus he was left alone.

Rama says, "Come, come, and share my success and happiness." So it is, brothers, friends and countrymen!

Man is the master of his own destiny.

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...There is no greater threat to our security and progress than corruption which has penetrated all ranks of our administration from the highest to the lowest...

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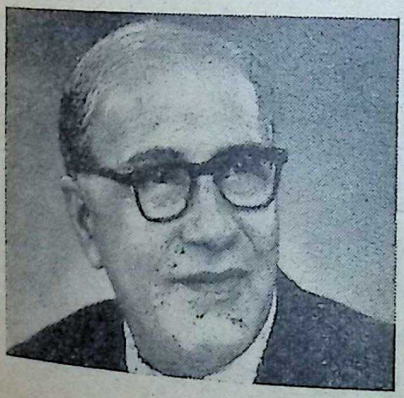
The Canker of Corruption

Kewal L. Panjabi, I.C.S. (Retd.)

CORRUPTION in persons holding office is not a political issue; it is a cultural, moral and spiritual issue, going to the very root of a people's life. And the roots of our life are being poisoned. This canker began with the controls during World War II.

On release from Ahmednagar jail in October, 1954, Sardar Patel's caustic comment on public affairs was: "Everything appears to be in short supply except corruption."

The war-time conditions had favoured the growth of corruption. He did his best to keep it in check and he succeeded to some extent, for he had a keen eye and a heavy hand. He knew that corruption thrived on shortages and assigned top priority to increasing production of commodities in common use. But in spite of twelve years of planning, India is still short of foodgrains, cloth, oils and housing which affect the common man. It is also short of coal, fuel, power, transport and cement. These shortages furnish an ideal breeding-ground for corruption, which has assumed such large proportions that it threatens to become a normal feature of public administration, unless drastic measures are taken to keep it under control.



The author

There is no greater threat to our security and progress than corruption, which has penetrated all ranks of administration from the highest to the lowest. How widespread it is, is revealed by the fact that during the last five years the Special Police Establishment has prosecuted 31,000 Central Government servants, including 1,564 officers, for corrupt practices. It has under examination dossiers of over 4,000 employees, of whom 657 are gazetted officers. Every raid on big business offices reveals evidence of graft and bribery in Government service. In Orissa and Kerala States shocking allegations have been made by Congress leaders against those in power.

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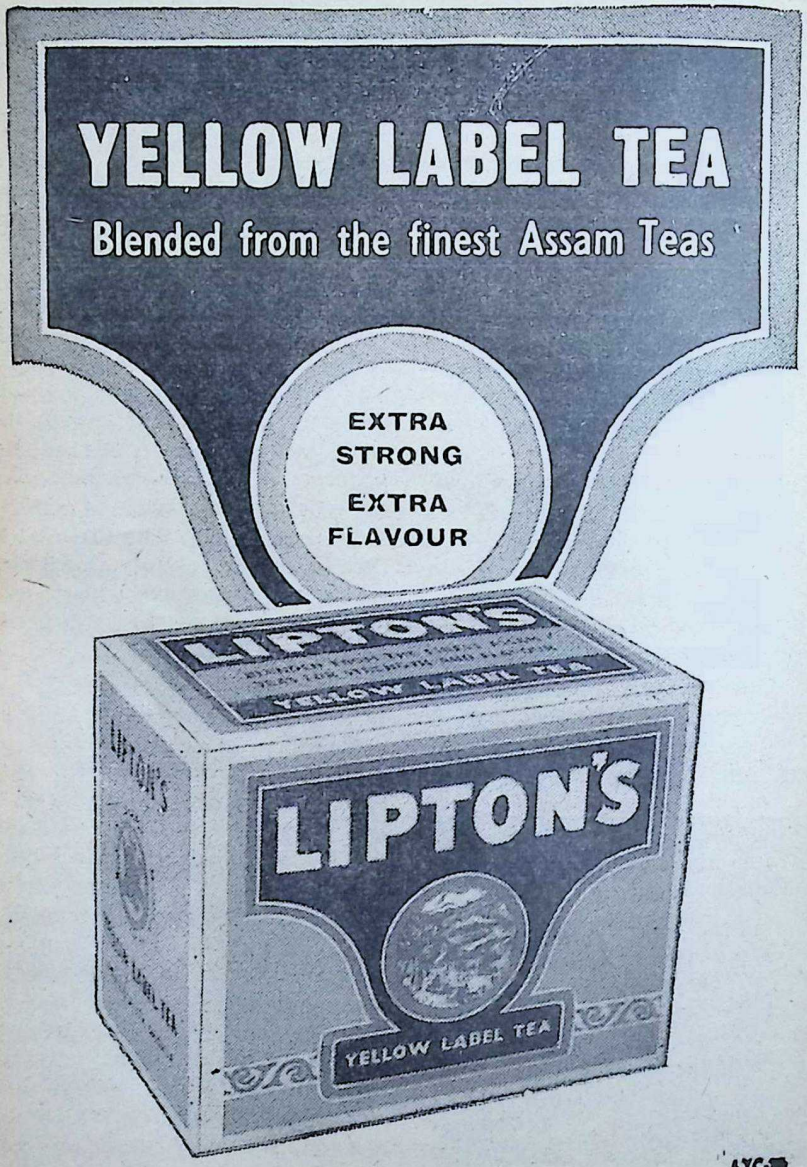

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The question that is on everybody's lips is whether the Congress High Command is earnest in cleaning the administration from top to bottom. As we all know, this depends entirely on the Prime Minister's lead in the matter, for he exercises greater power today than any despot has wielded in the past. If he were firm in taking action against guilty persons, irrespective of their political status and utility, a very great deal could be achieved. But the popular belief is that he has some blind spots, some favourites who can do no wrong and who take shelter under his protective umbrella. He rejected a reasonable proposal of Dr. C. D. Deshmukh to appoint an independent tribunal to which Dr. Deshmukh was prepared to submit documentary evidence of six instances of corrupt use of authority of top administrators. The Prime Minister resisted the demand and insisted that he should screen the allegations. A test case was made of one allegation; a secret preliminary enquiry held by a retired judge exonerated the Minister. Dr. Deshmukh was disheartened by the hurdles that he had to face.

Nevertheless, in spite of the protective umbrella, three cases have recently come to light. In the Malaviya-Serajuddin case the Prime Minister adopted an extraordinary procedure of having a hush-hush enquiry, the object of which was merely to satisfy himself about the fitness of the Minister to continue as his colleague in the Cabinet. He rightly decided to get rid of him, but ignored the public aspect of this case. If there was a misdemeanour in the exercise of the Minister's authority, why should he not be brought before a court of law, just as public officials are being prosecuted?

What has happened recently has further shaken the confidence of the people in the willingness of the Congress High Command to examine charges of corruption publicly made, irrespective of the rank and position of the offenders. A newspaper made certain allegations of corruption against the Chief Minister and another Minister of Kerala. The Government rightly sanctioned prosecution of the editor for defamation. The people were satisfied that the true facts would come out in the judicial proceedings. But what happened? Suddenly the prosecution was withdrawn and the public were deprived of the verdict of a court of law. The Chairman of the Pradesh Committee took up their cause and insisted on a judicial enquiry into the allegations. The Chief Minister did not agree and the Working Committee has been asked to give its verdict in the matter.

One of the allegations was that the Chief Minister's son had been allotted by the distributors a larger quota of motor trucks as a special favour. This was significant because the motor trucks had a good black market value. The Chief Minister thought that this was a trifling matter and, in any case, he wondered what authority Delhi had, moral or otherwise, to go into the propriety of allotment of quotas. Delhi had itself given a quota of newsprint, out of turn and out of reason, to the newspaper "Patriot". Publicly it had been declaring that newsprint was in very short supply and no additional quotas would be

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available for any newspaper. Well might the States argue that if favouritism prevailed in Delhi, it cannot be condemned in the States.

A still more sordid affair is revealed by the recent squabble between Dr. H. K. Mahtab and Shri B. J. Patnaik, Chief Minister of Orissa. Charges and counter-charges of graft and favouritism have been hurled by them at each other. What is astounding is the bold declaration of the Chief Minister that the running of a Party Government is an expensive proposition and money has to be collected from rich business men. He might have added that no business man is a philanthropist doling out money without expectation of a return! He has further propounded a new theory that the proper tribunal to examine such complaints of corrupt practices is not a judicial tribunal but a people's court that can take a practical common sense point of view. He might also have added that he knows how to handle such courts, for did he not obtain the people's verdict in his favour at the last elections to the State Assembly?

The Congress President Sri D. Sanjeevaiah himself said only the other day that the organisation had lost its prestige because "Congressmen who were paupers before Independence had become millionaires." He added: "Some own several cinema-houses, huge properties, a fleet of cars and many transport lines. From where did they get all these?"

A fertile soil for the growth of corruption is provided by the shortages of all commodities in common use and the "licence-and-permit raj"

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which has followed in the wake of lopsided planning. A licence is necessary for setting up the smallest factory and about 40 permits must be obtained before it can be put into production. Surpluses are turned into scarcities overnight, as in the case of sugar and rice. About 8 lakh tons of rice have been withdrawn from circulation to build a buffer stock! The prices of rice to the consumer immediately shot up by 8% within three months. Orissa, Bengal and Assam have not enough rice to go round. Such shortages, due to defective distribution of available resources, place enormous power in the hands of business men and temptations in the way of public officials who operate the controls.

The public officials in India have largely been drawn from the middle-classes and reflect their moral values. They are generally honest, god-fearing men. Their conduct is also influenced by the heavy penalty provided for any misdemeanour committed by them. But they are being subjected to great pressure by the continuous rise in the cost of living, while their salaries have more or less remained stationary. The Government is aware of the mounting spiral of prices, but beyond uttering empty threats nothing has been done, and it has been officially confirmed that during the last three months the prices of foodgrains increased by 8%, and this increase is reflected in the prices of all commodities. It is becoming difficult for low-paid salary earners to make two ends meet and they succumb to temptation which the regime of controls has placed in their hands. An empty sack cannot stand straight. Integrity of administration needs a very careful check on prices, as Chiang Kai Shek found to his cost.

The tone of the administration is set by men at the top. If the Minister is honest and impartial, the officers lower down are afraid to deviate from the standards set by him. But if the Minister is inclined to yield to pressure groups, then the persons lower down adopt the same attitude. The high cost of elections frequently places the Ministers under obligations to big business tycoons who seek every opportunity to capitalise their investments in "political friends" as they call them.

Government is fully aware of the deterioration in administration due to increase in corruption. In September 1962, Government set up a committee of eight members under the chairmanship of Shri K. Santanam. Its terms of reference were unduly restricted, for it could only examine the present machinery and law for checking corruption. After eight months of deliberation the committee has made an interim recommendation to set up a Vigilance Commission, consisting of a Chairman and three Directors, to control the Vigilance Departments in the Ministries. No decision on this has yet been taken by Government, which is probably considering whether the Commission should be a statutory or a constitutional body. This will be a welcome reform because the vigilance units in each Department and Ministry would work independently.

Repeated demands have been made, both in Parliament and outside, that

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a post should be created analogous to that of Ombudsman in Denmark and Sweden. The officer holding that post is appointed by Parliament for a period of five years and is directly under the control of Parliament. It has yielded very good results. It is an agency for conducting investigation by an independent, impartial and objective institution which can deal with delicate and complicated matters. It acts as a bridge between the public and the administration. It has authority to investigate charges of illegality, negligence or gross disregard of official duties, with particular attention to those offences involving fraud or abuse of power or miscarriage of justice. Our Law Minister says that the Constitution does not permit the creation of such a post. Our Constitution has already been amended seventeen times and, if necessary, another amendment can be made. An institution like the Ombudsman is necessary, not only at the Centre, but in all the States. Government must make up its mind to be tough with those who are breaking up the administration.

The Press can play an important part in exposing corrupt practices and insisting that strong action should be taken against the guilty persons. Recently in the Malaviya-Serajuddin case the Press made a notable contribution. Corruption is not merely an administrative problem, but a political and social problem as well, and unless the people are mobilised to fight it, nothing tangible can be achieved.

The best safeguard against corruption is a strong public opinion that would fight for clean administration. Those who are prepared to devote themselves to this object could form an Anti-Corruption League, as has been done in some of the European countries. It would be necessary for such an institution to concern itself not only with public administration but also to fight corruption in commercial and other institutions. Its aim should be not only to check corruption by exposing the guilty persons, but also to improve the conditions in such a way as to discourage the bribe-givers as well as the bribe-takers.

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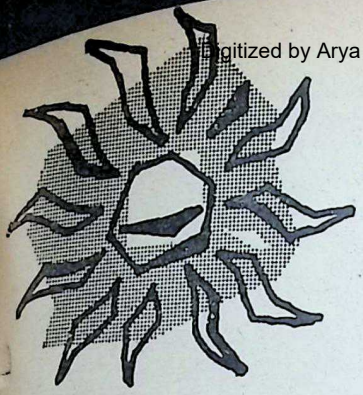

Moti of Jamshedpur

NOT a show dog perhaps. But Moti doesn't worry about that. Nor about anything else, as long as he has enough to eat and the sun to bask in. Certainly he neither knows nor cares that he lives in Jamshedpur—a city devoted to producing one of today's most precious metals...steel.

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It's a pity Moti knows nothing of all this. An individualist himself, he'd be the first to appreciate such private enterprise and initiative.

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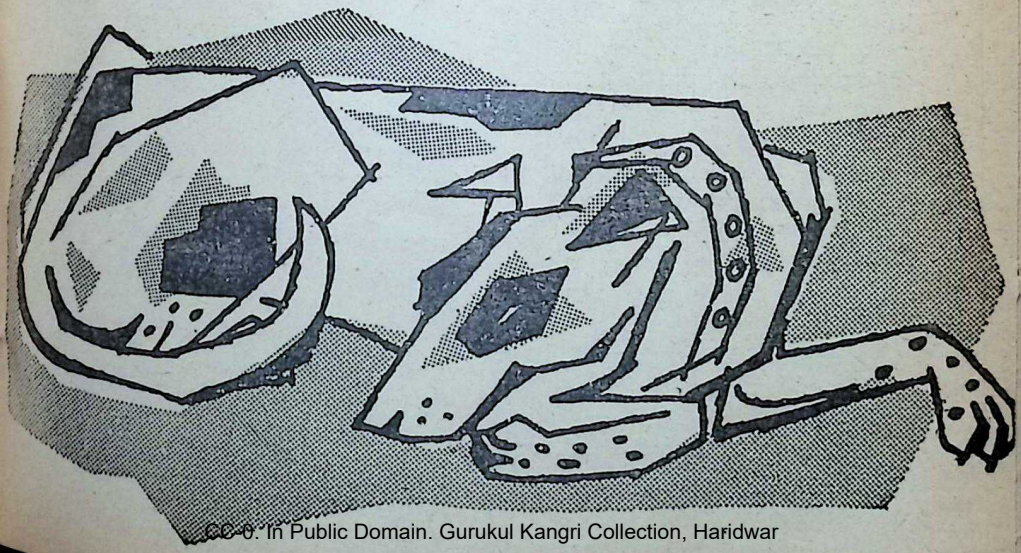

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DRIVING OUT AN EVIL SPIRIT

MOHAN KHOKAR

NOT long ago, when Saroja complained of loss of appetite, fever and shooting pains, her parents took her to a physician who, after a routine examination, prescribed a pill. But when far from getting cured, she began in addition, to get convulsions, to shout and to rave without provocation and to show other symptoms of a mental aberration, it was unhappily concluded that she had been "possessed by the devil." And the only way to cure her now, Saroja's parents were told, was through the ritual of exorcism.

In choosing to enlist the aid of an exorcist, Saroja's parents broke no fresh ground. Belief in the existence of spirits and demons is as old as man, and even today simple-minded people in most parts of the world would, in similar circumstances, have reacted in the manner of Saroja's parents.

Saroja belongs to Tamil Nad, and so the exorcistic ceremonies that were arranged for her benefit were conducted after the tradition prevailing in that part of the country. The people of Tamil Nad believe that when a person dies prematurely, such as through an accident or suicide, his disembodied spirit hovers about restlessly till it can find suitable habitation in the form of a human body. When settled, and without any for-

Preparing the special altar for conducting the puja.

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mal warning, the spirit begins to manifest its presence by inducing hysterical and maniacal tendencies in its victim. And the only way to cure a person so "possessed", they maintain, is by offering atonement to the spirit so that it is prompted to vacate its dwelling-place.

Saroja, then, was regarded as being "possessed", and a professional exorcist was summoned to help her. He came one morning, and after fixing the terms with Saroja's parents, arranged for the ceremony to be conducted the same night.

The exorcist and his assistants arrived before sundown and proceeded directly to arrange the preliminaries of the ritual. All of them, the exorcist and three musicians, first had a bath and then put on new garments and added sacred markings to their bodies. The chief *pujari*, who was also the leading musician, then began to arrange the *puja*, which was an elaborate affair. A miniature altar was improvised by modelling it out of clay kneaded with cowdung. When dry this was covered with silver and red tinsel paper. An ornamental brass lamp was installed on top of this altar and everything got ready.

The exorcist being dressed and made up to represent the god Madurai Veeran.

Preliminaries over, the exorcist and his colleagues assembled to proceed with the work proper. They all sat in front of the altar, the exorcist simply with folded hands and the others with the respective drums they were to play. All except the exorcist started to sing, the songs being in praise of Madurai Veeran, the god whose aid they were seeking to help them banish the evil spirit.

The singing and shouting continued for well over an hour, but during all this time the exorcist remained seated with hands folded and eyes closed, as if in deep meditation. Eventually, however, his upper body began to sway, and when this swaying became more marked, the musicians carried the exorcist out into the open and seated him on a stool. Here they seriously began to make him up and dress him to represent Madurai Veeran, the god whose *shakti* they now believed had entered into him.

Believing himself to be Madurai Veeran and disguised to look like that god, the exorcist left the stool and tottered towards the altar. The musicians, too, returned to their places and started singing more purposefully. With a sword in one hand and a staff in the other, the exorcist began to sway and dance. He started the dance

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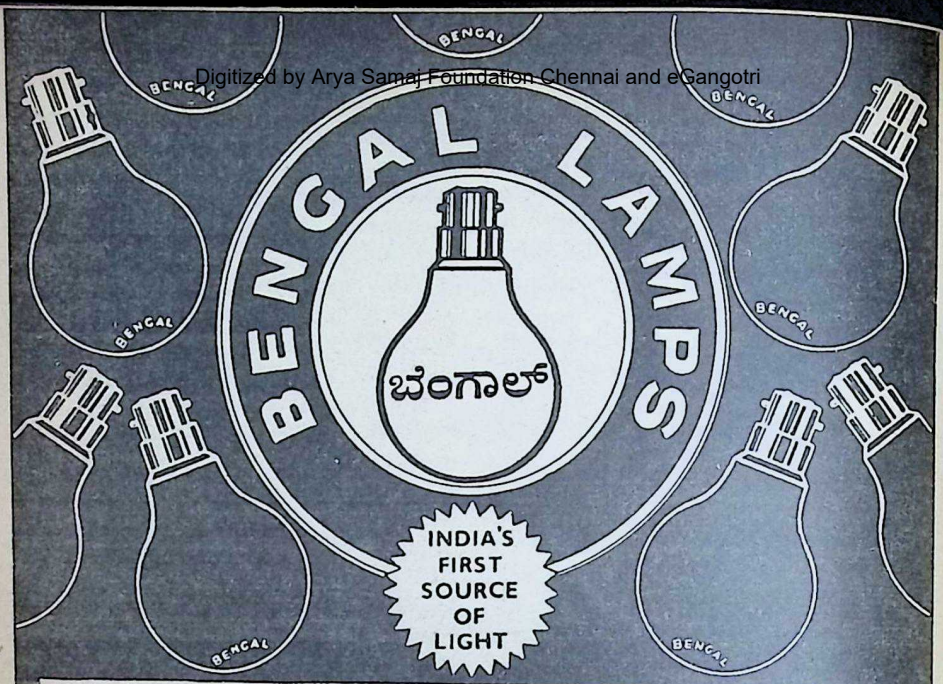

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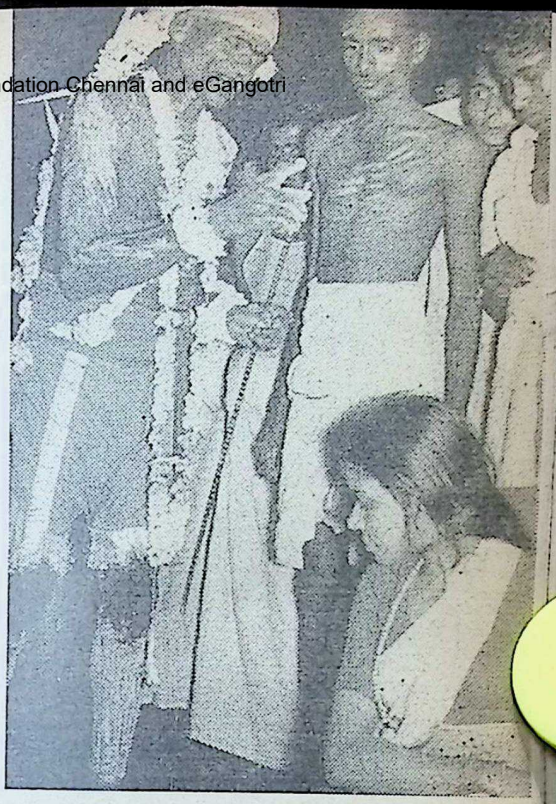
in slow rhythm, but as the performance progressed the tempo of the dance too kept mounting. He kept brandishing the weapons in his hands and allowed his body to go through extraordinary contortions.

Eventually, having worked himself to a frenzy, the exorcist's dance ceased to have any form and he simply kept careering about the floor, madly and recklessly, as if he was on fire. Finally, thoroughly exhausted, he gave a series of spasmodic jerks, as if electricity was passing through him, and then fell limp on the floor. But only for an instant, for he forthwith collected himself and, rising to his feet, staggered wearily towards the altar, where the hapless Saroja had been kept waiting for him.

When the exorcist was dancing and allowing his movements to graduate into frenzy, Saroja had been brought by her elders and made to sit in front of the altar. Here she had remained calm and composed at first, but when the dancer began to get demented and the musicians contributed their share to the general embroilment that prevailed, she too reacted violently. The evil spirit within her revolted, as it were, and this caused her to whirl her head madly, to tear her hair, and to clutch wildly at her garments. This went on for quite some time, for when eventually the exorcist reached her she was like him, a very dazed person.

The exorcist and Saroja, both of whom were now in a trance, came face to face with each other. The exorcist rose to his full height and looked penetratingly at Saroja. As he did so, every fibre in the poor girl's body began to quiver, for this was not



The exorcist seen threatening the evil spirit which is troubling the hapless victim.

simply the exorcist looking at Saroja but also the god Madurai Veeran looking at and trying to commune with the evil spirit within Saroja. Then ensued a dialogue in which the exorcist and Saroja acted respectively as the mouthpieces of the god and the evil spirit.

By questioning and cross-questioning, the exorcist first tried to establish the identity of the spirit. When it was revealed whom this spirit represented, whence it had come and what it wanted, the exorcist had won half the battle. The other half consisted in appeasing the spirit and in forcing it to quit Saroja's body, and this the

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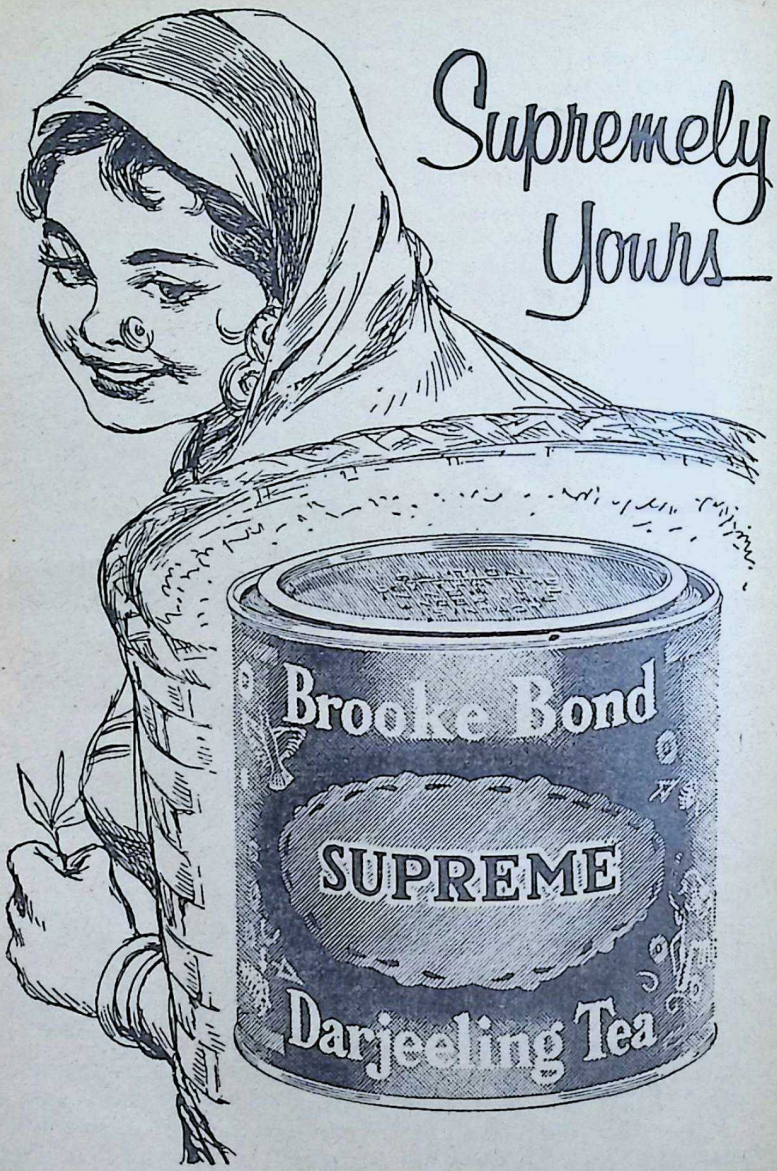

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exorcist proceeded to do by flattering the spirit and by making entreaties to it. When this did not have much effect he took to threatening, and when this also proved futile, the exorcist resorted to the most effective weapon in his armoury—punishment. He caught hold of Saroja by the hair and slapped and tormented her in many ways. The spirit remained adamant for quite some time, but eventually it had to give in. And when it decided on its surrender, the spirit made it known through Saroja's mouth that it was prepared to vacate her body and migrate to a certain tree in the vicinity.

This announcement was received with much relief by everybody. The exorcist then caught hold of Saroja by the hair and dragged her to that particular tree. Here he tied her hair in a knot and nailed this to the tree. He then clipped off the hair near the roots, leaving the knotted tresses nailed to the trunk. Saroja thereupon swooned and fell in a heap at the foot of the tree. Soon, her people came and lifted her and carried her ceremoniously into the house.

At cock-crow next day Saroja rose and, for the first time in weeks, asked for her morning cup of coffee. Her normal life had begun once again...

Kindness is a language the deaf can hear and the dumb can understand.

—*Anon.*

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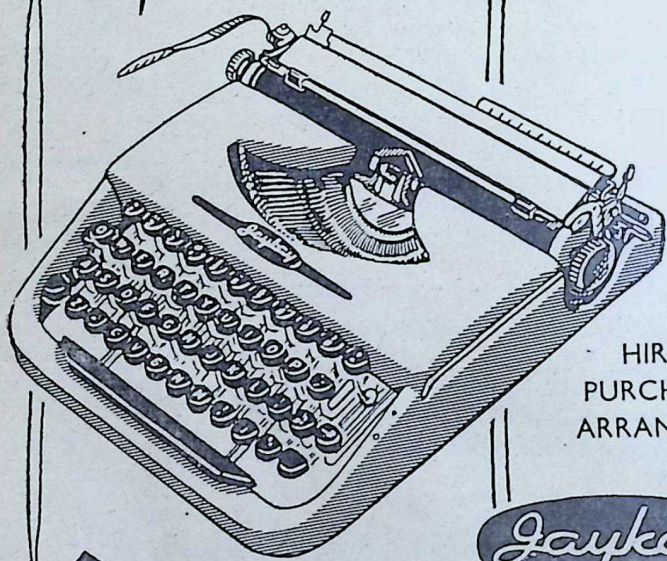

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Neverchanging Yet Ever-new

DILIP KUMAR ROY

WHEN forty years ago, Dr. James Cousins, the well-known poet and lover of India, wrote a number of illuminating essays describing the Renaissance in India, Sri Aurobindo wrote a long, appreciative article elaborating the eminent Irishman's theme. While agreeing with Dr. Cousin's point of view, he stressed that "this new birth in India, if it is a fact, must become a thing of immense importance both to herself and the world."

The au

Having imbibed the millennial wisdom of India at Sri Aurobindo's feet, I have come to look at life from a new point of view which is yet, paradoxically, the oldest in that it emphasises an immemorial paradox of the Vedas: that the *sanatana*, the eternal, is yet *punarnava*, that is being renewed all the time. In other words, a living Truth must manifest two aspects of Divinity which are, in essence, one: the immutable spirit that ensouls chameleon life and the changing life that manifests the eternal spirit.

This helped me to see deeper into the heart of our Indian Mysticism which made me thrill to its ever-living and multitudinous wisdom. I will illustrate what I mean by three parables embodying our native vision and outlook on things of the spirit.

The first I heard in my boyhood days from my grandfather, Dr. P.C. Majumdar who used to go to Sri Ramakrishna to treat him for cancer. And this is the parable that great Messiah had related to him with a wit and charm all his own.

A king was wont to vaunt that he

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was completely surrendered to Lord Krishna, Hrishikesh, saying:

"Tvaya Hrishikesha Hridi-sthitena yatha niyuktosmi tatha karomi."

"Whatever thou enjoinst in the heart, O Lord,
I execute, I follow thy every word."

People were deeply impressed. Naturally. What a king, a deputy of the Divine, an incarnation of spirituality, a Janaka reborn...and so on! No superlative was too good for him, this *avatar* of *dharma*.

One day the King went out on a hunting expedition and, accidentally, killed a cow, mistaking it for a deer. His Guru and priest was aghast: "O King, to have killed the sacred cow, mother cow! You will go to hell!" But the King gave a superior smile: "Hell? Stuff and nonsense! Have you forgotten that my will is one with that of the Lord's and so I am not the doer? Ergo, it is He who has killed the cow, not I."

The Lord on high smiled and, disguised as a Brahmin, appeared before the King who hailed him with reverence and showed him round the city.

"Who conceived of the architecture of these fine buildings, sire?" the Brahmin asked.

"From which but a royal head could such a conception have emanated, friend?" the King returned, smiling.

"Heavens!" the Brahmin caught his breath. "Then you are an architect as well, sire? But what about these deep life-giving wells?"

"Oh I got my men to sink them for my people," the King replied. "Am I not their care-taker and sustainer as well?"

"Indeed!" gasped the Brahmin. "And that reminds me, somebody spoke about a great battle your soldiers won last month against a neighbouring chieftain——"

"Tut tut!" the King twirled his moustache, "Soldiers are all right. But who led them?"

"You, yourself, sire?" the Brahmin asked, wide-eyed with admiration.

"Who else could have possibly conceived the strategy?"

"And who built this magnificent medical college and got the medicos trained so perfectly?" the other asked.

"Who could do it but I, friend?" the King rejoined proudly.

The Incognito gave a quizzical smile. "I see, sire! Every achievement is yours, you do everything so splendidly: Only one thing, alas, has been perpetrated by me, poor Hrishikesh—the killing of the blessed cow!" And he vanished.

This parable embodies a time-old truth about the danger of ageless self-complacency manifesting in evernew forms.

●●●

Then a sage told me another parable equally delightful and revealing.

The great devotee Shukadev, clad in a tiny loin-cloth, *kaupin*, heard of the shining spiritual figure, King Janaka, revered by all. But he was sceptical: how could a king achieve the peak of spiritual wisdom? Wasn't renunciation of the flesh-pots the *sine qua non* of all authentic spirituality? So, wanting to ascertain the truth, he visited the King's palace in Mithila.

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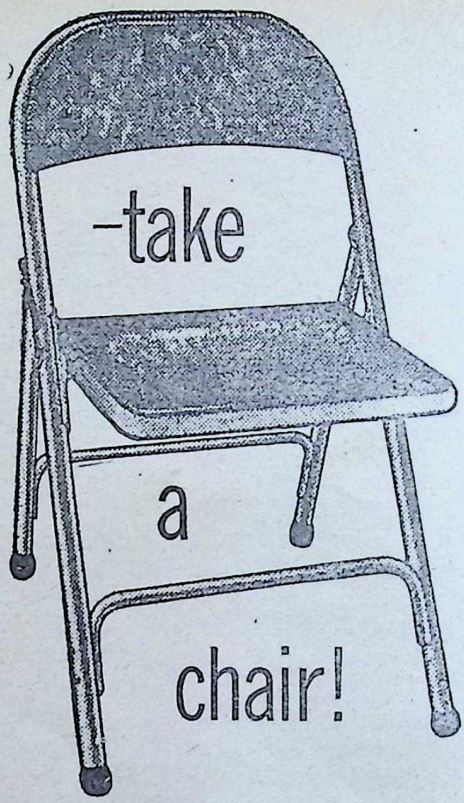

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He saw the King move about in resplendent royal robes; he saw the King eating fine food on gold plates; he saw the King listening to music by beautiful bayaderes..... It was opulence and splendour, luxury and pomp all long the line. He wondered on, the whole morning, till he felt utterly bewildered.

At noonday, the King invited the sage to have a bath with him in the river Sarayu. The former left his rich robes on the top of the marble ghat and plunged into her limpid waters. Shukadev followed suit and left his meagre loin-cloth beside the royal robes.

All of a sudden, a tremendous hue and cry stabbed the still air: "Fire, fire, fire.....!" Shukadev saw the palace standing on the bank catch fire whose lurid tongues lo, leapt fast towards their very ghat.

Janaka stayed engrossed in his daily devotions in the water, unperturbed. Shukadav, however, ran up the steps helter-skelter to retrieve his loin-cloth. When thereafter, he plunged back into the water, the King smiled and said:

"Mithilayam pradagdhayam na me dahyati kincana.

"Nothing of mine would be burnt, O sage,
If all my kingdom perished in the fire."

A liberated soul is not bound by anything. Janaka, living in luxury, was completely detached, while Shukadev had still a lingering attachment to his *kaupin*. This the sage understood to his cost, recalling how he had jumped up to retrieve his *kaupin* only to find Janaka utterly unconcerned about the fire! ●●●

"Radha, the queen of Gopis, loved Krishna as none else can"—so sang all till the phrase became a by-word. But the sage, Narada, was inclined to question it: he plumed himself on his own peerless God-love.

"Pooh! How could a worldling, living in bondage, love Him as I have loved? And a woman's love: it may amount to something, but how can it possibly rival the adoration of a heavenly Minstrel who sleeplessly sings to and of the Lord and lives in and for Him, thinking of naught else in the universe?"....And so on.

One day as he visited Mathura, his heart missed a beat: Lord Krishna was groaning in pain! Headache!

"*You,* afflicted with a headache, Lord!" Narada asked in an agonised voice. "Oh, what can I do, how can I help? Tell me: I am dying to know. Surely, something can be done about it?"

"It can, Narada," sighed the Lord. "Only I can't find any one to do it —that is the crux of the trouble."

Narada remonstrated accusingly: "Oh, fie, my Lord! Am I not here ready to give my very life for you? You have only to command me."

"Well then, Narada," the Lord confided at last. "My headache can go only if I drink the water in which a devotee of mine has washed his feet."

Narada was aghast and covered his ears with his palms.

"O Lord, what a thing to say! It is a sin even to hear such a monstrous—"

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Krishna made a wry face and interjected: "But nothing else will help, Narada, dear!" Then he added, after a slight pause: "Why not go to Rukmini and sound her? She claims to love me more than her life."

Willy-nilly, Narada called on Queen Rukmini. She burst into tears but shook her head. "I can't, sire, I just can't. How can I....," and she broke down, sobbing disconsolately.

Narada approved. He returned to Krishna and told Him. But Krishna insisted:

"Try, Narada, try again, there's a dear. Go to somebody else." So Narada grumbling, wended his way to Radha.

Her eyes filled with tears. She said: "My Lord, my All-in-all is in pain! O Narada, wait——"

She fetched a bowl of water, dipped her feet into it and said: "Take this to him at once. I know I will go to hell for this, but to relieve Him of a moment's pain I would welcome hell a thousand times over."

It was then Narada realised the difference between Radha's love and that of others and he chanted:

"No one has attained Radha's love
till one, in joy, can sing:
I can be happy only when
I know He's happy, my King.

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will die again and again,
Or stay in everlasting hell
to spare Him a moment's pain."

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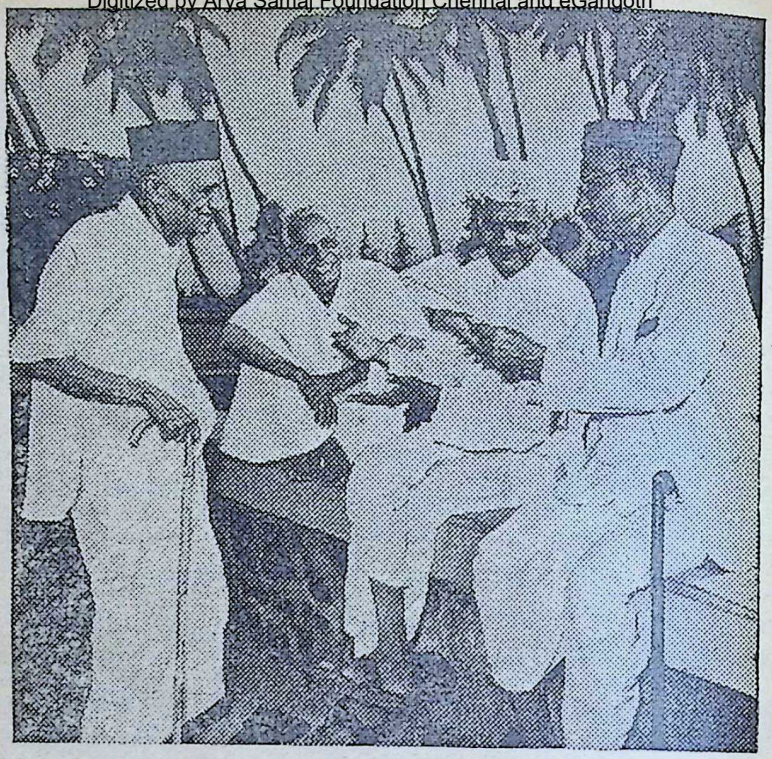

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Folk-tales of Hindustan—5

The Thoughtless Merchant

...without a moment's thought he smashed its head...

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In days of old, certain birds and animals understood the human tongue and there lived men who could interpret the language of the feathery friends. And it was not uncommon then for men of learning and culture to pay heed to the utterances of the feathery members of their family.

In those bygone days, in the small township of Naragol, situated on the West Coast, there lived a merchant by name Jajukamál. He was a very successful trader and had travelled beyond the seas seeking fortune. In one of his travels to the land of Nagas, he took a fancy to a talking parrot, which its owner said was wise enough to guide one's fortune.

Jajukamal bought it at a fabulous price and brought it home with him.

As a traveller Jajukamal had gained rich experience of life and language, having come in contact with peoples of various races and climes and he had from his associations with the learned of the land learnt to interpret the speeches of birds.

He loved the parrot like a child and spent the greater part of his leisure hours with it, trying to speak to it and understand the meaning of its chirping songs.

He discovered that the parrot could speak words of wisdom as legibly as a human being and in following its advice he was saved from loss which he otherwise would have sustained.

When the time came for his voyaging beyond the seas, he gave instructions to his men to carry on the work at home following strictly the injunctions of the parrot.

The merchant's men, who on previous occasions of their master's sojourn in foreign land, had managed his

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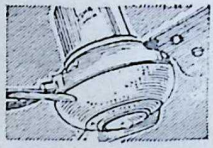

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estates in their own way, and to their own advantage, were irked by Jajukamal's directions to obey the parrot.

But they dared not go against the wishes of their master, though they laughed in their sleeves at the idiosyncracy of Jajukamal in placing much reliance on the wisdom of a bird.

After the departure of the merchant the parrot ordered the men thus: "Beyond the enclosure of the central building there is a plot of land measuring ten *bigahs* where last year you had sown the seeds of cucumber. Last year the crop failed because the field was not manured properly. Now go and plough the land well and richly manure it."

When the work was completed the servants wanted to know what they should do next.

"Now go and sow pumpkin seeds and after a month when the creepers bear fruits, come and report to me," ordered the parrot.

After some time the field was covered with an abundance of succulent pumpkins of an extraordinary size and they were ready for gathering.

When the servants asked the parrot if they should gather the pumpkins and sell them in the market or sell them at a high profit to a speculative farmer, the bird replied: "Have I been kept here to squander away the wealth of Jajukamal that I am supposed to guard and double and triple? Go, my good men, irrigate the land so that the pumpkins and the creepers may lie immersed in water for a week."

The men did as directed by the parrot, but they were angry at the insane way in which the parrot had asked them to destroy a bumper crop which would have fetched their master a fortune to be proud of.

They went to the parrot and said: "You insane bird, we obey your orders not because we consider you are gifted with wisdom, but because we cannot be ungrateful to our master who has been kind to us all these years, and whose commands we dare not disobey. But we strongly protest at the way you are destroying the riches of our master."

The parrot smiled at the angry words of the men and said: "What concern is that of yours? You are required to carry out my injunctions strictly to the very letter and spirit. Go now, and plough the land deep after the water has drained itself and richly manure it as before. Then plant cuttings of sugar-cane." They did.

Three months later the men found that the field was thick with the sugar-cane plants growing with luxuriance. The plants had grown to lofty heights and were succulent of juice.

The servants reported to the parrot that the canes were ready for cutting, and if they were allowed to stand longer, their productive sap would be destroyed.

The parrot said: "Cut the canes and heap them on the field. Then set fire to them and reduce them to ashes. Then store up the ashes in a room in the house and lock the room."

The men were amazed at the systematic way in which the parrot was destroying Jajukamal's property. They were grieved but they could do nothing to stop it.

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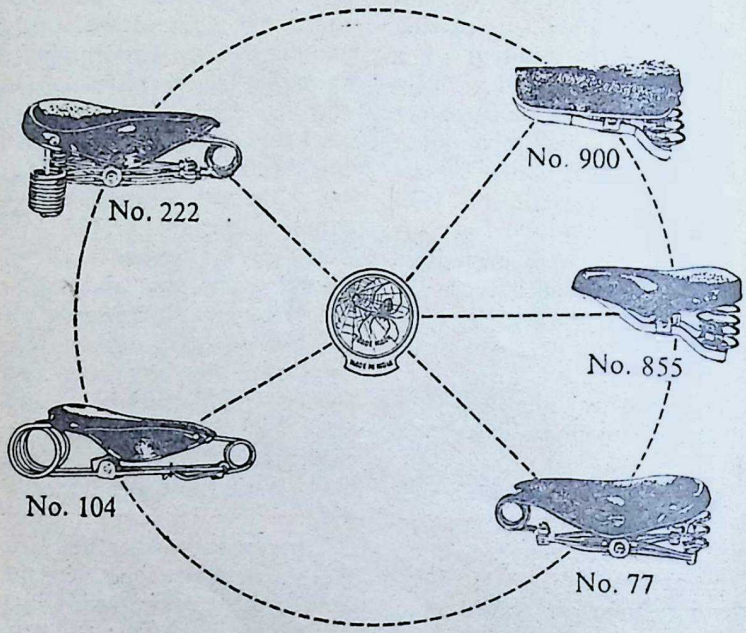

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They carried out the orders of the parrot.

A few days later Jajukamal returned from his voyage. This time he had met with reverses in his trade and was in a bad temper.

As if adding fuel to the fire, his servants gave a detailed account of how the parrot had, despite their protest, ruined the pumpkin and sugar-cane crops, which, had it been marketed at the proper time, would have brought a fortune that would have compensated the loss he had sustained in foreign lands.

Jajukamal was infuriated on hearing this and without a moment's thought took the parrot out of its cage and smashed its head on the ground and killed it.

A week later, when he was sober, Jajukamal opened the room just to have a look at the ashes collected.

To his great surprise he found that the ashes had acquired, by some secret mysterious process conducted in the crucible of nature, medicinal properties.

He knew that if the ashes were sold to medical men, it would bring him imperishable wealth of a lifetime.

Reflecting how unpardonably he had sinned in killing his faithful parrot, he resolved to leave his property to the care of his men and retire to the forest to perform penance to absolve himself of his sin.

He said: "Man in his thoughtless moments arrogates to himself the power of the gods and inflicts punishment on the weak and innocent just to satisfy his baser instincts. He forgets that all creations of God, however insignificant apparently they are, act with good intention. The weakness in man lies in not comprehending the basic goodness in all creations of the Creator, and it is this weakness that is the cause of all sins."

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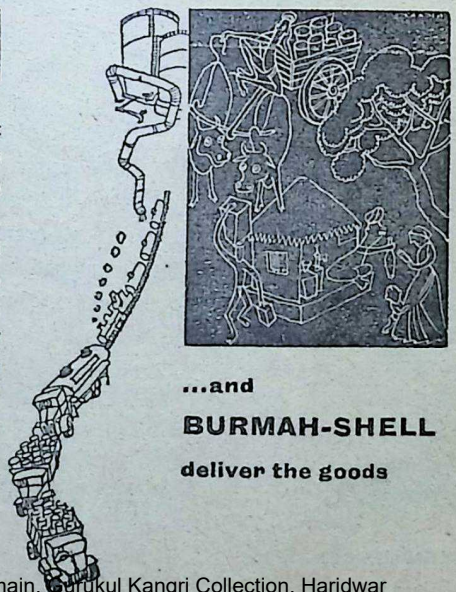

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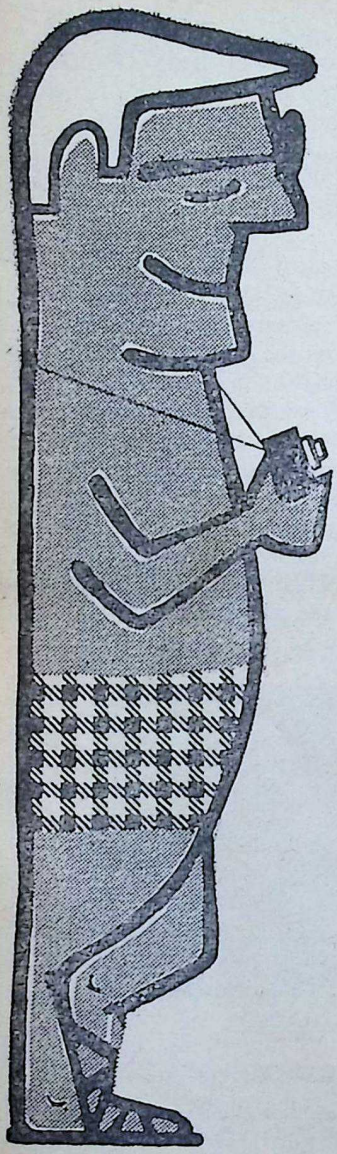

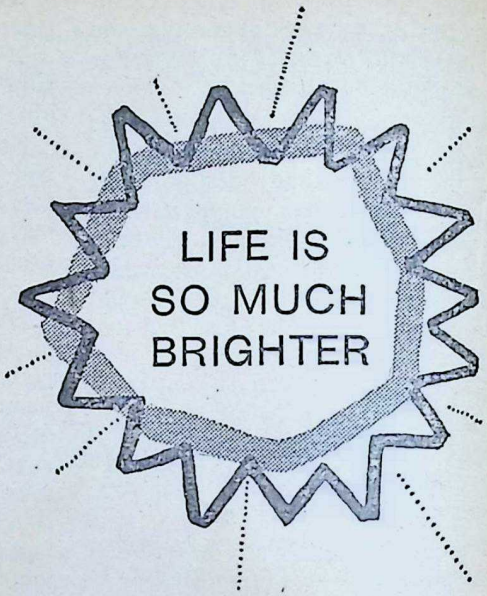

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They Stood for Our Dharma—7

DHARMA *versus* DHARMA

ONCE there was a king called Avikshit. He ruled over his kingdom for long and he was a good king. When he grew old, he entrusted his kingdom to his son Marutta and betook himself to the forest with his wife to lead the life of *vaanaprastha*.

Marutta was an able ruler like his father, not swerving from the path of *dharma* and ever mindful of the welfare of his subjects. He was bold and valorous, skilled in the use of every *sastra* and *astra*. True to the obligations of royalty, he performed various *yajnas* and gave away freely enormous wealth as *dakshina*. His subjects were mightily pleased by his bounties and they themselves were constant in the observance of the duties relating to their station and status in life.

And thus all was well in every part of the king's domains till, one day, his father's mother who was leading the life of an anchorite in the forest sent him news of a great calamity that had befallen the *rishis* doing penance in the forest. She said in her message: 'Your grandsire went to Heaven after ruling his kingdom, earning great merit. Your father has gone to the forest to lead a spiritual life. I am here doing penance. But what is this that I learn that brings ill-repute to you? This is not how your grandsire and your own father conducted the affairs of State. You seem to have lost yourself in sensual pleasures. Do not your spies report to you what happens in the four corners of your kingdom? Else, how can you be unaware of the iniquities perpetrated in your land? Now, listen if you do not know it yourself. The serpents of the *paatalaloka* came out of their hideouts and plunged their fatal fangs into seven sons of the *rishis* here who now lie dead. Not only that. These fell serpents have wrought havoc in the sacrificial grounds, polluting them with exudations from their bodies. I do not know if they did all this because these *naagas* have not been propitiated for long by worship proper to them. But, whatever it was, it is a most unrighteous act that these have been guilty of, killing innocent and unoffending *rishiputras*. These *rishis* themselves could have burnt them to ashes by the power of their *tapas*; but they feel that punishment of the wrong-doer is not their office; that it behoves the king to do it. Remember this, my child: He who is born to a king can indulge in pleasures only till a crown settles on his head. The

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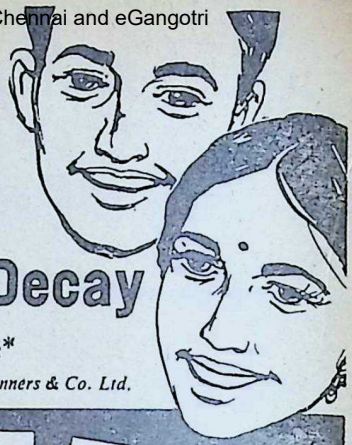

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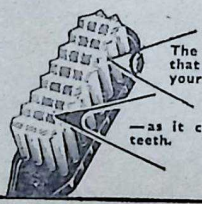

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moment the waters of his *abhisheka* into royalty are poured over him, then begin his cares and anxieties.

'Now that you are king, you must be all eyes and ears. You must be able to distinguish between friends and foes. You must choose your ministers with care and you must be watchful for ever to make sure of the loyalty of those about you. You must gather news of your people as to who among them are intent on *dharma* and who are not. You must find out who deserve to be punished and stretch your arm unflinchingly at them. You must find out who needs protection and take him under your care. Your spies must be very vigilant to gather news from every quarter and you must set others to spy on these spies. Thus devoted to the offices of your State, you must remember that the instrument of your body is not for seeking pleasure, but to strive hard, day and night, to discharge your duties properly.

'Therefore, my child, who are now king of this land, abandon the quest for pleasure. Subject yourself to every hardship to rule your kingdom with absolute regard for righteousness. Kept in ignorance of what has happened, you are not aware of the sad plight of these *rishis*. Yours is now the duty to punish the *naagas* who have fatally bitten these *rishiputras*. You will be entitled to your share of the one-sixth of the *dharma* of your people only if you protect the good and punish the wicked. Else, all the sins of the wicked people will be on your head. I have spoken now; do as you please.'

The king heard this message from his grandmother and was touched to the quick by this accusation that he had failed in his duties. He felt extremely vexed with himself. He went at once to the hermitage of that worshipful lady and fell at her feet. She blessed him most heartily.

Then, Marutta beheld the seven *rishiputras* lying dead on the ground and he was very distressed at that sight. Lashing himself to indignation, he said: 'Now, let all the worlds peopled with men, gods and *asuras* witness how I shall take revenge on these *naagas* for the heinous crime that they have committed.'

So saying, he lifted his mighty bow and yoked it with the *aagneyaastra* for the destruction of every serpent inhabiting the regions below. Then there arose a mighty fire which, even ere the *astra* was discharged enveloped every part of the *naagaloka* and nothing could contain it. The *naagas* ran for their lives here, there and everywhere, crying aloud to their father, mother, child to escape the dread terror. The tails of some of them were aflame; the hoods of others were caught in the conflagration, and, in desperate confusion, giving up their ornaments and their apparel, all of them issued out of the nether world and sought refuge at the hands of Marutta's mother.* For, once upon a time, she had given them promise of help in times of distress.

Going to her, filled with fear, the *naagas* fell at her feet and in a voice choked with agony, they reminded

* In Hindu Mythology, serpents are personified after the manner of human beings and spoken of as *naagas*, as living in families and as having adornments and attire.

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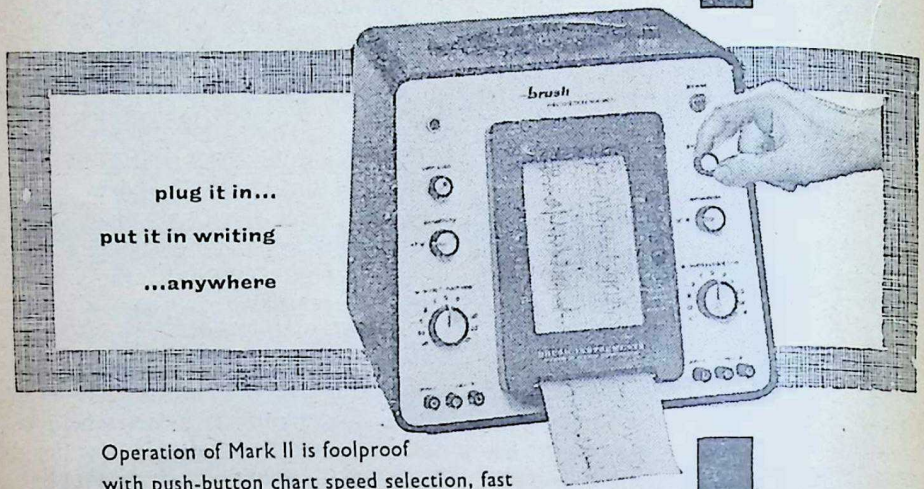

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her of her promise of succour and said: 'Now has the hour come, great mother, to redeem your promise. Pray bid your son stay his hand and give us *praanabhiksha*. The fire emanating from his *astra* burns out the entire world of the *naagas*. In this plight when your son is determined to exterminate us, you are our sole refuge.'

Marutta's mother heard this plaintive appeal of the *naagas* and turning to her husband, Avikshit, she said: 'My lord! These serpents have come here in distress unable to bear the raging fury of Marutta's arrow. They are seeking refuge in me. Their *saranaagati* to me is, by implication, made to you as well; for. we are two-in-one in the pursuit of *dharma*. Therefore. go and speak to your son Marutta to desist from this cruelty to the *naagas*. Surely he will stay his hand when he learns that you and I jointly bid him do so.'

Avikshit replied: 'Our son is furious that these *naagas* have been guilty of a great sin. I am afraid he cannot be turned from his resolve.'

The *naagas* entreated: 'We fall at your feet and pray for *abhaya*. Be merciful to us. Kshatriyas carry a bow and arrows to save others in distress; is that not so?'

Avikshit heard what the *naagas* said. Agreeing to his wife's desire, he told her: 'Well, my dear, this instant I shall go to our son for the protection of the *naagas*. Verily, those who have sought refuge should not be abandoned. If he does not pay heed to my words and persists in his purpose, I shall oppose his *astra* with mine and prevent him from killing the *naagas*.'

Taking up his bow and accompanied by his wife, Avikshit went to meet his son.

The son saw his father wielding his mighty bow and the terrific arrows waiting for his command to spread universal destruction.

Avikshit spoke to his son and bade him restrain his anger and withdraw his *astra* from the bow.

Marutta looked at his father again and again, saw him displaying his bow and arrows as if ready to give battle. Courtesying to him humbly, he replied: 'While I am king, unmindful of my authority, these serpents have killed the seven *rishiputras*. They have polluted the waters and ruined the sacrificial altars. They have committed an unpardonable sin for which they deserve to be punished. Do not prevent me from punishing them, my dear father. If I do not punish them, I shall go to hell for failing in my duty.'

'But, my son! These have sought my protection. So, for my sake, out of respect for me, withdraw your arrow. Enough of your anger.'

'No. I shall not forgive these evildoers who have sinned greatly. How can I agree to what you say? To do as you bid me will be to violate my *dharma*. Is it not the duty of a king to visit the wicked with punishment and protect the good? So doing, he goes to holy regions after death. Otherwise, he goes to hell.'

Marutta was firm in his resolve and refused to yield though his father and mother pleaded with him most earnestly. Seeing that he would not

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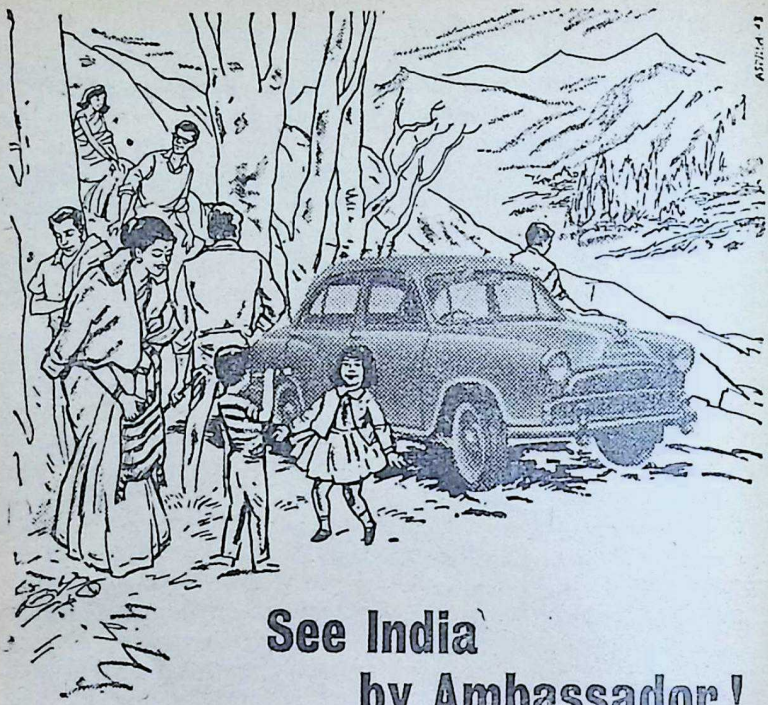

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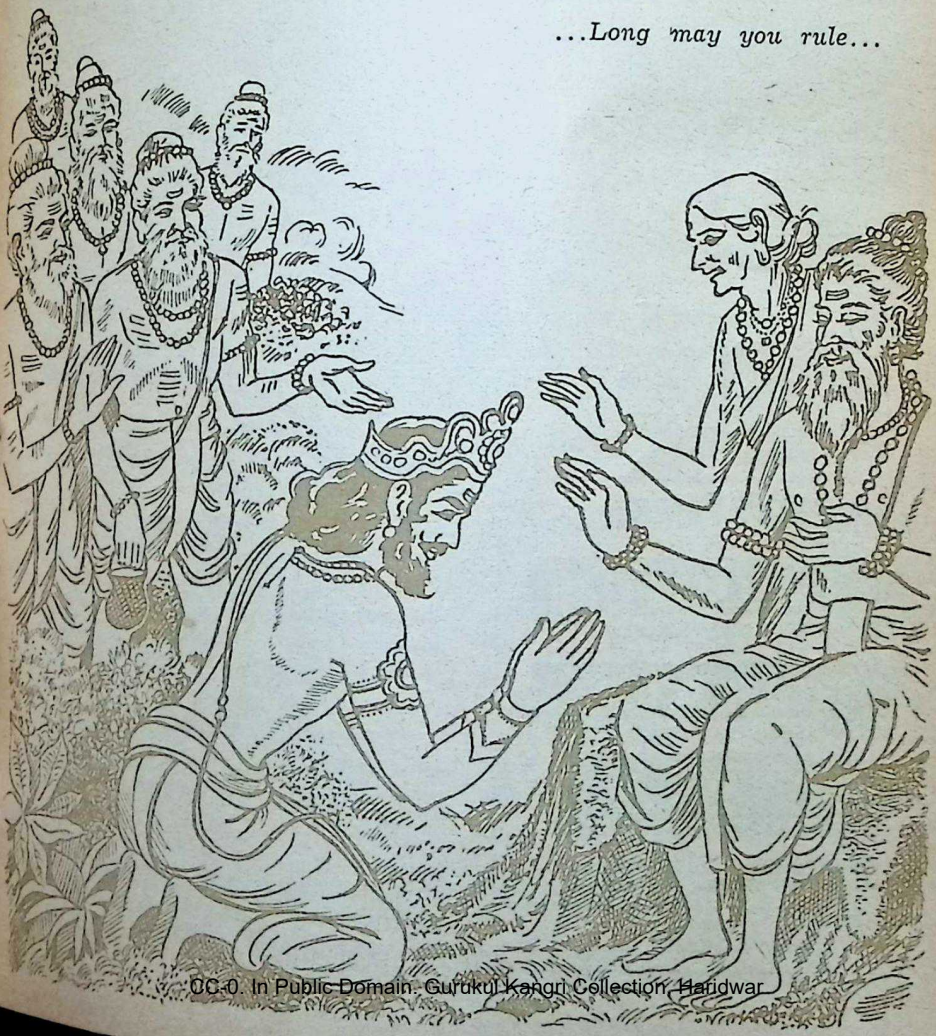
withdraw his *astra* from its death-dealing flight, Avikshit got angry and said:

'You are bent on killing these terrified *naagas* who have sought refuge in me. You would not heed to my request. Then, take up my challenge. You are not the only bowman on this earth. I too have *astras* not inferior to yours. Stand up and show your valour.' With this he fitted the terrible *kaalaastra* to his bow.

And then, the two *astras* of the father and the son were poised against each other prepared for deadly combat and threatened the whole world with complete destruction.

Marutta beheld his father's terrible aspect, his fingers toying with the *astra* which would spell instant death.

...Long may you rule...



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Facing him, the king asked: 'Protection of my subjects is the duty prescribed for me. Would you kill me for performing my *dharma?*'

'But protection of those who seek refuge in me is *my* duty. How can I let you live when you are bent on preventing me from doing *my dharma?* Either you kill me in this combat and then kill these *naagas* as you please; or vanquishing you, I save these *naagas* from death at your hands. Fie on him who for any reason fails to go to the rescue of those who sue for help, even though they come from the camp of his enemies. I am a Kshatriya; these are in distress and appeal to me for help. I have promised to save them. How then can I refrain from slaying you if they must be protected?'

Marutta retorted: 'Be it friend or kinsman, father or teacher, if a person comes in a king's way of protecting his subjects, such a person deserves to be killed without compunction. Therefore, my father, I must fight against you. Pray do not be angry with me. I must stand up for my *dharma* and if I oppose you, it is not out of anger with you.'

So, they stood against each other, father and son each intent on killing the other. The *rishis* of the forest had gathered there in awful suspense of the issue of this strange combat. They told the son not to send his arrow against his father and they appealed likewise to the father to spare his son.

Marutta put them off by saying: 'My *dharma* tells me that I should destroy the evil-doers and protect the good. Is not that the duty of a king? Tell me, holy ones, is that wrong?'

Avikshit asked: 'Is it not the *dharma* of a person to save one to whom aid in distress has been promised? Is it not a crime to look on while one who has sought refuge is being killed?'

The *rishis* told the father and son: 'But listen, both of you, to what these *naagas* say.'

And the *naagas* said: 'We shall restore to life the *rishiputras* bitten by some of our tribe.'

Accordingly, they sucked back the poison from the bodies of the victims and the *rishiputras* stood up as before.

Marutta then fell at his father's feet in devout supplication. Avikshit embraced his son fondly and blessed him saying: 'Long may you rule over your kingdom; and may you see sons and grandsons and live happily for many many years!'

[From the *Markandeya Purana.*]

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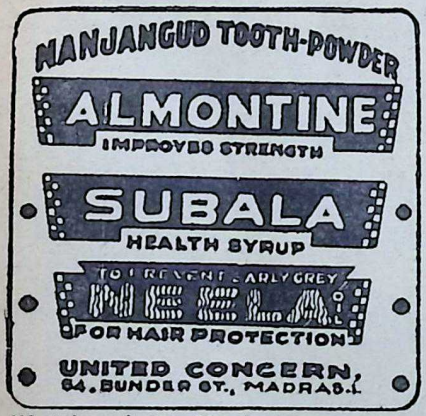

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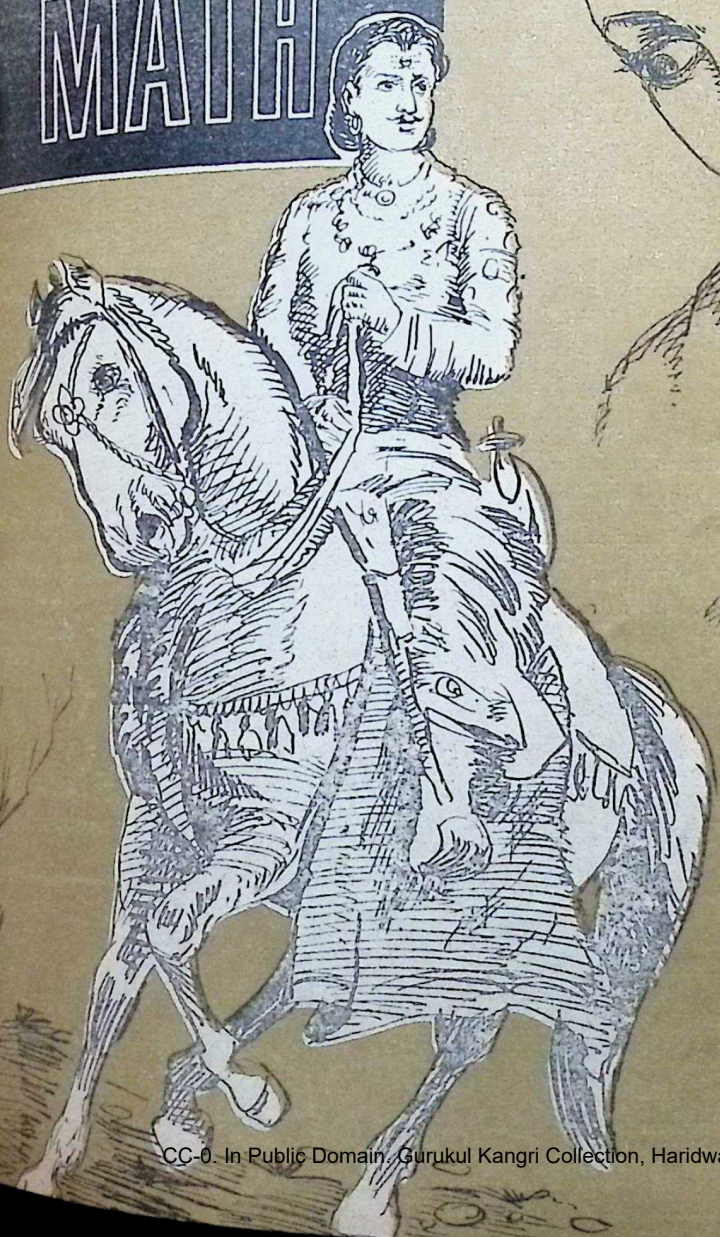

Serial Story

by
Swargeeya
Bankim Chandra Chatterjee

(*Translated by* R.P.A

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PROLOGUE

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IT was a dense and interminable forest. Banyan trees predominated, though there were numerous other varieties of trees. The tops of the trees mingled with one another, leaves merged into leaves forming an endless and continued serial. There was neither a crevice nor a gap even for the rays of the sun to penetrate. It extended like a boundless ocean of foliage mile after mile; it was like a thick green cloud. A terrifying darkness reigned inside the forest; there was hardly a glimmer of light even when the sun was at the meridian. Into this ominous forest no man had ever set foot; and no sound, save the perpetual rustle of the leaves and the cry of wild beasts, had been heard.

A deep gloom enveloped this dense, impenetrable forest. It is now midnight; and a deep and dark midnight. Even outside the forest, it is dark and nothing is visible. Inside the forest, the gloom is like the darkness in the womb of mother earth itself.

Bird and beast alike are motionless and utterly silent. Thousands upon thousands of birds and beasts and other types of fauna have their habitat in that forest. Yet not one of them makes the slightest sound. The utter darkness prevailing there is not beyond the scope of imagination. But it is almost inconceivable to realise the grim silence that pervades the forest in sharp contrast to the sounds that fill the earth with joy. In that dense and uninhabited forest, in the darkness of that night, in that ominous silence, a voice is heard: "Will my heart's desire ever be fulfilled?"

After that voice died down, the forest relapsed into silence. Who could have thought that voice heard in that wilderness was human? A little later, the voice was heard again, disturbing the silence: "Will my heart's desire ever be fulfilled?"

Thrice was the wide expanse of darkness shaken by the voice. Then the answer came: "What are you prepared to sacrifice?"

The voice replied: "I am prepared to surrender even my life if necessary."

The echo derided: "Life! What is life? It is a small thing which anyone can sacrifice."

"What other precious possession have I besides my life? What else can I sacrifice?"

Came the answer: "The faith and worship of the soul."

1. The Journey Begins

IT was a scorching summer day in the year* 1176. The burning rays of the sun beat down mercilessly on the village of Padachinha. Though the village was crowded with houses, there was hardly a person to be seen. There were rows of shops in the bazar and booths in the market. Hundreds of mud-houses were occasionally interspersed with brick and stone mansions, high and low, in every quarter. But today, no sound or bustle is heard. The shops are closed and no one knows where the shopkeepers have disappeared. Though today is the market-day, there is neither buying nor selling in the mart. Today is set apart for giving alms but beggars are nowhere to be seen. The weaver has run away from his loom and lies prostrate on the floor of his house. The trader has forgotten his business and with his child on his shoulders is shedding copious tears. The charitably-minded have stopped giving alms. Teachers have closed the schools. Even infants dare not weep aloud. No one is to be seen walking in the streets or bathing in the tank. There are no

* *Bengali era.*

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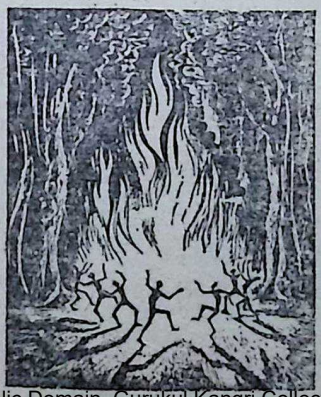
human figures at thresholds, no birds on the trees, no cattle in the pastures. Only dogs and jackals in their thousands stalk around the cremation grounds. Even from afar could be seen a stately mansion with great flu'ed pillars which towered above the rest of the houses like a mountain peak. But even this mansion was bereft of its glory and shrouded in gloom. The doors were shut and the rooms were empty. Not a sound was heard; and it looked as though even the wind could not enter. Even though it was midday, the rooms were dark. In one of the dark rooms, like lilies flowering in the midnight sat two human beings plunged in thought.

Famine stalked the place. In 1174 the harvest had been poor and consequently in 1175 there was famine. The people suffered much but the government exacted its revenues in full. As a result of this exaction, the poor could eat only one meal a day. In 1175 the rains were copious and the people rejoiced that the gods had taken pity on the land. Once more the cowherd sang as he tended the cattle; the cultivator's wife began to nag her husband for a silver bracelet. But suddenly in October it looked as though the gods had changed their mind. Not a drop of rain fell. The rice-stalks in the field withered and turned straw. Wherever any crops were harvested, they were requisitioned by the Government for the feeding of troops. In consequence, no longer had the people anything to eat. In the beginning they contented themselves with one meal a day but later, even that single meal could satisfy only a moiety of their hunger. Came a time when they could not have even half a meal and had to go hungry. The harvest reaped in March was poor; it was not enough to feed the hungry. But Mohamed Raza Khan, who was in charge of revenue collection, enhanced the taxes by ten per cent, in order to earn the favour of his superiors. Bengal resounded with the cry of distress.



At first, people took to begging but after some time, there was no one to give alms. Hunger gnawed at their vitals; and they fell victims, to disease. The peasants started selling their cattle and their ploughs. Paddy seeds were sold, houses were sold, fields were sold. Ultimately they started selling their children and their wives. As people started selling women and children, the demand decreased. There were only sellers but no buyers. Driven by hunger and with no food, people began to eat the barks of trees, grass and even weeds. The lower castes began eating dogs, rats and cats. Many fled from their homes but died in thousands on the roadside either by starvation or by eating foul things.

It was a field-day for disease. Fever, cholera and small-pox raged. If one was

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suspected of having caught smallpox, no one would go near him. No one would dare to touch him, much less to tend him. There was none to give the poor patient even water to drink. People had become callous to the sufferings of others and no one cared even to remove the corpses. Once beautiful bodies lay rotting in imposing mansions. Where smallpox made its appearance, the inmates fled from the house, abandoning the sick person to his fate.

Mahendra Singh was a man of great wealth in Padachinha. But today there was no difference between the rich and the poor; both were on the same level. In those critical days, his relations, friends and servants had all deserted him. In that mansion which used to be crowded with people, there was only himself, his wife and an infant girl. This was the couple referred to earlier.

Kalyani, wife of Mahendra gave up her brooding for a while and went to the cowshed and milked the cows; then she warmed the milk, fed the child and gave the milk to her husband. She went again to give fodder and water to the cows. When she returned from her task, Mahendra asked: "How long can we go on in this manner?"

"I know that we cannot go on for long," replied Kalyani. "Should we not carry on as long as we can? As long as I am alive, I will manage. But after that, you can take the child and go to the town."

"If we have to go to the town ultimately, why should I inflict all this suffering on you? Let us go now," said Mahendra.

There was much discussion between the husband and wife about going to the town. At last Kalyani asked: "Is there any particular advantage in going to the town?"

Mahendra: "I am nervous whether the town too like this place is deserted without means of subsistence."

Kalyani: "I think that we can save ourselves if we go to Murshidabad, Cossimbazar or Calcutta. In any case, it is best to leave this place."

Mahendra: "This house has been full with the accumulated treasures of generations. Will not all those be looted by thieves?"

Kalyani: "If dacoits come to loot the treasures even when we are here, shall we two be able to prevent them? If we two lose our lives, who will be left to enjoy these treasures? Come, let us close the doors and lock up the place and start on our journey. Later, if plenty returns and we are spared, we can come back and enjoy what is left."

Mahendra: "I am not sure whether you will be able to do the journey on foot. But there is no other way. The palanquin bearers are all dead. As for cart or carriage, there is no driver where there are bullocks and there are no bullocks where there is a driver."

Kalyani: "Don't you fear on that score. I shall be able to walk."

Though she assured her husband, Kalyani thought in her heart what

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would be the consequences if she were unable to do the journey on foot. She would have to fall and die on the way. That did not matter. At least the husband and the child would be saved.

The next morning, the couple let loose the cattle from the sheds. They took some money, locked up the house, and, carrying the child, set out on their journey. After going a few steps, Mahendra said: "The roads are infested with dacoits and highwaymen. It is not safe to go unarmed." He returned to the house, took a musket, shot and powder and rejoined Kalyani.

When she saw the weapon, Kalyani said: "Your mention of weapons reminds me of something. Please hold Sukumari for a while. I will go and get my weapon." So saying, she gave the child to Mahendra and walked back to the house. Mahendra called after her: "What weapon are you going to take?"

In the meantime, Kalyani had entered the house. She hid a small phial of poison in her dress. Apprehensive of what dire fate might befall her in those times of trouble and turmoil, she had already obtained the poison and kept it with her...

It was the month of April when the rays of the sun were scorching. The earth seemed like a furnace in which iron was being melted. The wind was scattering fire. The sky was like a canopy of melting copper. The dust of the road scorched like sparks from a fire. Kalyani had never walked such distances in the past. How excruciating must have been her agony in his travail, when she had no proper or adequate food and was in the depths of dejection! Whenever she saw a cluster of trees, she sought shelter under their shade. She avidly drank the muddy water from pools which had practically dried up. Thus with great difficulty Kalyani

...with great difficulty Kalyani journeyed on...

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journeyed on. Then they came across a huge tree, covered with creepers; the flowers were fragrant and dense foliage provided shade. The three sat under the tree and refreshed themselves. Mahendra was astonished at Kalyani's power of endurance under fatigue. He soaked his robe with water from a pool nearby and wiped Kalyani's face, hands and feet. Then he washed himself.

Kalyani felt a little refreshed; but both of them were famished with hunger. Though they could endure it for some more time, they could not bear to see the suffering of the child, Sukumari. So they resumed their journey. It can be said that they swam through waves of fire. Ultimately they reached a choultry before evening. Mahendra had great hopes that he would be able to obtain cool water and some food to give his exhausted wife and child. It was usual for priests to distribute food to wayfarers. But there was not a soul in that choultry. There were many large rooms which could accommodate many people. But they were empty and the inmates had disappeared. Mahendra went through the rooms and finally put his wife and daughter in one of them. He went out and shouted in the loudest voice but there was no response. He returned to Kalyani and told her: "Please summon up courage and stay here alone for a while. There must be a cow somewhere in this area. With the grace of Sri Krishna I shall bring you some milk." He picked up a mud jar and went out. A number of such jars were lying

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2. The Family Disintegrates

MAHENDRA went out. Left alone with her little child in that dreary and deserted choultry in that dark room, Kalyani felt apprehensive and began to look on all sides. There was no one there, not even the semblance of human existence. She could hear only the periodic howling of dogs and jackals. "Why did I let him go? We could have borne the thirst and hunger a little longer." So she mused. She thought of closing the doors and bolting them. But none of the doors had either leaves or bolts.

While she was thus scanning every direction something in the doorway facing her suddenly caught her attention, something like a shadow. She peered out and it seemed like a human shape. But it could not be called a man. That apparition, utterly emaciated, mere skin and bones, naked and terrifying, approached the door. After a while, the shadow seemed to lift the hand. With the finger of a long, withered hand, it seemed to be summoning someone from outside. Kalyani's heart sank and she was petrified with fear. Then another apparition equally emaciated, dark, tall and naked, came and stood by the side of the first. Then another came and yet another. Slowly, noiselessly they began to enter the room.

When these figures entered, the room became as dreadful and terrifying as a cremation ground at midnight. All the ghastly figures surrounded Kalyani and her child. Kalyani swooned. Then the dark and emaciated men seized and lifted up Kalyani and the child and carried them out of the choultry. Avoiding the main thoroughfare, they went through the fields and entered, the jungle.....

A little later Mahendra returned to the choultry with milk in the jar for his wife and child. But he found the room empty. He searched throughout the choultry. Often he called aloud his daughter's name and at last his wife's as well. There was no answer; no trace of his wife and child. There was no sign of human life anywhere.

[*To be continued*]

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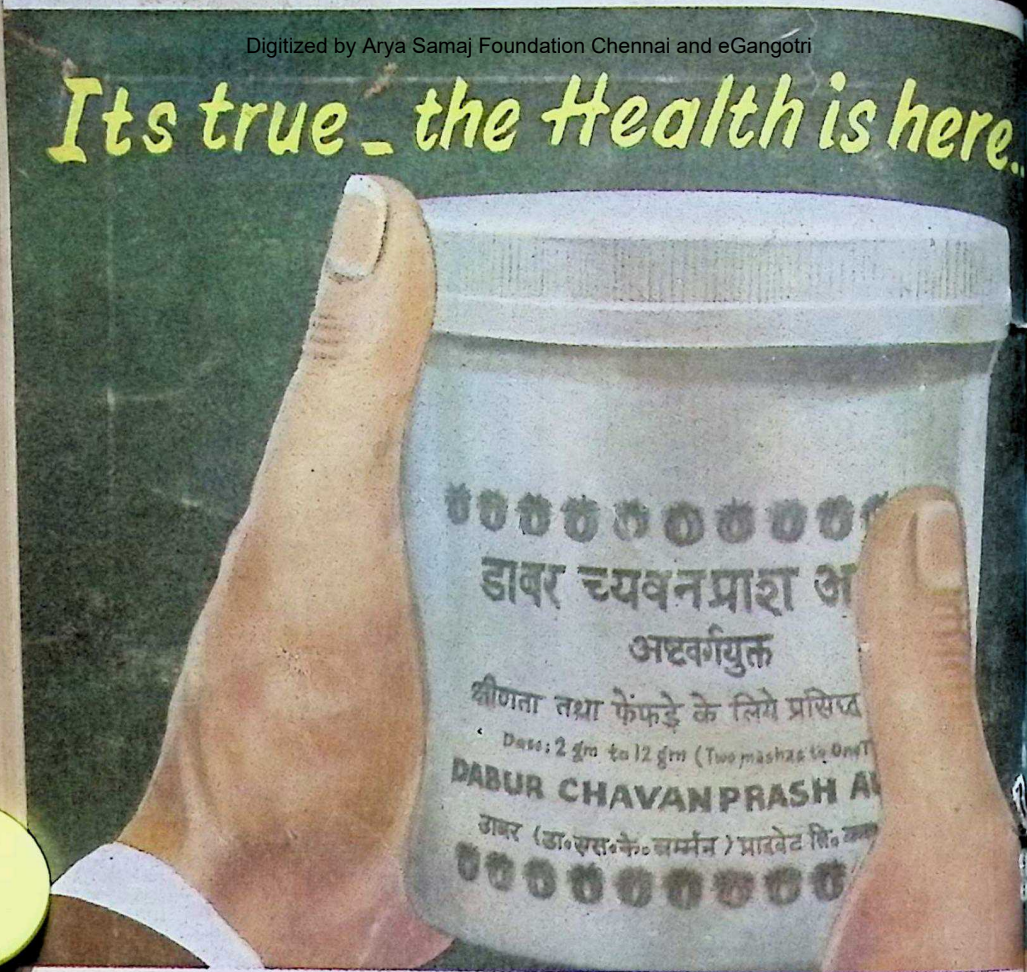

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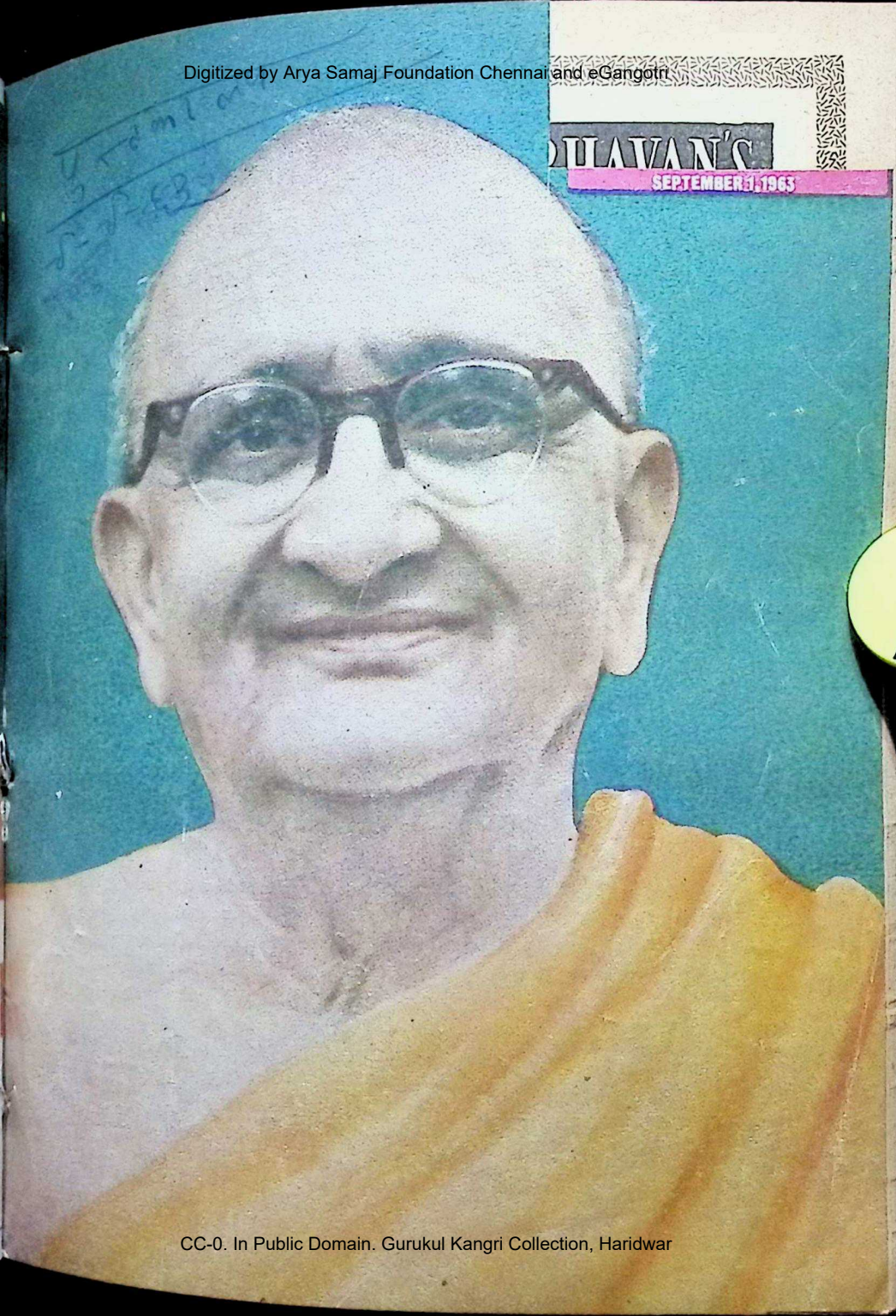

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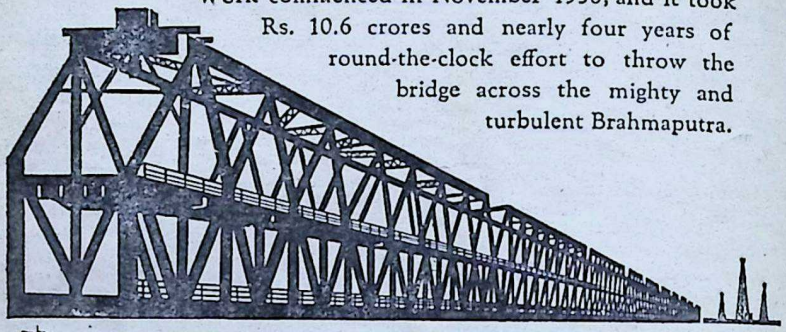

When the first goods train travelled over the bridge on 31st October 1962, it heralded a new era in the fast-developing economy of north-eastern India. For the first time, an all-rail-cum-road link was established between the tea gardens and the oilfields of Assam and the rest of the country.

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contents

	Page
* Ward Off Evil! (Prayer)	3
* Kulapati's Letter No. 291: Swami Vivekananda—An Apostle of Renaissance	4
* Jnanamrita—Krishnananda Saraswati.	9
* Sri Swami Ramdas: Our Beloved Papa—Swami Satchidananda ..	11
* Ruling Group Morality—Pitirim A. Sorokin and Walter A. Lunden ..	15
* Krishnavatara (Part III): The Master in Rakshasavrat—Sri K. M. Munshi.	25
* Law, An Unifying Factor—Justice J. M. Shelat	29
* Madurai Meenakshi Temple (Art Suppl. Illus. by "Silpi")	33
* America Revisited—Sri G. L. Mehta	39
* Ben Bella (Profile)	43
* Sati Sukanya (Story)	47
* Ananda Math (Serial)—Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	57
* Notes & News	65
* Our Bookshelf	69

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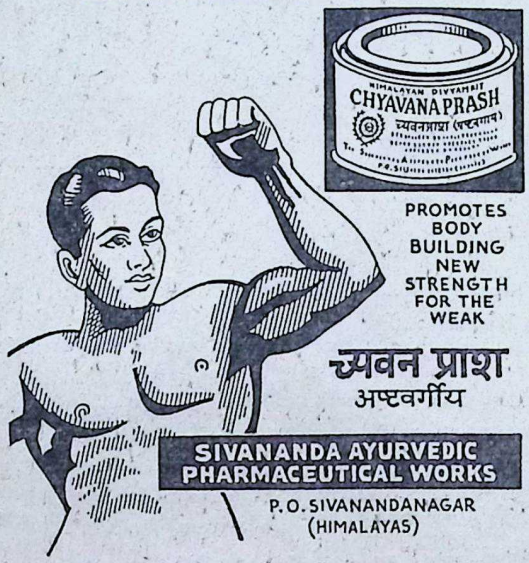

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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व्याधींश्च नाशयतु मे जगतामधीशः ॥

O, Lord of the Universe! Save me from bad dreams, bad omens, bad ways, sorrows, famines, extreme difficulties, unbearable ill-fame and calamities like quakes, fever, fear of poison, planetary inflictions and diseases.

—*Siva-Kavacha*

[This verse is often recited at the sight of ill omens and before sleep.]

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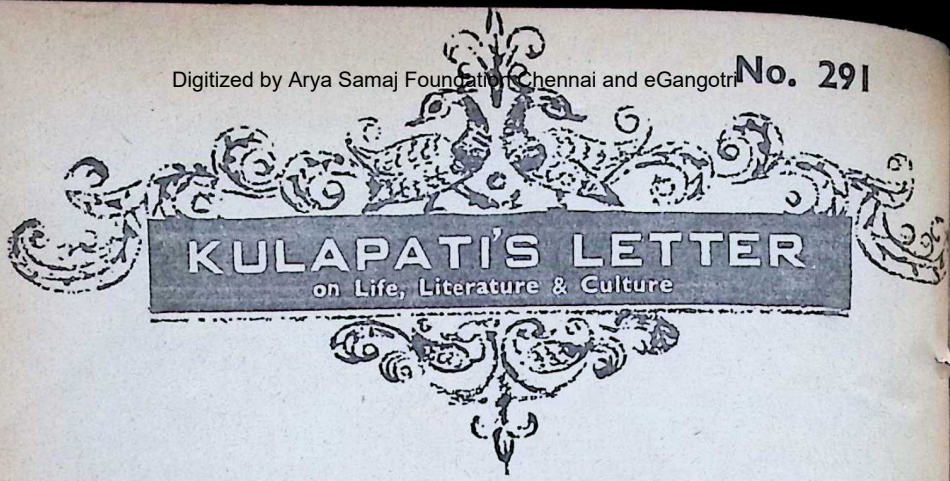

★ SWAMI VIVEKANANDA—AN APOSTLE OF RENAISSANCE

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MY YOUNG FRIEND, SEPTEMBER 1, 1963.

FEW can understand, unless they belong to my age-group, the great influence which Swami Vivekananda had on us, in the first decade of the 20th century when we were at College. We were then subjected not only to political but also to cultural and religious humiliation. In those days small booklets, very cheap, were issued by missionaries in which our culture and religion were held up to ridicule, scorn and contempt.

There were books giving heavily biased summaries of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, followed by criticisms trying to prove that we were barbarians, our scriptures were immoral and our gods wicked. Then in these books followed a gushing description of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost in which we were told how Christianity was faultless. We were then at an impressionable age and were not intelligent enough to find an answer to the criticism contained in these books. We felt humiliated.

At the time, the Arya Samaj, founded by Swami Dayanand Saraswati, was the only movement which accepted the challenge of the missionary. But, it was only when we began to read the works of Swami Vivekananda that our eyes were opened. Reading these works, we derived considerable knowledge on Hindu Culture and Religion from the modern point of view.

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Swamiji gave us the message of New India; he gave us hope; he gave us pride in ourselves. We felt that we were not the uncivilized barbarians which the missionaries were trying to make us out, but a people with great cultural heritage. This gave us back our self-respect.

Indian Renaissance was not merely an artistic and literary movement like the European Renaissance. Nor was it only a religious movement. It was essentially cultural and spiritual. Though Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and Dayanand Saraswati began the work, it was Swami Vivekananda who brought to us, the younger generations, the message of the Renaissance.

One of the essential features of the Renaissance was to bring the past in the vivid colours of the present. No nation can be great unless its present is founded in the past; nor can it be so, if it only lives in its past; and it can have no future, unless its present establishes a continuity with the past.

In a stirring passage, Swamiji said:

> "You are bound by it (your religion), and if you give it up you are smashed to pieces. You have withstood the shocks of centuries simply because you took great care of it. You sacrificed everything else for it. Your forefathers underwent everything boldly, even death itself, but preserved their religion. Temple after temple was broken down by the foreign conqueror, but no sooner had the wave passed than the spire of the temple rose up again. Some of these old temples of Southern India, and those like Somnath of Gujarat, will teach volumes of wisdom, will give a keener interest into the history of the race, than any amount of books. Mark how these temples bear the marks of a hundred attacks and a hundred regenerations, continually destroyed and continually springing up out of the ruins, rejuvenated and strong as ever! That is the national mind, that is the national life-current. Follow it and it leads to glory. Give it up and you die."

When we read Swamiji's works we realised that culture flows in a continuous stream. We cannot break it up by making artificial distinctions in time into British Period, the Moghul Period,

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the Freedom period and so on. The life of a people is continuous. Their spiritual heritage throws up creative activity which is one and indivisible. The collective mind of a people is basically the same, undergoing only minor changes from age to age.

We knew about *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* but we found in them fresh inspiration only when we read Swamiji's summaries of his works. Yoga was a word of mystic implication, but it was only when we read his *Raja Yoga* and *Karma Yoga* that we realised what it was.

❂❂❂

As one of the great architects of our Renaissance, Swami Vivekananda made us 'India-conscious'. I will tell you of how I became 'India-conscious'. In some respects, Sri Aurobindo Ghosh, Professor of English in the Baroda College in my time, reflected the cult of the Motherland, as taught by Vivekananda and envisaged by Bankim Chandra Chatterji before him.

In one of our visits to the Professor, I asked him how we could serve the country. He took me to a map of India, and said: 'Look here, young man, if you want to serve India, meditate on her as the Mother, on her soil, her mountains and rivers as her physical body, on her people as so many living cells, on her culture which has come down through the ages as her soul. Then you would know how to serve the Motherland.'

Some of us then thought—as some men in the present generation think—that India was a stretch of so many millions of miles or an undeveloped country with an explosive population. But we soon learnt that she was a Mother to be worshipped, to be served, to be worked for and, if necessary, to die for.

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In one of his most beautiful speeches, Swamiji said:

"This is the ancient land where wisdom made its home before it went into any other country, the same India whose influx of spirituality is represented, as it were, on the material plane, by rolling rivers like oceans, where the eternal Himalayas, rising tier above tier with their snow-caps, look, as it were, into the very mysteries of heaven. Here is the same India whose soil has been trodden by the feet of the great

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sages that ever lived. Here first sprang up inquiries into the nature of man, and into the internal world. Here first arose the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, the existence of a Supervising God, as immanent God in nature and man, and here the highest ideals of religion and philosophy have attained their culminating points. This is the land from whence, like tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world, and this is the land from where once more such tides must proceed in order to bring life and vigour into the decaying races of mankind. It is the same India which has withstood the shocks of centuries, of hundreds of foreign invasions, of hundreds of upheavals of manners and customs. It is the same land which stands firmer than any rock in the world, with its undying vigour, indestructible life. Its life is of the nature of the soul, without beginning and without end, immortal; and we are the children of such a country."

●●●

Swami Vivekananda taught us to ignore the excrescences of our culture and to go back to the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Yoga Sutra* and to find in them the fundamental truth of our culture. Here again, it was Prof. Aurobindo Ghosh who suggested to me to read *Yoga Sutra* and the works of Swami Vivekananda.

Swami Vivekananda took us back to the fundamental values of our culture and brought God into our life. It is a strange way of putting it, for, we always thought of 'approaching Him,' or 'living in Him'. Swami Vivekananda gave us a new message—to bring God into our daily life.

The old religious teachers no doubt talked of *paramartha* but our religious attitude had been ego-centric for ages. If I prayed it was to go to heaven; if I performed a ritual it was to secure favours in the next birth; if I made a donation it was to make a capital investment to be returned with compound interest in my next life.

It was Swami Vivekananda who changed this outlook. He taught us, that religion must necessarily mean that God should

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come in our life by our living a dedicated life, that is, by consecrating all our actions as an offering to God Himself.

Unless we begin to look upon the whole humanity as part of the God, we cannot expand our religious outlook. What is wanted is to live for others, to conquer egotism, to sink our *swartha* in *paramartha*. This can only come by broadening our outlook so as to include in our affection as many people as possible.

This way, Swami Vivekananda laid the foundation of our attitude that service was essential to spiritual life. We cannot lead a spiritual life unless we work for others in utter selflessness, in a spirit of devotion, with a sense of dedication that we are doing it for God's sake.

We are told that we are living in a dynamic age. Dynamism does not mean merely having gigantic dams, or railways or atom bombs. This age can be dynamic, and not otherwise, only if we live for Truth, for Beauty and Love, for fulfilling our aspirations to rise above our sordid self.

We celebrate the centenary of Swami Vivekananda as he was a great apostle of our modern Renaissance. We offer him our tribute not merely for what he has done, but because it provides us with an opportunity to mobilise our own spiritual aspirations by dwelling on him, his works and his ideals. This way, we light our little lamp from the flaming torch that he was.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

A great landmark in the history of religion is here, the ideal of love for love's sake, work for work's sake, duty for duty's sake, for the first time let fall from the lips of the greatest of incarnations, Krishna, and for the first time in history of humanity, upon the soil of India.

Forget first the love for gold and name and fame, and for this little three-penny world of ours. Then, only then, you will understand the love of the Gopis, too holy to be attempted without giving up everything, too sacred to be understood until the soul has become perfectly pure.

—Swami Vivekananda

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Jnanamrita

Q. *What needs to be attained by man?*
A. Purity of mind, by ceaseless effort.
Q. *What should be eschewed?*
A. Association with the wicked, 'I'-ness and 'My'-ness.
Q. *Which is the great Tirtha?*
A. Pranava.
Q. *What is the most deserving gift?*
A. Knowledge of the Self.
Q. *Which is the best form of enjoyment?*
A. Enjoying Innate happiness (*sahaja-samadhi*).
Q. *Which is the type of enjoyment that should be avoided?*
A. That obtained through the desire of others.
Q. *Which is most difficult?*
A. Truth.
Q. *What is inborn in men?*
A. Brahman.
Q. *What is the greatest sorrow?*
A. Ignorance.
Q. *What is the greatest happiness?*
A. Peace obtained through the knowledge of the Self.
Q. *Which is the Supreme Nectar?*
A. The word of the preceptor.
Q. *Which is deadly poison?*
A. Worry about something relating to someone.
Q. *When is it a holiday for studies?*
A. Till such time as the true preceptor arrives.
Q. *What should be the deep concern of man?*
A. The material cause of the multiplied world.
Q. *What is most beautiful in the world?*
A. The activities of the learned.
Q. *What is the greatest act of devotion?*
A. Bathing in the dust of the feet of the saintly.
Q. *What should one do from childhood?*
A. Serve the feet of the saintly without pride.
Q. *What marks the dawn of fortune?*
A. The gain of *advaita* knowledge through the preceptor's words.
Q. *What should be done by the self-realised?*
A. Work out the good and bad experiences residual upon previous Karma.
Q. *Which is the greatest Kamadhenu?*
A. Faith in Vedas, God and in one's preceptor.

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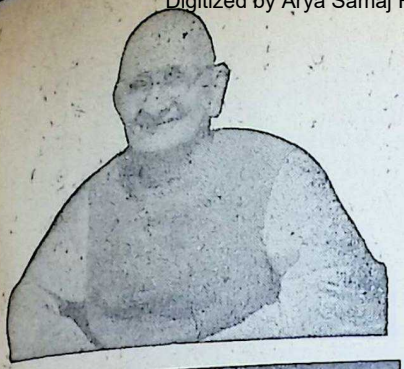

Sri Swami Ramdas: Our Beloved Papa

Swami Satchidananda

'FIND the Guru within you. True vision means the vision of the Reality within you. The man of ignorance clings to the external forms for support. So long as a man does not see the great Truth he is in search of, within himself, he can never know peace.' These words and similar ones to this effect were more frequently uttered by our beloved Papa during the past few years. Was he preparing us to stand on our own legs by turning our gaze within to realize the great Truth, and not to mourn the inevitable end of his physical frame?

On 25th July, 1963, when the sun was setting, the great son of India, nay the whole world, was also preparing to shuffle off his physical—the purest and most ideal—instrument which he used for the service of man-kind for over forty years. For an ordinary onlooker that evening marked the end of a most glorious life.

Forty-two years ago he threw overboard, all at one stroke, his business, home, family and all that he called his own. He was seized by an intense aspiration to realize the Truth and it came like a strong wave that swept him completely off his feet, absolutely cutting him off from all that he possessed.

In fact, Papa's life, when we look back, appears to be a demonstration in the world-laboratory to show to aspirants the various stages of spiritual progress, the wonderful power of Ram Nam, the meaning of surrender to the will of God, and the spiritual peak to which a man could reach within a remarkably short time.

Ram Nam first made him mad after God. This was mistaken by his friends and relations as insanity. Day and night, without a moment's rest, he was chanting Ram Nam. Sleep would break the continuity of Ram Nam. Heavy food would bring on sleep. So he sacrificed both food and sleep to chant the Name ceaselessly.

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Worldly talk would distract the mind from Ram Nam. So he gave up all talk and went into solitude. Thus whatever stood in the way of his continuous chanting of Ram Nam he mercilessly kicked aside and wandered in ochre robes throughout the length and breadth of India without any plan or programme, not knowing and not worrying as to where his next halt would be, throwing himself entirely in the hands of the all-merciful and all-powerful Ram, like a dry leaf blown about here and there by the breeze. He used to say that at that time he felt he was like a baby safe in the hands of its mother.

His surrender to the will of God was unparalleled. He accepted cheerfully every situation in which he was placed as brought about by God Himself. He bore with cheer the insults hurled at him, the occasions, though rare, when he had to go without any food; the unbearable cold and mosquito bites he was subject to when he was spending a night on the Ganga bank, lying on the icy cold stone with only a single piece of cloth to spread and cover his body with. Nor was he elated when he was received with honours and was worshipped like an incarnation of God.

He looked upon all as the forms of Ram and addressed them as such. Not only humans, but everything he cast his eyes on were the forms of his Beloved for him. Inspired with this vision, it is no wonder he started embracing trees and rocks besides the persons who stood in front of him. By looking upon them all as Ram and by giving them his beatific smile, surcharged with the purest of love, he softened the hard hearts of men and even serpents.

Fear was foreign to him. Where was the need for fear and what was he to be afraid of, when he saw before him only his most beloved Ram. He was absolutely confident, Ram would protect him in every way. Sometimes he even put Ram to severe tests. Just to enjoy the fun of seeing Ram in tigers he once entered a cave in the high mountains only to return disappointed as the tigers had then gone away.

Papa did not belong to any particular creed. He firmly believed that all creeds, faiths and religions were but different paths which ultimately converged on the same goal. The very sight of a Mohammedan reminded him of Mohammed; of a Christian, of Jesus Christ; of a Hindu, of Rama, Krishna or Siva; of a Buddhist, of Buddha; and of a Parsee, of Zoroaster. He told the followers of different religions that all the great Teachers of the world were from one God—the first cause of all existence. He also pointed out how in the *Gita*, the *Bible*, the *Koran* and the *Zend Avesta*, we find the same note of Universal Love and Service insistently ringing and how all the scriptures stressed on self-surrender as the supreme way to liberation.

In his wandering life, his inner vision underwent a radical change, being moulded by his Master, Ram. The result was that in the course of a few years he realized his oneness with the Absolute Reality and the universal manifestation. The servant and the Master had now become one. He

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thus reached the peak of God-realization. After that he had nothing more to do for himself but to play with his Mother manifested as the whole universe, assuming for the sake of Lila the duality of child and mother.

It was in the course of such a divine play that Anandashram came into being. During its remarkable history of 32 years, it has attracted thousands from all parts of India and abroad, and rendered distinguished service in spreading the gospel of the Divine Name and Universal Love. Thus Papa has played his part in the world drama most wonderfully. He has quitted the stage without notice, leaving us all aghast. Unless we, his devotees, strive to follow his teachings and see him in our heart we are likely to retain this sense of loss. The void must be filled up by bringing in the light of Love to illumine our lives. This is possible if only we are ready to follow even a fraction of his precepts which cover various aspects of spiritual life. He lived the life divine in absolute freedom, ever swimming in the ocean of peace and bliss. As a friend put it just when the body was turning to ashes, 'A life like his alone is worth living.'

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity. —Longfellow.

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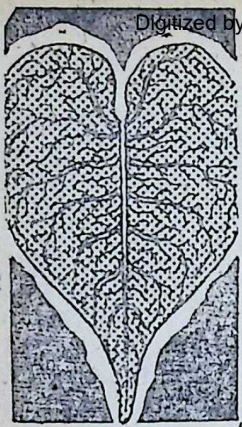

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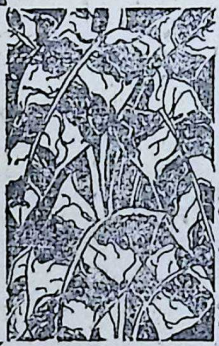

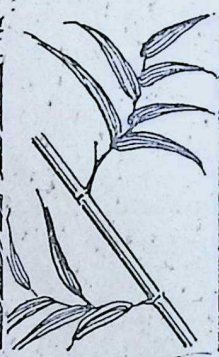

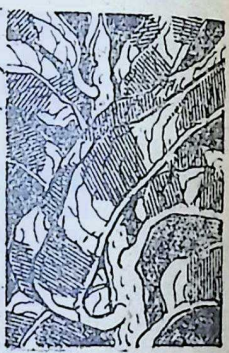

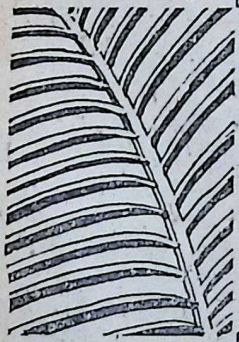

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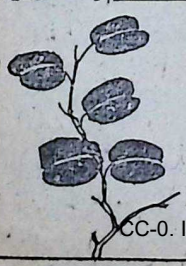

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Pitirim A. Sorokin & Walter A. Lunden

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RULING GROUP MORALITY

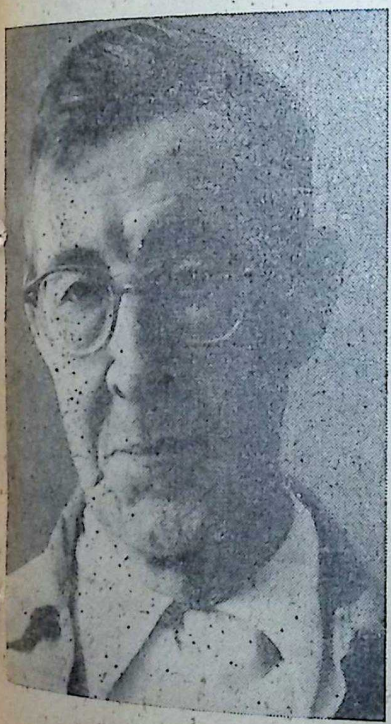
Lord Acton's dictum that power corrupts was at no time truer of application than it is today.

Power-mad governments and individuals have become so megalomaniac that the fate of humanity hangs by a slender thread. The nuclear menace has added a keener edge to this problem.

The momentous question that rises at this juncture is: Can we entrust the fate of hundreds of millions of human beings to the few magnates of power? Can they deliver the goods? Will they? How can we save the situation?

Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin and Dr. Walter A. Lunden examine this momentous problem in their usual thorough manner and seek to answer the question in the course of a study entitled "Power & Morality," extracts from which are being serialised.

—Ed.



Prof. P. A. Sorokin

THE well-being and survival of the human race are today largely determined by a mere handful of the top rulers. In the hollows of their hands they hold the monopolistic control of unprecedented deadly weapons. Upon their wisdom or stupidity largely depends mankind's fate—lasting peace or suicidal war. 'Never before in history has the life or death of so many depended upon so very few! The greatest autocrats of the past had but a fraction of the tremendous power held now by a few members of the Politbureau or the top leaders of the United States ruling *elite*.

This dangerous situation naturally raises the momentous questions of our time. Can we entrust the fateful decision of war or peace—and through that the "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" of hundreds of millions of human beings—to the few magnates of this power? Do they

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Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin was born in North Russia. Between 1905 and 1918, he was imprisoned thrice by the Czarist Government. In between his jail terms, he studied at the University of St. Petersburg, and in 1910 received his Master's Degree.

Sorokin was a Member of the Kerensky Cabinet of Russia. When the Communist Government of Russia began to curb intellectual freedom, Sorokin vigorously campaigned against it, and he was, in October 1918, arrested and condemned to death. But because of his intellectual attainment and high standing in the academic world, Sorokin was given reprieve by the special order of Lenin. However, in 1922, Sorokin was arrested and banished from Russia. At the invitation of President Masaryk, who was his good friend, Sorokin stayed in Czechoslovakia for some time, and in November 1923 went to the United States. There he joined the Harvard University and later became the Founder-Director of the Harvard Research Centre in Creative Altruism.

Sorokin is one of the greatest living Sociologists of our times. Peer of Toynbee, Sorokin is compared by some to Comte and Spengler.

The serial will cover:

1. **RULING GROUP MORALITY: Three Views,**
2. **MORALITY AND MENTALITY OF RULERS,**
3. **CRIMINALITY AND MORALITY OF HEADS OF STATE,**
4. **OTHER POWER ELEMENTS WITHIN THE STATE,**
5. **NOBLE DECLARATIONS AND IGNOBLE POLICIES OF TODAY'S RULERS,**
6. **WHO SHALL GUARD THE GUARDIANS?**

have the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove necessary to lead us to a lasting peace and a magnificent future?

For our part we are inclined to answer these questions in the words of the Psalmist: "Put not your trust in princes [and rulers] ... in whom there is no help" (Psalms, 146: 3). This advice, so correct in regard to the rulers of the past, is particularly timely in its application to contemporary governments. The gigantic tasks of peacefully resolving the tremendous difficulties of the present, of preventing new wars, and securing man's creative progress, cannot be entrusted to the existing governments, and especially to "the nuclear governments" of the great powers. Still mainly tribal governments of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians, today's ruling groups do not display the minimum of intellectual, moral, and social qualifications necessary for a successful solution of these tremendous tasks.

In the first place, throughout history the moral integrity of powerful governments has been—and still is—too low and their criminality too great to entrust to them the life and well-being of mankind. Secondly, a fruitful resolution of these problems far exceeds the creative ability of the existing governments. Thirdly, a constructive realization of human aspirations demands: (a) a replacement of these "governments of politicians" by "governments of scientists, saints, and sages"; (b) an establishment of certain conditions, such as universal and total disarmament which can automatically prevent misuse and abuse

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of power by each and every government; (c) a substitution of the largely obsolescent political ideologies and current tattered values by new ones, better adapted to meet the gigantic challenge of this new era; and finally, (d) the spontaneous mobilization and inspired co-operation of all the creative forces of humanity—its best minds, purest hearts, and highest consciences—for building a nobler and better order in the human universe.

In the light of these reasons, to entrust mankind's destiny and survival to the monopolistic decision of the existing governments is a very poor gamble, even the utmost folly on the part of every member of the human race.

Let us more closely examine these facts and determine to what extent they are factually and logically valid.

Three Views

Since the moral integrity of governments must be established in order to warrant committing the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" of millions of fellowmen into their trust, our first inquiry is: how good has been the actual moral behaviour of rulers in general and of the magnates of power of the existing governments specifically?

This pregnant question was raised long ago and since ancient times has received three different answers: (1) unconditionally glorifying; (2) approving from the standpoint of a *double moral standard*; and (3) finding dualistic moral behaviour and more criminality than among the ruled populations.

The central point underlying diverse glorifying ideologies is the claim that the moral standards of rulers and governing elite are far superior to those of the rank and file of the ruled. In past empires—the Egyptian, Babylonic, Summeric, Iranic, Hittite, early Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Mayan, Arabic, Mediaeval European and others—this sort of ideology was based upon belief in the superhuman nature of pharaohs, monarchs, other rulers and governmental leaders. They were deified and worshipped as gods or gods' representatives by religious cults of the respective populations. Their divine powers and virtues were eloquently expressed in their exalted titles, sanctioned by law and moral precepts and justified by various philosophies and ideologies. They were extolled by rich mythologies; glorified by heroic sagas, poems, and epics; immortalized in magnificent pyramids, palaces, temples, castles, and in countless other architectural, sculptural, numismatic monuments and paintings. Their stories have been told in songs, hymns, anthems, prayers, oratorios, and operas; dramatized by splendid ceremonies, rituals, and plays. Initiated and actively spread by the rulers themselves, all known forms of propaganda and techniques of indoctrination have been used to impress indelibly the ruled population with the beliefs in the divine life and mental and moral superiority of the ruling elite.

Since these rulers have been declared gods or gods' representatives, they have naturally been placed beyond the law and above all moral precepts. The Roman legal formulae:

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princeps legibus solutus est, and *quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem* ("the chief is above the law," and "whatever the chief pleases has the power of law") typically express the belief in the superhuman morality of rulers. More familiar sayings—"the king can do no wrong" or "government by the grace of God"—are variations on this same theme. The rulers' super-pompous titles in which they declare themselves gods, or the rulers of heaven and earth, omnipotent, omniscient, unfailingly just and as perfect as the gods themselves, epitomize this ideology.

In more modern governments the myth of the moral and mental superiority of their rulers is based less upon religious and more upon so-called metaphysical, mystical, rational, positivistic, utilitarian, and even scientific reasons. These glorifying philosophies and political theories instruct us that the morality of the governing elite is supreme and impeccable because the rulers are "superhuman heroes," mysteriously elected and anointed and because they represent government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Because the election-process itself somehow confers upon the rulers the grace of moral perfection and is evidence of their moral superiority; or because the rulers are supremely endowed by heredity; or because of destiny, biological and social selection, or good luck, they are blessed with wisdom and virtues; or their high position is a sufficient evidence of their superiority, for otherwise they would not be rulers; and so on.

Rulers of state governments and of other powerful groups are still widely believed to be the true moral leaders, protectors of justice, defenders of divine and human law, heroic examples and incorruptible pillars of the supreme moral virtues.

In hundreds of different ways these reasons are developed in modern ideologies which glorify the recent governments of states and of other powerful religious, business, and labour organisations. These ideologies are succinctly expressed by various titles such as "Your Majesty," "Your Highness," "Your Holiness," "Your Eminence," "Your Grace," "Your Honour," "Your Excellency," "Your Splendour," "Your Nobility," and so on, which in countless ways—and according to the official protocol of ranks and precedences—are daily used in all existing societies. The rulers themselves, their official and unofficial ideologists, and millions of allegedly scientifically minded citizens still firmly believe in the rulers' supreme moral integrity. In predominantly secular words these ideologies deify, glorify, and exalt contemporary political bosses, especially dictators. Lenin and Stalin, Mao-Tse-tung, and Hitler have been called: "the Saviour of Humanity," "the greatest leader among all the great leaders of the human race," "the greatest genius" in science and arts, philosophy and ethics, politics and economics, military strategy and the moral ennoblement of man.

In all fields of social and cultural creativity, this deification is done not only in daily papers and political speeches, but in scientific and philoso-

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phical publications. In any Soviet scientific journal chosen at random, one can find Lenin or Stalin referred to as the highest authority in all the natural sciences, humanities, and social disciplines. Quotations from them are used as the ultimate evidence of truth in exactly the same sense that theologians use quotations from the Sacred Scripture. The same can be said of the German deification of Hitler in the Third Reich, of the Chinese glorification of Mao-Tse-tung throughout Communist China, and of the cult of other dictators in the totalitarian governments of our time.

In a slightly milder form similar exaltations of Churchill, F.D. Roosevelt, de Gaulle, Adenauer, and other presidents, prime ministers, generals, marshals, and top officials of democratic countries are incessantly spoken, not only by themselves and their retinues, also by millions of "enlightened" citizen-voters of these nations, by their democratic and socialistic press, radio, television; by their columnists, scientists, philosophers, artists, *literati*, religious, civic, business and labour leaders. Citizens sincerely call their rulers saviours of our nation, incorruptible defenders of freedom and justice, leaders who successfully solve all the difficult problems of our time, and they believe that to their wise and just decisions the very life and destiny of mankind can be confidently entrusted.

Like the ancient deified autocrats, contemporary political bosses unblushingly immortalize themselves in monuments, statues, paintings, universities, libraries, museums, mausoleums, and other magnificent buildings. Bearing their names, streets, highways, towns, cities, parks, dams, regions convey the message, as do their speeches and articles, memoirs, biographies and such forms of highly paid art as loud advertising and blatant propaganda. Merely listening to the orations at the major political conventions or to the speeches of a major electoral campaign leads one to realize that there is hardly any basic difference between the deification of ancient tyrants and glorification of the top rulers of today's totalitarian and democratic nations. Such has been the answer to our momentous question.

These ideologies represent non-empirical beliefs or emotional dithyrambs of the believers to their idols and are largely outside the realm of provable fact or scientific theory and criticism. Everyone is entitled to believe as he will, to be crazy in any way he pleases, so long as the believer does not enthusiastically coerce these beliefs upon his fellowmen. If, however, the idolators of rulers seriously endeavour to claim scientific validity for their beliefs, their contentions can be easily disproved and decisively declined.

Their unconditional glorification of rulers as either gods or their direct representatives is based on an assumption which is either false or totally unverifiable. None of these points has ever been proved, and most of them can never be proved. The same can be said of modern modifications of these beliefs in the form of the outlined metaphysical, mystical, rational, utilitarian, and

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pseudo-scientific ideologies of the moral superiority of rulers. None of these theories gives the barest minimum of empirical or logical evidence for valid corroboration of its claims. An important role in historical and social life does not make these beliefs scientific, and they belong to the realm of mythology and emotional fantasy rather than to the field of science.

Double Standard

The ideologies claiming a double standard of morality readily grant that, if judged by the legal and moral standards applied to the populace, or by the imperatives of natural law, the moral behaviour of rulers is often unlawful, wicked, and criminal. But, according to these theories, the morality of ruling elites should be judged by a special code of political precepts quite different from the ethical code of the ruled. A special code is dictated by the very nature of governing activities. A successful discharge of their functions and duties requires from the rulers a systematic commitment of actions which, if committed by the ordinary citizens, would be declared immoral and criminal by the enacted laws of their nations. For the vital interests of national security, justice, well-being, prosperity, stable order, and progress, governments are entitled to ignore and transgress all laws and precepts obligatory for the ruled, when reasons of state demand such transgression.

For the same reasons their behaviour and policies have to be free from the strictures of the common, legal and moral codes. There must be and there is a dualism between political action and moral action. Political action cannot be judged as good or bad from the moral standpoint. It is impossible to take part in politics and keep one's hands clean. In the interest of the state one must, if necessary, break a promise or commit murder. Public morality is outside of private morality, and evil, murder, and crimes are permissible to the rulers when they are committed for the good of the state.(1)

In political action everything becomes a "means" to the political end, whether it be morals, religion, or law. Rulers are entitled to carry out any kind of policy necessary for achievement of their political purposes. The very success of the immoral policies is ample justification of their morality, while the failure of the ethical policies is evidence of their political unfitness. The truly great rulers have never hesitated to use criminal means in their successful policies, while the poor rulers have often failed, being the victims of their own moral integrity. As a rule, the amoral and criminal policies of the great rulers have been more beneficial to their people than the moral policies of the poor rulers.

Such are the leading principles of the ideologies of a double moral standard. Like the "divine right" ideologies, they emerged long ago and have been frequently reiterated up to the present time.

Their ancient example is given in the Instructions of the Pharaoh Am-

(1) Croce, *Politics and Morals.*

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enemhet (of the Twelfth Dynasty) to his son:

'Hearken to that which I say to thee, that thou mayest be king of the earth, that thou mayest be ruler of the lands....Harden thyself against all subordinates. The people give heed to him who terrorizes them; approach them not alone. Fill not thy heart with a brother, know not a friend, nor make for thyself intimates....When thou sleepest, guard for thyself thine own heart, for a man has no people in the day of evil.'

Subsequently these and similar precepts have many times been repeated by many a ruler and by a legion of ideologists of double standard morality. "The states are not ruled by prayer books," remarks Cosimo di Medici. The misdeeds of the ruling group are a part of "divine providence," beneficial for the people (Zuccola). "Strong men are the best rulers and from their harsh rule come the civilized and refined societies....Through acts of violence rulers renew their strength, and out of their misdeeds and criminal acts comes the good society" (G. Vico). *Qui nescit dissimilare nescit regnare* (He who does not know how to dissimilate does not know how to rule), advises Louis XI of France. His counsel is reiterated by Louis XIV's instruction: *N'ayez jamais d'attachement pour personne* (Never have attachment for anyone) and by Napoleon's statement: "If the people say that the king is kind, this means he is a poor ruler." Similar principles have been enunciated by many rulers of Egypt and Babylon, China and India, Iran and Rome, Russia, Europe, and other countries.

These ideologies have been more fully developed by many thinkers of ancient, mediaeval, and modern times, like the "Indian Machiavelli," Kautilya (in his *Arthasastra*), Yang Choo in China, Thrasymachus, Thucydides, Callicles, Carneades, Sextus Empiricus, and Lucian in the ancient Greece and Rome; by Pierre du Bois, Marsilio of Padua, Machiavelli, Vico, Bodin, Hobbes, Croce, Sorel, Pareto, Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and other defenders of rulers' freedom from moral restrictions, of the autonomy of politics from ethics, of the justification of a morally reprehensible but successful policy by its very success, of subordination of all values to the level of mere means for political ends.

Of all these ideologists, Machiavelli, in his *Prince*, formulates this theory of a double morality in what is possibly the clearest and most pointed manner of all:

A man who wishes to make a profession of goodness in everything must necessarily come to grief among so many who are not good. Therefore it is necessary for a prince, who wishes to maintain himself, to learn how not to be good, and to use this knowledge and not use it, according to the necessity of the case.

I know that every one will admit that it would be highly praiseworthy in a prince to possess all the qualities that are reputed good, but as they cannot all be possessed or observed, human conditions not permitting of it, it is necessary that he must not mind incurring the scandal

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of those vices, without which it would be difficult to save the state, for if one considers well, it will be found that some things which seem virtues would, if followed, lead to one's ruin, and some others which appear vices result in one's greater security and well-being.

From this arises the question whether it is better to be loved more than feared, or feared more than loved. The reply is, that one ought to be both feared and loved, but as it is difficult for the two to go together, it is much safer to be feared than loved, if one of the two has to be wanting. For it may be said of men in general that they are ungrateful, voluble, dissemblers, anxious to avoid danger, and covetous of gain; as long as you benefit them, they are entirely yours; they offer you their blood, their goods, their life, and their children, as I have before said, when the necessity is remote; but when it approaches, they revolt. And the prince who has relied solely on their words, without making other preparations, is ruined....Love is held by a chain of obligations which, men being selfish, is broken whenever it serves their purpose; but fear is maintained by a dread of punishment which never fails.

When the prince is with his army and has a large number of soldiers under his control, then it is extremely necessary that he should not mind being thought cruel; for without this reputation he could not keep an army united or disposed to any duty. I conclude, therefore, with regard to being feared and loved, that men love at their own free will, but fear at the will of the prince, and that a wise prince must rely on what is in his power and not on what is in the power of others.

How laudable it is for a prince to keep good faith and live with integrity, and not with astuteness, every one knows. Still the experience of our times shows those princes to have done great things who have had little regard for good faith, and have been able by astuteness to confuse men's brains, and who have ultimately overcome those who have made loyalty their foundation.

A prince being thus obliged to know well how to act as a beast must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from traps, and the fox cannot defend himself from wolves. One must therefore be a fox to recognize traps, and a lion to frighten wolves. Those that wish to be only lions do not understand this. Therefore a prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist. If men were all good, this precept would not be a good one; but as they are bad, and would not observe their faith with you, so you are not bound to keep faith with them. Nor have legitimate grounds ever failed a prince who wished to show colourable excuse for the non-fulfilment of his promise. Of this one could furnish an infinite number of modern examples, and show how many times peace has been broken, and how many promises rendered worthless, by the faithlessness of princes, and those that have been

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best able to imitate the fox have succeeded best. But it is necessary to be able to disguise this character well, and to be a great feigner and dissembler; and men are so simple and so ready to obey present necessities, that one who deceives will always find those who allow themselves to be deceived.

A certain prince of the present time, whom it is well not to name, never does anything but preach peace and good faith, but he is really a great enemy to both, and either of them, had he observed them, would have lost him state or reputation on many occasions.

Hatred is gained as much by good works as by evil, and therefore, as I said before, a prince who wishes to maintain the state is often forced to do evil, for when that party, whether populace, soldiery, or nobles, whichever it be that you consider necessary to you for keeping your position, is corrupt, you must follow its humour and satisfy it, and in that case good works will be inimical to you.

Such is the answer of the double morality ideologies to our question.

[*To be continued*]

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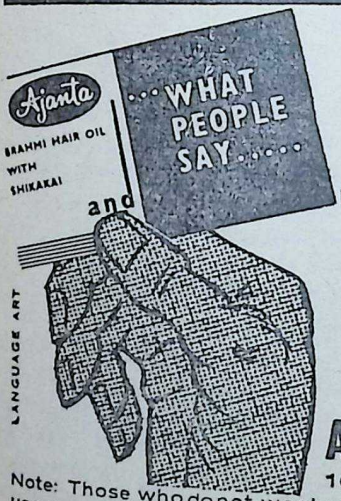

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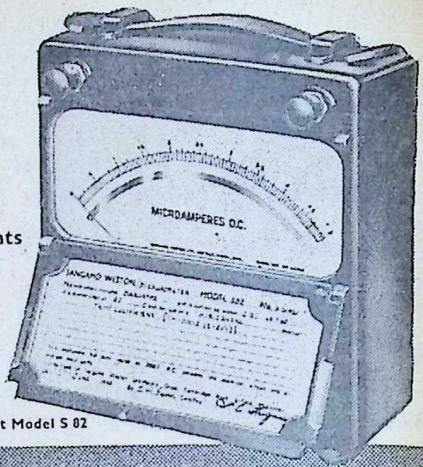

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PART III

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Master in Rakshasavrat

IT was a great occasion. The orders of King Vrikodara had gone forth. Every one must get ready to receive his grandfather.

Every Rakshasa went to work, cutting paths through impenetrable jungle growth; renovating their tree-top homes and adorning them with fresh leaves; building a hut for the guest on the ground—an unthinkable proposition so far; and surrounding it with sacrificial grounds, which Yudhishthira insisted should be prepared according to appropriate rituals.

There was cleaning and washing in the whole settlement, as was never seen since the divine ancestor Virochana created Rakshasavrat. Women were busy preparing new fibre wigs, men, cutting new chips for their lips. Foxes were hunted to provide new suspenders. The Rakshasis were also ordered to prepare some kind of covering—garlands of leaves, if nothing else could be found—for their ample bosoms.

All sorts of rumours spread in Rakshasavrat about the grandfather of King Vrikodara: he was not a human being; he had the spirit of Virochana himself. Wherever he went, people went mad with joy. He could also make the dead live again. The elder Rakshasas shook their heads, but the younger ones readily believed the rumour.

There were some Rakshasas in the community who, some time or the other, had strayed beyond the fron-

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tiers of their land. They had seen this grandfather with the long, white beard going up and down the river, meeting crowds of people, curing them of ailments.

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One old Rakshasa corroborated this fact. Once he was dying; hearing of the grandfather's coming, he had taken off the chips from his nose and joined the crowds who had gone to meet him, and he was cured. With this corroboration, the ailing and the maimed among the Rakshasas awaited the Sage's arrival almost breathlessly, for they acquired new hope.

Only Hidamb*aa* was disturbed. With a woman's instinct, she had a premonition of the coming disaster. Though her husband had the spirit of Virochana in him and made her happy, she was not unconscious of the fact that her mother-in-law disapproved of her ways. As the Queen of the Rakshasas, she was accustomed to receiving loyal admiration, and the way her mother-in-law treated her, smarted her. More than that, she had sensed an unexpressed intention on the elder woman's part to take her husband away—and perhaps her son also—from her if she could possibly do so. And if this grandfather also disapproved of her and her people, the situation would be terrible. She was sure to take them away from her.

When the appointed day came, a large party of Rakshasa men, women and children, led by Nikumbh, started for the frontier. There they camped for the night, and early next morning Bheema started with twenty-five Rakshasas to cross the craggy boundary of Rakshasavrat to receive and bring back the Master.

Siguri Naga had already arrived announcing that the Master would be waiting for them soon after the morning sacrificial session. Bheema was literally dying to see the old ritual performed by the Master.

Siguri Naga led them back to the frontier village of Lahuria. For the first time such a large number of Rakshasas had crossed the frontier of their land in open daylight. This, at first, had frightened the Nagas, but their fright was replaced by curiosity when their guests developed harmless attitudes inconsistent with their reputation. Their strange look and behaviour delighted the Naga children, and they came in high spirits when they found that King Vrikodara himself roared at them in mock ferocity and laughed with boyish glee by turns.

The Master had just finished the sacrifice and the last *mantras* chanted by him, Jaimini and the four pupils who were accompanying him. When the chant was finished, Bheema approached the Master and took the dust off his feet and applied it to his eyes. The Sage hugged him heartily.

The Rakashasa retainers did not know exactly how to pay homage to their King's grandfather. In trying to follow his example to prostrate themselves, many of them tumbled to the ground, to the hilarious merriment of the Nagas. However, they were highly impressed when the Master patted each one of them on his head and spoke to him—though clumsily—a few words of greetings in the Rakshasa dialect, of which he knew a little.

Then followed the usual ceremony. Every one was given a pot of milk.

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It had to be goat's milk, for cow's milk was not available in plenty. The Rakshasas looked at the pots of milk with great suspicion, for they never drank milk; they preferred dripping flesh of goats torn by their steely, sharp nails.

Each one came to the Master, who put into the pot a small leaf from the bundle carried by Jaimini. The Master blessed it as each one took it away. The Rakshasas, though suspicious of drinking such an unfamiliar stuff in the beginning, could not help following their King's example.

Vedic chants followed. And suddenly, as each one got up to pay his respects to the Master, there was a cry of jubilation from the ailing and the maimed who suddenly felt better.

The Rakshasas did not know what to do, but they followed the rest in a group suspiciously as if in some bewitching ceremony. And when the Master blessed them, some of them felt a sudden influx of energy, and to the delight of all, performed a war dance.

The rituals over, the Master, Jaimini and the pupils were each accommodated in cages formed of tough fibres. The cages were then slung on poles which the Rakshasas carried on their shoulders.

With steady steps, the Rakshasas, trained to the rough and craggy terrain, carried the Master and his pupils. The great Sage for the first time in his life swung between earth and heaven as the Rakshasas jumped from crag to crag. The Rakshasas had thought that the white-bearded grandfather would get frightened. But all they got in return was a broad, encouraging smile and hearty compliments: "Well done, my sons, well done".

They crossed the craggy barrier, came down the slope, crossed the streamlet. With tears of respect and

The Master took the boy in his arms, making of them a cradle, swung him till he ceased to roar and began to smile.

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relief, Yudhishthira, Arjuna, Nakula, Sahadeva and Mother Kunti rushed to prostrate themselves before the Master, who, coming out of his swinging cage, embraced each one and sniffed their heads in affection.

Hidamb*aa* and the Rakshasas looked on sullenly, holding themselves aloof a few steps away. The Master looked at them, waved them to come nearer, turned to Kunti and asked: 'Kunti, where is my daughter-in-law? Oh, yes, I see her there. And that is Bheema's son'.

He stepped forward to where Hidamb*aa* was standing with Gatotkacha in her hands, looking open-eyed at the strange way in which her husband and his brothers were receiving their grandfather. Hidamb*aa* could not conceive that such abasement could be a normal conduct on the part of a human being. She was only accustomed to see victims cringing before those who were ready to kill them. She did not know what to do.

Bheema whispered in her ear: 'Fall at the Master's feet'. She did not know what to do, and in trying to bend her knees, fell flat, throwing the boy on the ground. The boy fell from her hands, and as he fell, roared lustily. The Master hastily put a hand on the head of Hidamb*aa*, muttered a blessing, and took up Gatotkacha with almost motherly tenderness.

It was a giant boy, though six months old. It had the Master's dark colour, a huge head absolutely hairless, bright, big eyes and rounded, fat legs, with which he kicked with restless energy.

The Master took the boy in his arms, making of them a cradle, swung him till he ceased to roar and began to smile. Then Gatotkacha, gazing steadfastly at the strange face in front of him, caught the beard by both his hands and purred with joy, putting some hair in his mouth. Everyone enjoyed the sight.

The Master then turned to Hidamb*aa* with a paternal smile and in his broken Rakshasi dialect said: 'Hidamb*aa*, you are the luckiest woman in the world. You are the mother of the heir-apparent to Bharat's mighty throne'. And with an affectionate gesture, he rubbed the hairless head of Gatotkacha repeatedly till the boy, pulling at the white beard again, which appeared very attractive to him, laughed loudly.

And the crowd which had surrounded them was in an ecstasy over the friendship which Gatotkacha had developed for his great grandfather.

●●●

The Five Brothers had been anxious to see that the susceptibilities of the Master should be respected and his rituals should not be seriously interfered with. They, therefore, had secured a large collection of fruits, roots, nuts, wild, coarse grains and honey, to make up for the lack of milk, curd and ghee which were unknown in the Rakshasa community. To the Aryas, religious ceremony without milk, curd and ghee was unthinkable, for the Sage had said that ghee was life and curd was strength, but the Rakshasas had never heard of them. On the way back to King Vrikodara's headquarters sacrifices and rituals, therefore, had to be performed only with coarse grains, nuts and fruits which grew in plenty in

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[To be continued]

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[Continued from last issue]

LAW AN UNIFYING FACTOR

J. M. Shelat, Chief Justice of Gujarat

YET, there was no getting away from the fact that in large areas outside the three Presidency towns there was living a vast population to whom the English laws and their principles were utterly unknown and who were accustomed to their own laws, the Hindus to the Hindu law and its usages and the Muslims to the Islamic law and its usages. In 1765, when Shah Alam ceded Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to the Company and Warren Hastings set up Courts in those areas, the question arose what laws were to be administered in those new Courts. The solution was found in 1772 when Regulation II was passed which enacted that the Hindus and the Muslims were to be governed by their personal laws in regard to such matters as inheritance, marriage and caste and other religious matters while the rest of the matters and the rest of the population were to be governed by the English laws.

The Author

The pattern of administration of justice was still confusing for whereas English laws were applied in the three Presidency towns, the old laws with the Mughal background still prevailed in the mofussil Courts. There existed thus two conflicting systems of laws. The state of affairs as graphically described by Sir Elijah Imphy,

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THE IDEAL LAWYER

"The true conception—ideal if you please, of the lawyer, is that of one who worthily magnifies the nature and duties of his office; who scorns every form of meanness or disreputable practice, who, by unwearied industry, masters the vast and complex learning and details of his profession; but who, not satisfied with this, studies the eternal principles of justice as developed and illustrated in the history of the law, and in the jurisprudence of other times and nations, so earnestly that he falls in love with them and is thenceforward not content unless he is endeavouring by every means in his power to be not only an ornament but a help unto the laws and jurisprudence of his State and Nation."

—John. F. Dillon (1831-1914)

(Before National Bar Association, at Saratoga Springs, New York. August 22, 1894.)

the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, was that though a resident of Calcutta was subject to the English laws, he had simply to cross the ditch of the Calcutta Fort and be subject to the Indian law as administered beyond the areas of the city.

Apart from the existence of the two conflicting systems, there were in existence at least five different types of laws:

(1) the English statutes passed upto 1726;
(2) the English common law;
(3) the personal laws of the Hindus and the Muslims;
(4) the Charters and Letters Patent issued from time to time by the English Crown, and
(5) the various Regulations issued from time to time by the Governor-General and his Council.

This medley of laws led ultimately to the passing of the Charter Act of 1833 and the appointment of the First Law Commission of India. During the second reading of the Act, Macaulay expressed the view that no country stood in greater need of a codified law than India. The principle laid down by him was "Uniformity when you can have it; diversity when you must have it; but, in all cases certainty."

For the next fifty years the Commissions appointed under various Charter Acts consisting of eminent English jurists gave to India Codes of laws on various subjects injecting in them the common law of England and the principles of equity evolved during a long period of the judicial history of the Chancery Courts. The great value of these Codes lay in the territorial uniformity of the legal principles contained therein and the equality of laws, their universal application and above all, their certainty. With the establishment of the High Courts in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay the historic process of ushering the English laws and the principles involved in them which began with the noble address of Aungier in the small townlet of Bombay in 1672 was completed. In the grateful memory of that great Englishman there is in Bombay a road still known as Aungier Street.

These Codes of law, the Penal Code,

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the two Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, the Contract Act, the Specific Relief Act, the Law of Evidence and the yet uncodified law of Torts all bear the stamp of the English Common Law and the principles of equity evolved slowly but steadily ever since the days of Magna Carta. It is the Common Law injected into our Codes which brought with it several juristic concepts which have given the repute and glory to our legal system.

The jury system introduced as early as 1672 brought about the participation of the common man in the great task of administration of justice. The right of the higher Courts to issue the famous writ of Habeas Corpus ensured the personal freedom of an individual and his amnesty from arrest and imprisonment except as provided by law. The doctrine of independence of the judiciary declared first by Aungier in 1672 brought about an element of fearlessness in subjects in their encounter against the State for the protection of their rights and privileges. The history of the various High Courts contains many accounts of resistance offered by the judiciary to maintain its independence. There is the famous case of the Chief Justice of Bombay in the days of the Company rule when the Governor declined to execute a writ of Habeas Corpus issued by the Supreme Court at Bombay and the Chief Justice locking up the Court and returning to England observing that he could no longer administer justice.

The significance of an independent judiciary in a democratic constitution can best be described in the words of Sir Winston Churchill recently uttered by him. In a debate on a Bill dealing with the Judges' salaries, he declared in his inimitable style that the principle of complete independence of the judiciary from the executive was "perhaps one of the deepest gulfs between us and all forms of totalitarian rule." Repeating unconsciously the words of Aungier that a Judge has not only to do justice between man and man but between a citizen and the State, he said that "the British judiciary with its traditions and record, is one of the greatest living assets of our race and people and the independence of the judiciary is a part of our message to the ever-growing world which is rising so swiftly around us."

The theory of the common law that justice can best be achieved by giving each party the fullest opportunity to present his case brings about the disinterested role of the Judge whose duty is to hold the balance between the two contestants, whether

THE IDEAL JUDGE

"The true ideal of a Judge is no longer a figure with bandaged eyes, but rather the figure of one who carries in his upraised hand the torch of truth from on high, and who throughout the arguments of Counsel and in the maze and labyrinth of adjudged cases, walks ever with firm step in the illumination of its constant and steady flame."

—Suggested by "The Statute of Liberty in New York Bay."
—"Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America", 188.

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IDEAL JUSTICE

"The most satisfactory ideal I have ever been able to form of justice is embodied in the picture of a judge courageous enough 'to give the devil his due', whether he be in the right or in the wrong."

—Law and Jurisprudence of England and America, 188.

"But a great advocate's fame is always written in the sand, and he leaves behind him no permanent memorial; he becomes a tradition in the profession for a little while, and for a few short years stories go the rounds of the courts and the Temple before they are attributed to some other person."

—Mr. Justice Maugham.

they be individuals or an individual against the State, impartially and objectively. From this follows the principle that the Judge shall never enter the dust and the din of the arena. But the greatest contribution of the Common Law is the introduction of the Rule of Law in our juristic system which means the absolute supremacy of law as opposed to arbitrary power or personal privilege or prerogative, the principle that any one whether he is a private citizen or a high authority who interferes with the person or property of another except in due process of law shall be answerable for his act or acts before a Court of law. This principle has by now been so firmly embedded in life of the country that its displacement as one of the Judges of our Supreme Court recently said, seems unlikely in any foreseeable future.

Thus the achievement of an almost century-old effort was the establishment of an integrated judicial system and of laws applicable uniformly to one and all, throughout this vast country. It is this legal system to which is entrusted the task not only of balancing and adjusting the legal rights and the corresponding obligations of individuals but also the task of upholding and preserving the fundamental rights of citizens against any encroachment by the executive authority of the State. The fulfilment of this task is only possible until the independence of the judiciary is scrupulously and zealously maintained.

The uniformity of laws, their uniform manner of application and enforcement, the integrated system of judiciary through the agency of which they are enforced, all lend to the majestic solidarity of law. It is this uniformity which imparts to the law strength and makes it a unifying and an integrating force.

During the last few years when disintegrating and fissiparous forces have succeeded in getting a foothold in our political life, in form of communalism, casteism, social and political, linguism and its resultant regionalism, it is the legal system evolved as a result of a prolonged effort, which has stood as an integrated, unifying force and as a bulwark against reaction and disruption. It is our heritage. One hopes that we do not dissipate that heritage by folly, ignorance or prejudice.

[Concluded]

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Daksha being killed by Veerabhadra (Lord Siva's Gana-chief). This statue is to be seen in the 1000-pillar Mandapa, called Chitra Sabha.

MADURAI MEENAKSHI TEMPLE

II

ALONE among the great rivers of this country, Vaigai on whose bank Madurai is situate, has the distinction of *not* emptying herself into the sea! Legend has it that she is so attached to Lord Siva that she scorns to meet the sea as a protest against the action of the sea in throwing up the great poison (*Halahala*) at the time of the great churning, which had to be swallowed by Siva! Why?

After all the guests had partaken of the sumptuous feast thrown up on the occasion of the Lord's marriage, hardly a thousandth part of the preparations had been eaten. When the Bride drew the attention of Her Lord to the enormous waste, the Lord set one of his assistants Gundodara by name on the job after directing the Vadvagni (primal fire) into his stomach. Lo! In a matter of minutes, he swallowed all that remained of the preparations and came back running to the Lord complaining he had not had enough. The Lord smiled and thought of Devi Annapurna

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for once. He became thirsty and emptied all the lakes and wells and yet could not slake his thirst. It was then that the Lord ordered Gangaji who had her permanent abode on the Lord's crest, to flow down as a rivulet to slake Gundodara's thirst. That is Vaigai. Now it will be clear why Vaigai is so cross with Samudra.

Nagaraa-Mandap. Opposite to Ashta-Shakti Mandap.

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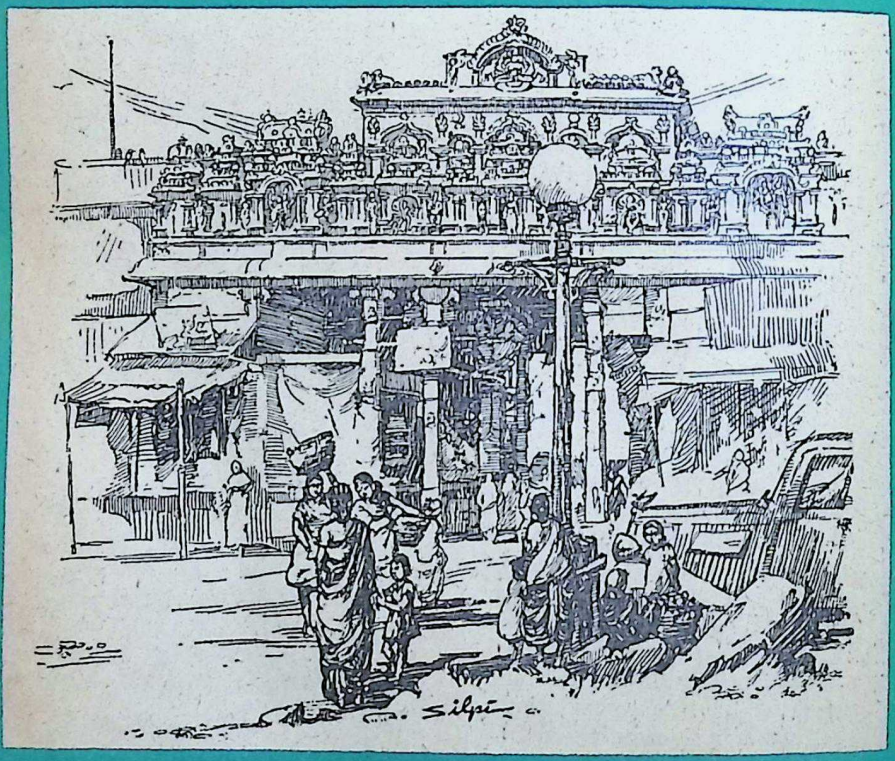
consort.

The *Halasya Purana* describes as many as 64 *leelas* of Lord Siva as Sundaresa in this sacred city. The most moving among them of course is that in which the Lord did the

Meenakhsi-Sundareswara Marriage. Lord Vishnu gives the bride away in marriage and Lord Brahma officiates as priest. The Rishis who participated in the function: seen in the Dhwaja-stambha Mandap.



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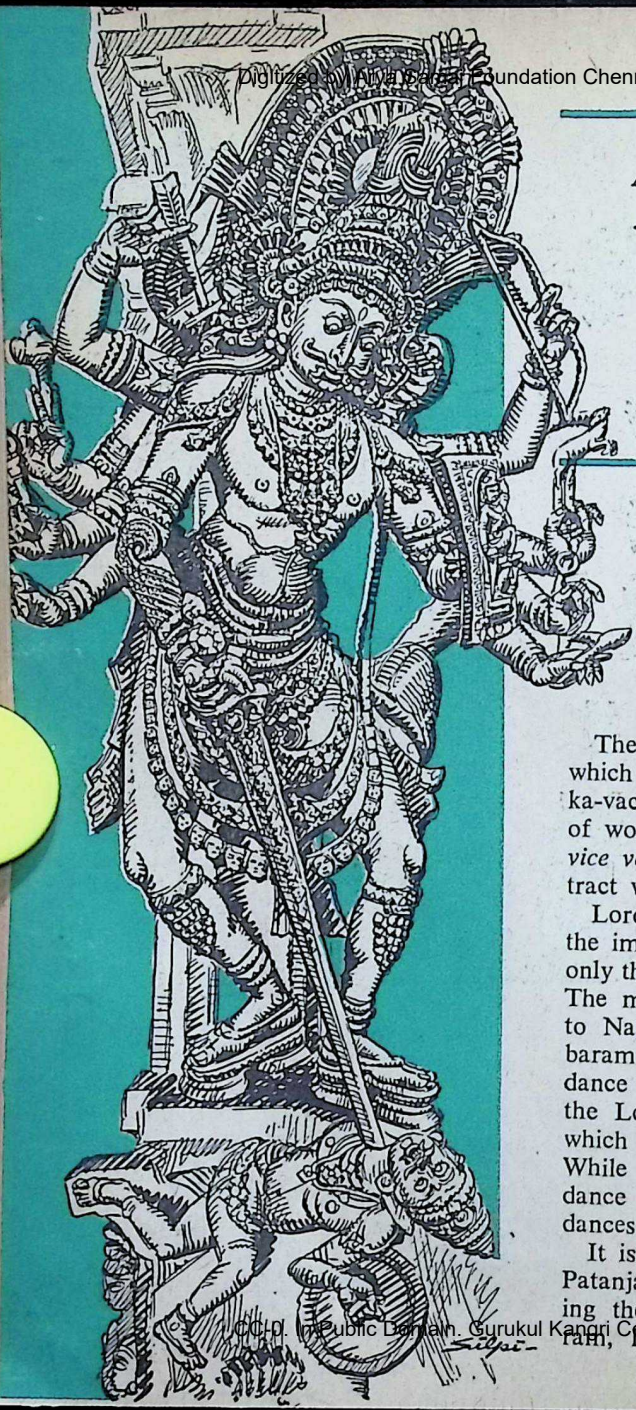

Aghora Murti. Opposite Dhwaja-stambha Mandap.

←

The Silver Auditorium where Lord Nataraja offers darshan to Rishis Patanjali, Vyaghra-pada, etc.

→

chore of a cooly, carrying wet mud during an embankment operation and got caned in the bargain by the King! The Lord undertook the work in order to liberate an elderly woman who fed Him with sweet pudding (*pittu*)!

Then again is another story in which He obliged His devotee Manikka-vachagar by transforming a pack of wolves into pedigreed horses and *vice versa* to fulfil the devotee's contract with the King.

Lord Siva as Nataraja has captured the imagination of great men of not only this country but the whole world. The most famous shrine consecrated to Nataraja is of course Chidambaram where the Lord is said to dance in the Golden hall. In Madurai, the Lord dances in the Silver-hall which is illustrated in this issue. While almost all icons of Nataraja dance with the left leg up, the Lord dances with right leg up in Madurai!

It is said Rishis Vyaghrapada and Patanjali who are eternally witnessing the Lord's dance at Chidambaram, hastened to Madurai to have

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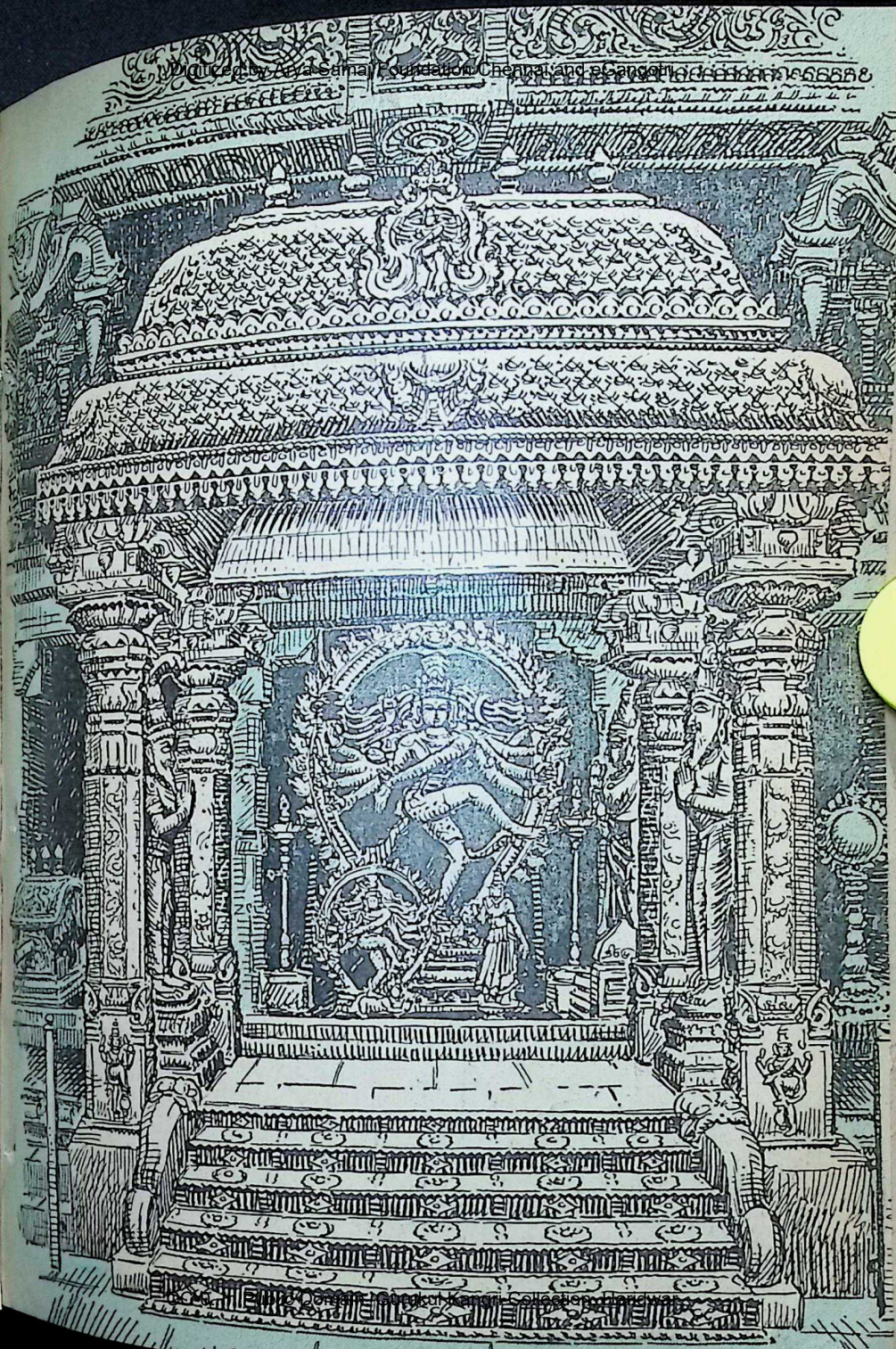

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Silpi -

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darshan of the Lord as Sundara soon after His marriage with Meenakshi. The Lord invited them to dinner but the two *rishis* from Chidambaram could not reconcile themselves to eating before having *darshan* of the Lord's dance at Madurai. The Lord obliged them by conjuring up the Silver-hall there and dancing to the satisfaction of the two *rishis*.

Long after, a Pandyan King, Rajasekhara by name ruled over Madurai. He was proficient in all the arts except that of dance. His Chola counterpart however, was not only an adept in all the 63 arts but in that of dance as well. This made the Pandyan King resolve to learn the art of dancing vigorously. He learned it to perfection.

This Pandyan King was a great devotee of Siva. As he saw the Lord day after day dance with the same leg upraised he felt a pang in his heart. Having gone through the mill, he realised how fatiguing the act must be to the Lord. So one *Sivaratri* day he prayed to the Lord to be so pleased as to allay His fatigue by changing His legs. He vowed to take out his own life should the Lord fail to do so. Greatly moved by the intensity of his *bhakti*, the Lord who is beyond all fatigues, changed His legs while continuing to dance. At the King's request the Lord gives us *darshan* with the same right leg raised. This figure of Nataraja is in effect an assurance by the Lord that anyone can win Him over by devotion.

[To be continued]

A pandyan queen playing with her child (in Chitra Sabha) ←

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. . . Below the sound of the dollar is the still sound voice of idealism . . .

AMERICA REVISITED

G. L. Mehta

Former Indian Ambassador to U. S. A.

IT is always risky to generalise about a people, more especially about such a heterogeneous and dynamic people as the Americans. Yet I would venture to say that the temper of the American people is calmer today than two years ago when the Berlin crisis was at its height. The temperature of the cold war though by no means normal is lower by many degrees. After the Cuban fiasco in April 1961, President Kennedy regained his self-confidence and reasserted himself by his handling of the Cuban crisis last October. It may not have been solely his triumph but it was a victory for sanity and enabled us all to survive. The military power of the U.S. has greatly increased without extravagant expenditure and a coherent strategy has been evolved, thanks mainly to a very able Defence Minister, Mr. McNamara. But Mr. Kennedy who has a brilliant and original mind is fully conscious of his awesome responsibility to keep the peace of the world as well as to safeguard the interests of his country and its allies. He recognises that a great nation must use both reason and power *together* to fulfil its responsibilities. In a speech of vision and rare courage, he called for a strategy of peace "to break the vicious and dangerous cycle" of the cold war and asked the American people to re-examine their attitude towards the Soviet Union and Communism. No Government or social system", he declared, "is so evil that its people must be considered to be lacking in virtue". The speech made an immediate impact on the Kremlin and was

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reproduced in full in the Soviet Union. President Kennedy is sincerely and strenuously seeking to discover areas of possible agreement with Soviet Russia and to arrive at a *detente* with it. The setting up of a direct ("hot") line between the White House and the Kremlin is a sign of an increased understanding. In the American political system, the President has immense power to lead the nation in a crisis at home or abroad and Americans are receptive to dynamic leadership. Although there are many unsolved, baffling, serious problems—Berlin, Cuba, and, above all, agreement on nuclear tests—the Americans are at the moment with the exception of some hysterics, cranks and chronic die-hards, calm and relaxed.

This has also brought about a change in the American attitude to emergent countries. No longer is "neutralism" called immoral or suspected. There is a recognition on the part of the Government of the right of independent countries to follow their own policies and full support is lent to the aspirations of newly freed countries. This outlook is embodied in the joint communique issued at the conclusion of the visit of President Radhakrishnan to Washington. There is, I believe, also adequate realisation of the continued and serious threat on our borders from China about which Americans unlike ourselves had no illusions; and an appreciation of the resolve of the Indian people to resist Chinese aggression and maintain a democratic form of government. There is on the part of the U.S. Government a willingness and readiness to assist India in maintaining its sovereignty and territorial integrity in as effective a manner as possible. There may be and indeed, are some differences about the exact methods of achieving this objective but such differences exist between most free countries. The U.S. and Britain who are closest are divided on questions like independent deterrent or mixed-manned force. What is vital in such matters is a spirit of understanding rather than a particular figure of aid or technical details about arms. And that understanding exists.

It is true that there is a large body of opinion in the U.S. which feels that we should come to an amicable agreement with Pakistan on the Kashmir question so as to better defend the sub-continent. It would, it is hoped, lighten the burden on the American taxpayer. The Congress reflects this feeling and the Administration has to take it into account. We may not accept this view but we should at least try to understand it. We know that there are politics in our country but think that there should be no politics in other countries. We have the right to differ but not to attribute unworthy motives or deprecate the helpful attitude of a country which has given us 4900 million dollars (that is over 2300 crores of rupees) of aid and stood by us in our darkest hour since independence.

What of the domestic scene? Mr. Kennedy has many able, energetic and liberal men to advise him. But he has not been able to put through his programme of medical care for the aged, increased education through

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the Congress. It may be that he has not been "aggressive" enough to put through his programme. But as we see in respect of foreign aid appropriations, the resistance comes from the Congress in which the conservative element does represent in a large measure the strength of conservatism in the country. President Kennedy's instinct is for the centre but as a shrewd observer of the Washington scene observed recently, "the route veers right because the left no longer exerts its counter-pull". After all, the middle road is not so easy to travel.

The most serious challenge facing not merely the Administration and the Congress but the people of America is the Negro problem. We who still have Harijans and untouchability with us after sixteen years of independence should not be self-righteous in our criticism. Yet the fact remains that segregation in many southern States and discrimination in the north present a grave problem and tend to damage the image of America abroad. Two points, however, may be made without going into various aspects of the complex question. The condition of the Negroes has improved during the last thirty years and particularly during the last decade. The decision of the Supreme Court of the U.S. in 1954 enjoining that segregation in schools should be removed with "all deliberate speed" was a turning point in the achievement of racial equality. Understandably the Negroes are impatient and assertive but the very violence and hatred of the whites in the south seem like the death pangs of an unjust past. Unlike South Africa where racialism is the avowed policy of the government and dominance of the whites a political religion, in the United States, enlightened opinion irrespective of political parties is genuinely anxious to bring about racial equality and the Federal Government has not hesitated to use force to put down opposition to segregation in some State like Alabama and Mississippi. In an eloquent speech recently, President Kennedy called on Americans to examine their conscience on the racial question since he regards it as a moral issue. In his message to the Congress on civil rights on June 19, he said that "the time has come for the Congress of the U. S. to join the executive and judicial branches in making it clear to all that race has no place in the American life or law". Nothing can be more emphatic and heartening. These words are being translated into various measures of civil rights.

Let me finally turn to the national economy. After the pause in the first half of 1962, U.S. economy since mid-1962 has been on a high plateau giving indications of an upward trend in some directions. Economic resurgence is exceeding earlier expectations and economists forecast a continuation of economic growth which has been in evidence for the last two years. Like other countries, the U.S. is seeking expansion without inflation. There has been a statistical improvement in the balance of payments position and it is believed that the dollar outflows would diminish as economic conditions in the U.S. and elsewhere improve. For one thing, the loss of gold has been markedly reduced since last year. Nevertheless,

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the fact remains that despite a 4,500 million dollars surplus of exports over imports last year, the U. S. has still a balance of payments deficit spending 2,200 million dollars more abroad than it earns. These deficits totalling 15,100 million dollars in four years from 1958 to 1962 have been primarily due to the large net outflow of Government funds for economic and military support abroad and of private funds for payments in connection with investments and tourism. Business confidence in the Government which was shaken by the Presidential intervention in steel prices has revived and the Administration connived at selective increases in steel prices earlier this year. Businessmen's investment plans which remain at a high level may pass a record-breaking level of 40 billion dollars in 1963. Sales of automobiles which are a significant indication of the scale of the U.S. economy have exceeded the 1962 level. The gross national product was estimated in the first quarter of 1963 a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 572 billion dollars.

But what is important in national development is not merely the gross national product but the gross national mind. It is possible to be overwhelmed by America's material advancement and dynamic economy. But where the talk of money drowns all other voices, where gadgets and trivialities occupy men's thoughts and activities, and no large horizons are in sight, a people cannot rise to new heights. That is where wealth accumulates and men decay. But below the sound of the dollar is the still small voice of idealism in America. It is the sacrifice of Abraham Lincoln, the humanism of Thomas Jefferson, the social discipline emphasised by Franklin Roosevelt and the insights and endeavours of thinkers and selfless men of action—whether in the realm of art, science or religion—that inspire the best in America. It is this spirit that kindles their phenomenal generosity and enables them to bear the burdens of massive assistance to so many lands. If materialism—whether capitalist or Marxist—is to be defeated it will be not by amassing personal fortunes of producing fearfully destructive weapons but by the purposes and ideals to which America has so richly contributed in the struggle for freedom, human dignity and social justice.

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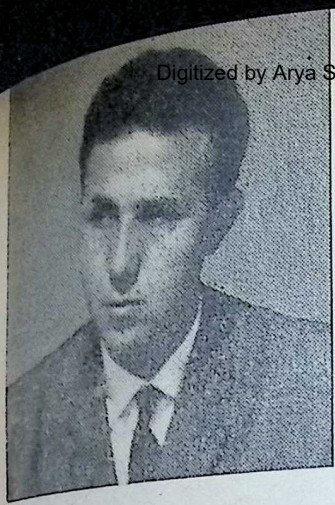

Our Fortnightly Profile—182

BEN BELLA

AMONG the countries that have won freedom in recent years, Algeria occupies the pride of place, not merely because of its long-drawn-out struggle against a well-entrenched power like France involving heavy sacrifice in men and material, but in having wrested it from President de Gaulle who is currently proving a despair to two mighty world powers —the U.S. and U.K.

With the resignation of Ferhat Abbas last month from the Presidentship of the Algerian National Assembly on the ground that the proposed constitution is authoritarian in character, the Algerian Revolution has devoured one more of its leaders; for, Boudiaf one of the "nine immortals" who led the revolution nine years ago, is under arrest; Krim who negotiated the Evian agreement and Khider who organised the FLN are aggrieved and away in Cairo; Premier Ben Khedda has reverted to his chemist shop. Another member is boycotting the Assembly as a protest against Prime Minister Ben Bella's "bourgeoise and counter-revolutionary" influences. Still another is handing out his resignation every other day.

Thus on the threshold of the second year of Independence, Algeria would appear to be half orphaned. Under the stewardship of any other person she would be in an unenviable position what with the frantic improvisation and glaring gaps in administration, seething poverty and rampant unemployment, but Ben Bella is least perturbed.

As an inevitable consequence of over eight years of destruction, the flight of nearly a million Europeans from the country and the havoc wrought by the secret army, Algeria is in crying need of quick and competent administration. It may be recalled that Algeria had collective leadership at the time of the provisional government under Ben Khedda, but since Independence a little over a year ago, that has become impossible since Ben Bella's colleagues feel for one reason or another unable to work with him and a new constitution is on the anvil.

Ben Bella himself is fully aware of the dangers of a single party rule and swears by the Tripoli programme; but tragically enough the men who graduated from the terrors of war and revolution are unable to unite in the art of peaceful government!

According to competent observers much as things could be bettered, none of Ben Bella's rivals comes anywhere near shouting distance of him so far as the masses are concerned who, it is said, seek a leader of glit-

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tering calibre and appeal as Ben Bella as their rallying point, rather than an opaque collegiate leadership.

A trifle stouter than what he used to be (as the photo overleaf shows) when he was the unwilling guest of the French Government, Ben Bella's face shows today little strain of the Herculean task that he has undertaken: to provide the masses not merely with bread but circus too!

Tall, rather youthful and well-groomed, he is athletic and stylish in appearance which he keeps up with systematic exercises. He has broad peasant's hands and a lithe stride. Was he not a soccer player in his boyhood days?

Ben Bella is not an orator in the sense of possessing the knack of torrential delivery. Words come to him slow, but they have a directness of appeal hardly surpassed, since they reach the heart of a person rather than his head. They cast a spell, as it were, on the audience, whether small or big. In habits he is austere; he neither drinks nor smokes.

Ahmed Ben Bella who for years had been in the top ranks of the revolution against the French rule in Algeria was born in 1919 in Maronia, a small town in Western Algeria, of merchant father. He received his education at a small French Government school. As a boy he excelled at soccer and was thought would become a professional soccer player. He however started taking interest in his country's national movement even from very early years which eventuated in his present position.

During World War II Ben Bella served in the French army and won five decorations and the military medal at the hands of Gen. de Gaulle. When, after the war, he applied for a commission in the French Army, he was turned down as being "intelligent and dangerous". On discharge, therefore, Ben Bella returned to his home town in Algeria, convinced that armed rebellion was the only solution for his country. The brutal suppression of the national revolt in eastern Algeria earlier, confirmed him in this conclusion.

Back home, Ben Bella became an active member of the outlawed Algerian People's Party (PPA) and its secret movement for the Triumph of Democratic Liberties (MTLD) under the lead of Messali Hadj. Soon, however, he was disillusioned by the moderate and opportunist policies of the PPA, and hence founded in 1947 the Secret Organization (OS) in the company of five other nationalists, with armed insurrection as its policy. He became its national chief. With two others he staged an armed robbery of the Oran Post Office in 1949 which gave over 3 million francs for the nationalist movement. Arrested the following year, he was tried along with 55 others and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in 1952. Five days later, however, he sawed the bars of his cell with a blade, smuggled to him in a bowl of food and escaped.

After escape, Ben Bella went underground first in Algeria, then in metropolitan France and later in Cairo. All this he did with so little publicity or fanfare that he won the name "the invisible man". Later he forged a friendship with President Nasser as a result of which Egypt was able to

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offer arms aid to the Algerian revolution and which subsequently became the Algerian National Liberation (FLN). The subsequent struggle of the FLN to wrest freedom from France is a saga of struggle in modern history. Who can forget the name Oran?

In 1956, Ben Bella's plane was intercepted by French authorities and he along with four other FLN leaders who were on board was arrested and imprisoned without trial. While in prison, Ben Bella studied the revolution theory and kept contact with other leaders through his attorney. Ben Bella's pragmatic approach to problems can be seen from the fact that he resorted to hunger strikes in prison for obtaining better conditions. This brought a halo of heroism round his head in the eyes of his countrymen and the other FLN leaders consulted him on every fresh move.

With the establishment of the Provisional Government in Algeria in 1958 under the Premiership of Ferhat Abbas, Ben Bella was made Vice-Premier *in abstentia*. In subsequent negotiations with the French Government the rebels made the liberation of Ben Bella and his associates a precondition of cease-fire which resulted in a deadlock. Ben Bella again resorted to a hunger-strike in 1961 which lasted for 20 days as a result of which the condition of political prisoners was greatly improved. In March 1962, Ben Bella was released on the Cease-Fire agreement.

Ben Khedda had succeeded Ferhat Abbas in August 1961 as Premier of the Algerian Provisional Government. On the eve of independence, however, there was a rift between the moderate policies of Ben Khedda and the militant views of the Vice-Premier Ben Bella. The struggle for power intensified after the establishment of the Republic of Algeria on July 3 last year, following a referendum of the Algerian people. A few days later Ben Bella set foot in his native country and became a hero overnight what with his vehement denunciation of Ben Khedda's milk-and-water policies. Ironically enough, the same Ferhat Abbas had joined hands with him to spite Ben Khedda which added to the prestige of Ben Bella.

Soon a political bureau of seven assumed government. The subsequent national election virtually ratified Ben Bella's choice and on September 26, Ben Bella was chosen Premier by 141 votes to 13. Since then Ben Bella has proclaimed a socialist domestic policy. Anti-colonialism and neutrality are the two planks of his foreign policy. Agrarian reform is on the anvil. Industrialisation and education pose immense domestic problems. Unemployment is massive. Revenue other than the subsidy provided by France by the Evian agreement is pretty meagre. But Ben Bella has courage.

Speaking of himself, he says: "I have been compared to Russian Communists, Chinese Communists, to Nasser, to Castro. I am none of them, but I will borrow ideas from all." Again, on another occasion he has said: "I was born a revolutionary and will die a revolutionary." In effect he is soaked in the conviction that he has a mission to fulfil.

Although the most eligible of bachelors in Algiers, Ben Bella has not chosen to marry yet, and lives in simply furnished bachelor quarters.

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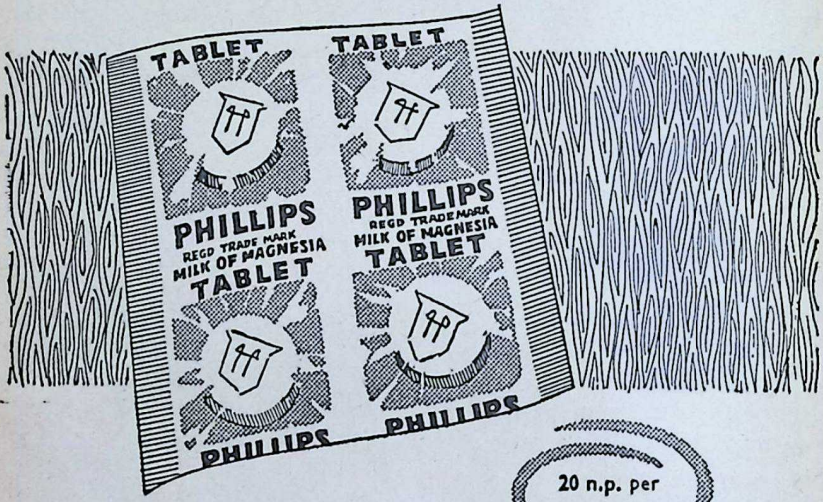
ACID INDIGESTION ?
UPSET STOMACH ?
HEARTBURN ?



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They Stood for Our Dharma—8

SATI SUKANYA

THERE was a king named Saryaati. He was the son of Vaivasvata. He was a great and noble king. He had a number of daughters who were extremely handsome, beautiful in every way.

Among them was one, the best of them all, who was very appropriately called Sukanya. Darling of her father and mother, she always carried a smile on her face which heightened the loveliness of her features.

Not far from the city, there was a lake of crystal clear water like the Maanasa Saras itself. A flight of steps marked the way to it. Birds of diverse plumage, the hamsa and the chakravaaka, among them, lent a pleasing colour and an ethereal splendour to that spot. On the bosom of the lake grew lovely lotuses which spread out gaily in the morning sun.

Close by was a holy grove where the Sage Chyavana who belonged to the Bhaargava line spent his days in concentrated *tapas*. He chose that place for its solitude. Seating himself in a firm posture, controlling his speech and his breath, restraining his senses and refraining from food, not even taking water to quench his thirst, the *tapasvin* was engrossed in the contemplation of the Supreme Mother. And he sat thus—for how many days none could tell. Creepers began to twine round his frame and an ant-hill rose over him covering him whole and entire; and all kinds of insects started infesting that spot. The sage became invisible under the mound of earth that grew over where he sat.

One day, surrounded by his consorts, King Saryaati came to the lake to spend a pleasant evening. His daughter Sukanya too was playing with her friends, and happened to stray into the *tapasvin's* grove and came to the ant-hill that had covered him. Looking into it from above, she beheld two tiny sparks emitting light like fireflies. Impelled by childish curiosity, she took a long thorn and sent it down the hole in the ant-hill.

The *muni* saw her from his place. The point of the thorn was directed towards his eyes. He cried out from inside: 'O thou of lovely face, I am a *tapasvin*, go away from here; do not poke into the ant-hill with your thorn.'

Sukanya paid no heed to the *rishi's* warning. 'What is this bright spot deep down in the ant-hill?' she asked herself. Trying to explore it, and impelled by an adverse destiny, she

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SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD

An Appeal :—

To: The Branches and Centres:

Dear Friends,

It is a matter of satisfaction that some of the Branches and Centres of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad are doing excellent work for the promotion of Sanskrit in their respective areas. It is, however, regrettable that a majority of the Branches registered, do not send any report on the work that they are doing in furtherance of the aims of the Parishad. This is a time when all lovers of Sanskrit should pull their weight together with energy and continuity.

If your Branch is functioning at all, I would request you (a) to send me the names of the members of the Managing Committee and also a report on the work done so far in the cause of Sanskrit; (b) appraise the Parishad as to the state of Sanskrit studies in the areas where the Branch is located; (c) inform the Parishad about the position of Sanskrit studies in the secondary schools and colleges in your areas; (d) and a report on the present condition of the Pathashalas and suggest steps to promote their development; (e) clarify how far the Branch has succeeded in popularising the Jayantis of Vyasa, Valmiki and Kalidasa.

The annual fee for the ordinary membership of the Vishva Parishad has been reduced to Rs. 3|-. You are, therefore, requested to enrol as many members as you can. Every Branch should make it a point to enrol at least 25 ordinary members.

As desired by the Parishad, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is conducting Saral and Higher Sanskrit examinations. The Saral Sanskrit examination is intended to instil a love of Sanskrit in school and college-going children, and the Higher Sanskrit examination to encourage the study of Shastras and modern subjects. 450 examination centres have been established all over India and 40,000 students in all appear for the different examinations. You are requested to help the cause of Sanskrit by working for the spread of these examinations.

The Chief Minister of Mysore State has invited the Parishad to hold its eighth session in Bangalore. We have accepted the invitation with thanks. The session will be held by the end of this year.

As it is necessary to submit a report to the session, I hope you will reply to this letter and forward the reports which I have asked for.

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay-7.
Dated 2-8-'63.

Yours sincerely,
(K. M. Munshi)
Chairman.

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pricked his eyes with the thorn. And, then, she went back to join the king's party. Yet, she felt that she had done something very wrong and was touched by remorse.

Blinded by the thrust of the thorn, the *rishi* got enraged. Suffering extreme pain, he was the picture of misery. At the same moment, the king, his ministers and his entire retinue, even the elephants, camels and horses that came with him were all afflicted by a strange disease which caused them enormous anguish.

Everyone reported his plight to the King who, himself, was in simi-

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lar distress. 'What may be the cause of this?' thought the King. Addressing his followers, he said: 'The Sage Chyavana lives in a hermitage to the south of this lake spending his days in contemplation. Did any one among you come in his way and offend him in any manner? I am sure we have incurred his displeasure and that is the cause of our present suffering. Tell me truly, who amongst you has interfered with him, knowingly or unknowingly and made him angry with us?'

The followers, everyone of them denied that they had given the *rishi* any cause, by mind, speech, or act, for his displeasure.

The King was not satisfied. He was sore distressed in mind and he thought deep and long. He once again asked everyone of those who had come with him to the lake. He asked them gently, and by threat of dire punishment. And everyone averred that he was innocent.

Sukanya saw the grievous plight of the people and the anxiety of her father. Turning to him, she said:

'Playing in the outskirts of the lake, I saw a pair of bright things down in a hole. They appeared like fireflies. I took a long thorn, and intending to pull out the fireflies, I pushed the thorn inside and then withdrew it. When I looked at the point of the thorn, it was wet. And at the same time, there arose a faint cry of distress from the hole of the ant-hill. I was taken aback at this. I did not see what I had pierced with my thorn.'

The King heard what his daughter

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said. He went to the ant-hill quickly, and there he saw the aged ascetic in great pain. He ordered his men to raze the ant-hill down and saw the *rishi* sitting on the ground. He fell prostrate, stiff as a stick, before the *rishi;* and joining his palms in supplicant salutation, prayed to him and said:

'Holy one! My daughter has caused you a grievous injury not knowing what she did; I beg of you to forgive her. I have heard that high-souled ones like you have forsworn anger. Hence, please pardon this sin of my daughter.'

Listening to these words of the King spoken in sorrow and with humility, Chyavana replied:

'I am not in the least angry, great king. Though I have cause, I have not cursed you or your daughter. For no sin of mine, I have been hurt in my eyes. I did not wish that you should suffer in this manner. But who can be happy having done an evil turn to a devotee of the Supreme Mother even if Siva Himself should be on his side?

'What shall I do now, old that I am, having lost my eyes? Who will serve a blind man? How shall I live?'

The king quickly assured the *rishi* and said: I have lots of servants and they shall wait on you day and night.'

But the *rishi* wailed: 'Alas! I have become blind; there is none to help me. How can I go through my austerities hereafter? How can your servants minister to my needs?

'If you want that I should forgive you, listen, O king! to my words and do as I bid you. Make your daughter attend on me. She shall serve me while I am doing my daily rites and when I am engaged in my penance. Thus alone can I spend my days happily. And, when I am pleased, you and your people will be free from what afflicts you. Take time; make up your mind and give your daughter to me. I assure you there is nothing wrong in this; for I am a *tapasvin* devoted to a holy life.

Saryaati heard these words of Chyavana. But he was ill at ease. He felt depressed very much. He spoke naught in reply, that he would give his daughter or not.

He debated with himself. 'How can I part with my daughter of divine beauty to one blind, old and deformed like this *rishi?*

'Who will sacrifice his sweet innocent child for his own selfish benefit, denying to her all the joys of life?

'Therefore, whatever the bodily pain I have to undergo, I shall not give my darling daughter to this *rishi*'.

Thus making up his mind, greatly unhappy, Saryaati returned to his city. Arrived at his palace, he gathered his ministers and took counsel with them as to what should be done. 'Shall I give my daughter to him', he asked, 'or shall we submit to this pain in our bodies? Put your heads together and decide what I should do.'

The ministers said with one voice: 'What shall we tell you, royal master? We ourselves are in a dilemma. But how can we advise you to give your lovely Sukanya to that infirm, old man?'

Sukanya was looking on while her father was debating with his advisers. She understood what was in the mind

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of the ministers though they spoke differently. Smiling gently, she said:

'Father, why are you so depressed? Why do you look so unhappy on account of what may happen to me? I shall myself go to the *rishi*; I shall appease his anger making a gift of myself to him!'

Looking at his daughter, internally appreciating her noble resolve, the King spoke to her in the midst of his ministers:

'How, my dear, will you, helpless and alone, serve him who is blind, old and prone to quick anger?

'Greedy of my welfare, how can I resign you in the flush of your youth to the grey-haired *rishi*?

'A father should give his daughter in marriage to a vigorous and affluent youth, supported by a large circle of kinsmen, never to one who is poor and forsaken.

'Where is your beauty of form and feature, my dearest, and where is this old man of the forest? How can you be given away to one who is by no means equal to you?

'With what heart can I consent to your living in a hermitage in the woods performing the offices of an attendant not befitting your royal status?

'Far better that I and my men should die of their present bodily affliction than that you should be sacrificed to an old blind man.

'What is destined will certainly happen; and so I shall not give way to despair. Remain where you are, my child, never will I part with you to the blind one.

'Let my kingdom be secure, or let it be lost. Let this body of mine live or perish. I shall not give you to him who is blind.

Sukanya heard what her father said. With a face beaming with joy and a heart full of affection, she replied:

'Do not be anxious on my account, dear father. Do not hesitate; give me away this moment to the *rishi*. I shall joyfully do anything to give health and happiness to all these men. Untroubled by any regret, I shall serve this good and holy person in that lonely forest with great devotion.

'You have misjudged me, father. I am not the slave of my youth or of my senses. Know me to be a *sati* wedded to *dharma* and constant in its practice. Dharma alone is my supreme asset; not my beauty.'

The King heard these words of his daughter with amazement. The ministers too were filled with wonder as her youthful lips uttered such mature wisdom. Saryaati went to the presence of the *rishi*. Bowing to him with due humility, he said:

'Great one! Accept this my daughter to serve you in due manner.'

Chyavana received her with delight and went through the rites of marriage. Refusing the dowry with which the king gave away his daughter, the *rishi* accepted the princess alone to do personal service to him.

And, when the *rishi* was pleased by this, that very moment, all the people were relieved of their physical malady and the king too was very happy. Leaving his daughter in the hermitage, the King was about to return to the city, when she said:

'Father, take back with you my robes and my jewels. Give me a

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raiment of bark or a deer-skin to clothe me instead. I shall dress myself in keeping with a wife of a *rishi* and so serve my lord that your fame may resound on earth and in heaven.

'Do not grieve that you have given away your handsome child to an old blind man. To grieve over a gift that has been made will impair the virtue of the gift.

'Do not be anxious on my account. I shall be faithful and firm in my duty to my husband even as Arundhati was to Vasishtha. I shall walk in the footsteps of Anasuya, noble wife of sage Atri of yore.

'That way, I shall make your name live on earth for ever.'

The king saw his daughter give up her jewellery and her costly attire. He saw her put on the dress of the *rishipatnis* of the forest. Tears blinded his eyes and he stood as one dazed. Every one who witnessed the change that the princess had assumed was deeply moved and wept aloud.

Taking unwilling leave of her, and entrusting her to the care of the *rishi*, the king returned to his city with his ministers and attendants.

After the king left, the sweet little maiden directed himself to the service of her husband, tending his sacrificial fires. Plucking sweet fruits and edible roots, she would offer them to her lord with dutiful affection.

Bathing him in agreeably warm water, she would wrap his body with a deer-skin and set him on his holy seat. Filling his *Kamandalu* with water and placing *kusa* grass by his side, she would provide him with whatever was needed for his daily offerings. When he had finished his rites, she would gently lift him with her tiny hands and set him down for his meal for the day. She would serve him with tender fruits and the food of *neevara* grains cooked soft and sweet to suit his tongue.

After he finished his meal, she would respectfully give him water to sip and bring him the *taambula* to finish off his repast. Then she would gently slide her lord to a recline in a comfortable posture and tend his limbs in the manner that he would desire.

Hurrying through her brief meal, she would again go to him and ask him, 'What is your command, my lord? Shall I press your aching limbs?'

In the evening, after the *homa* was over, she would bring him fruits, soft and sweet and feed him with them. And after that only would she eat waiting for his command.

Then she would make a soft bed for him and slowly let him down to lie on it. She would lull him to sleep pressing his feet with her loving hands. If the night was warm and sultry, she would take a fan and ply it gently over his person. In winter, she would make a fire out of logs of wood and setting it before him, ask him in a tone of mellow sweetness: 'Is it agreeably warm to you, my lord?'

Closing her eyes for a brief while after he had gone to sleep, she would wake up before dawn ere her husband opened his eyes. Getting the water pot and the mud of his bodily ablutions, she would rouse him from his sleep and lead him to a far away place and withdraw herself to a dis-

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tance. When he had finished, she would hold him by his hand and lead him back to the hermitage. Cleansing him with mud and water, she would place before him a twig for cleaning his teeth.

She would then carry to him water for his bath and ask him with due respect: 'Holy sire! What is your command? Have you washed your face? Here is warm water for your bath with due ceremony uttering the prescribed *mantras*. This is the winter season. The day has just broken. Be pleased to perform your sacrificial rites and worship of the household gods!'

Thus did she serve her husband ministering to his every need as a dutiful and loving wife. She never thought of her own personal comfort, never remembered her erstwhile royal status. Her husband's welfare was her only thought and his service was her greatest delight.

And thus did time pass on.

It happened one day that the sons of the Sun God, the Aswini devatas came to the vicinity of Chyavana's hermitage to spend a pleasant hour. There they saw that damsel of bewitching features returning to her abode in the forest after her bath in the lake. They approached the lovely maiden, and, devouring her beauty with their lustful eyes, they accosted her and said:

'Tarry for a moment, fair damsel! Answer our query. We are the sons of God Surya. Tell us truly, who is your father? Who is your husband? How did you come to these woods? Why are you here all alone returning from your morning bath?

'Your lotus eyes proclaim you like unto Goddess Lakshmi Herself. Sweet one! Soft and tender are your feet. As they glide on the ground, they send a thrill into our hearts.

'You deserve a palanquin for your gentle limbs. Why do you go on foot? Why do you move about in these parts unprotected by anybody?

'You must be attended by a host of maidens to serve you. Why are you alone? Surely you must be a princess of the earth or a goddess of the sky. Tell us truly; what are you?

'Lucky is the mother who has given birth to you; blessed is your father. And the fortune of him who has you for wife, ah, that is beyond words.

'The very ground that you tread on is heaven itself and your every step sanctifies the spot that it rests on.

'How fortunate are these birds and beasts of the forests who daily feast their eye on your beauty! How sacred are these regions in which you live!

'But enough of our praise. Now tell us in truth, who is your father, who is your husband? We are eager to see them both.'

Trembling all over and creeping into herself with bashful modesty, Sukanya replied:

'I am the daughter of king Saryaati and wife of the *rishi* Chyavana who resides close by, to whom my father gave me away, as it so happened. My husband is blind; he is old; but he is a great *tapasvin*. I serve him day and night willingly and with joy.

'Who are you, pray? Why are you here? My lord waits in the *ashrama*.

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Hearing that, the twin gods again queried: 'How were you given away by your father to this *rishi* in the forest? In the sylvan spaces, you shine with the lustre of lightning itself. There is none like you even among the *devas* in heaven. Your features deserve to be clad in divine raiment, not in this rustic deer-skin with which you have clothed yourself.

'What an irony of fate that you should thus languish in these woods; that a wide-eyed beauty like you should be set to serve one who is blind of both eyes; that your youth is wasted on an old man of many winters!

'You are in the bloom of youth. How can the sensual darts issuing forth from your bewitching eyes hit the mark in your husband's withered heart?

'Verily, Brahma who destined your lovely person to be married to this blind man has lost his reason. This is not right, and so, set your heart on another more fitting to your affections.

'Do not turn the fertile years of your youth into a dreary sterility living in these wilds with a husband who does not deserve you in the least.

'Therefore, choose one of us for your husband and sport with us in the pleasure spots of the three regions and give up this despicable life with this blind man. Frail and soft as are your hands, they were not made to carry the water pot or to be heavily laden with these fruits.'

Sukanya heard these words with

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deep agitation. Mustering courage, she briefly replied:

'You are, both of you, sons of God. You know everything. It ill becomes you to speak like this to me. This is not the language in which one addresses a *pativrata* intent on *dharma*. I have been given in marriage to this great *tapasvin* by my father.

'Would you have a *kulastri* give up her husband and vest her heart on another?

'Go away from here before I pronounce a curse on you.'

The Aswins listened to her speech with wonder. Afraid of the consequence of this reaching the *rishi's* ears, they said:

'Princess! We are pleased with your high regard for *dharma*. Ask for a boon and we shall grant it for your prosperity.

'We are physicians of the gods. We shall be glad to convert your husband into a youth of handsome mien. All three of us will stand before you identical in form and feature. Clever as you are, choose your husband among us.'

Sukanya was amazed with their words. She swiftly hied to the *rishi* and conveyed to him what they spoke.

'My lord! The heavenly twins, the Aswini devatas, sons of the Sun God saw me in these woods. Beholding my handsome features, they spoke to me improper words. Upon my protesting, they said: 'We shall restore your husband's sight and convert him into a youth as comely as ourselves. Choose then one of us three for your husband.

'Upon this, I hastened to your presence to know your commands in this plight. It is difficult to pierce the

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maya of these gods; I cannot see through their deceit. I shall do as you bid me; for you know everything.'

Chyavana said: 'Take me to where the divine healers are in the forest. Do as they say; do not inquire further.'

Leading her husband near the Aswins, she told them to restore the youth and sight of her husband.

'Let your husband get into the water and immerse himself.'

And he did so.

The Aswins too plunged into the water the same moment.

Then, they all rose from the lake identical in their features, of resplendent body, as handsome youths, golden rings dangling from their ears and shining with divine ornaments.

And they all spoke together: 'Auspicious lady, choose one of us for your husband, him to whom your heart flows forth in love and affection.'

Sukanya saw them. They were exactly like one another. She could hardly spot her husband among them. She was bewildered and she wailed:

'This is a trick which the gods have played on me. How shall I discover my lord among these three? If, perchance, I lay my finger on him who is not my husband, woe unto me. Death will be better than such a grievous mistake. What shall I do?'

She felt that her only go was to seek divine aid, and so she prayed for help to the Supreme Devi:

"You are my sole refuge, my Mother, in this dire predicament. Pray guard my chastity, I fall down at your feet.

"Thou art omniscient and knowest how constant I am to the vows of a *sati*. Pray, help me to find out who among these three is my lord."

The Divine Mother was pleased with her prayer. She gave Sukanya the power to identify her husband which she did without difficulty. The Aswin devatas extolled her for her chastity which no temptation or distress could shake or deflect, and they went back to their heavenly abode taking leave of the *maharshi*.

His sight regained and himself rejuvenated as a handsome youth, Chyavana led a life of holy felicity with his charming and dutiful wife who wrought a miracle by the power of her love and loyalty to her wedded husband.

And so, Sukanya's name stands inscribed in the scroll of the great *satis* of immortal glory.

[From *Devi Bhagavata*]

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ANANDA MATH

(Translated by R.P.A.)

THE STORY SO FAR:

IT was the time of the Great Famine in Bengal. The village of Padachinha presented a desolate appearance, people having migrated to other parts of the country. Mahendra Singh was a rich man of that place. Even he could not stay back for fear of dacoits who, he feared, might descend on them any day, helpless as they were. Deciding to quit the place, he, his wife Kalyani and their child Sukumari-in-arm walked their way to town in scorching sun. They reached a choultry with difficulty hoping to get drinking water and a little food. But the choultry was deserted. Leaving his wife and child back at the choultry Mahendra Singh went out in search of a little milk. While Kalyani waited for him, ghastly figures entered her room and carried her and her child away. When Mahendra returned, he was shocked to find them missing.

3. Kalyani Escapes

IT was in a bountiful and beautiful forest that the robbers set down Kalyani. Since there was hardly any light, there was none to appreciate the loveliness. The arcadian charm of the forest remained unnoticed like the generosity of a poor man's heart. Though there was no food in the country, there was an abundance of flowers in that forest. So sweet was the fragrance that it seemed to pierce the darkness and glow.

The robbers set down Kalyani and the child at a spot covered with soft grass and sat around them. Then they began to discuss the future course of action. They had already denuded Kalyani and the child of all the ornaments they wore. Some were busy with the division of the booty.

When the ornaments had been divided, one of the robbers exclaimed: "What do we want with gold and silver? Will someone give me a handful of rice in exchange for this ornament? I am dying of hunger. I have eaten nothing today except the leaves and barks of trees."

This was enough to spark off a clamour. All the robbers started shouting in unison: "Give us rice, give us rice. We are famished with hunger. We want no gold or silver."

The leader tried to pacify them but the followers were in no mood to listen to him. Hot words were exchanged, followed by abuse. A fight seemed imminent.

Everyone was enraged and threw his share of the ornaments at the leader. The latter was annoyed and thrashed one or two of the robbers. This brought all of them upon him and

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they began to assault him.

The leader was emaciated and weak from starvation; a few blows laid him prostrate and lifeless.

Then someone in that famished, excited, wrathful and ruthless group cried out: "We have been eating the flesh of dogs and jackals so far. We are racked with hunger. Come, let us feast today on this scoundrel!"

Then every one began to shout: "Victory, to Kali! Let us eat human flesh today."

The dark, emaciated apparitions shouted with joy. They laughed, danced and clapped their hands in that darkness. One of them set about lighting a fire to roast the body of the leader. He gathered dry twigs and grass, struck flint and iron and lighted the fire. As the fire burned, the green leaves of the mango, lemon, jack, tamarind and palm trees began to glow faintly. Here the leaves seemed ablaze, there the grass shone in the light; elsewhere the darkness became deeper. When the fire was ready, one of the robbers began to draw the corpse of the leader by the leg. As he was about to throw it on the fire, another shouted: "Wait, if we are to eat delicious human flesh, why should we select the tough and shrivelled-up flesh of this old sinner? We shall eat what we have brought with us today. Come, there is that tender and delicious girl. Let us roast and eat her."

Another said: "Roast whatever you like but do it quick. I can stand this hunger no longer."

Then all the robbers gazed greedily towards the place where they had set down Kalyani and her child. But the place was empty; neither mother nor daughter was to be seen!

Kalyani had seized the opportunity when the robbers were quarrelling among themselves. She had taken her daughter into her arms, and suckling the child lest it should cry out, had fled from the place.

When they realised that their prey had escaped, those ragamuffins ran in every direction like wild beasts shouting "Kill! Kill!"

There are occasions when man descends to the level of a beast.

4. The Fair Ascetic

DENSE was the darkness in the forest and Kalyani could not find her way. There was no path in that thickly-woven growth of trees, creepers and thorns; and the impenetrable darkness made her task well-nigh impossible. But undaunted, she made her way by pushing through the branches and creepers. Thorns pierced her skin and blood flowed profusely. Whenever the child was pricked by thorns, she cried; and at such times the shouts of the robbers in pursuit rose higher.

Bruised and bleeding, Kalyani made considerable progress into the interior of the forest. After some time, the moon rose. Until then, Kalyani had some confidence that on account of the darkness the robbers would not be able to locate her and that they would give up their pursuit. But now that the moon had risen she lost that confidence.

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As the moon rose higher, darkness disappeared and streams of light penetrated through the foliage. The higher the moon rose, brighter was the light and shorter grew the shadows. Kalyani with her child took refuge under the shadows. And now the shouts of the robbers rose higher and they seemed to come from all sides. The child was terrified and cried loudly.

Kalyani became desperate and made no further attempt to throw off her pursuers. She sat down on a patch of grass at the foot of a giant tree and clasping the child to her bosom, cried out in agony and anguish: "Where art Thou—whom I worship daily, to whom I make obeisance every day? It was reliance on Thee that gave me strength to penetrate into this forest. Where art Thou, O Madhusudan?"

There was fear in her heart and a surge of spiritual fervour swept in her. These combined with the lassitude of hunger and thirst made Kalyani gradually lose sense of her surroundings. She was filled with an inner consciousness in which she was aware of a heavenly Voice singing in the sky: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu! O Gopal, O Govinda, O Mukunda, O Shauri! O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

Even as a child, Kalyani had read in the puranas that the great sage Narada would wander in the sky singing the praises of Hari to the music of his *veena*. That imagination took root in her mind and she began to see with the inner vision a great ascetic, *veena* in hand, fair in complexion, dressed in white, with silver hair and beard, tall in stature singing along the heavenly pathway.

"O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!" Gradually the music came nearer and she heard the words: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!" Then still nearer, still clearer. At last the chant was heard over Kalyani's head and it echoed through the forest: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

Then Kalyani opened her eyes and saw before her the vision of a great ascetic, fair in complexion, dressed in white, with silver hair and beard, tall in stature, radiating spiritual strength. She concentrated all her consciousness on that vision. She wanted to offer obeisance to the sage but she could not do it. Even as she bent her head, all consciousness left her and she fell inert on the ground.

5. In the Monastery

IN that forest there was a monastery standing on a vast plot of land and surrounded by stone walls. Scholars were of the opinion that originally it was a monastic retreat of the Buddhists and that subsequently it became a Hindu monastery. The buildings were two-storeyed. There was a big prayer-hall in front. But the buildings could not be seen from outside because of the wall and the dense growth of trees around it.

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Even in broad daylight and at a short distance, no one could suspect the presence of human habitation.

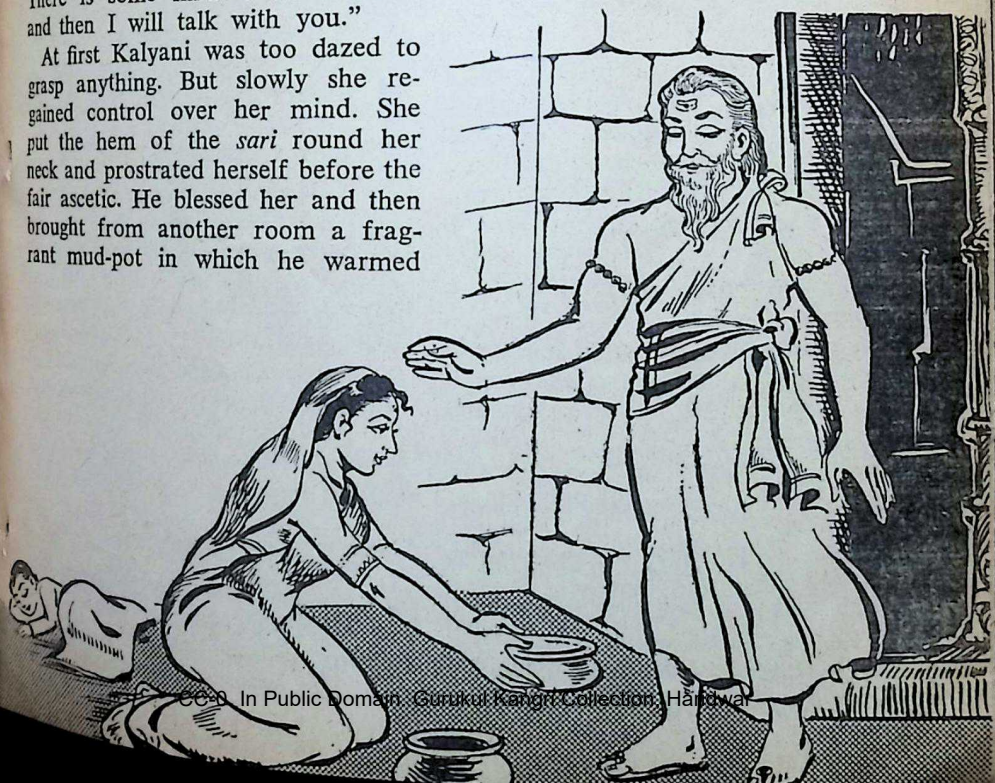
Several buildings showed the ravages of time but in daytime one could see that the whole place had been recently repaired and renovated. Even a glance was enough to show that inaccessible wilderness was inhabited by human beings.

It was in a room in this monastery where a big fire was blazing that Kalyani returned to consciousness. She beheld in front of her the fair ascetic. She feasted her eyes on that vision. She did not fully regain her senses; she was in a state of coma. Then the sage spoke to her softly: "My child, this is a monastery. You need not have any apprehension. There is some milk. First drink it and then I will talk with you."

At first Kalyani was too dazed to grasp anything. But slowly she regained control over her mind. She put the hem of the *sari* round her neck and prostrated herself before the fair ascetic. He blessed her and then brought from another room a fragrant mud-pot in which he warmed some milk at the blazing fire. When it was warm, he gave it to Kalyani and said: "My child, give some to your daughter and drink the rest. Then you can talk with me."

With joy and hope in her heart, Kalyani began to feed the child. The ascetic left the place, after telling her: "You need not have any anxiety till I return."

The ascetic returned after a while and found that Kalyani had finished feeding the child. But she had not partaken any. The quantity was almost the same as it was when he gave it to her. Only a little had been used for the child. "My child," said the ascetic, "You have not partaken of the milk. I am going out again



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and I will not return until you do it."

He was about to leave the room when Kalyani prostrated herself before him and then stood with folded hands.

"What is it that you wished to tell me?" asked the ascetic.

Then Kalyani replied in a low voice: "Pray, do not command me to drink the milk. There is some difficulty. I cannot drink it."

The ascetic asked her in a tone brimming with affection: "Tell me what is the difficulty. I am an ascetic dwelling in the forest. You are like a daughter to me. Why should you feel reticent about telling me anything? When I carried you in an unconscious state, I noticed that you were exhausted by hunger and thirst. If you do not eat, how can you sustain life?"

With tears welling out of her eyes, Kalyani said: "You are like a god to me. I have no objection to telling you anything. My husband has not taken food. Until I meet him or hear that he has taken food, how can I eat?"

"Where is your husband?" asked the ascetic.

"I do not know," replied Kalyani. "He left me to get some milk and the robbers carried me away during his absence."

Then by judicious and sympathetic questions, the ascetic elicited information about Kalyani and her husband. Kalyani did not indeed utter her husband's name; as a Hindu wife she could not. But the ascetic understood from the other details given by her and he asked her: "Aren't you Mahendra Singh's wife?"

Kalyani did not reply but bowed her head and she busied herself with heaping pieces of wood on the fire at which milk had been warmed.

After a brief silence, the ascetic told her: "Do what I tell you. Drink the milk. I will bring you news of your husband. But I will not go until you drink the milk."

"Is there water anywhere?" asked Kalyani; and the ascetic pointed to a jug. Kalyani cupped her hands and the ascetic filled it with water. Then she approached the ascetic and kneeling low, beseeched: "Please sanctify this water with the holy dust of your feet."

The ascetic touched the water with his right toe.

Kalyani then drank the water and said: "I have drunk nectar of the gods. Do not ask me to drink anything. Until I have news of my husband, I will not take anything."

The ascetic smiled and told her "You are quite safe in this monastery; no harm will befall you. I am going in search of your husband. Stay here without any fear."

6. Bhavananda Commissioned

THE night had advanced far and the moon had crossed the meridian. It was not full moon and its beams were not so brilliant. The light was uncertain. And it was difficult to see what lay before; one could not make out whether a figure was a man or a tree. On one side was the plain

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which seemed illimitable; and on the other was the desert which was forbidding. Through them lay the road from Murshidabad to Calcutta.

By the side of the road was a small hill which was clustered with mango and jack trees. The branches glimmered in the moonlight; and the leaves rustled, making an eerie sound. The ascetic climbed to the top of the hill and there in solemn silence listened. It is difficult to say what he was listening to. In that vast plain, there was not a sound except the rustle of leaves. There was a small jungle at the foot of the hill, near the road.

What sound the ascetic heard from the jungle is not known; but it was in that direction that he proceeded. In the heart of the forest, under the shadow of the trees, he saw men sitting—men fully armed. Their weapons shone in the moonlight which pierced through the dense foliage. Two hundred men were sitting there, silent and solemn.

The ascetic went into their ranks and made some signal but no one rose or spoke or made a sound. He walked in front of them, scanning each face as though he were seeking someone. At last he recognised one person, touched him on the shoulder and made a sign. The man rose instantly.

The ascetic took him to a corner and they stood and talked to each other. The man was young. His face was handsome and was covered with a black beard. His figure exuded strength. He wore ochre-coloured clothes and sweet sandal paste was smeared all over his body.

"Bhavananda, have you any news of Mahendra Singh?" asked the ascetic.

Bhavananda replied: "Mahendra Singh with his wife and child left his house today; but on the way, at the choultry....."

The ascetic did not allow him to complete the sentence. "I know what happened at the choultry. Who did it?"

Bhavananda replied: "I imagine it must have been done by the local people. Today the peasants have turned dacoits because of hunger. But then who is not a dacoit? We also have looted and eaten today. Two maunds of rice were on the way to the chief of the police; we consecrated them to a devotee's dinner."

The ascetic smiled and said: "I have rescued his wife and child from the robbers. They are now at the monastery. Now it is your duty to find Mahendra Singh and re-unite him with his wife and child. Jivananda will look after the success of today's task."

Bhavananda agreed to perform the task; and the ascetic disappeared in the darkness.

[*To be continued*]

I do not disbelieve in idol worship. An idol does not excite any feeling of veneration in me. But I think idol worship is part of human nature. We hanker after symbolism. Why should one be more composed in a church than elsewhere? Images are an aid to worship.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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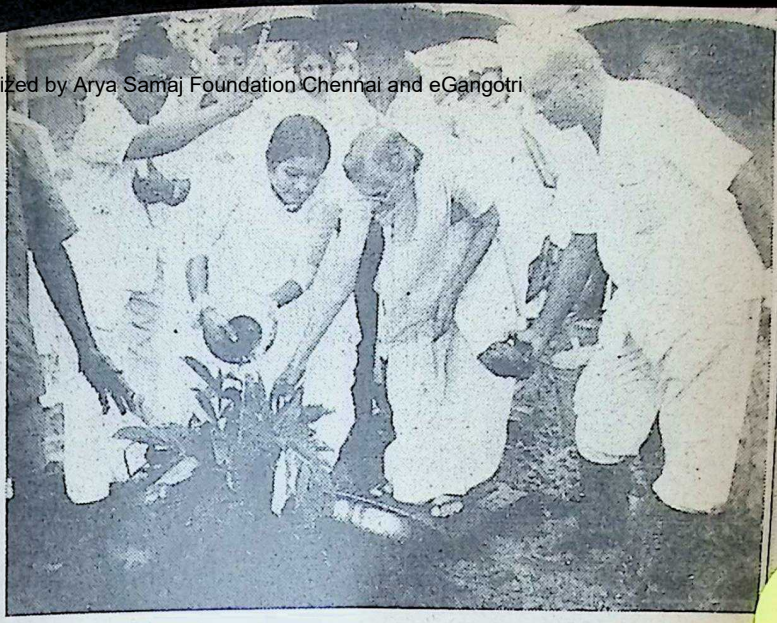
notes and news



Vanamahotsava was celebrated at the Bhavan's Campus, Andheri, on 28th July. Smt. Lilavati Munshi Planting a sapling.

DIPLOMA AWARDING FUNCTION OF SARAL SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

AT a special function held on August 3, 1963, at the Bhavan's auditorium, Sri M. S. Kannamwar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, distributed diplomas and certificates to 650 students who were successful in the Saral Sanskrit Examinations held at the Bombay centre of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in March last. In his speech, the Chief Minister described Sanskrit as the mother of all languages in which is embedded the unrivalled cultural heritage of India. He exhorted the present generation to take a greater interest in the study of Sanskrit and paid a glowing tribute to the work of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and its founder Sri Munshi in propagating Indian Culture and promoting the study of Sanskrit. The Chief Minister expressed satisfaction at the fact that a large number of the 40,000 candidates who appeared for the Bhavan's Saral Sanskrit Examinations were women from different parts of the country.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi who presided was gratified with the increasing interest shown by boys and girls in taking part in these examinations. She referred to the efforts of the Bhavan directed towards opening new examination centres in the South-East Asian countries and the Arab world.

Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan and a Member of the Central Sanskrit Board, in his speech told the gathering that a knowledge of Sanskrit was essential for a proper understanding of Indian culture and civilization.

Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar of the Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya delivered the "Mangalic Pravachan" and the function concluded with the singing of National Anthem.

JANMASHTAMI

JANMASHTAMI was celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on 12th August from 9.30 p.m. to midnight at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan. The ceremonies on the occasion included a film show on Radha and Krishna prepared by the Films Division, recital from "Ratnakar" Uddhav's Satak, Bhajan, Devotional Songs and Pooja.

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, ADVERTISING AND PRINTING has started an Academy of Languages

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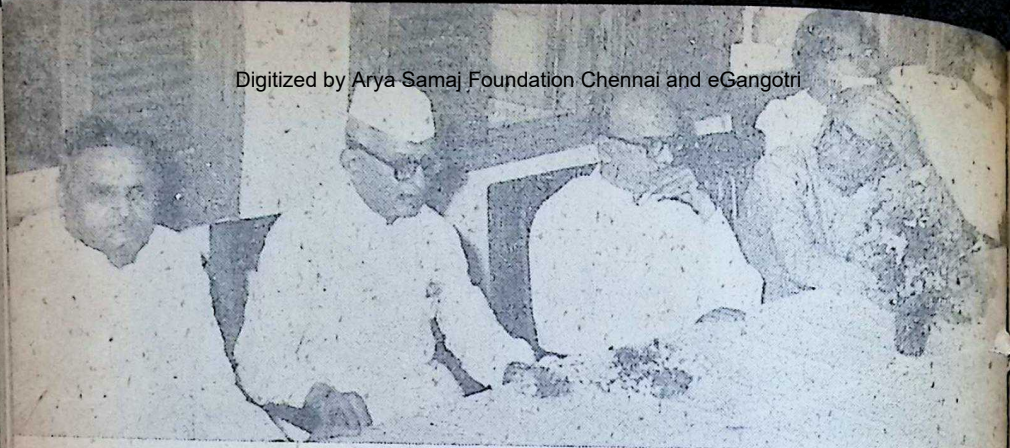

Kulapati Munshiji inaugurated the Vyasa Jayanti Samaroh at the Delhi Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, on July 20, 1963. (L. to R.:) *Sri J. L. Hathi, Union Minister for Labour, Kulapati, Dr. A. K. Majumdar, Director of Bhavan's Delhi Kendra, Dr. Barlingay, Gen. Editor of Bhavan's Sastriya Sanskrit Granthamala and two Jain Munis who also spoke on the occasion.*

in Bombay offering instruction in German, Russian, Arabic and Spanish languages. Experienced teachers both Indian and foreign are coaching in order to give a working knowledge of these languages. Examinations will be conducted by the Bhavan at the end of one year and certificates will be awarded to successful candidates.

The college has sponsored an exhibition on Mass Communication Arts & Media to be held in Bhavan's premises in Bombay in April 1964. The exhibition will depict the progress made and opportunities available in mass communication arts and media and is the first of its kind to be held in India. It is intended to educate the public on the developments that have taken place in the fields of mass communication arts and media in recent times.

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION:

Independence Day was celebrated on the 15th of last month at 9.30 a.m. at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Smt. Lilavati Munshi, unfurled the National Flag. The flag-hoisting ceremony was followed by a programme of light music.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION

THE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Kala Kendra has started from the 26th of last month beginning with Marathi language plays. There are 75 entries, viz. 20 in Gujarati, 19 in Hindi, 12 in Marathi, 11 in English and 13 in other languages. The entries have come in 11 languages including

Principal S. M. Ganapati (Delhi School)

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Sanskrit. 30 colleges of the city are participating in this year's competition. Last year 20 colleges took part with 65 entries. The Competitions will conclude on the 6th instant.

TAGORE WEEK

THE Sugam Sangeet unit of the Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan organised a Tagore Week from the 7th to 11th of last month. The celebration was inaugurated and an exhibition of Tagore's paintings declared open at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan by Sri P. K. Roy. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi also spoke on the occasion. The programme of the celebration included a film show on Tagore's life and Shantiniketan, speeches on Tagore's poetry and paintings, a recital of Tagore's songs in Hindi, Gujarati and Bengali and dances by well-known artistes, spread on different days.

DELHI KENDRA

THE VYAS JAYANTI was celebrated under the auspices of the Delhi Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan under the presidentship of Sri Jai Sukhlal Hathi, Union Minister for Labour.

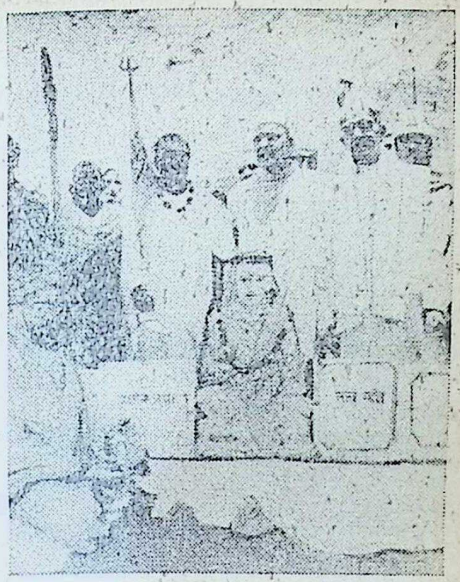
The Samaroh was inaugurated by Kulapati K. M. Munshi who in his speech emphasised the need of popularising Sanskrit.

Many prominent scholars of Sanskrit paid their homage to Maharshi Vyasa on this occasion. Among them were Shri L. O. Joshi, I.C.S., Joint Secretary, Ministry of Education, Prof. Ram Singh, Dr. Mandan Mishra, Pt. Nabhi Ram Joshi and others.

Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, in his speech dwelt on the great contribution of Bhagavan Veda Vyas to Indian thought and culture. He also made an impassioned appeal to propagate Sanskrit, the storehouse of Indian wisdom and the mother of languages.

DR. A. K. MAJUMDAR

DR. ASOKE MAJUMDAR, Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Delhi Kendra, has been appointed a Member of the reconstituted Historical Documents Purchase Committee by the Government of India. The function of this Committee, among others, is to advise Government on the purchase of archival manuscripts and documents in private custody that may have a bearing on the country's history.



H. H. Dwaraka Jagadguruji installing the idol of Adi Sri Shankaracharya at Kedarnath (Himalayas). From R. to L.: H. E. Biswanath Das, Governor of U.P., Sri Mangla Prasad, Ex-Minister, U.P. and President, Badarinath and Kedarnath Temples Committee.

BHAVAN'S Public School at Delhi has a new Principal in Prof. S. M. Ganapati. This School prepares students for the Overseas Certificate Examination. Prof. Ganapati who is an outstanding educationist of over 26 years' standing both in Maharashtra and Madras States, is also a keen sportsman, dramatist and a specialist in Audio-Visual Education. He had in the past been Principal of more than one Multi-Purpose School. Under his stewardship, the Delhi School is expected to progress rapidly.

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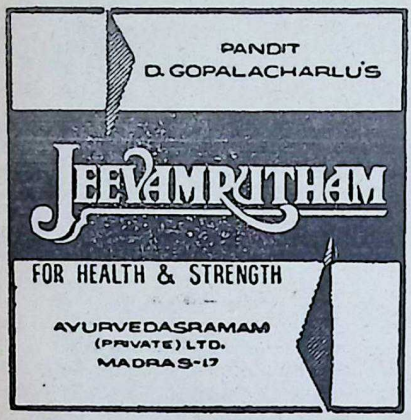

JANMASHTAMI was celebrated by the pupils of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Public School, New Delhi, in a suitable manner. The entire access to the celebrations hall was decorated by a display of beautiful designs of Rangoli. Kulapati K. M. Munshi was the chief guest.

The Principal welcomed the Kulapati saying that it was in the fitness of things that a great exponent of "Krishnavatara" was in their midst to take part in the celebrations and bless them. Kulapati said that the life and sayings of Sri Krishna were living realities to him inasmuch as night and day he thought of the Lord and the episodes connected with His life.

There was a variety entertainment programme which featured group dance recitals by the girl pupils, depicting Krishna leela episodes, solo song recitals and recitation of the Avataragatta in Sanskrit from the Shrimad Bhagavata by a group of students. At the end the Kulapati initiated a Bhajan in which the whole audience took part.

BHAVAN'S DAKOR COLLEGE

'VANAMAHOTSAVA' was celebrated by Bhavan's College at Dakor on Friday, the 9th August 1963. Sri Utsavbhai Parikh, Minister for Agriculture and Forests, Gujarat State, planted saplings on the occasion and spoke on the importance of afforestation. The Hon'ble Minister said that forests have to play a vital role in the development of national wealth and emphasised the need for growing more and more forests.

Principal C. M. Mehta in his speech recalled that the scheme was originally launched by Dr. K. M. Munshi.

BHAVAN'S Dakor College celebrated the Lokamanya Tilak Jayanti on 1st August last. Sri Babubhai Jasubhai Patel, the former Vice-Chancellor of Sardar Vallabhbhai Vidyapeeth, who spoke on the occasion referred to the various achievements of Tilak and described him as one of the greatest pioneers of India's freedom struggle and a prodigious personality. Sri Patel exhorted the students to emulate the example of this great leader of modern India.

Principal Dr. C. M. Mehta welcomed the distinguished guests.

THE birth Centenary of the eminent scientist, the late Prof. T. K. Gajjar, was celebrated by the Bhavan's College at Dakor on the 14th of last month. Principal Mehta in his speech said that the establishment of the first Polytechnic of India in Baroda, the founding of the Alembic Chemical Works and the Polytechnological Institute in Bombay were a few of the landmarks of the distinguished professor's career. Prof. Gajjar, he added, was a pioneer in promoting women's education too. It was in the fitness of things that the Gujarat University had honoured the memory of this great son of India by celebrating his birth centenary.

THE sixteenth anniversary of the Independence Day was celebrated by the Bhavan's College at Dakor in a fitting manner. Sri M. M. Parikh, Hon. Secretary of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Gujarat Kendra, took the salute.

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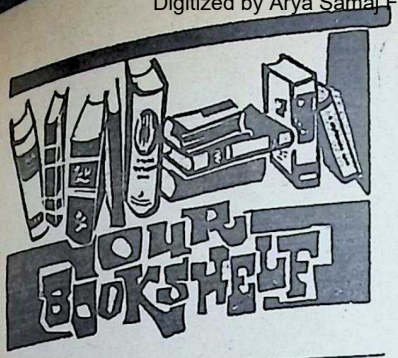

FAMOUS JUDGES, LAWYERS AND CASES OF BOMBAY. By P. B. Vachha. Published by N. M. Tripathi Private Limited. Bombay-2. Price: Rs. 12.50 nP.

THIS book has a deceptive caption. It purports to be a judicial history of Bombay during the British period, but in reality is very much more. It is not a dull book. It reads more like a novel, nay more than a novel, the charm of which is heightened by the expressive and picturesque style in which it is written, enlivened by appropriate anecdotes and sparkling with literary and historical allusions.

The author rightly associates the growth of the Bombay High Court with the growth of the seven little islands named "Heptanesia" represented by Ptolemy (A.D. 150), and which in the seventeenth century when presented to the King of England as a dowry by the King of Portugal, was described by Lord Clarendon as "the poor little Island of Bombay" which was "situate within a short distance from Brazil!"

Gerald Aungier, the first Governor of Bombay (1660-1677) prophetically described Bombay "as the city which by God's assistance is intended to be built." It became the first British possession in India, a 'Royal City', blossoming forth into "Urbs Prima in India" with a population now nearing five million.

As we read the book, we see the progress of this Court of Justice from its inauguration by Aungier on 8th August 1672 to 14th August 1947 when the last British Chief Justice, Sir Leonard Stone, relinquished office, to be succeeded the next day by Chief Justice Chagla in an India which was no longer in bondage.

The author presents a wonderful picture gallery of Chief Justices and Judges, from Sir James Mackintosh to Sir Harilal Kania, who rose to become the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Free India, and of lawyers from the semi-mythic Anstey to Sir Dinshaw Mulla, the most learned of them all.

A substantial part of the book under review deals with historical cases, from the Trial of Rama Komathi in 1720 to the Kalbadevi Shooting Case in 1946, illustrating how traditions of justice were created during the last two hundred and odd years. Among them are some of great historical significance—the first Tilak Trial of 1897 and the second one in 1909; the Jackson Murder Case of 1910; and De La Haye Murder Case of 1920, transferred to Bombay from Madras, in which the Zamindar of Kadambur, who was evidently a victim of the political passions roused at the time among the Anglo-Indians of the South, was accused of murdering De La Haye, the then principal of Newington House, and was acquitted; and lastly, the trial of Mahatma Gandhi in 1922.

The book is an illuminating study of how the judiciary from the beginning struggled against executive encroachment; how English Judges of the 18th century stood up to the powerful Governors; how Chief Justice Mackintosh, who exposed and punished official misdeeds, had to confess that he was treated in the grossest manner by the Government circles; how, when the Governor intervened with the administration of justice, Chief Justice Peter Grant went on a characteristic *satyagraha* with his staff and locked up the High Court, suspending its functions for a period of about five months.

However, the age of accommodation followed, and in the continuous conflict between the Government and the High Court, the Court lost its independence on several points.

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The author narrates the latest instance of the conflict, though arising out of a purely constitutional question, when the Governor of Bombay suspended the sentence passed by the High Court of Bombay on Commander Nanavati. The author bewails—and very rightly—that an impression has grown more recently that the High Courts in India have submitted rather tamely to successive inroads into their powers and jurisdiction by both the State and the Central Governments.

The book also contains the landmarks of our progress from the crude pre-British jurisprudence to the rule of law which prevails in India at present. So far back as 1672, Aungier "insisted on impartial justice without favour or respect for a person." However, justice for a long time continued to be a marketable commodity and Indians were excluded from any share in the judicial administration. It was only after 1798 that a succession of eminent judges took up a broad view of judicial administration. Later Hindu Pandits and Muslim Moulvis came to be associated with the judiciary. And when the Hindu law came to be applied to the Hindus by the Charter Acts, the Muslims protested that the *shastras* and the *puranas* could not be put on equal footing with the *shariat*, as "Hindustan was a Muslim dominion." But for the way in which the British lawyers introduced this new outlook in jurisprudence as applied to India, the uniform laws as they prevail in the country today, the Rule of Law and the Constitution with its Fundamental Rights, would not have been conceivable.

The book has been an adventure in conflict by itself. The author was requested to write this history by the Centenary Celebrations Committee of the High Court which was to be held in 1962. Advanced in age and infirmity though he was, he prepared the work after a careful research. Unfortunately in this book the author followed, as he says, the advice given to the great historian Ferishta by Ibrahim Adil Shah: "Write and write without fear or flattery". And as a result the book got into trouble.

In dealing with Tilak's second trial of 1909, the author had referred to the immortal words of the accused which he uttered after the verdict of guilty was returned against him:

"All that I wish to say is that, in spite of the verdict of the jury, I still maintain that I am innocent. There are higher powers that rule the destinies of men and nations; and I think, it may be the will of Providence that the cause I represent may be benefited more by my suffering than by my pen and tongue."

In summing up, the presiding Judge Davar, J. made scathing remarks on Tilak's conduct, which the author rightly characterises as ill-timed and intemperate.

Sri Chagla, who became the Chief Justice in 1947, got affixed on the outer wall of the Sessions Court, a tablet with these words of Lokamanya Tilak inscribed on it. While declaring the tablet open, the Chief Justice characterised the verdict and the sentence of 1909—properly arrived at and passed by a court in the light of the facts and law in the case—as having "tarnished and disgraced the judicial record of the High Court". The author maintains—and I again think rightly—that Courts of Law are not a proper place for political and patriotic comments on judicial decisions. The author characterises the speech of Chagla C. J. as "admirably patriotic, or patriotically admirable", but "judicially inexplicable and indefensible and delivered from a wrong platform", such opinions establishing a very undesirable precedent.

The Committee objected to the words and the author was faced with the choice of withdrawing his comments on the tablet or withdrawing the history from the High Court Centenary programme. As a self-respecting historian, he preferred the latter course and the book came to be privately published.

The book is the specimen of modern historical literature in India

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and will be enjoyed by every reader and read with considerable benefit by every judge and practitioner in the court.

—*Dr. K. M. Munshi*

GOD-EXPERIENCE. By Swami Ramdas. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 244. Price: Rs. 2/-.

SAT-SANGA, company of the holy, is a recognised potent means for self-elevation. But all are not so circumstanced as to avail of it and it is for such that books like *God-experience* have great relevance. This book is a day-to-day record of the talks of Swami Ramdas in the assembly of devotees and disciples, during the first five months of 1961, and breathes the saint's atmosphere in an unmistakable manner. It provides *sat-sanga* in print.

The talks cover a very wide field of spiritual life and sparkle with quips, anecdotes, personal experiences of Swamiji, etc. Swamiji speaks of different types of conceit, *viz.* conceit of learning, of wealth, of position, of *holiness* and describes the way to eliminate all conceit through surrender to the Lord. His remarks on *mounam* of mind being different from *mounam* of mouth, image-worship in which the seeker passes gradually from Form to what is within the Form, *Mantra* and Psychotherapy are striking. "*Mantras* have intrinsic power in them and when you chant them continuously they create in you harmonious vibrations. Your disturbed mind becomes calm and serene. Even diseases of the body disappear." Illustrations from life are given on the subject.

Swamiji's *forte* is *Ram-Nam:* "Chanting God's name brings remembrance of God. True remembrance develops into a consciousness by which you feel His presence and that feeling of presence leads to union with your Beloved which ultimately dissolves the sense of separation between you and Him." It sums up a full line of yoga.

Simple, accurate and genuine, this work will ever have a direct appeal to all who seek to better themselves.

—*Sri M. P. Pandit*

THE SAINT OF SRINGERI. By R. Krishnaswami Aiyar. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Press, Madurai. Price: Rs. 3/-.

THE SAINT OF SRINGERI is a clear and moving account of the spiritual greatness and moral earnestness of His Holiness Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati who adorned the Sringeri Pitha. Right from its inception the glory of the Sringeri Math beginning with the great Sureshwara, has had a continual succession of great saints of learning and piety. Of recent memory, we have the great Sri Sachchidananda Shivabhinava Bharati who discovered the birthplace of Adi Sankara at Kalaty and made it known to all the world. Further he founded several seats of learning for the spread of the message of Advaita.

The subject of the book under review, Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati, was cast in the same mould. His words were wisdom, his conduct was consecration. He revealed virtue, and did not strive to realise it. He was great in every aspect. His *tapasya* appealed to all. Some admired his learning. His loving kindness endeared him to all alike. His conversation inspired all. He led each from where he was. Sri Krishnaswamy Aiyar's jottings are at once revealing the spiritual effect and the intrinsic greatness of the saint. From the saint's accession to ascension in 1954 in the holy waters of Tunga, this exemplary saint added sweetness to human life and lifted up all who went to him. His sacred body was duly interred in a site just on the left of the *samadhi* of his illustrious predecessor. Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati has left for us an invaluable commentary on the *Vivekachudamani* of Sri Sankara, which is published by the present Holiness. The publication of this volume is a fitting tribute, on the occasion of the Kumbhabhishekam of the magnificent shrine erected at the place of the *samadhi* of His Holiness.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

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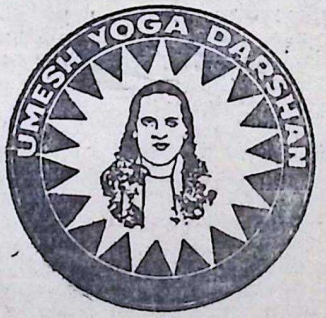

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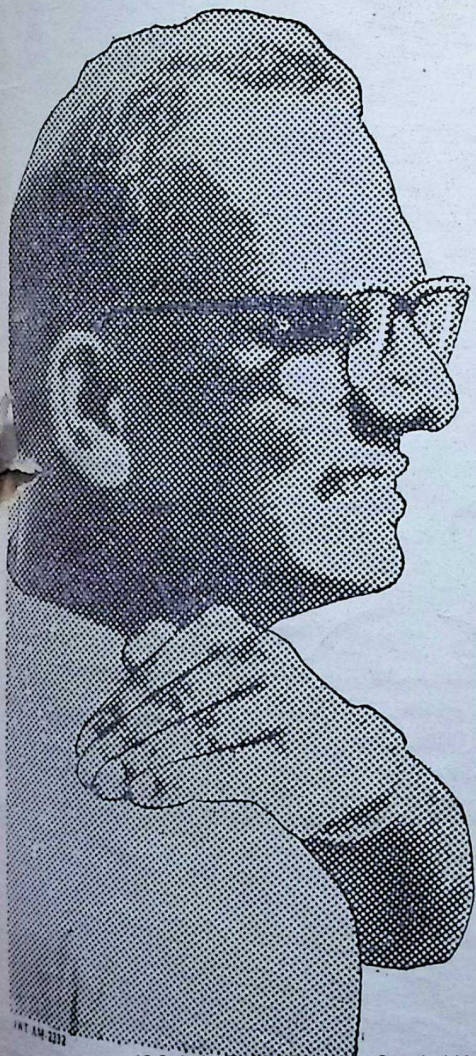

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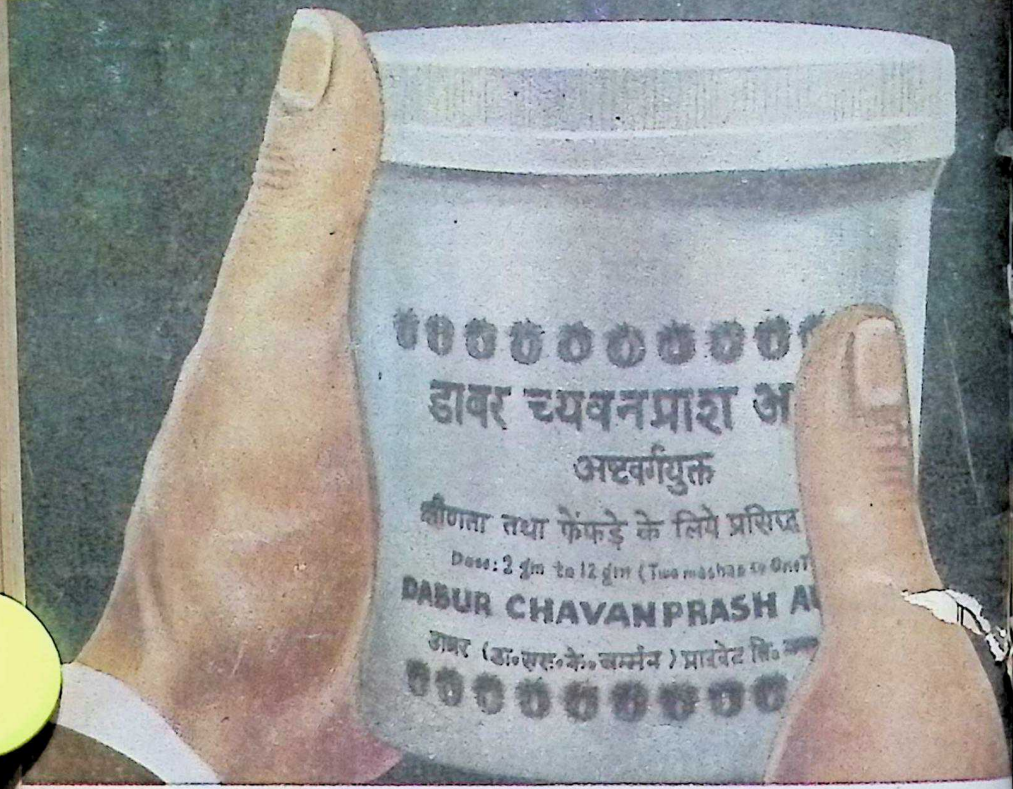

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Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

FORTNIGHTLY

contents

	Page
Good Will (Vedic Prayer)	5
Kulapati's Letter No. 292: Wirth's Trial—'Call-girl' Culture—A Challenge	6
The Spiritual Warrior—Sant Tulsidas	13
"Karomi"—Poet C. Subramanya Bharati	14
Repentance	16
Ruling Group Morality—Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin and Walter A. Lunden	17
Krishnavatara (Part III): King Vrikodara Relinquishes the Sceptre—Sri K. M. Munshi	25
Madurai Meenakshi Temple—III (Art Suppl. Illus. by "Silpi")	34
Dr. S. Radhakrishnan: India's Philosopher-President—Sri V. A. Sundaram	43
Question Box	47
Align with God's Will—Sri R. D. Mathur	51
Wise Counsel (Story)	53
Ananda Math (Serial)—Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	61
Notes & News	67
Our Bookshelf	69

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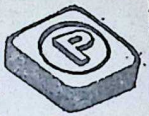

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

GOOD WILL

यत् प्रज्ञानम् उत चेतो धृतिश्च
यज्ज्योतिरन्तर् अमृतम् प्रजासु ।
यस्मान्नऽऋते किञ्चन कर्म क्रियते
तन्मे मनः शिवसंकल्पम् अस्तु ॥

That which is the source of high knowledge, and is the intellect and the power of memory,
that which is the deathless flame within living beings
Without which no action whatever is performed, may that mind of mine will what is good.

—*Yajurveda*, 34-2.

Vol. X No. 4

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No. 292

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

□ WARD'S TRIAL □ 'CALL-GIRL' CULTURE □ A CHALLENGE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

SEPTEMBER 15, 1963.

IT is a sordid, sickening episode—this Keeler-Profumo-Ward affair. It is no pleasure to refer to it in my Letters. I would not have done it had it been an isolated episode. But it is a symptom of a deep-seated malaise—and not merely a malaise, but a sinister way of life which you may call 'call-girl' culture.

In this affair, " two tarts", to use Prime Minister Macmillan's phrase, played high-priestesses. An osteopath, the principal votary at the shrine, wore his lurid morals with the air of a saintly martyr.

That they were debased specimens of humanity, is of little importance to society. But the way their shameless performances were received by vocal opinion in England, betrays the abysmal level to which moral values have fallen in one of the finest countries in the world.

The 'tarts,' sponsored by the osteopath, openly and unabashedly associated with high society as well as the life of the gutter with equal impartiality. If their story told in court is true, they shared their favours, indiscriminately with a minister, a foreign diplomat—presumably a secret service agent—, a titled aristocrat and crooks and scamps. One of them, in nude, openly enjoyed the hospitality of a swimming pool in the house of a titled lord, to the delight of the guests.

The scandal broke over the head of the minister. For a time he did not hesitate to outface it by a phoney

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libel action in Court and a bold lie in Parliament. The security of one of the world's powerful nations was put in jeopardy. One of the most stable governments was for a moment threatened with collapse.

Through the ages and in all societies, attractive women, lost to all sense of decency, have been known to play havoc with men. Men highly-placed in society, have also been known to indulge in sex-orgies. But never, never, except in the days of decadent Rome, was sexual promiscuity flaunted and accepted as normal as in this affair.

Profumo was branded for endangering the country's security, for telling a lie in Parliament, but except perhaps for the *London Times*, no powerful organ of public opinion in England raised its voice against the hideous morals of the men.

Some of the commentators tried to soften the shock to the public mind. They dug up history to discover that some politicians of an earlier generation had as bad morals as Profumo in the present. They forgot to note the difference: In England public opinion in the past never accepted sexual promiscuity as a norm of conduct in a highly-placed person. In this case, it was.

The trial of the osteopath was on charges of procuring, arranging abortions, and living off the earnings of prostitution. It was less concerned with morality than semantics, as the *Time* magazine put it.

Ward, who had cheerfully admitted himself to be a "thoroughly immoral man", took the stand that sexual promiscuity for "fun" was a thing of which he need not be ashamed. Several artist friends sent wreaths to honour the grave of the self-confessed satyr.

The two "tarts", who during the course of the trial confessed their lapses with shameless effrontery, were invested with the aura of heroines in the mind of the public. In the words of Justice Marshall, "the widespread and exaggerated publicity surrounding this case" had brought these girls to "pinnacles of notoriety which feed and fan their vanity".

The disturbing fact, however, remains that the notoriety did not shock the public mind in England. It gave them a position in public imagination more attractive than that of world famous and much-married cinema stars. Their salacious adventures were advertised all over the world with gusto. Their sordid confessions were bought by newspapers and journals for fortunes and were broadcast for money, thereby pandering to the prurient imagination of men. To the credit of five dailies of Ahmedabad be it said that they decided not to publish the report of the Ward trial and initiate people in the ways of 'call-girl' culture. There was no condemnation, no horror, at depravity being exploited for pecuniary gain. The imagination jaded by *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Lolita* required a more stimulating fare, and it was given.

Justice Marshall, in the course of his address to the jury, said: "You and I know that the even tenure of family life over the overwhelming majority of our population goes quietly and decently on." The Judge

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may be correct. But the ugly fact remains that the "overwhelming majority" remained silent, frightened to express its stern disapproval at a challenge to their family life.

The creative minority in society which upholds moral and spiritual values either does not exist in England or it has lost the courage to fight for its way of life. And England at one time had the finest creative minority among modern nations.

●●●

I may clarify what I mean by creative minority. The continuity, stability and vigour of a society do not depend upon the thought and conduct of the castaways of society, the glamour-girls and boys, the rich or the powerful pursuing hedonism, or those who are untouched by cultural norms. They depend upon men and women who build up and live up to the values of high aspiring culture. Mostly drawn from the middle-class, they set up a pattern of conduct which the 'best' in each generation try to live up to, for, by so doing alone a culture acquires perennial vitality. Following them large sections of the people mould their life and conduct on the norms that they set.

If this creative minority loses its capacity to maintain and inspire values of a high aspiring culture, the 'call-girl' culture steps in. Then the society is doomed.

Ample testimony is forthcoming to show that the creative minority in England, perhaps in America too, has been losing the vigour and dedication necessary to maintain a sane sex order.

This is not surprising. The West, for generations, has atomised the great moral values which have uplifted men in the past. Most of the philosophers and even men of religion and literature, who form the dynamic section of the creative minority, have been preaching that moral imperatives have no bases, no sanctity. Even literature and art have developed blatant tendencies towards the ugly and hideous, made respectable by the pseudo-scientific label to surrealism. They are calculated to induce a belief that such imperatives have no authority. As a result, in many countries in the West, sex energy is understood to be a matter of blind drives, urges and complexes.

Naturally, therefore, men and women have been reduced to organisms animated and living for sex. Sexual anarchy has spread to all the main values. All emotions, attitudes and aspirations have become handmaids to sex obsession.

In 1957, Sorokin, in his *The American Sexual Revolution* drew attention to the decadence that has set in as a result of the sex obsession prevailing in the United States of America. Last year, five years afterwards, noticing the trends in sexual behaviour in the United States since 1957, David R. Mace, a great authority on American married life, in a recent book, says:

"Illegitimacy has increased. Venereal disease has shown a disconcerting upturn, especially among early teenagers. Pornographic literature has poured from the presses in mounting volume. All that Sorokin has described, now intensified, and more besides —this is the state of the Union, sexually speaking five years after the grave

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warnings of *The American Sexual Revolution* were sounded".

England appears to have reached a new high. Even the conscience of the Church appears to have been blunted. Rev. Douglas Rhymes preaching at the Stockwood Cathedral, said: 'Christ never suggested that marriage is the only possible occasion of any expression of physical relationship,' and charged on to say that 'much of the prejudice against homosexuality is on the ground that it is unnatural —but for whom? Certainly not for the homosexual.'

Business houses in metropolitan towns in some countries in the West, not to be outdone, employ glamorous hostesses to bring solace to the lonely hearts of upcountry clients on a visit. It is slave trade in modern garb. In old days, the slave-owners sold young women for money. In modern times they buy the body and soul of women for a price, to be sold for commercial purposes at a higher price.

Even in our country, in cities like Delhi, where a lot of concessions can be secured from sexy men, hostesses are coming into fashion.

●●●

Neither political nor economic alchemy on which so much emphasis is being laid these days, can transmute a 'call-girl' culture into a great and vigorous way of life. When it is accepted in the life of the creative minority, it spells death to all moral values. Sorokin very rightly observes that cultural decadence invariably follows in the wake of sex obsession.

Two thousand years ago, Livy, a great historian, gave a warning to decadent Rome:

"I hope my passion for our past has not impaired my judgment; I believe no country has ever been greater or purer than ours or richer in good citizens and noble deeds.

"I invite attention to serious consideration of the kind of lives our ancestors lived, of who were the men, and what the means both in politics and war by which our power was first acquired and subsequently expanded; trace the process of our moral decline, watch, first, the sinking of the foundations of morality as the old teaching was allowed to lapse, then the rapidly increasing disintegration, then the final collapse of the whole edifice, and the dark dawning of our modern day when we can neither endure our vices nor face the remedies needed to cure them.

"Of late years wealth has made us greedy, and self-indulgence has brought us, through every form of sexual excess, to be in love with death both individual and collective."

Communist Russia which scoffs at many moral values, with its uncanny knack of maintaining double standards, insists on domestic virtues for Russians, frowns on sexual promiscuity and keeps out the insidious influence of the 'call-girl' culture. At least so it is reported.

Conversely, Indian culture and life have maintained the continuity, stability and vitality by never permitting sex energy to be denigrated to the level of appetites.

That is not to say that in India in the past or in the present, there have not been Keelers and Mandys, Wards and Profumos, or gay dogs occupying high positions who snap their fingers at moral commandments. But at no time has the creative minority in India made a compromise with the 'call-girl' culture by investing it with respectability.

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A study of law texts, literature and social attitudes shows that the survival of India is mainly due to the fact that the creative minority has always upheld, respected and cherished the values of marriage and family, of motherhood and fatherhood, of childhood and age, of womanhood and manhood.

We have never trained our young men and women to look upon the opposite sex as mere instruments of pleasure. We have never treated religious and moral commandments and the rules of decent life as conventions which could be changed at one's pleasure.

We have never ceased to attach the highest importance to home life, essentially based on conjugal virtue, as the basic school of love, sacrifice and mutual service. No sophistication has ever bridged the immense gulf between a *pativrataa* and a *patitaa*.

The *Bhagavad Gita* describes, how a society disintegrates when the foundations of the family are sapped. Conversely it establishes that a family united in love and self-restraint is the pre-requisite of a vigorous society.

If I may give a free paraphrase of these well-known verses:

When the family tie grows weak, the eternal ordinances which support the family life disappear;
When the ordinances disappear, unrighteousness seizes the family; it loses its creative role.
Then the women fall from grace; and when they fall, society disintegrates.

This warning has never been forgotten by our social opinion throughout the continuous life of centuries. What are these family ordinances, the *kula dharmas?*

The first is that sexual non-waste, 'walking in the path of the *Brahman*' is a central value in life.

When the sex urge seeks indiscriminate satisfaction, the creative energy is dissipated. Conduct becomes ugly. Personality disintegrates.

Non-waste of sexual urge is the most potent factor in life. If sex energy is not allowed to run waste, like the Ganga, it is lifted from its earthly basin into a heavenly course, to become Mandakini, the celestial river, the creative energy of high aspirations.

At the same time, human flesh being what it is, it is rarely given to man to divert the whole of the earthly course. In many cases it would be dangerous to do so. But by appropriate restraints, the flow of the water on earth can enrich and refresh life.

The second ordinance (*kula dharma*) is that marriage is the alchemy which unites two beings into one. Then sex life becomes a happy expression of unity, investing man and woman with an inseparable bond of beauty and vigour.

When a man comes home to bask in the secure intimacy of the marital bed, beauty enters life. Quarrels, dissatisfaction and jealousy only provide the psychological barriers, safeguards against promiscuity.

It is marriage alone that enables a man and wife to develop mutual toleration, through which the ego loses its selfish and self-centred rigidity. Then the home—not the roof and the four walls, but the home as a

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living organism—comes into existence as a fortress against the irrepressible sex urge. Thus the foundation of social integration is laid.

The men and women who belong to 'the call-girl culture' are indifferent whether the marriage ties are sacrosanct or not; they cast away a partner in marriage for a momentary passion. To them sexual indulgence is just 'fun'.

Those who regulate their sex energy in marriage are pillars of society; the others are its destroyers. The former, by sublimating sex energy, produce creative vigour both in individual and collective life; the latter drift towards moral and spiritual death and bring about collective doom by sex anarchy.

The third *kula dharma* is to maintain the family bond by mutual toleration, sacrifice and surrender. This can only be done by a family which honours the father and the mother. 'Treat the father, the mother and the teacher as divinities,' says the *Taittiriya Upanishad*.

To summarise: our whole social structure has survived because it has been based on sexual restraint, regulated by marriage and accepted as sacred. Around it has grown up the family life, particularly among the creative minority, as a school of tradition, love and sacrifice, maintaining both the tenacity and vitality of collective life.

I may repeat that I do not claim that sexual promiscuity has not been indulged in by a considerable section of the society in every generation.

However, this I say: not even the gayest of the gay dogs in India has dared to claim that sexual promiscuity is justified because it is just 'fun'.

'Tarts' have been treated as 'tarts', outcasts of society never given an accepted place in the life of the creative minority, and following their example, in the life of those who claim to be decent.

The man and woman who openly flout the conjugal virtue, have always been looked upon with scorn, never been admired. No leader of society who has condoned sexual lapses, has been accepted as worth following.

This attitude of the creative minority thus imposing its standards of behaviour on the rest is not hypocrisy, or sanctimoniousness. It has a moral and spiritual basis. It is the greatest bulwark of a society pledged to higher values.

That fringe of our society which takes the Western life as a model is, however, being slowly influenced by the 'call-girl' culture. This is the danger we face.

The ordinances, *kula dharmas*, on which the family rests, can survive only by a stern rejection of this way of life. This is a challenge to our way of life—a challenge that our creative minority has to take up.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

We have to rein in the animal passion and change it into celestial passion.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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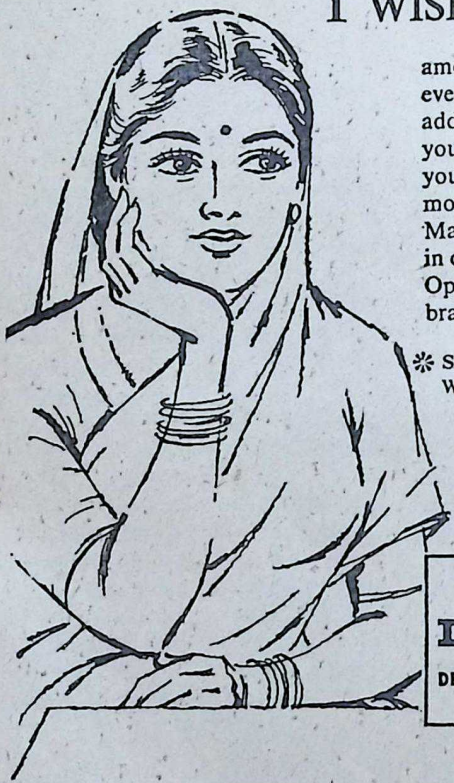
I wish... I wish... I wish....



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The Spiritual Warrior

GOD-LOVE is the chariot which leads the warrior to Spiritual Victory.

The wheels of this chariot are valour and courage.

Truth and goodness are the flag-staff and banner.

The four horses that drive the chariot are vigour, discrimination, self-control and benevolence.

Forbearance, compassion and equanimity are the triple cords which bind the horses to the chariot.

Dispassion and contentment are the warrior's sword and shield.

Generosity is his axe.

His intellect is the Brahma-astra.

His science is his bow; motionless mind his quiver; yamas *and* niyamas *his arrows.*

Worship of Spiritual Master is his impenetrable armour.

—SANT TULSIDAS

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"KAROMI"

Poet C. Subramanya Bharati

EIGHT hundred years ago, a King by name Sthira-Chitta ruled over Vidyanagar.

He had many enemies.

One night as he slept, his enemies entered the palace by bribing the palace-guards. They gagged him and carried him away, with hands and legs tied, to a distant hill where they deposited him in a lonely cave. They left him there after drugging him heavily and placing a huge boulder at the mouth of the cave to prevent his escape.

When the effects of the drug wore away, the King opened his eyes only to find himself in pitch darkness, tied hand and foot. He could not make out where he was, nor why. He tried to stand up but his legs would not. He was very thirsty and his eyelids were heavy. Something roared in his ears and hammer strokes fell on his chest.

"Oh, God! Have you decided to kill me?" wailed the King.

"Yes" came a reply.

"Who are you?" asked the helpless King of the voice.

"I am Yama and I have come to take your life away", came the reply from the stern unseen voice.

Startled, Sthira-Chitta pleaded, "Listen, I am still in the prime of youth. I have a talented and beautiful wife and a son, who is lion-like in his prowess. I rule over a land which is ever-fertile and glorious. I am in no mood to forsake these yet and come with you. Pray, go away."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the unseen voice.

"Pray, tell me when do you propose to take my life?" asked the frightened King.

"Sharply an hour before the dawn!" came the ready reply.

Hearing this, the King lost heart. Overpowering fear took hold of him. His heart beat faster and faster and he trembled all over.

Then he suddenly recollected a *mantra* taught him by his mother.

●●●

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His mother had called him on her death-bed and advised him to repeat a *mantra* in the event of any danger, saying he would surely get out of that danger.

The *mantra* was "*Karomi*" (I do).

He now uttered the *mantra* thrice.

Just then a snake bit him on the leg!

"O mother dear! Is this the reward of repeating the *mantra?*" cried the King.

"Fear not, repeat the *mantra*. Go on, repeat the *mantra*" he heard a voice saying in his ears. This was a different voice and it was familiar and was almost like his mother's.

"*Karomi, Karomi* (I will do, I will do)" repeated Sthira-Chitta.

"*Kuru, Kuru* (Do, do)" commanded the kindly voice.

The King drew in his breath and with a mighty effort struggled to free his hands. And lo! The rope broke asunder and he drew his sword.

"*Kuru, Kuru, Kuru*". The command was repeated.

The King cut off the bitten toe with his sword.

The voice went on repeating the command.

The King tore off the cloth from his dress and bandaged his bleeding toe.

Again he heard the voice: "*Kuru, Kuru!*"

He cut off the knots around his body.

The effort was too much and he fell sobbing to the ground.

He felt that death was approaching and cried out in anguish: "I cannot bear this deathly thirst. O Lord!"

"Repeat the *mantra*" said the kindly voice.

"*Karomi, Karomi, Karomi.*"

"*Kuru*" came the reply.

"What am I to do?" asked the King helplessly.

"Grieve not, act" commanded the voice.

Not knowing what to do, the King again repeated his question.

"Strike your head against the rock!" ordered the oracle as though in desperation.

The King got up and hit his head literally against the rock which happened to be the boulder that covered the cave's mouth.

He did not pause to think why nor did he care even if death was the reward to the attempt.

He did not get hurt.

The miscreants who were in a hurry to get away from the scene of their crime, had not fixed the rock properly and it was very loose.

So the rock rolled down at the impact and the cave's mouth was open again.

The King came out and looked around.

It was nearing dawn.

The King returned to his city repeating the life-giving *mantra* "*Karomi, Karomi*".

He had no more enemies since then.

[*Translated from the original Tamil by M. Srinivasan*]

Success lies, not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you ought to achieve. — R. F. Horton

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REPENTANCE

HE was a young artisan and poor at that.

But he had the temerity to fall in love with the King's daughter.

To make matters worse for him, that Princess had made a vow to marry none other than Lord Vishnu Himself.

The King was in despair.

But the young artisan was not.

His love for the Princess became an obsession with him. The odds were heavy. He thought furiously. A brilliant idea flashed across his mind. He decided to make the very obstacles the instruments of his success.

He invented a contraption which could fly in the air in the form of a *garuda*. Dressing himself in the manner of Lord Vishnu, holding the discus, the conch, and the mace, he descended into the palace-courtyard on his contraption, seeing which the Princess was overwhelmed. She fell at his feet. And the King celebrated the marriage with *eclat*. Who would not when Lord Hari Himself was the son-in-law?

This brought its own drawback.

The King started an easy life, he neglected his duties, thinking that when God Himself was under his roof he had little to fear.

But not the King's foes who promptly invaded and captured the country which fell like ripe plum.

The King accused his daughter and his daughter nagged her husband. The poor artisan was faced with exposure.

Unable to meet the situation, he ran to the palace sanctum and locking himself inside it, cried his heart out before the deity, Lord Vishnu. "Lord! Excuse me for my treachery. Mete out any punishment you like on me, I shall bear it happily; but please save the country. I do not plead on my behalf. It is Your blessed Name that I used, that is in danger of being tarnished now. Forget me. I am a worm. But You are Great. Please assert Yourself that others may not show disrespect to You."

Lord Vishnu smiled.

He could see his repentance was genuine as it turned into solicitude for Him. He had become a Bhakta. His heart melted. The city was saved by a miracle.

It is to this episode that the butcher-saint Sadhana alludes when he sang*:

A goldsmith by love-impelled
Disguised himself like Thee, O Lord,
And claimed the hand of the Princess
Who longed for Thine and married her.
And yet You saved him from shame O, Lord!
Are my sins greater than *his*, that You should hesitate to forgive them?
Of what use is it to seek the lion's help
If it allows the wolf to carry one away?

* *Adi Granth.*

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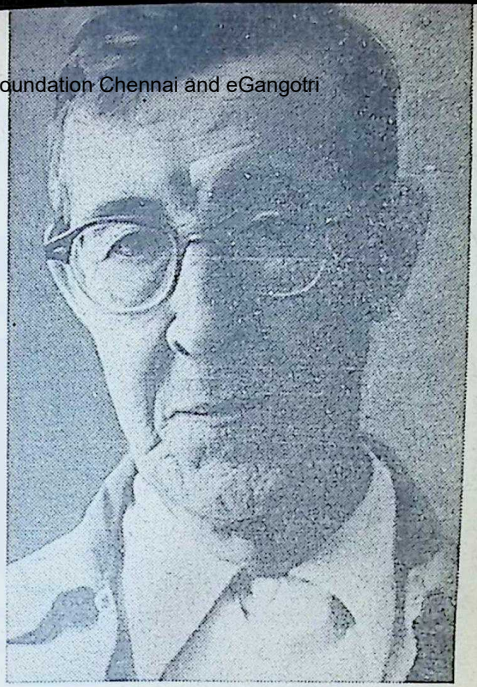
RULING GROUP MORALITY

Pitirim A. Sorokin & Walter A. Lunden

[*Continued from last issue*]

In the last instalment the learned authors described the nature of the ideologies glorifying the ruling *elite* down the ages and the Machiavellian concept of double standards in particular.

In this instalment, they address themselves to a critical examination of the validity of double-morality and a third type of theory.



Prof. P. A. Sorokin

THE nature of the answer at once raises a question, as to whether the very principle of a double morality is itself admissible and valid?

If the principle serves a *cognitive* purpose in the sense of giving to us a correct factual knowledge about the moral behaviour of the ruling groups (compared with that of the ruled), then it has a *scientific* value and justification for its admissibility. Likewise, if the principle of a double ethical standard serves *an ethical* purpose of either *moral and legal ennoblement* of the rulers and the ruled or gives a valid *moral and legal basis* for justification of violations of moral imperatives and law obligations by the rulers, then it has *moral and legal reasons* for its admissibility. If it does not serve these—scientific or ethical—tasks, it undermines all ethical values and leads to demoralization of the rulers and the ruled.

Instead of increasing our empirical knowledge about the moral behaviour of the rulers, the principle of double morality only blears and confuses it. A careful reading of the excerpts from Machiavelli's *Prince* and of other quotations shows them as neither scientific statements about the actual moral behaviour of the rulers nor as supreme moral and legal formulas for the conduct of the rulers; the ideologists of double morality themselves state that truly virtuous conduct of the rulers shall comply with the moral and legal imperatives promulgated by the supreme moral

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commandments and laws of their society. In Machiavelli's terms, the truly virtuous rulers "should be all mercy, faith, integrity, humanity, and religion." It is absurd to insist that their transgressions become virtues and their wicked and their unlawful actions moral and lawful conduct. This is an indication of the ambiguity of the ideologies of double morality: self-contradictory propositions which are neither factual description of the real behaviour of rulers nor moral and legal precepts.

There are still other reasons for rejection of this double moral standard. First, when developed consistently, this line of thought leads naturally to the familiar precept: "rulers can do no wrong." It puts the rulers over and above law and all moral values. It leads to a complete absolution of the rulers from all morally horrible and legally criminal actions. Through that, it erases the very boundary line between the right and wrong, the criminal and the lawful, the good and the evil. It ends in a complete moral nihilism. Instead of answering our question about the comparative morality or criminality of the rulers and the ruled, such a nihilism annihilates all moral distinctions, and, with it, throws out of the field of investigation the question itself.

Second, the double moral standard leads to the same result in another way: if we accept this absolution of the rulers from all their sins and crimes, no comparative study of the criminality of the rulers and the ruled becomes possible; since the rulers cannot be criminal, there remains only the criminality of the ruled.

Third, by introducing different measuring sticks these ideologies make the measurement itself impossible; for whatever commensurable is being compared and measured, the measuring stick or unit must be the same.

Fourth, the principle of a double moral standard means an extreme relativization of moral precepts and legal imperatives. It makes the same precept or law-norm, for instance, "Thou shalt not kill" obligatory for some (in our case, for the ruled) and non-obligatory for others (for the rulers). In this way an unlimited atomization of moral and law-values is introduced. Their imperatives are made contingent on and relative to whom they are applied. Elsewhere[1] it is shown that when not only the secondary, but the *basic* moral values are declared to be relative, such a step unavoidably leads to a universal progressive atomization of these values until they are ground into dust and become devoid of any binding or motivating power.

This atomization of moral values and imperatives engenders conflict. This, in turn, produces hatred, which leads to rude force and bloodshed. In the chaos of conflicting and arbitrary moral norms, might inevitably becomes right, and the result is *bellum omnium contra omnes* ("War of everyone against everyone"). The inevitable collapse of the whole fabric of moral and legal values ensues and leads again to a total nihilism and legal anarchy.

1. P. Sorokin (a) *Crisis of Our Age* (b) *Social and Cultural Dynamics.*

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Fifth, the basic moral commandments and the basic law-imperatives are enacted as norms of moral and legal conduct binding upon all members of a given society, the rulers and the ruled. The *Ten Commandments*, the *Sermon on the Mount*, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the basic moral precepts of Taoism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Judaism, Mohammedanism and of any true ethical system are addressed to all. They do not make any exception or reservation for rulers.

Such a standpoint of the actual moral codes of conduct does not give any factual ground for the moral irresponsibility of the rulers.

In this point we agree with the position of Lord Acton that "the Ethics of History cannot be denominational." In his correspondence with Creighton, he states that he cannot apply a double moral standard to kings and other rulers "with a favourable presumption that they did no wrong." Criticizing Creighton's double moral standard he continues: "You would hang a man of no position, like Ravaillac (the assassin of Henry IV, of France); but if what one hears is true, Elizabeth asked the gaoler to murder Mary, and William III ordered his Scots minister to extirpate a clan. Here are the greater names coupled with the greater crimes. You would spare these criminals, for some mysterious reason. I would hang them, higher than Haman, for reasons of quite obvious justice; still more, still higher, for the sake of historical science."[2]

2. Lord Acton, *Essays on Freedom and Power.*

No more convincing is the ideologists' argument about the motives and reasons such as: "reasons of state," "the well-being of the people," "the salvation and security of the nation," which allegedly justify criminal actions of ruling *elite* and make them non-criminal or lawful. Indeed, most of the legal codes mention a number of cases of this sort and explicitly absolve rulers from the criminality of certain well specified actions committed for some reason of state or in the public interest. But the number of such exceptions is limited and most of the gravest crimes are not excused in this manner. Practically all legal codes[3] hold rulers morally and legally responsible for such criminal actions. None of these codes entitles the rulers to commit murder. The same is true in regard to treason and other grave crimes against person, the state, property, religion, and so on. Since these codes hold them responsible, the apologists of the double moral standard do not have any factual ground for their "superindulgent attitude" toward the criminality of rulers.

Moreover, in most of the cases it remains questionable which motivations the rulers really have in committing this or that criminal act. Like most human beings, rulers tend to rationalize, beautify, and justify all of their criminal deeds by claiming allegedly non-selfish reasons for their commitment: *Salus populi suprema lex, raison d'etat*, the good of the nation, in the public

3. For detailed study, see P. Sorokin's *Social and Cultural Dynamics*, 4-vol. edition.

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interests, and so on. Factually, in almost all such cases their personal —and ordinarily selfish—reasons play the dominant role, while the unselfish motives are mostly an eye-wash staged to gratify the rulers themselves and to mislead the ruled.

Even when an unselfish motive really is responsible for the ruler's crime, there is question as to whether such a motive can turn a criminal action into a non-criminal one. It is possible that the prevention of civil war or other reasons of state and of public interest were the main motives in ordering the "legalized" murder of their sons by Peter the Great of Russia and by Abbas the Great of Persia; or in the "legalized" murder of his wives by Henry VIII; or in the personal killing of his son by John the Terrible; or in Stephen Dushan's strangling of his father; or in Empress Irene's blinding her son; or in Empress Theophano's assassination of her husband; or in Sviatopolk's murdering his two brothers; or in the purging of their friends and murdering thousands of innocent persons by Cromwell, Robespierre, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, and Hitler, and in hundreds of similar murders by rulers. Does such a motive justify these actions morally? Can it make them non-criminal legally? Finally, can this sort of conduct serve as a universal moral example to be imitated by everyone?

The negative answer to all these questions is self-evident. The hypothetically assumed unselfish motive in no way justifies these actions morally, nor does it make them non-criminal legally; nor does it depict these rulers as the social heroes worthy of universal imitation. What these actions reveal is the utter moral savagery of these rulers and their complete inability to control their basest impulses. If this sort of moral conduct of the rulers is imitated by the ruled and by everybody, then a total—moral, mental, and social—anarchy is bound to explode within a short time.

This sort of argument of the criticized ideologists is but a variation of the familiar motto: "The end justifies the means." We know well that in almost all actions and policies of this sort the evil means usually become the real end and the good end fades and remains forgotten.

No more convincing is the claim that the institution of government itself and its inevitable misdeeds are the lesser evil in comparison with the graver ones inherent in the human race and pervading all society. We are told that for this reason the misdeeds of the rulers are not only excusable but they are real virtues beneficial to mankind and to each of the ruled nations. The ancient—Biblical and other —myths about the Fall of the initially innocent man exemplify this sort of ideology.

When mortals were bent on doing their duty alone and habitually veracious, there existed neither [government], nor lawsuits, nor hatred, nor selfishness. The practice of duty having died among mankind, lawsuits have been introduced; and the king has been appointed to decide lawsuits, because he has authority to punish.

In former ages men were strictly virtuous and devoid of mischievous [illegible] that avarice and malice have taken possession of the

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[governments], and judicial procedures have been established.[4]

After the Fall and the establishment of government "for the king's sake the Lord created Punishment, the protector of all creatures, an incarnation of law....Through fear of it all created creatures...swerve not from their duty...Punishment alone governs all created beings....Without it the stronger would roast the weaker, the crow would eat the sacrificial cake... ownership would not remain with anyone, the lower ones would usurp the place of the higher ones. The whole world is kept in order by punishment, for a guiltless man is hard to find.... All men would rage against one another in consequence of mistakes with respect to punishment. But where Punishment with its red eyes stalks about, destroying sinners, there the subjects are not disturbed, provided that he who inflicts it discerns well."[5]

The central idea of these ancient ideologies is sound: the society of perfect and innocent men scarcely needs any coercive government with compulsory laws and merciless punishment. It is also true that in a society of vicious and beastly men any government under laws that are not too unjust is a lesser evil than no government and no law at all; even a poor law-order is better than an unlimited lawlessness; even a limited coercion of government is preferable to the beastly war of everyone against everybody.

However, these considerations do not justify the evil actions of rulers, nor do they justify the existence of governments which engender and promote their societies' demoralization; nor do they cause such actions and governments to become virtuous and praiseworthy. The ancient myths of the Fall and the precepts for rulers' conduct are more sound than the yarns of the ideologists of the double morality: the ancient myths and beliefs emphatically condemn the violations of their duties by rulers and never forget to stress: "provided that the ruler who inflicts punishment discerns well" (*The Laws of Manu*); that "the king is holy in acts and speech, fully instructed, pure, of subdued senses, impartial towards his subjects;"[6] that "the king does not flourish unless he has virtues,"[7] that "the king who does not do his duty becomes liable to perform penance." and that violations are to be punished in this and in the other world.[8]

Similar warnings are found in Chinese, Egyptian, Judaistic, and other ancient moral and legal instructions for rulers.

The totality of the above considerations is sufficient to show the scientific as well as the ethical invalidity of the Machiavellian ideologies of double morality.

Least Rule is Best

The third type of theory regarding the morality of rulers and the institution of government is critical and condemnatory. This attitude also emerged in the remote past and has been reiterated up to the present time. Taoism gives a classical example of this kind of interpretation and evaluation of government-institution and

4. *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XXXIII.
5. The Laws of Manu.
6. *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. II.
7. *Sacred Books of the Hindus*, Vol. XVII.
8. Gautama.

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of morality of rulers. In its essentials, Taoism is a philosophy of Being vs. Becoming. It stresses the eternal all pervading, permanent Tao vs. the everchanging appearances; inaction vs. being in perpetual motion and agitation; control and minimization of desires vs. their maximalization and unbridled satisfaction; uselessness, even harmfulness of energetic governments vs. glorification of strong rulers and reformers. The following quotations from the text of Taoism illustrate these points.

There was something, undifferentiated and yet perfect, before heaven and earth came into being. So still, so incorporeal! It alone abides and changes not. It pervades all. It may be regarded as the mother of all things. I know not its name: if I must designate it I call it Tao. Man takes its norm from earth; earth from heaven; heaven from Tao; the Tao from itself.[9]

The mind of man loves stillness, but his desires draw it away....When no desire any longer arises, there is the true stillness and rest. In constant stillness there is the constant purity and rest.[10]

I consider doing nothing to obtain enjoyment to be great enjoyment [or "doing nothing better than to be busy doing nothing"]. Heaven does nothing, and thence comes its serenity. Earth does nothing, and thence comes its rest. All things in all their variety grow from this inaction.[11] The wise man will have no desires or ambitions, no aims, no purposeful and energetic activities: then everything will go right of itself.

The more restrictions and prohibitions are in the empire, the poorer grow the people. The more weapons the people have, the more troubled is the state. The more there is cunning and skill, the more startling events will happen. The more mandates and laws are enacted, the more there will be thieves and robbers. Therefore the holy man says: I practice nonassertion, and the people of themselves reform. I love quietude, and the people of themselves become righteous. I use no diplomacy, and the people of themselves become rich. I have no desire, and the people of themselves remain simple.[12]

In a perfect consistency with these principles Taoism formulated the most radical *laissez faire* attitude in regard to government and its activities. Some of the Taoist formulas in this matter (e.g. "The best government is that which governs the least," or "a social reformer is the most impractical of men,") have been repeated again and again in subsequent centuries by such thinkers as Thoreau and Leo Tolstoy. It is an axiom for the Taoists that a ruler or king does not differ from a brigand, and that both are foolish and wicked.[13]

Critics such as Godwin, Spencer, Gumplowitz, and Oppenheimer contend that the state itself and any state government were created mainly by war and other aggressive activities. For this reason the states and governments cannot help being centralized power mechanisms or systems of organized violence, indifferent to moral requirements, and preoccupied mainly with power-politics. Other critics stress the fraud, lies, hypocrisy, economic exploitation, merciless brutality, lust for domination, greediness, and other ethically reprehensible characteristics of builders

9. *Sacred Books of the East,* Vol. XL.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Ibid.*
12. Pott, *Chinese Political Philosophy.*
13. Expressed variously by Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, Cicero.

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and rulers of empires. The central ideas of these ideologies are typically illustrated by the following excerpts:

The militant type [of society] is one in which the army is the nation mobilized while the nation is the quiescent army, and which, therefore, acquires a structure common to army and nation....The centralized control, necessitated during war, characterizes the government during peace.... The absoluteness of a commander-in-chief [who usually becomes the head of the government in such societies] goes along with absolute control by his generals over their subordinates: all are slaves to those above and despots to those below ... [Religion also becomes a militant religion of enmity]. [Industry and labour of the subordinated population] exist solely to supply the needs of the governmental-military structures....Not industry only, but life at large is subject to [detailed and rigid] discipline [and regimentation].... The liberty and the claims of the individual are nothing...Absolute subjection to authority is the supreme virtue and resistance to it is a crime...The will of the citizen in all transactions, private and public, is overruled by that of the government. The co-operation by which the life of the militant society is maintained, is a *compulsory* co-operation.[14]

Thus the rulers of militant, totalitarian, socialist or welfare types of states turn "the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" of their subjects to their own ends. They ascribe to themselves the absolute power of doing whatever they wish to do with their slave-like subjects. While the governments of Europe divide the regions of the backward peoples among themselves with cynical indifference to their needs and demands, there is no reason to expect that these governments would pay any attention to the interests of their own citizens. So-called Christian governments continue to glorify military brigandage as the highest virtue and great conquerors like Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Peter the Great, Frederic the Great, and Napoleon as the greatest heroes of the human race.[15]

In each country and in each region some feudal lord, more cunning, and often less scrupulous, had succeeded in appropriating to himself richer personal domain, more peasants on his land, more knights in his following, more treasures in his chest....The germ of a future state was thus laid. This state and its lord eventually enslaved free population, and replaced its free mutual aid by coercion and exploitation.[16]

However power [of government] has been gained, those who possess it are in no way...more disposed than others to subordinate their own interests to those of society. On the contrary, having the power to do so at their disposal, they are more disposed than others to subordinate the public interests to their own. On the other hand, the true Christian doctrine, making of the law of love a rule without exceptions...abolished the possibility of any violence, and cannot help but condemn every state founded on violence....[17]

Leave us alone. If you, emperors, generals, judges, bishops, professors, if you have need of armies, navies, courts, prisons, gallows, guillotines, prepare them all yourselves; tax yourselves, judge yourselves, imprison and execute yourselves, get yourselves killed in war; but leave us alone, for we have no need of all these things

14. H. Spencer, *The Principles of Sociology.*

15. H. Spencer, *The Principles of Ethics.*

16. P. Kropotkin, *Mutual Aid.*

17. Leo Tolstoy, *The Kingdom of God is Within You.*

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and we do not wish to participate in the acts that are so futile and above all, so wicked.

If there is a devil in history, it is this power principle [concentrated in the state and its government]. Together with the stupidity and ignorance of the masses, upon which it is ever based, it is this principle alone that has produced all the misfortunes, all the crimes and the most shameful facts of history. [For this reason the state and its rulers are evil and must be destroyed, if need be, by even violent means] (M. Bakunin).[18]

Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely....Great [political] men are almost always bad men.... If the people knew what sort of men statesmen were, they would rise and hang the whole lot of them.[19]

Such, in essentials, is the third answer to our momentous question. Like the preceding two ideologies, the condemnatory ideologies are largely speculative, and do not give sufficiently solid, factual evidence for demonstration of their validity.

In the next article we will try to give an answer, which we hope is based on a more systematic usage of the relevant empirical facts than most of the outlined ideologies.

18. G. Maximoff, ed., *The Political Philosophy of Bakunin.*

19. Lord Acton, *Essays on Freedom and Power.*

[In the next issue: MORALITY & MENTALITY OF RULERS]

Power politics is the diplomatic name for the law of the jungle.—Ely Culbertson

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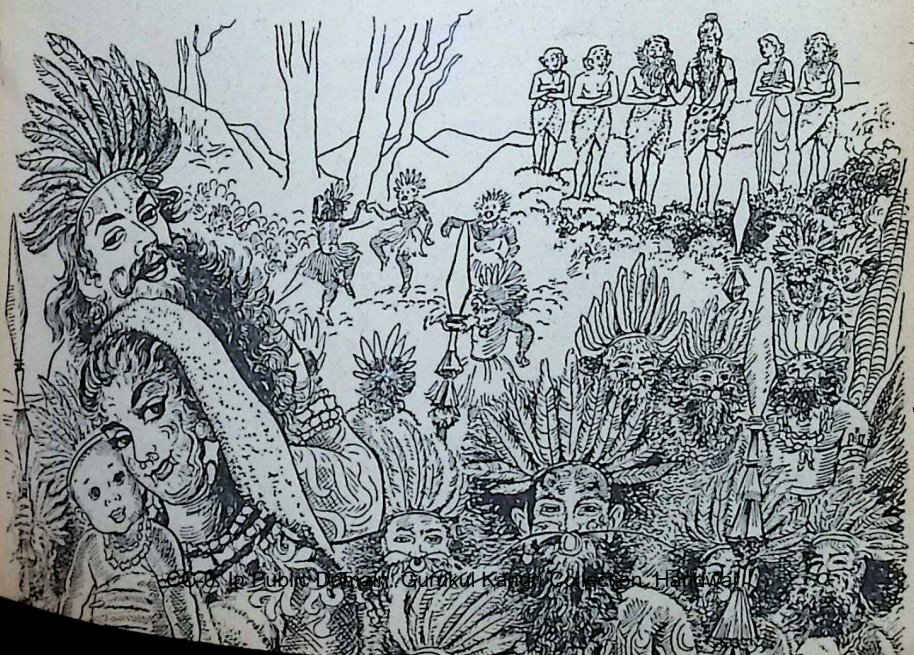
KRISHNAVATARA

CHAPTER XXIX

KING VRIKODARA RELINQUISHES THE SCEPTRE

THE next day evening, as they sat around the sacrificial fire, the Master told the Five Brothers and Mother Kunti that the time had arrived for their leaving the Rakshasavrat as early as possible. All others were ready; they had been dying to leave the forest all the time. Only Bheema hesitated; he liked to be a king in his own right; he loved Hidamb*aa* and Ghatotkacha, and would not like to leave when his son was still an infant.

The Master, however, impressed up-



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on them how important it was for them to re-appear in life at the *swayamvara*, where most Kings of Aryavarta were likely to gather. If they did so, the occasion might compel Duryodhana to welcome them in the presence of the Kings. Bheeshma and the venerable Mother were all the time awaiting their return.

'And Vaasudeva also wants you to come,' continued the Master, 'and I would hesitate to disagree with him. He is perhaps the best friend you have.'

●●●

It was past midnight. All of them were sound asleep around the sacrificial fire, which was fast sinking into embers. In spite of a strong breeze which was whistling through the forest, Arjuna, whose senses were extraordinarily sharp, woke up with the feeling that something unusual was happening. He listened and heard a faint thud. It was followed by another similar noise; then again a third one.

It could not be the noise of a fruit falling to the ground from the tree, he was convinced, for none of the trees in the settlement bore such fruits. It could only be the sound of Rakshasas dropping one by one from their tree-top homes. The Rakshasas' coming out of their homes one after the other in the dead of night was an ominous event. Such things happened only when they wanted to gather stealthily to go on some murderous expedition.

Arjuna sat up and tried to peer into the darkness which surrounded them, faintly lit up by the sacrificial fire. Under the open sky, the Master was sleeping soundly near the sacrificial pit, in which embers were dying. A little away, Mother Kunti slept; next to her, the Eldest, Yudhishthira; Nakula and Sahadeva by his side. Jaimini and other pupils of the Master were sleeping a little farther away. Farthest of them all, slept Brother Bheema, the rhythm of whose stentorian snore testified to his sleeping the sleep of the innocent, if not of the just.

Arjuna had been conscious of the dangers of sleeping on the ground. In this strange land no one was safe at night if he did not climb up to his hut on the tree. But the Sage would not dream of climbing up a tree even to save his life. So every one had decided to sleep in the open near him. That was the chance for the Rakshasas if they wanted one.

Arjuna opened his eyes wide and sniffed the air. Every few moments, a Rakshasa was heard dropping from his hut. Evidently something was happening, of which King Vrikodara was kept in ignorance.

To make himself doubly sure, Arjuna woke up Sahadeva, who also confirmed that the crackling of dried leaves indicated that the Rakshasas dropping from the tree-tops were going to some pre-arranged gathering.

They considered what could be the object of this sinister movement. Possibly it was to attack them. The Rakshasas gave loyalty to Vrikodara because he was all-powerful and believed to be possessed with the spirit of their God, Virochana. But they had not reconciled themselves to his brothers or mother, who to them were [illegible] Perhaps the arrival of the Master had awakened some

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suspicion in their minds and led them to a decision to kill them in the dead of night.

Arjuna, on all fours, crawled over to where Bheema was sleeping and woke him up. It required some shaking to induce King Vrikodara to deprive himself of the happy slumber in which he was wrapped. But no sooner he woke up, he grasped the significance of what was happening. He took hold of his heavy bludgeon and got ready to meet any attack.

'But, Brother, they seem to be many. I wonder how many they would be,' whispered Arjuna.

Sahadeva applied his ear to the ground. 'It must be a crowd—perhaps of more than fifty,' he said.

'Arjuna, are your bow and arrows ready?' asked Bheema. 'You can easily shoot in the dark.'

'I know, I can,' replied Arjuna. 'But I can do little with arrows which have tips of flint and against such a crowd too. And it is just likely that in the darkness our skulls may be broken before we know where we are.'

'What are you talking about?' came the voice of the Master, as he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

'Master, the Rakshasas are preparing for some expedition without Bheema's orders—very unusual for them. Possibly they intend to attack us. And whenever they go on an expedition in the dead of night, they are very murderous,' said Sahadeva.

'I wonder what they are coming for,' said the Master. 'They have been loyal to Bheema so far.'

'They are a strange people, Master. Their way of thinking is unfathomable,' replied Sahadeva.

'If they intend to attack any one of us, it would only be me,' said the Master with a smile. 'But I am a very harmless person.'

'Why would they attack you, Master?' asked Arjuna.

'As you say, they regard Vrikodara as the incarnation of Virochana. Normally they would not like to hurt his grandfather,' said the Master. Then he paused for a moment and listened attentively as the smothered sound of whispering men was distinctly heard coming from a distance. He added: 'I understand the reason. They think that I have come to take Ghatotkacha away from them. Perhaps my remark that he is the heir of Emperor Bharata's empire has roused their suspicion.'

'They are very sensitive on that point, Master,' said Arjuna. 'They are fiercely attached to the family of Hidamb*aa*. They believe that Ghatotkacha is a god and they would do anything to prevent his being taken away.'

'Well, let them come,' said the Master placidly. 'I have faced many such situations before and the Great God has always protected me. I will die only when I will it—that is what the Great God has assured me.'

'They cannot attack us while I am here,' said Bheema.

'Brother, you are too confident of your hold over your people,' remarked Arjuna with a wry smile.

The ominous sound of people moving cautiously in the dark at a distance was now distinctly heard. 'Bheema, there is only one way to save the

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Master—and perhaps all of us,' said Arjuna. 'You must bring Ghatotkacha here. Then we will all be safe.'

'How can I bring Ghatotkacha from the arms of his mother?' whispered Bheema, shaking his head. 'If I try to do it, their suspicion that we are kidnapping the boy would be confirmed. But, if you like, I will drag Hidamb*aa* here.'

'Please, don't,' appealed Arjuna. 'That would rouse the whole settlement to ferocity.'

'Brother,' intervened Sahadeva. 'What Arjuna says is the right thing to do. Bring the boy here.'

'Come, Bheema, there is no time to lose,' said Arjuna. 'No use waking up Mother, Yudhishthira or Nakula. I can hear where the sound comes from. Come with me. We must get Ghatotkacha at any cost before they come here.'

Bheema threw off his hands in despair at the absurdity of this proposal, but allowed himself to be dragged by Arjuna. The giant was happy to perform deeds of valour, but he hated going about stealing babies in the dark. But he knew that Arjuna was resourceful and could think of all sorts of devices which were beyond him.

The Master looked at them and quietly said: 'Don't worry about us. Nothing will happen unless the Great God so wills.'

'We would prefer to do our best to save ourselves,' said Arjuna.

'Sahadeva, will you wake up Jaimini?' asked the Master. 'I want to light a fire in the sacrificial pit.'

'Not for some time,' said Arjuna. 'Let us bring Ghatotkacha here under cover of darkness.'

The two brothers—Bheema and Arjuna—went out into the darkness. They could distinctly hear the direction from which the whisperings came, though in the breeze they were too indistinct. With his uncanny gift of finding directions even in the dark, Arjuna led Bheema towards Vrikodara's hut, holding his hand lest they should lose each other. Walking wearily, making a detour, running wherever possible, sometimes stumbling, they reached the three trees with intervening branches, on which the comparatively large hut of King Vrikodara was built.

'We shall have to climb the tree, Bheema,' said Arjuna. 'The ladder has been rolled up on the top.'

Bheema sighed. 'I am so heavy. If I try to climb the tree, Hidamb*aa* might wake up,' he said.

'Don't worry. I will go up the tree and drop one end of the ladder to you,' said Arjuna.

'But if she comes to know that you are there, she will eat you up,' said Bheema.

'But it is our only hope, isn't it?' said Arjuna.

Arjuna had an agile body, kept in sinewy trim by constant exercises. As he prepared to climb the tree, he added: 'After you come up, lift Ghatotkacha from the side of his mother. If she wakes up, tell her that you came back because you felt unhappy without her. I will wait outside. On some pretext or the other, come out of the hut and hand over the boy to me. Then you can spend the rest of the night with your wife.'

'I never thought that you were so clever at stealing babies, Arjuna,'

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said Bheema, suppressing an inclination to laugh at what he thought to be a delightful prank.

Holding his breath, Arjuna climbed the tree softly. When he reached the top, he could sense the place where Hidamb*aa* was sleeping in the hut from the direction from which her breathing came. He unwound the ladder of ropes and lowered its loose end to the ground. Bheema caught hold of it, fastened it to the trunk of the tree and climbed up as softly as he could.

He crept through the small door of the hut and directed his steps towards the place where Hidamb*aa* slept on a bed of fox skins. He felt for Ghatotkacha who was lying by her side, lifted him and handed him over to Arjuna through the door. Then, silently laughing to himself in the dark, he slipped into his wife's bed. Hidamb*aa* felt the presence of her husband without opening her eyes, clung to him ardently and whispered: 'Oh, you have come back!'

'Of course,' replied Bheema, taking her in his arms. 'How can I get sleep without you?'

'Oh, you are a wonderful husband,' she remarked.

'And you are a wonderful wife,' said Bheema, chuckling to himself.

Their bodies mingled. In the storm of passion which followed, Hidamb*aa* forgot all about the child.

Arjuna took Ghatotkacha fondly in his arms. In spite of his dislike of the Rakshasas, he liked this bald-headed baby giant nephew of his. Luckily the boy was sound asleep and remained undisturbed by being carried by Arjuna.

On the way, however, Ghatotkacha opened his eyes and muttered something. As a boy, Arjuna had played the part of a girl in many an extemporised theatricals and could imitate a woman's voice. His soft mutterings quieted the boy.

As fast as he could, Arjuna made a detour to escape the crowd which, from the sound, appeared to be moving towards the Master's hut. Once, in a hurry to reach the hut, he stumbled and almost fell, but he clung to Ghatotkacha and prevented him from falling to the ground. He was a marvellous boy, this nephew of his. He opened his eyes, clung to Arjuna and laughed. He appeared to be enjoying the adventure.

When Arjuna arrived at the Master's hut, the Rakshasas could be heard coming nearer on padded feet, pushing themselves through the jungle growth. The Master, however, sat quietly in front of the sacrificial pit, with Yudhishthira and Kunti on one side, Nakula and Sahadeva on the other, Jaimini and his pupils behind him.

The impending danger had laid a hand on all of them, except on the Master who was his benign self, awaiting events with complete indifference. But his self-composure was infectious. No one spoke.

Breathlessly, Arjuna ran into the sacrificial compound and handed over Ghatotkacha to the Master. The Master took Ghatotkacha in his hands very softly. 'Jaimini, you can bring some fuel. Also offer some oblation to the God of Fire. Let us seek His protection.'

Jaimini lighted some firewood and

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threw it into the sacrificial pit and poured handfuls of coarse grain. The flames leapt up, lighting up the scene.

Ghatotkacha opened his eyes, looked at the Master. The Master made a fond clucking sound, at which he gurgled with pleasure. The boy avidly licked the honey which the Master gave him, played with the long white beard, and having had his fill, closed his eyes and went to sleep contentedly.

The crowd, armed with shoulder blades of wild animals, on murder bent, emerged out of the thicket into the circle of light thrown by the sacrificial fire and stopped, stupefied. In their dim mind, the Rakshasas had thought that they would break the skulls of the Master and his companions while they were asleep. But here was a wonder of wonders. The old man with the white beard, sat in front of the fire, wide awake. In his arms was Virochana Incarnate. Not knowing what to do and looking very foolish, they halted.

The Master waved his hands to invite them to come nearer and spoke to them in a kindly voice: 'My sons, why do you stand there at a distance? Come near. Sit by my side. But don't disturb Ghatotkacha ; he is sound asleep.'

The Rakshasas were puzzled. They could not understand how Ghatotkacha came to be there. In the evening, after they had settled the matter of expedition with Hidamb*aa*, they had seen her climbing to her home with the boy in her arms. How did he come here?

One by one, the Rakshasas, unsure of themselves, came near the sacrificial fire and began to take seats around the Master. With his finger on his lips, he continued enjoining silence upon them. And the Rakshasas themselves were not inclined to disturb the sleep of the royal descendant of their mighty ancestor.

●●●

Hidamb*aa* got up in the morning and found her husband sleeping peacefully by her side. She was thrilled. He had come back to her unexpectedly at night ; he could not do without her. They had spent a wonderful night together. She was also very glad indeed that no harm had come to him ; perhaps he might have injured himself defending his people against the planned attack. Then she looked for the child in the cradle, missed him and let off a piercing wail. She tore off her fibrous wig, tore her hair, shook Vrikodara awake and beat her breasts. Her Virochana had disappeared.

Bheema put an air of being shocked at the sudden disappearance of Ghatotkacha. He ferociously swore that he would kill every one who had a hand in kidnapping him.

They climbed down from their home and went about making enquiries, Hidamb*aa* crying hysterically, Bheema roaring in feigned anger. Suddenly he stopped, put a finger on his forehead and said: 'Look here, Hidamb*aa*, we must ask the Grandfather where Ghatotkacha is. You know, he knows the past, the present and the future. He can tell us where exactly he would be.'

'Your grandfather! But he may not be there himself!' exclaimed Hidamb*aa*, in excitement, forgetting

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for the moment that she was not supposed to know the fate which would have overtaken the Master.

Bheema looked at her with an air of innocence and asked maliciously: 'What can have happened to the Master? Where could he have gone? If he has gone, perhaps Ghatotkacha might have gone with him.'

Hidamb*aa* moaned. 'Oh, my little Virochana, where are you?'

'Don't worry, Hidamb*aa*,' said Bheema, patting her on the back. 'Let us go to Grandfather.'

As they proceeded towards Master's hut, they made enquiries of the Rakshasas they met on the way. None of them had seen Ghatotkacha. Everyone was shocked to learn of his disappearance and joined in the search. Very soon there was a crowd surrounding them, shouting, gesticulating, groaning, looking around for the traces of the boy.

When they went near the Master's hut, Hidamb*aa* was struck dumb, her mouth open, her hands on her throat as if she was choked. There was the Master as alive as ever, coming after his morning dip in the stream nearby with Ghatotkacha in his arms, who had evidently enjoyed his early morning bath. The Master took his seat in front of the sacrificial fire and began chanting the Vedas to the accompaniment of the boy's delightful chortle.

Hidamb*aa* shouted with joy: 'He is there! How could he have come here?' she asked and ran towards him.

'You don't know the Master, Hidamb*aa*. He can make an infant run. Ghatotkacha must have walked all the way himself,' said Bheema with a solemn face.

The chanting came to an end. People took the consecrated offerings of grain, nuts and roots blessed by the Master. Some of the maimed, who recovered the use of their limbs, danced with joy.

When Bheema and Hidamb*aa* made their way through the crowd and stood near the Master, he smiled at her and told Ghatotkacha with a hearty laugh: 'My son, here is your mother.

Hidamb*aa* extended her hands to take her son. In reply, Ghatotkacha roared at her, turned away and clung to the Master. The Master laughed, hugged the boy and then tried to hand him to his mother. Every one joined in the laugh that followed at Ghatotkacha's efforts to get away from his mother.

'But, Master, how did he come here in the night? Who brought him here?' asked Hidamb*aa*.

The Master laughed. 'Why not ask Ghatotkacha himself?' he said and extended his hands to the little boy. The boy crawled over to him, stood on his lap, holding himself upright by his beard. The Master fondled the boy and asked: 'How did you come here?'

Ghatotkacha roared in reply.

'Look here. He refuses to tell me who brought him here. Well, son, do you like your great grandfather?' he asked the boy.

Ghatotkacha danced with joy and roared again. The crowd roared with laughter.

It was now broad daylight. Suddenly Hidamb*aa* became conscious

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that she was without her wig and the paint—an unforgivable lapse of decorum on the part of the queen; without them she felt what an Arya woman would feel without clothes. She saw that her subjects now were staring at her in amazement. A deep sense of shame overcame her. She put her face in her hands and sobbed at the loss of her queenly dignity.

Mother Kunti immediately saw the predicament in which Hidamb*aa* found herself. She moved closer to her daughter-in-law, put a friendly hand over her shoulders and pulled her head on her lap. So far Kunti had never been reconciled to her son marrying a Rakshasi. She had maintained only nominal contacts with her. But, in the predicament in which she found the queen, she could not restrain her motherly instinct of befriending her. Kunti took the downcast Hidamb*aa* to the Master's hut, away from the gaze of her people who were shocked at her impropriety. For the first time, since they met, mother-in-law and daughter-in-law were united in mutual concern in defence of womanly propriety.

❂❂❂

After every one in the crowd was fed in the usual way, the Master blessed them and spoke in a kindly voice: 'My children, I am going to leave you—if King Vrikodara permits,—day after tomorrow.'

Everybody was surprised. Some felt sorry; others felt relieved.

'Master,' said Bheema looking at Hidamb*aa* who was now in her wig and paint, with malicious delight,

(*Continued on page 41*)

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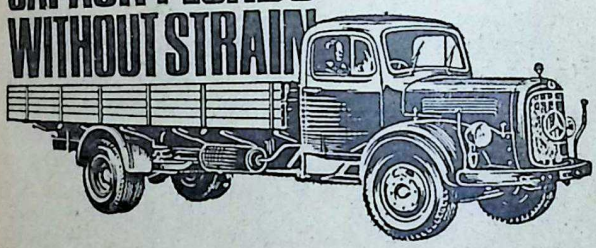

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Tirumalai Naik (1623-59 A.D.) and two of his six queens: At Pudu-mandapa, Madurai.

←—

MADURAI MEENAKSHI TEMPLE

III

AMONG the cultural treasures to be found in Madurai, those in the Pudu-mandapa (new Mandap) are about the most eye-filling. Of them too, those on the central colonnades boast of incomparable craftsmanship.

Among them is one particular group of statues, of King Tirumalai Nayak and his Queens, which capture our heart and imagination. The *anjali* posture of the royal family, the poses of the Queens in the context, and the workmanship that has gone into their making are superb and are eloquent testimony to the aesthetic sense of the Nayak rulers. The very fact of their statues being found in the precincts of a temple is proof of their piety or else they would be found elsewhere.

In the group referred to above is one particular statue, that of Tiruma-

—→

Tirumalai Naik with two queens and a maid to his left (Pudu-mandapa). The cavity on the left leg indicates the position of the mole in the story. Note the hair styles. The figures are enhanced by an artistic link-up with a bird flying (See near the King's head-gear).

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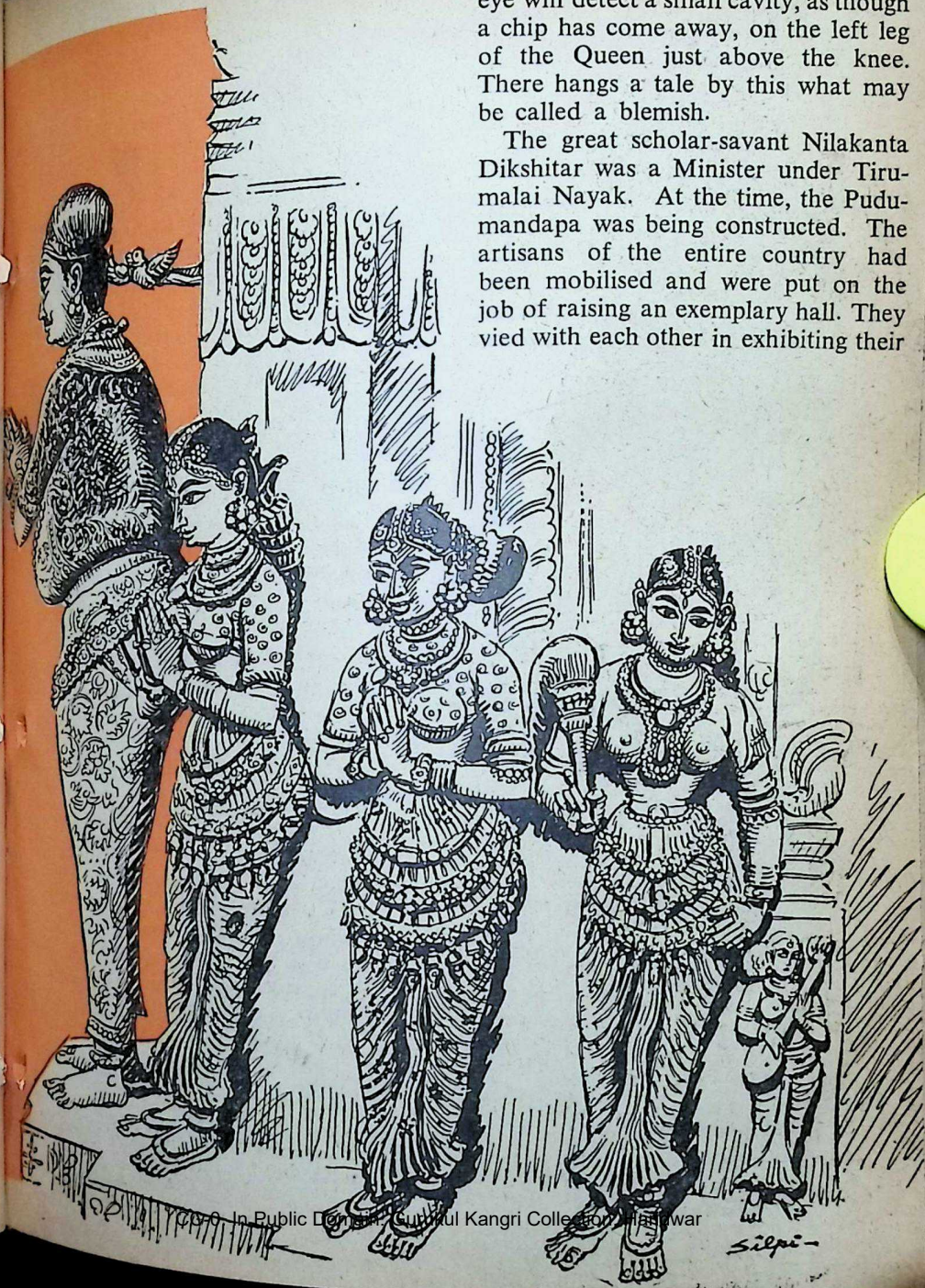
lai Nayak's senior Queen, which needs close examination. The observant eye will detect a small cavity, as though a chip has come away, on the left leg of the Queen just above the knee. There hangs a tale by this what may be called a blemish.

The great scholar-savant Nilakanta Dikshitar was a Minister under Tirumalai Nayak. At the time, the Pudumandapa was being constructed. The artisans of the entire country had been mobilised and were put on the job of raising an exemplary hall. They vied with each other in exhibiting their



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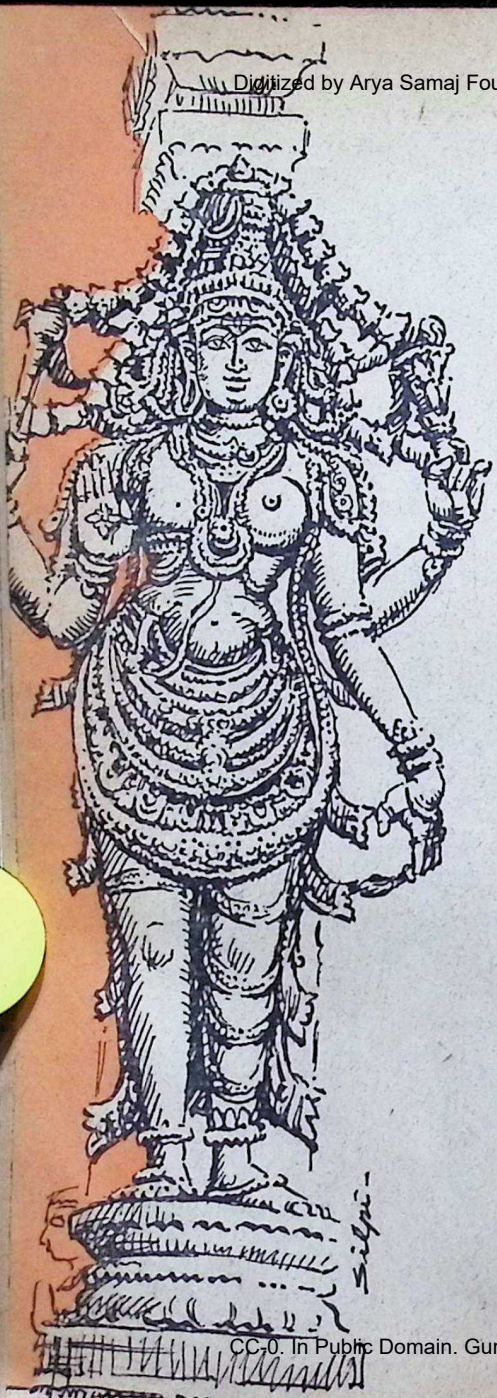

Ardha-Nareeswara: The distinction of Man-Woman is clear from top to bottom.

Pudu-mandapa.

dexterity in their particular jobs. It was an inspired team that was working at white heat.

The sculptor who moulded the royal group was particularly famous for his imaginative re-creation and infallibility as to technical excellence. He was plying his chisel as through butter and the form that was taking shape through his deft fingers exceeded even his own anticipation in the reflection of its original. He was now pruning the left leg, the knee and now the thigh. Lo! What is it? A chip broke off from that place quite unexpectedly and unaccountably, as the place was totally beyond the grain. The sculptor was shocked ; he stood aghast. His tongue became parched. Only those who have worked on a masterpiece know what it feels like to be confronted by an inscrutable blemish at the end. Controlling the tears that welled up in his eyes and choking the cry that rose in his throat he started all over again on the job with a fresh slab.

At that time Sri Nilakanta Dikshitar who, as Minister, was giving a look around at the spot, chanced to glance towards our artisan. Seasoned administrator and scholar that he was, it was not difficult for him to recognize the agony that was manifest in every stroke of his hammer on the new slab.

Tirumalai Naik Mahal, Madurai. Built with bricks and mortars alone. Pillars 40ft. high.

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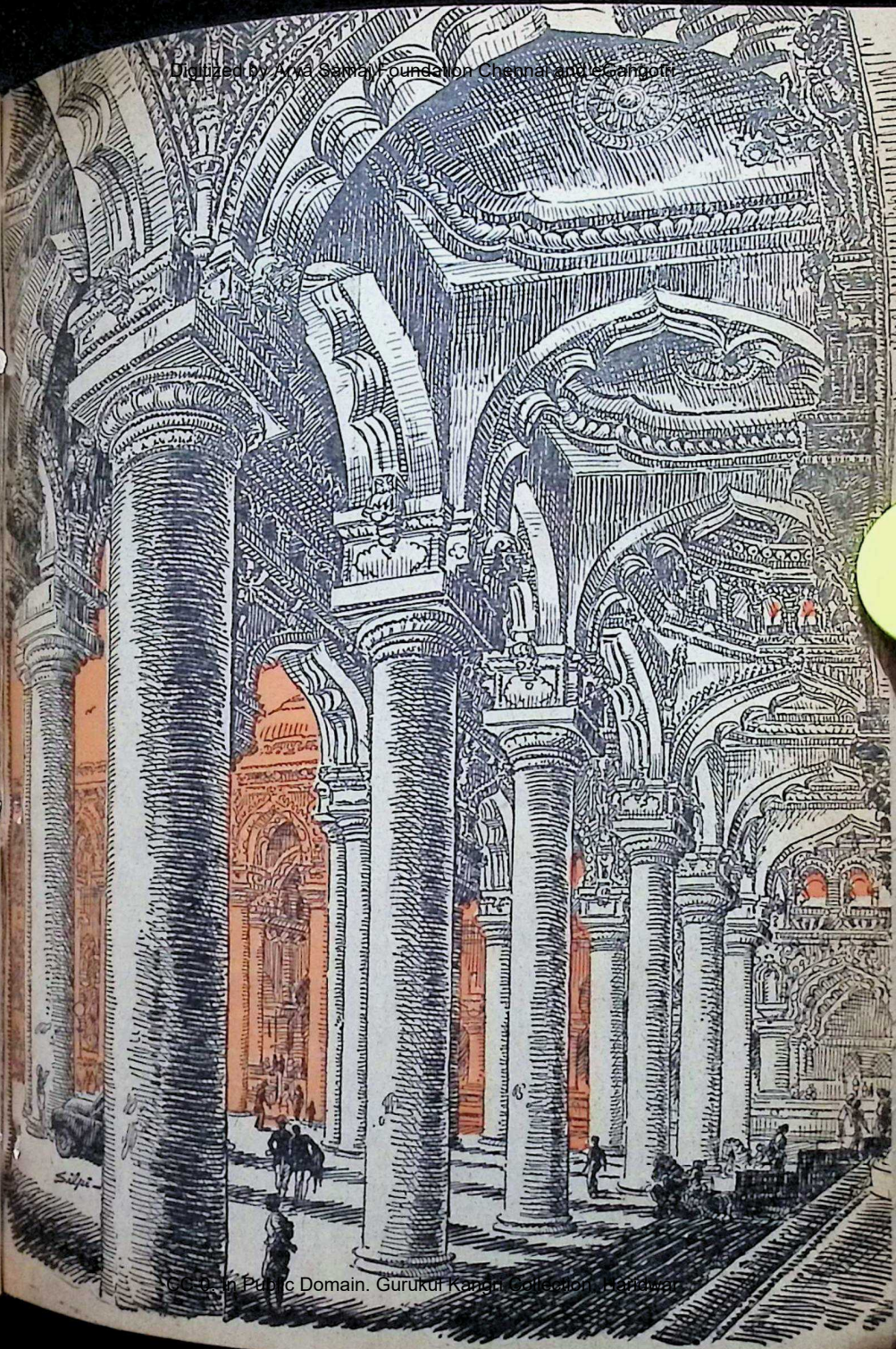

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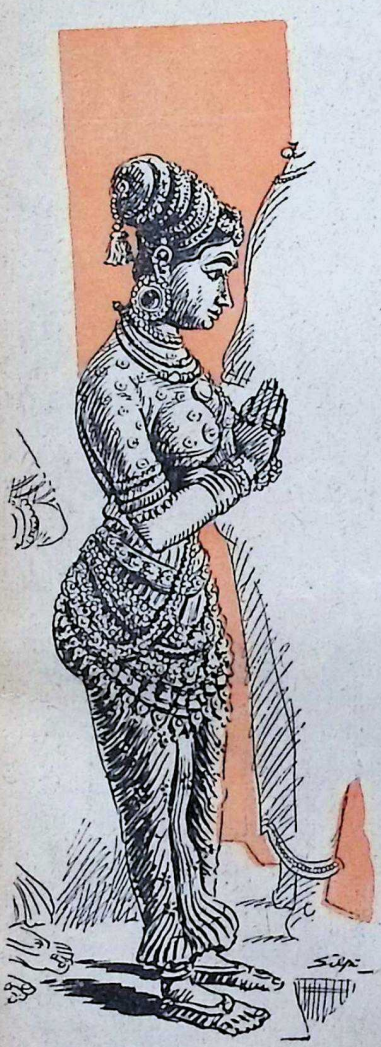
A Queen of Tirumalai Naik.



Going near him, he patted him on the shoulder and asked: "What ails you, my son?"

Visibly embarrassed at the question of the Minister, the artisan tried to wipe out the tears that refused to be hidden.

The Minister put him at ease by his paternal solicitude and learnt from him the real cause of his embarrassment and agony.

The Minister, being a God-man, closed his eyes for a few moments in concentrating upon his favourite deity, Meenakshi, after which he addressed the sculptor: "Do not worry, my son, and stop shaping a new statue; for, even the new figure will have the same blemish. Understand that when you work in a spirit of dedication, it is God Himself that gives finality to the work. Great as our Queen is, Samudrika-lakshanas demand that a mole of the size of the tell-tale blemish be present on the Queen's person in that place. Perhaps God desires to register that mole, by that unaccountable blemish! Be glad that you will be commended as an inspired artist" and he went away.

The eyes of the artisan grew wide in astonishment and believing in the scholar-saint's word as God's own, he gave up working on the new slab and continued on the old one with renewed vigour.

●●●

The hall was completed and before the formal opening King Tirumalai Nayak came to have a look. He was happy that his idealism had been given shape by the team of workers with consummate artistry. He came to his own statue. After expressing

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satisfaction at it, he looked at that of his senior Queen. He was nodding approval. For a second his brow knitted as he gazed at the leg and he asked the artisan "How did this cavity occur here?" pointing to the blemish on the leg.

The sculptor who had the faith of God in the words of the Minister related to him the circumstances under which it happened and the subsequent observations of Minister Nilakanta Dikshitar on it.

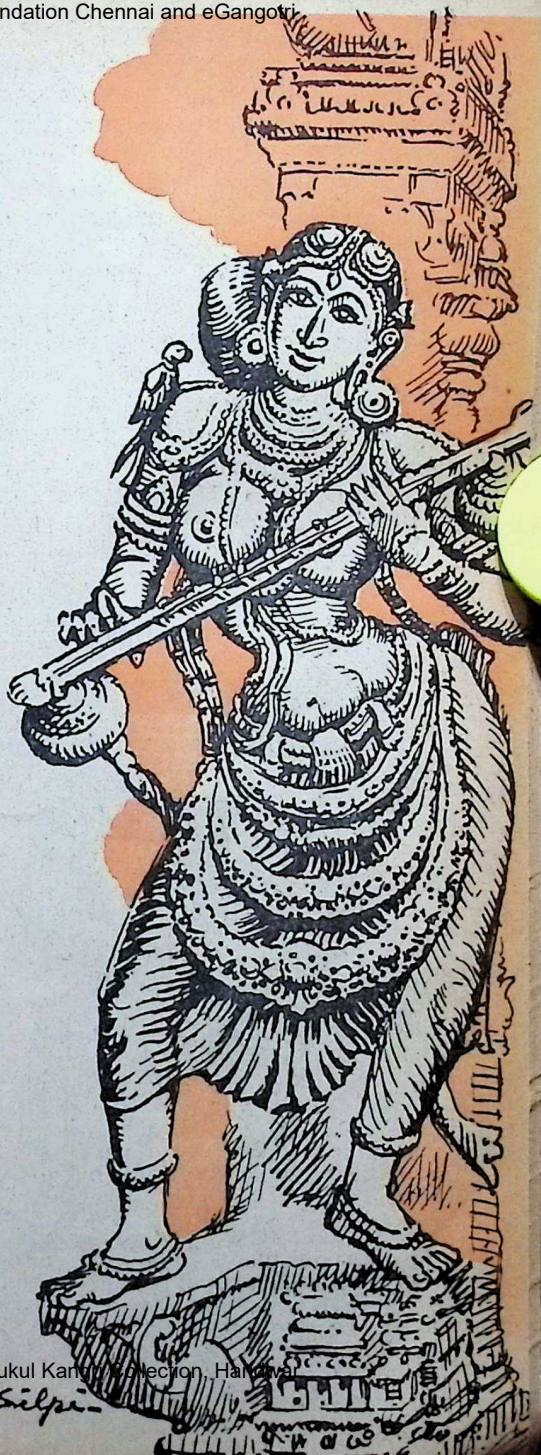
On hearing it, the King's eyes suddenly became blood-shot, his whiskers jumped. Stumping his cane wildly on the ground, he returned to his palace in a huff, followed by his puzzled retinue.

Jealousy makes the best of minds short-sighted. The King had unworthy suspicions about the scholar-saint Minister.

When early next morning the King's messenger brought an urgent summons, Dikshitar was half-way through his routine *puja*. It was very unusual for the King to send for him at that time, for the King knew very well he was not available in the mornings what with his *pujas* and other *niyamas*.

Consequently, great that he was, Sri Dikshitar was able to divine the reason for the urgent summons and what punishments the King had decided on. He pitied the King.

Expressing sorrow at the turn of events to his favourite deity Meenakshi, Whom he was worshipping that very moment, Sri Dikshitar waved the *arti* before Her and at the end, stuffed the burning camphor into both his



Saraswati: Chitra Sabha.

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eyes!

Calling the King's messenger inside, he told him: "Tell the King that I have inflicted the punishment on myself which the King wanted to award me! You can tell him what I have done to my eyes!"

The flabbergasted messenger ran to tell the King.

With his eyes thus burnt out, Sri Nilakanta Dikshitar was at peace with himself and in that state visualised the blessed form of Mother Meenakshi in an undisturbed manner and cried his heart out to Her in what is known as *Ananda Sagara Stava*. It is a soulful poem of 108 stanzas, full of pathos.

Although his eyes had been completely burnt out, when he completed singing the poem, his eyes were restored fully by the grace of Mother Meenakshi!

When the King heard how Sri Dikshitar voluntarily destroyed his own eyes and how they were restored by God, he ran to his presence and fell at Sri Dikshitar's feet praying for forgiveness for the sin of suspecting him in the context of his Queen.

Sri Dikshitar pacified the King saying it was all the *leela* of God.

Sri Dikshitar gave up his Ministership despite the King's repeated requests and went away from Madurai to a village Palamadai by name, on the banks of the sacred river Tamraparni where, after staying for some time, he entered *Sannyasa* and ultimately attained *samadhi*.

[Next Feature: *Ayodhya: Silpi's Drawings*]

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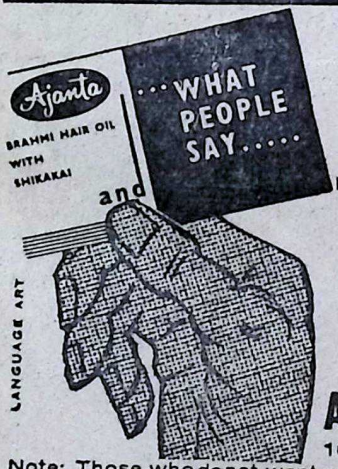

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'Hidamb*aa* thinks that you are going to take away Ghatotkacha with you. Are you taking him away with you?'

Everybody waited to hear what the Master would say. He laughed aloud and said: 'Ghatotkacha, my great grandson, is the descendant of two heroes—the divine Virochana, the Lord of the Rakshasas, and the mighty Emperor Bharata of the Kurus. How can I take him away from his people? If all of you agree, I would request the venerable priests to invoke God Virochana for his blessings and install Ghatotkacha as the King, before I go the day after.'

The people hailed the announcement with joy. Hidamb*aa* looked on, with her eyes wide open at this unexpected announcement.

'But, Master, if Ghatotkacha becomes the King, where do I stand?' asked Bheema who was now reconciled to leaving the land of demons.

'You are wanted elsewhere, my boy,' replied the Master. 'After Ghatotkacha becomes the King and when the new moon rises, you, with your brothers and Kunti, will leave Rakshasavrat for your own land.'

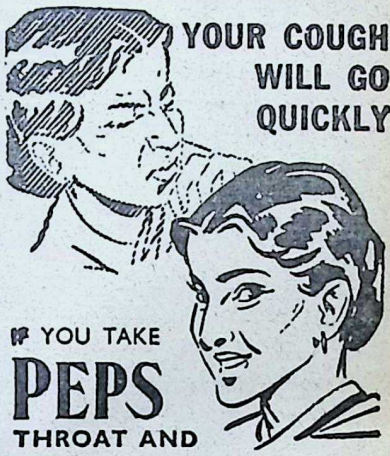
'King Vrikodara to leave us!' exclaimed a few leading Rakshasa chiefs. 'He must be with us.'

'His people are awaiting him,' said the Master.

'Oh, but what shall we do without King Vrikodara?' asked Kumbha, the father of Nikumbha.

'Who will protect us from the evil spirits and the enemies?' asked the priests.

'Nothing will happen to you. Those are my blessings,' said the Master.



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'Hidamb*aa* as Queen Mother will watch over your welfare till Ghatotkacha becomes old enough to rule himself.'

'But, Master, why should the King leave us at all?' asked Hidamb*aa*, joining her hands in the way her husband did, for the first time feeling nervous at having to rule over her people without Bheema. 'Let him remain here.'

'My child,' said the Master, as he patted her hands as if she was a little child. 'Vrikodara has not only to fight for the Rakshasas, but also fight for *dharma*. *Dharma*, you know, is bigger than life. All life depends upon it. But I assure you this. Whenever Rakshasavrat is in danger, you have only to remember him, and he will appear in person. I will make a suggestion. When Bheema leaves your land, you appoint Kumbha to look after your welfare. Then, every year, select the strongest amongst you and anoint him as the guardian of Ghatotkacha with proper ceremony. When you do so, I promise you that the spirit of Virochana will enter him for the year. During that year he will look after you.'*

The priests, happy at having little Virochana as their King, went into sessions, invoked Virochana, who entered into the body of one of them. Then the mandate came: Ghatotkacha should be installed as the King of the Rakshasas.

Next day, high festivities were held. Rituals were duly performed. Ghatotkacha, standing impatiently on the lap of his mother, was crowned the King, his forehead and arms ceremoniously anointed by human blood —no more from a human victim, but from the fingers of the priests who, in duty bound, had to make a symbolic sacrifice.

●●●

Before dawn of the third day, the Rakshasas gathered to accompany the Master to the frontier. He blessed the ailing and the maimed. Those who had been cured, clung to his feet in gratitude.

At the frontier, when the Master parted, he called the Five Brothers aside and told them: 'My sons, do not forget that you are believed to be dead. You, as sons of Pandu, should so remain till the time comes for you to take your proper place in the world.'

'But how are we to know when we should appear in the world?' asked Yudhishthira.

'Krishna V*aa*sudeva wants you to attend the *swayamvara* of Draupadi without your being known as the sons of Pandu. Go forth from here as Brahmans. Tie up your long hair in the manner of ascetics. V*aa*sudeva will decide what is the most appropriate time for you to re-appear in the world as the sons of Pandu,' said the Master.

'As the Master commands,' said Yudhishthira.

'Before you go to the *swayamvara*, go to Utkochaka Tirth and appoint Dhaumya rishi as your *purohit*. No

(*Continued on page 49*)

* In several villages in Jaunsar-Bawar (Dehra Dun District) where Bheema is worshipped as the Great God, the practice still prevails of selecting the strongest among the tribesmen as the Bheema of the year. During that year, he enjoys the chieftainship.

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DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN:

INDIA'S PHILOSOPHER-PRESIDENT

V. A. Sundaram

FIFTY years ago Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan was lecturing on Indian Philosophy in the Presidency College, Madras, so beautifully situated, facing the sea. Breathing the ozone, he talked to the students on *Atma Vidya* and liberation from bondage. Radhakrishnan looked then, as he looks even now, a frail ascetic looking man. He lived a life of Spartan simplicity and seemed to laugh at modern civilization. He had very few wants in those days. It must be so even now in Rashtrapati Bhavan at Delhi. Books were his constant companions. He was a voracious reader. He liked poetry. He enjoyed music. He travelled in realms of gold and read the classics in Sanskrit and English. He sang the Song of Songs composed by Saint Tyagaraja, and he fondled children. One found him taking notes as he went on perusing a volume. He was considered an ideal teacher. Students admired and adored him. After a decade of lectureship in South India—in Madras and Mysore—Sarvapalli was elevated to a professorship in Calcutta University. For over 20 years, Radhakrishnan stayed in that city, hallowed by memories of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Vivekananda, Rabindranath Tagore, Aurobindo Ghosh and Ashutosh Mukherjee. Scholars gathered around the young professor. His residence in Bhawanipur was like an *ashram*. One met there saffron colour-robed Swamis of Ramakrishna Order. Radhakrishnan and his charming wife showered kindness on the visitors and pilgrims in search of knowledge. The professor was popu-

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

On the 5th of this month was his birthday

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lar with the people of Bengal. His motto was 'be kind, be good, do good.' Radhakrishnan's life is made of many little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. It was during those fragrant years in Calcutta that Radhakrishnan wrote the two volumes on Indian Philosophy. In 1,500 days, he wrote 1,500 pages, a page a day, humming every sentence of what he wrote. The Indian Professor of Philosophy became a master of English language. Even Rabindranath Tagore became an admirer of Radhakrishnan's originality of thought and felicity of expression. His writings attracted the attention of British thinkers, like Bertrand Russell, Lord Haldane, Professors Gilbert Murray, Muirhead, Jacks Joad. Many a delightful experience Radhakrishnan gathered in Bengal, and from Calcutta and its sacred environments of Dakshineshwar and Belur, he saw visions and glimpses of a far-off untravelled world. A call came to Sarvapalli from Oxford University. That cordial invitation was a turning point in his life. It was a memorable day in his philosophic career when he delivered the inaugural lecture before the University of Oxford, on the "World's Unborn Soul." The Professor was in an expansive mood. He was aglow. His own reborn soul found expression in that masterly address. Swami Vivekananda's speech in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893 stirred the thought of America. Forty-three years after, Prof. Radhakrishnan's lecture in Oxford in that Parliament

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of Culture stimulated the minds of British savants and scholars. It was indeed a fine achievement. The Professor had enhanced the prestige of India in the Western world. Honours came to him from many centres of Indian and European culture. Sarvapalli was elected a Fellow of the British Academy. One single speech brought that unique distinction. Radhakrishnan's addresses in London, Oxford, Manchester, Edinburgh and other literary academies produced a magical effect. There was a magnetism in his personality. In the last fifteen years, he has addressed large gatherings in many parts of the world.

Oxford cast a spell on Radhakrishnan. A professorship in All Soul's College was offered to him. It was a life appointment. He adorned the Spalding Chair of Eastern Religions and Ethics. How many Chairs since then has he filled in life with grace and dignity!

Year after year Radhakrishnan came home; the thought of India's subjection was aching his heart. Gandhiji's sufferings in prison pained his soul. In his own inimitable way, Radhakrishnan tried to educate the British politicians and labour leaders. And what all he did during our struggle for freedom would be known only when the President writes his autobiography. Great things are done in silence. Politicians are braggadocios; but philosophers are wise men. They talk little and do big things.

A great change came over Radhakrishnan in his sixty-third year of life. He accepted the Vice-Presidentship of the Indian Republic. For the past fifteen years, he has been in politics, and yet out of it. His soul is fixed on higher things. Sarvapalli is pre-eminently a philosopher of the Plato-type. He does not merely profess the ancient religion of India, but he practises the religion of *Sanatana Dharma* in everyday life. His wonderful little book *The Hindu View of Life* is a large utterance of a great Indian on a grand theme, breathing catholicity and sublimity of thought.

Reading Radhakrishnan's *The Hindu View of Life* in Yeravda Jail in the autumn of 1930, Mahatma Gandhi wrote to me thanking for the gift and remarked later when he came out of the prison "I have taken a fancy for Prof. Radhakrishnan." Many have taken a fancy for Sarvapalli in East and West. That is why he is loved, respected, honoured and crowned as President of Independent India.

May there be light in his eyes and may Dr. Radhakrishnan live a hundred autumns, *Saradamshatam*.

It is a source of pride for the Bhavan that three eminent representatives of Indian culture who are so closely associated with the Bhavan—in fact, all the three are associated as its Honorary Members for meritorious services rendered—should be successively the Heads of State during the last sixteen years. It indicates, if need be, that above all, India stands for the values enshrined in our culture and which the Bhavan is trying in a humble way to re-integrate and uphold.

—Kulapati K. M. Munshi's speech welcoming Dr. Radhakrishnan who inaugurated Bhavan's Silver Jubilee on 20-12-1962.

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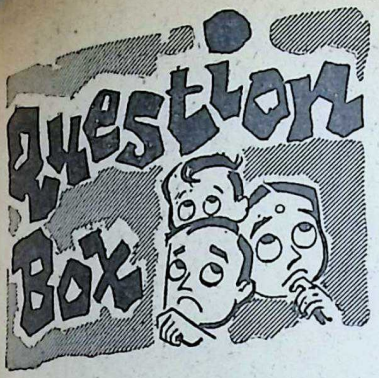

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1099

Sri D. J. Patro, Bhubaneswar.

Q: *As an expert constitutional lawyer, won't you find some way by which all the Opposition parties in this country can be amalgamated in the interest of healthy parliamentary government?*

A: The amalgamation of Opposition parties is not a constitutional matter. As things are in this country, the Congress is in the field as a powerful all-India party with inexhaustible resources. To face it with certain success even in a limited number of constituencies, the Opposition parties have to rely for support on special programmes which appeal to a section of the people. Naturally, therefore, each Opposition party is afraid to drop or modify these special features in the interest of a larger combine, lest it might lose its appeal to the section which follows its lead.

Sri K. L. Desai, Nagpur.

Q: *What is your opinion of our Government's gold policy? Do you think it will stay and will lead to the expected goal?*

A: The present Gold policy has its origin in the need for suppressing gold smuggling. The manner in which the policy has been framed and the way it is enforced, are oppressive and irritating.

About its future, you must consult an astrologer or the new Finance Minister.

1101

Sri D. Nandaiah, Varikole.

Q: *Do you think that China will invade this country for the second time?*

A: I think it will, if we are weak in our preparation.

1102

Sri S. G. Dabli, Amarwara.

Q: *Why did Lord Krishna choose to preach Gita to Arjuna rather than to Yudhishthira who was not merely older but more suited to receive philosophical teachings?*

A: Because Arjuna happened to be the greatest warrior among the Pandavas, and as it happened, Krishna was the charioteer of Arjuna when he did not want to fight.

Yudhishthira was never oppressed by doubts and difficulties which Arjuna felt, and even if he felt them, Sri Krishna was not near enough to answer his questions.

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1103

Sri A. Ganesh, Ernakulam.

Q: *Don't you think the accelerated emphasis on technological education in present-day India at the cost of humanities will soon react to the country's disadvantage?*

A: Without technological advance, we cannot exist as a nation, and we are so backward in the matter of technological education that everything has to be done to speed it up.

I agree with you that too great an emphasis on technological studies at the cost of humanities, will lead to some disadvantage, particularly in the shaping of character and outlook. However, this eventuality will have to be suffered. Perhaps in course of time we may be able to produce a solution whereby science and humanities may not be isolated from one another.

1104

Sri P.M. Unni Krishnan, Kandangali.

Q: *Everything must have an origin. If God created the world, who created God? Kindly explain.*

A: This question has been asked by philosophers and answered by them from the beginning of time. God is the totality of existence, including physical, moral and spiritual forces in endless Time. The idea that everything should begin and end in time is the limitation imposed by the human mind and cannot apply to God who is Reality, without beginning and end.

1105

Sri V. Hariharan, Trivandrum.

Q: *Can a man control his future? Kindly give me a descriptive answer.*

A: Man can certainly control his future. He can develop attributes, outlook and behaviour, so as to influence his future. But, above everything else, if he develops a will strong enough, he can not only shape his future, but can also shape his surroundings. Efforts by an individual, in conformity with the Cosmic Order, *dharma* as we call it, not only work changes in the individual, but in moral and material environments in this life and in the lives to come.

KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

Kshatriya can be true to his duties unless guided by a *tapasvi*. The king who neglects the life of the spirit does not deserve to rule. And remember one thing: You are five brothers in one—five fingers of the same hand; do not part from one another. My blessings to you all. And Kunti, may you and your sons be happy.'

With these words, the Master stepped into the cage of ropes slung on poles and was carried by the Rakshasas to Lahuria, where King Karkotaka's chiefs were awaiting him.

[*To be continued*]

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R. D. MATHUR

ALIGN WITH GOD'S WILL

INDIA is now the pivot on which turns the future of humanity. Our population is second only to that of China. We have similar social and economic problems but we have chosen a different way of solving them. We can avoid the mistakes of the West and of the Soviets at this early phase of our industrial development. Forty six years after the Revolution Mr. Khrushchev is having to use the jail and the firing squad to deter men from corruption, bribery and unpatriotic activities. Britain has her Profumos, America her racial strife.

Rather than following either bloc, we ought to lead both. Rather than saying "who will help us most?" we ought to say "who most needs our help?"

One thing is certain. We cannot leave the future to the two Mr. K's any more than 450,000,000 Indians can leave it all to New Delhi. These men need everybody's help.

Does India have a way of life which her neighbours big or small would like to follow? Look at the headlines! The more our public figures malign each other and advertise our divisions the less likely will needy nations turn to us for help.

Could we not heave all humanity forward by tackling the problems of India and mankind with the fervour of our Independence Struggle? Could we not now set as our goal the liberation, not of just one nation, but of all humanity? All men, everywhere, need liberation from the greeds, fears, hates and lusts which are at the root of all social and racial inequalities. Character, not the Curtain, is the real dividing line.

If we can deal with human nature thoroughly and drastically on a national scale, and add to our strongest military defences a united people and a clean administration, then we will be secure. If we can produce an assembly line of character and produce a new type of Indian, then we could offer the Chinese the basic ingredient lacking in their revolution. It can be done.

Some critics even point this out. But very few pay the price to bring the cure. The duty of a critic is to outline a constructive alternative. Few have the passion or patriotism to take criticism beyond outlining the other fellow's failure.

Our leaders cannot take us on a short cut to greatness and by-pass the character of our people. Democracy's structure rests on the foundation of everybody being responsible. The less voluntary discipline we have and the less honesty, the more external compulsion and controls are needed to make our system work.

The Indian Express of August 7 said that the Minister for Steel "sharply commented on the spectacle of managers of private industry spending 'more time getting across and around controls than in the task of management.'" A man needs to feel that the standards set for him and for his country are derived from the moral law, observed by all, beginning with the legislators.

All of us have made mistakes in the past. So has our nation. But we must not let our past mistakes blight our future. I talked with a leading man who was prominent in the fight for Independence. He admitted to lacking the moral courage to tackle things he knew to be wrong. "But you faced bullets and beatings in the past, why not now?" I asked. "The trouble is," he said, "I cannot clean up the mess in the nation because my own hands are not clean." But we can each face our compromise, admit it, cut with it, refuse to be blackmailed by it, and together set India on a new road.

India's destiny will unfold when we are aligned with God's will as individuals and as a nation; when leaders and led live by revoluntionary standards of honesty, unselfishness and purity. It is not a question of taking sides, but of taking a stand for what is right.

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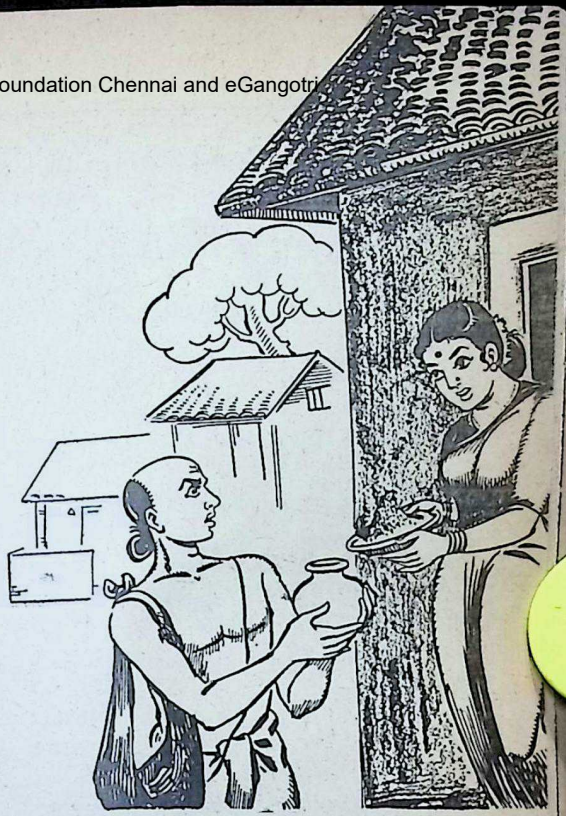
WISE COUNSEL



THERE was once a Brahmana named Kausika. He had mastered all the Vedas. He was a great *tapasvin*.

One day, he was chanting the Vedas standing under a tree. A crane that was sitting on a branch of that tree happened to drop its leavings on his head at that time. Kausika got angry and looked up at it with flaming eyes. That instant, consumed by the fire of his anger, the crane fell down dead at his feet. The Brahmana was moved with pity for the bird and repented that he gave way to his passion in a manner that brought about the death of a poor bird.

Then Kausika went to a village nearby seeking alms. He stood before a familiar house and, as usual, asked for his *bhiksha*. The lady of the house told him to stay for a while till she finished cleaning the vessels.

Just at this time, her husband returned home. Upon that, the lady turned to attend on him, while the Brahmana waited for his *bhiksha*. She ministered to her husband's needs, offered him water to wash his feet and for his ablutions. She served him with the food that she had prepared and was talking to him and regaling him with her pleasant speech. She was a dutiful wife.

While she was thus engaged serving her husband, she saw the Brahmana still waiting outside. She censured herself for having made him wait, and came out with the *bhiksha* for him.

"What is this, lady? Having asked me to wait, you did not attend to me nor did you tell me to go?" complained Kausika.

The good lady saw that the Brahmana was angry. He was all afire with indignation. But she replied to him in gentle speech:

"Forgive me, holy Brahmana. My husband who is my god came home very hungry and tired. And so, I hastened to attend on him and serve him food.

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"So, your husband is more important than a waiting Brahmana—is he?" retorted Kausika. "How well you perform the duties of *grahasthaasrama* —slighting a Brahmana! Don't you know that even Indra makes obeisance to Brahmanas? How much more should mortals like you do so! Either you are unschooled in your duties as a *grihini* or you have not learnt it from your elders. Remember, *brahmanas* are like fire itself; they would burn everything, even the whole world!"

The lady replied: "Holy Sir, I am not a crane. Tapasvin that you are, give up your anger. What can you do to me looking at me with your angry eyes? I am never disrespectful to Brahmanas whom I esteem like gods. Sinless one, pray forgive me if I have offended you.

"Yes, I have been intent on serving my husband. Of all gods, to me my husband is the highest. It is my duty to serve him most meticulously. See holy Sir, the effect of such service. Though I was not at the spot, I was able to know that your anger brought about the death of that crane.

"Best of Brahmanas! Know that anger is the greatest enemy that resides in the body. Him alone do the *devas* speak of as a Brahmana who has given up anger and lust.

"Him alone do the *devas* speak of as a Brahmana who knows the Moral Law and looks upon all men as he looks on himself.

"Him alone do the gods consider a Brahmana who always speaks truth, who pleases his elders and does no harm to those who injure him.

"Study, self-control and rectitude are the Dharmas of a Brahmana. Truth and integrity are the prime virtues. The eternal Dharma is hard to understand; it is established in Truth.

"The Sruti is the source and the sanction for Dharma; that is what the elders have declared. Various are its forms. In fact, it is extremely subtle.

"You are a learned person and must know the nature of Dharma; but I am afraid you have not learnt it properly.

"If you would understand Dharma, repair at once to Mithila. There lives a Vyaadha in that city who lives by selling meat and venison. He will teach you the truth about Dharma.

"If I have said anything improper, pray forgive me. For, he who would wish to acquire virtue must desist from doing harm to a woman."

The Brahmana told her: "I am pleased with you, good lady. My anger has vanished. Your reproof is only for my benefit. May it be well with you. I shall go to Mithila as directed by you. Thrice blessed are you, adorned with such great virtues."

Departing from there, Kausika started for Mithila. Travelling through forests, hamlets and cities, after many days, he reached the holy city over which the good King Janaka ruled.

Making inquiries on the way, he discovered the whereabouts of the righteous Vyaadha. He saw him sitting in the midst of meat of diverse kinds, of deer and buffaloes and engaged in selling it to those who came to buy it. Kausika stood at a distance from the pressing crowd.

The Vyaadha saw him and quickly came to him and said: "Salutations

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and welcome to you, holy Sir. I am a meat-seller by profession. What service may I do to you? Command me and it shall be done.

"I know that you have been told by that virtuous lady to come here to Mithila. I know it all; I know the purpose for which you have come here."

Kausika heard these words of the Vyaadha and was amazed at this second wonder that he beheld.

The Vyaadha continued: "This is not a place fit for you, holy one; we shall go home if you please."

The Brahmana assented and the Vyaadha traced his steps homeward behind him. Reaching home, the butcher offered him a seat and showed him other marks of honour befitting a guest.

Seated comfortably, Kausika addressed the Vyaadha and said: "The work in which you were engaged does not appear to be proper for you; your cruel trade is revolting to my mind."

The Vyaadha answered: "This is my *kuladharma* which I have inherited from my father and my grandfather. That must not cause you any resentment. This has been ordained for me by God.

"I live on what remains after serving the gods, the guests and those that depend on me and serve me. I do not speak ill of anyone small or great.

"Know, best of Brahmanas, the deed follows the doer. We reap what we have sown in a former life. In an ideal State everyone adheres to his proper duty.

"I only sell the meat of animals killed by others; I do not kill any creature myself. I eat no flesh. I fast by day and eat at night. A man can be good even while pursuing a profession which, though inherently bad, is his by his birth.

"While engaged in the tasks of his *kuladharma*, a man should not omit to practise the general *dharmas*. Listen, my good sir, as I unfold them to you.

"Constant in *dharma*, a man should be indifferent to praise and censure. He should not indulge in false speech; he should do good without being requested. He should not fail in his duties out of lust, anger or enmity. He should not return evil for evil; he should be kind and gentle at all times and to everybody.

"No man can conceal his sins. The gods in the sky see his transgressions. So does the Supreme Being residing in his heart."

Kausika listened to the Vyaadha with great earnestness and humility. He wished to know more; and so, he wished to be enlightened further on the marks of virtuous conduct.

Said the Vyaadha: "Sacrifice, Gifts, Penance, Study of the Vedas and Truth—these five are the marks of a good life. They alone are considered to lead a disciplined life who have conquered lust and anger, who are free from pride, avarice and faithlessness. Service of the elders, Satya, gentleness and the sense for giving away—these make a man virtuous.

"The secret of all Knowledge lies in Satya; the essence of Satya is self-control; the fruit of self-control is renunciation.

"Keep away from the *naastikas* (unbelievers) who transgress every rule, who lead a cruel life given to

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sin. Always seek the company of the virtuous. Lust and temptation are sharks in the river of life. The senses and their objects are its waters. If you wish to cross it and reach the other shore beyond re-birth, get into the boat of wisdom and courage.

"*Ahimsa* is the supreme virtue. Satya is its basis. One who is wedded to *ahimsa* is good to every creature. Purity of conduct is the mark of good men. It is the fragrance of their inner nobility.

"The Vedas prescribe the *dharma* which one should practise. The *Dharmasastras* amplify it. The conduct of the good provides examples of Dharma."

The Vyaadha continued:

"You may wonder, holy Brahmana, why, in spite of all this Knowledge, I pursue this cruel trade. That is my destiny which I cannot avoid. It is the evil life that I led in a former life that has led me into my present profession. I cannot get away from my *svadharma*. And I am striving to liquidate that past Karma. I am trying to atone for it by gifts, by Truth, by Service of elders and of the twice-born.

"You speak of *himsa* and condemn it, but holy one, tell me truly, can one refrain from it absolutely? Is there not *himsa* in ploughing the earth for agriculture? How many insects living in the soil are turned over by the plough! Is there not life in the seeds of grain and in the blades of grass? Do we not injure them in the course of our lives? We cut trees to make logs of them. Is it not injury to them? Plants and their fruits are instinct with life. And there are living organisms in the water that we bathe in and which we drink. Life pervades everything in this world.

"And, life lives on life. Fish devour fish. Animals prey upon each other for food. Why, even when we walk, we tread on countless unseen living creatures. Sitting, lying down, knowingly or unknowingly we injure other lives. Earth, air and water, everything is full of life. And so, how can man ever go about without possibly injuring some living creatures? Reflecting on this, it would appear that there is none who can practise *ahimsa* to perfection, who can avoid *himsa* in one form or other.

"While it will be difficult to lead a life of complete *ahimsa*, yet it can be affirmed truly that he who pursues his *svadharma* is indeed a noble person even though it involves injury to others.

"The elders declare that Vedas are the source of all *dharmas*. Their nature is very subtle, infinite and various. Men reap the fruits of their actions, good or bad as they may be. In times of distress, the afflicted man lays the blame on the gods. Fool that he is, he does not realise that all that he suffers has been brought on himself by his own evil deeds."

The Brahmana asked: "Pray tell me why and how does a man take to evil ways."

The Vyaadha replied: "Impelled by curiosity, a man's mind begins to function. The knowledge which springs from it produces desire. Thwarted desire leads to anger. Driven by desire, he exerts to attain its object and goes in quest of sensuous delights. From that spring at-

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tachment and aversion; greed and delusion follow in their wake. A deluded man cannot understand *dharma*. That lack of understanding lands him in sin. Though warned by friends and learned men, he puts them away by specious answer. Such a man leads an *adhaarmic* life, thinking evil, speaking and doing it all his life. All his virtues disappear in this climate of evil. He seeks the company of other evil men who lead sinful lives and ultimately he comes to grief.

"And now let me tell you about the virtuous man. He sees these dire consequences in advance by his wisdom. He discriminates between good and evil and seeks the company of the good. By such association he develops a taste for *dharma*. His heart becomes pure and he enjoys supreme peace by the enlightenment of his inward spirit. He is ever happy like a person who sleeps soundly. His mind is steady like a flame trimmed by a skilful hand.

"Finally, O best of Brahmanas, let me put it all in a nutshell. By every means one should control anger and avarice. This is the greatest penance that a man can do. One should guard one's *tapas* from anger and from pride. One must guard one's learning from vanity and one's own self from delusion. Integrity is the highest virtue; forgiveness is the greatest strength. Knowledge of the self is the most supreme knowledge and Truth is the best discipline.

"Speaking truth makes for real glory; to know the Truth is the most worthwhile Knowledge. That which is the source of good to all beings, is real Truth.

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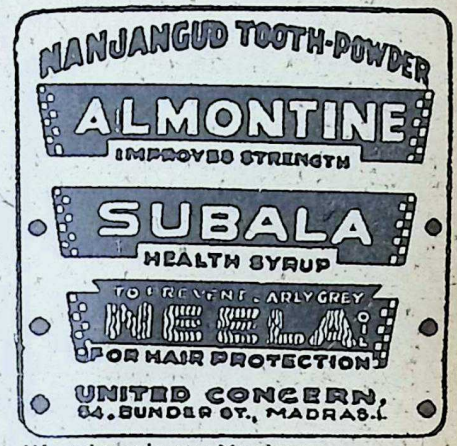

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"He alone is a true *tyaagi* who performs the duties of his station in life without any desire, who makes an oblation of all his actions in the fire of renunciation. *Viyoga*, detachment from the world is the way to *Yoga*, attachment to God.

"One should not harm any creature; one should look at every being with a friendly eye. Humility, equanimity, desirelessness and contentment, these alone lead to true wisdom. In this world and in the next, one should be free from the sense for possession, one should remain free from all sorrow and steadfast in mind. Observing the vows of silence and forbearance, intent on spiritual discipline, enjoying solitude in society, one should strive for liberation. He who has renounced both joy and sorrow, attains the Supreme."

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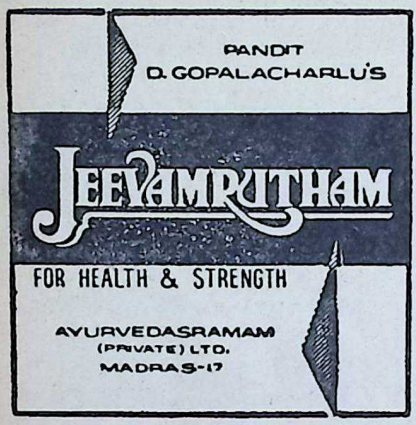

The Brahmana stood amazed at the words of the Vyaadha. "Verily, you have spoken the most profound truths. There does not seem to be anything about Dharma that you do not know."

The Vyaadha said: "Stand up, holy Brahmana and come with me. I shall show to you the *dharmas* that I practise. You must see my mother and my father." He took the Brahmana in and there the Brahmana beheld his aged parents before whom the Vyaadha prostrated with great reverence.

The old parents said: "Arise, arise, thou well-versed in *dharma*. May the *dharmas* that you observe protect you always. May you live long! We are pleased with your service. And serving us, you have thereby rendered due worship to your grandsire and your great grandsire as well."

The son presented the Brahmana Kausika to his parents and they welcomed him with all marks of hospitality. He, in his turn, made eager enquiries of their welfare and of the members of their household.

The Vyaadha turned to the Brahmana and said:

"My parents are the gods whom I worship. I live for their sake and my wife, my sons and my servants all are devoted to their welfare. I bathe them myself and I feed them with my hands. I speak to them kindly. I never utter anything unpleasant to them. One who seeks prosperity should worship his father, his mother, the sacred fire and his preceptor. This is the duty of every householder.

"And now, listen carefully to what I am going to tell you. You have come away abandoning your parents. Even though you came to learn the Vedas, yet, you did wrong in leaving your parents to themselves. They have turned blind, grieving over you. Go back to them to comfort them. All your knowledge of the Vedas will be as chaff if you do not do your duty by your parents. There is no higher *dharma* than serving one's parents."

The Brahmana said: "It was a divine hand that brought me to you. Rare indeed is a person who can teach the Dharma like you. You have rescued me from falling into hell. I shall go back to my parents to serve them as you have enjoined me.

"Yet, one doubt assails my mind. You are a great *dharmajna;* You are well-versed in every *dharma* and you practise them most carefully. Though you are a low-born, I do not consider you low. Evidently, it is some Karma that has made you take

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this birth in a low caste. What may that be? Tell me, I pray, I am eager to know."

The Vyaadha replied: "In my previous life I was a Brahmana, learned in the Vedas and in Vedangas. By a sin that I committed, I fell down to this inferior state. The King of the land in which I lived was a great friend of mine. Once I accompanied him as he went out to hunt. Being a skilled archer myself, I discharged an arrow which happened to hit a *rishi*. Pierced by the arrow, he fell down on the ground. Thinking that my victim was a deer, I ran to the spot. When I beheld him, I felt extreme anguish and implored him to forgive me for what I had done in ignorance. The *rishi* could not be appeased. He cursed me saying 'You shall be born as a cruel butcher in a low caste family.'

"I begged him with tears in my eyes not to consign me to such a cruel fate. But he said 'My curse cannot be revoked. But I shall confer a favour on you. Though you may take a low birth, you shall be a *dharmajna*. Knowing all *dharmas*, you will serve your mother and father with filial duty. By the merit of that service, you will remember the incidents of your past life. When you have worked out the effects of this curse, you will be born a Brahmana again.'

"Thus assured, I pulled out the arrow from his breast, gently carried him to his hermitage and softly laid him to bed. He then breathed his last."

Kausika said: "I now understand why though so learned as you are, you pursue this cruel profession. But surely you are sinless; for, you do your *svadharma* which has accrued to you by the evil Karma of a past life. But do not grieve over your fate."

"No," replied the Vyaadha. "I do not grieve for what has happened to me. I must suffer what I have invited on myself by my past Karma. One cannot escape the effects of Karma by merely weeping over them. One must adopt the proper means to annul its effects. Realising the transitoriness of all earthly things and intent on reaching the Supreme Goal of life, one must conduct oneself with wisdom and fortitude. Holy sire, I do not give way to grief; but I am biding my time to be released from the *rishi's* curse."

Pleased with the Vyaadha's words, the Brahmana took leave of him respectfully and went back to his parents whom, thenceforward, he served with earnestness and devotion.

Truly has it been declared that the royal road to salvation is paved with the golden bricks of one's *svadharma*.

[From the *Mahabharata*, Vana Parva]

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ANANDA MATH

(Translated by R.P.A.)

THE STORY SO FAR

During the great Famine in Bengal, Mahendra Singh decided to quit Padachinha and set out with his wife Kalyani and his only child. On the way they stepped into a choultry for rest and food. It was deserted. While Mahendra Singh went out to procure some milk, Kalyani and the child were carried away by a gang of robbers to the nearby forest. Kalyani managed to escape from them while they argued over the booty. Alone and helpless in the dark woods, she fainted. When she awoke, she found herself in a monastery in the presence of an elderly-looking ascetic. Having learnt her misfortune the ascetic commissioned Bhavananda with the task of finding out Mahendra Singh.

7. Mahendra in a Mess

MAHENDRA got up from the floor of the choultry where he had been sitting; he realised that no purpose would be served by sitting there and meditating over his loss. He walked towards the town in the hope of enlisting the help of the police to recover his wife and child. After walking some distance, he saw on the road a number of bullock-carts accompanied by a company of soldiers.

In 1176* Bengal had not yet come under the administration of the English. They had obtained the *Dewani* or the right to collect taxes. They collected the taxes but they had not yet undertaken the responsibility of protecting the life and property of the people of Bengal. The only task they had undertaken was to take the money of the people. But the duty of maintaining law and order devolved on Mir Jafar, the despicable traitor and disgrace to humanity. Mir Jafar was incapable of protecting himself. It was not likely that he would or could protect the life and property of the people of Bengal. He was addicted to opium and was somnolent most of the time. The English collected the taxes and kept accounts. The people of Bengal were in the throes of misery, and wept bitter tears of despair.

Thus the English were only concerned with the collection of taxes. The task of administration was that of the Nawab. The English had appointed officers, called Collectors, in those areas where they collected the taxes. The revenue went to Calcutta. The collection was inexorable and did not abate even if people died of starvation. But it was impossible to collect

* *Bengali era.*

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the entire dues. Only if Mother Earth yielded produce could it be collected from the people. People could not produce wealth if Mother Earth were not willing. However pitiable might have been the penury of the people, the dues were collected—as much as possible—and sent in cart-loads to the company's treasury at Calcutta.

At that time, there was the menace of the dacoits; and the carts were closely guarded by fifty sepoys armed with guns and bayonets. Their captain was an English officer who rode on a horse behind the carts. Due to the heat, the sepoys marched not during day but only during the night.

Mahendra came across them as they were marching. He could not proceed as his way was obstructed by the carts and the sepoys. He stopped at the side of the road. Even then the sepoys brushed past him. Realising that it was inopportune to remonstrate with them, he went and stood at the edge of the jungle by the road.

Just at that time, one of the sepoys exclaimed: "Look, there is a dacoit running away." His impression was confirmed by the sight of the gun in Mahendra's hand. He ran up to Mahendra, caught hold of him by the neck and calling him "Rogue! Thief!" gave him a violent blow with his fist and snatched the gun from his hand. With the weapon wrested from him, Mahendra could do no more than return the blow. He was quite annoyed at this sudden attack and under the impact of his blow the sepoy reeled and fell down stunned. Seeing this, the other sepoys surrounded Mahendra and overpowered him. They took him to their captain and told him: "This man has killed one of the sepoys." The English officer was smoking and was also under the influence of liquor. He said: "A few of you can marry the rogue." The sepoys could not make out what the English officer meant. They did not know how they could marry an armed dacoit. But they consoled themselves with the hope that the captain might get over his inebriation after some time and rescind his order; then there would be no need to marry that ruffian!

The sepoys then bound Mahendra hand and foot with ropes and placed him in the cart. Mahendra realised that it would be foolhardy to fight against such overwhelming odds and resigned himself to his fate. Even if he could struggle and escape, what was the purpose? He was stricken with grief at the loss of his wife and child; and he had lost his desire to live.

The sepoys bound Mahendra securely to the axle of the cart. And the procession of carts proceeded as before.

8. Jivananda Liberates

OBEYING the command of his guru, Bhavananda proceeded towards the choultry where Mahendra had halted; he was muttering the name of Hari all the time. He hoped to get some clue whereby he could find Mahendra.

The excellent roads constructed by the English today were not in existence then. If one had to come to

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Calcutta from the mofussil towns, one had to traverse through awful roads which the Muslim Emperors had constructed. On his way from Padachinha to Murshidabad, Mahendra had been travelling northwards. That was why he came across the sepoys who were proceeding from north to south.

Bhavananda too had to go northwards towards the choultry. And in consequence he too met the sepoys accompanying the treasure. Like Mahendra, he too stood aside for them to pass.

It was natural for the sepoys to be apprehensive that dacoits would attempt to plunder the treasure. They had already caught hold of a dacoit in the same road. When they saw Bhavananda standing aside, they concluded that he was another dacoit. And they caught hold of him immediately.

Bhavananda smiled and said: "Well, my friends, what is the matter?"

"Scoundrel!" replied a sepoy. "You are a dacoit."

"Can't you see by my robes that I am an ascetic? Does a dacoit look like this?" asked Bhavananda.

"Even ascetics and *sanyasis* have turned dacoits these days," retorted the sepoy; and he started to push Bhavananda forward. Even in the darkness Bhavananda's eyes flashed fire; but he said in a humble tone: "Please, sir, tell me your command and I will obey."

The sepoy was pleased with the humble tone of Bhavananda's reply and said: "Here, carry this load on your head." He took a bag and placed it on Bhavananda's head.

Then another sepoy exclaimed: "No, he will run away. Tie him up hand and foot and place him near the other dacoit."

Bhavananda was anxious to know who was the other man they had bound. He threw down the bag which had been placed on his head and gave a severe blow to the sepoy who had done it. The other sepoys pounced upon him, bound him hand and foot and flung him into the cart near Mahendra. Bhavananda immediately recognised Mahendra Singh.

The sepoys continued their march, talking loudly to one another as though they had no care in the world. The wheels of the carts creaked a monotonous groan. Then Bhavananda said softly in a tone audible only to Mahendra: "Mahendra Singh, I know who you are; and I am here to help you. You need not know at present who I am. Do what I tell you. Place the rope on your hands across the wheel of the cart."

Mahendra was astonished but without a word in reply he carried out Bhavananda's suggestion. Under cover of darkness, without anyone being aware of it, he moved slightly in the direction of the wheel and placed the rope that tied his hands on the wheel. The friction caused by the motion of the wheel cut the rope. Then he got the rope on his feet cut by the same process. When he was free of his bonds, he did not try to run away but sat inert on the cart. Bhavananda also freed himself in the same manner. Both sat still and collected in the cart.

The sepoys had to go along the highway near the jungle where the

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ascetic had stood and gazed around him. When they arrived near the hill, they saw a man standing on the top of a mound. Seeing the dark figure silhouetted against the moonlit sky, the *havildar* exclaimed: "There is another dacoit. Catch him and we will make him carry a load."

When a sepoy ran to catch hold of him, the man remained unmoved. He did not say a single word even when the sepoy laid his hands on him. He was brought before the *havildar*. He continued to remain silent. As per the command of the *havildar*, a sepoy put a bag on his head; the man did not protest.

Then the *havildar* resumed his march behind the cart. A little later was heard the sound of a pistol shot. The *havildar*, shot on the head, fell dead on the road. A sepoy shouted: "This scoundrel has shot our *havildar*." The man still had the pistol in his hand. He threw down the bag from his head and struck the sepoy on the head with the butt of the pistol. The sepoy's head was smashed and he sank to the ground.

Almost immediately a couple of hundred armed men shouting "*Hari! Hari! Hari!*" surrounded the sepoys. The latter were expecting a lead from their captain. The English officer came up swiftly, thinking that dacoits were after the treasure and ordered the sepoys to form a square. An Englishman regains sobriety when he scents danger. The sepoys formed themselves into a square and, on a further command from the captain, lifted up their guns in order to shoot.

At that moment, someone wrested the sword from the Englishman's belt and severed his head with one blow. When the captain's head rolled on the ground, there was no one to command the sepoys to open fire. All eyes turned to a figure standing sword in hand in the cart, muttering: "*Hari! Hari! Hari!*" and shouting: "Kill the sepoys! Kill the sepoys!" It was Bhavananda.

The sepoys were stunned by the sight of their captain's head being severed and the absence of anyone else to direct them. The daring assailants took advantage of the opportunity to slay and wound many sepoys. They took possession of the chests of money in the carts. The sepoys lost courage and took to flight.

Then the man who had stood on the mound and later commanded the attack approached Bhavananda. They embraced each other. Bhavananda said: "Jivananda, it was a good day when you joined our brotherhood." To which Jivananda replied: "Bhavananda, may your name be crowned with glory!"

Jivananda had to remove the plundered treasure to its proper destination and he soon departed with his followers. But Bhavananda continued to stand on the scene.

9. Bhavananda Reveals

MAHENDRA had got down from the cart and, snatching a weapon from a sepoy, was ready to join in the fight. But he realised that the men were only robbers who were fighting the sepoys in order to plunder the treasure. He kept away from the scene of the fight, thinking that help-

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ing the robbers would be participating in their crime. He flung away the sword and was about to leave the place when Bhavananda came near him. Mahendra asked him: "Tell me, who are you?"

"What purpose will be served by your knowing it?" replied Bhavananda.

"I have some purpose," replied Mahendra. "You have rendered me a great service today."

"I did not think that you realised it," said Bhavananda. "Though you had a sword in your hand, you kept away from the fight. You are the son of a zemindar. Are you good at anything except consuming milk and ghee? You seem to be useless when man's work has to be done."

Even before Bhavananda had finished, Mahendra interrupted him with disdain: "But this is sinful work—no less than robbery!"

"Be that as it may," replied Bhavananda. "We have rendered you some service and we are willing to help you further. It is not in your interest to reject our help."

"There is no doubt that you have helped me considerably," said Mahendra. "But what further service can you render me? I would not like to be obliged to a dacoit for help; I would much rather be left alone."

"You can accept our help or reject it," replied Bhavananda. "It is left to you. But if you choose to accept it, you can come with me. I will take you to the place where you can meet your wife and child."

Mahendra was startled and shouted: "What did you say?"

Bhavananda did not reply but walked on. Mahendra could not but walk by his side. He was wondering what kind of robbers these friends of his were.

[To be continued]

IN THE PATH OF GOD

THE spokes of a wheel are connected with each other not directly, but only through the central hub. So is humanity, and God is the central hub. Say the Upanishads: अरा नामा विवार्पिताः। The mother should be dear to us not for her own sake but through God; the son should be dear to us not for his own sake but through God; everything should be dear to us not for its own sake but only through God. Love of God thus becomes the central and the highest virtue.

* * *

If anybody stands in the way of our God-devotion, we should brush him aside. Even so should we reject all those who have no love towards God. It matters little whether it is the father, the mother, the brother, the Guru or the husband who stands in the way. Puranas show the way. Bharata renounced his mother; Prahlad his father; Vibhishana abjured his brother; Bali ignored his Guru; rishi-patnis renounced their husbands; Braj-women forsook their husbands for the sake of Krishna.

There is no greater treason than to do the right deed for the wrong reason.

T. S. Eliot

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Notes & News

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE PAST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

THE Annual General Meeting of the Past Students' Association of the Bhavan's College was held at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan on the 25th of last month. Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi were present on the occasion. Principal B. M. Naik addressed the meeting. Sri Munshi and Smt. Lilavati Munshi gave various suggestions to make the Association more active and useful.

KALA KENDRA

SRI GHULAM MUHAMMAD SHAIKH, the well-known Gujarati painter and poet, gave a talk at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 2nd of this month under the auspices of the Bhavan's Bharatiya Youth Forum. There was a recitation of the Shaikh's poems and film slides of his paintings were shown.

BHAVAN'S PUBLIC SCHOOL

MISS NALINI BHARGAVA, a former pupil of the Bhavan's Public School at Delhi who visited Soviet Russia and gave a number of dance recitals, was felicitated at a function got up at the School last month. Miss Nalini was the recipient of a number of medals in the Soviet Union. Hon'ble J. L. Hathi, Union Minister and Kulapati Munshiji who was also present, congratulated the artiste on her distinction. Sri Munshiji was pleased to award her a medal of merit.

BHAVAN'S DAKOR COLLEGE

SRI K. K. SHAH, Hon. General Secretary, All-India Congress Committee, visited the Bhavan's College, Dakor, on August 27. He spoke to the students on the political situation of the country.

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COURSE IN BIOCHEMISTRY

A SHORT course in Biochemistry for the systematic training of practitioners of this branch of medical science was inaugurated under the auspices of the Maharashtra Biochemic Academy on 27th July 1963. The Health Minister of Maharashtra Sri M. D. Chaudhary, Dy. Health Minister Dr. N. N. Kailas, and Sri Charandasji Megji, President of the Maharashtra Biochemic Academy, were among those who spoke on the occasion. They stressed the need of popularising the biochemical medicines which were good and comparatively less expensive in a country like India where there is a shortage of qualified medical practitioners.

LITERACY IN INDIA

ACCORDING to 1961 census, the literacy in India is 24.02%—34.44 for males and 12.95 for females.

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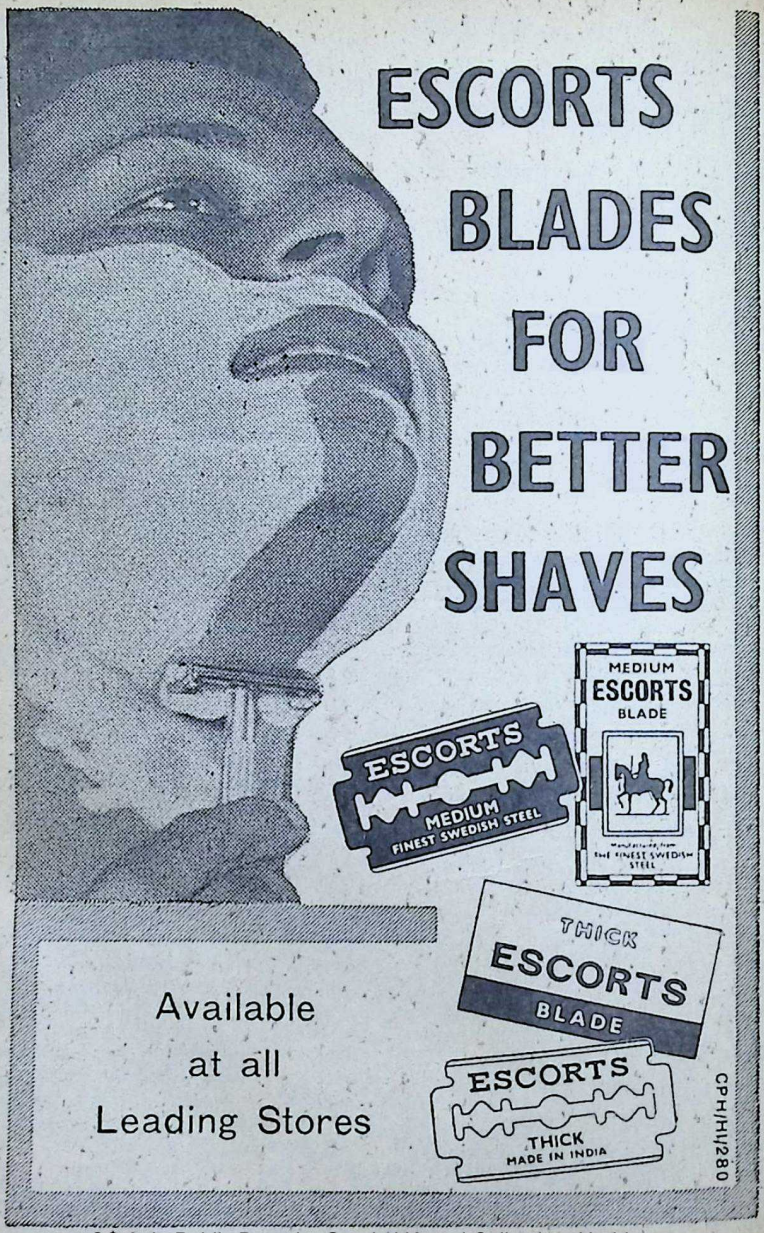

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EVOLUTION OF THEISTIC SECTS IN ANCIENT INDIA (Up to the time of Samkaracharya). By Sudhakar Chattopadhyaya. Published by Progressive Publishers, 37, College Street, Calcutta-12. 1962. pp. xv+205. Price: Rs. 12.50.

THIS is a welcome contribution to our religious history by the scholarly and critical author of *The Early History of Northern India* (200 B.C. to 650 A.D.). It is a comprehensive survey of Post-Vedic sectarian ramifications of our religion, stemming from Vedic as well as pre-Vedic roots fed also by foreign elements particularly from Central Asia. All available sources—archaeological (epigraphic, numismatic and iconographic) and literary are tapped and discreetly utilised in order to support the learned author's independent thesis. Though the approach is largely that of the specialist in the field, the volume is not without interest to lay readers.

The book is cast in three symmetrical Sections: A. The Age of Formations; B. The Age of the Scytho-Kushanas; C. The Age of Early Tantricism. Each Section is again sub-divided uniformly into three sub-sections: The Saivas, the Vaishnavas, and the Minor Sects—with a neat Introduction to each, and appropriate Appendices. The authenticating references are conveniently relegated to the end (pp. 174-205) to avoid distraction to the reader following the closely packed text. The evidence as well as the correlation or collocation of facts garnered from Indian and foreign sources is at once clear and cogent.

While doing adequate justice to foreign elements and influences, the author rightly and emphatically upholds the indigenous origin of, e.g., the *Bhakti* School (wrongly attributed by some European Indologists and Missionaries to Christian sources). This volume reinforces the healthy contemporary trend towards national emotional integration by presenting rich material—archaeological and literary—revealing our traditional aptitude for synthesis despite sectarian divergences and provincial variations.

It is, however, to be regretted that this well-produced and erudite treatise is somewhat marred by occasional oddities of expression like "became dropped" (p. 37), "the Kushanas were ruling into the interior of India" (p. 66), etc. —apart from the use of words like "Aryandom" and "linguisticians". But these slips do not eclipse the intrinsic merits of the book which succinctly focuses our attention on an important aspect of our national history.

—*Prof. S. R. Sharma*

OUR HERITAGE AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE. By S. R. Sharma. Revised Edition, 1963. Hind Kitabs Ltd., 32-34, Veer Nariman Road, Bombay-1. Price: Rs. 7.50.

SINCE the advent of freedom, the problem of cultural synthesis clamours for a solution. The question is how much of our heritage is to be conserved and how much to be reformed, or what are the best elements in Indian culture to be combined with the best in Western culture, so as to suit us in the present and succeeding centuries. The author contributes to the solution of this clamant problem; he is neither an archaist nor a futurist but a historian, whose objective is to march forward, looking backward. In the 11 chapters of his book are discussed the blend in Indian culture; the impressions produced on foreigners from Megasthenes to Bernier; the ideal of *Satyam-Shivam-Sundaram* practised by the people; the fundamental institutions giving stability to our civilisation—our *Dharma*; the democratic fea-

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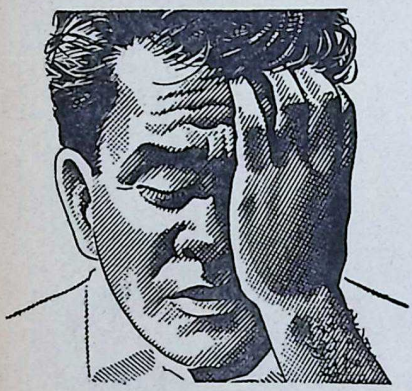

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tures of Northern and Southern Indian polity; the story of Indian enterprise abroad; our great monuments and other archaeological treasures. Every chapter contains a list of references. There is no Index. We cordially welcome the re-publication of this stimulating book, which will help the historian and the citizen.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

LAND TRANSFORMATION: PHILOSOPHY AND TECHNIQUE. By P. C. Raheja. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Price: Rs. 4; Sh. 7.

THIS book from the pen of an illustrious agronomist of the country is a treatise on the agricultural problems of India in their various aspects and contains a wealth of suggestions that should form the basis of agricultural planning in India. That the productive capacity of the Indian soil, as it is, is much below that of Western countries is common knowledge. While attributing the low yield to the poverty of the soil and outdated farming methods, the author elaborately discusses measures for enriching the soil by checking the scourge of soil erosion, by the conservation of rain water, by the application of fertilisers and other organic matters etc., and draws up a chart of our food and farm product requirements, supported by appropriate data. There is an excellent analysis of the three aspects of the life cycle—the hydrological, nutritional, and biological—in terms of soil and produce. Tracing the history of the efforts made by the State for the development of agriculture and allied trades, the author points to the imperative need of raising our food output and stresses the importance of collective activity for the all-round development of our villages.

The volume carries an illuminating introduction from Sri Munshiji and can undoubtedly be of great help in institutions of advanced studies on the subject.

—*P. V.*

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MUNDAKOPANISAD, with a Sanskrit commentary by Umachigi Sankara Sastry (pp. 188) together with its Kannada translation (pp. 75) by Asthana Vidvan Nanjundaradhya. Published by Prabodha Pustakamala, Basaveshwar Road, Mysore-4. Price: Ordinary Ed. Rs. 3.50; Calico Bound Rs. 5/-.

KARNATAK has given to India a new and distinctive religious faith of the people known as "Vira-Saiva". It has its roots in the Vedic religion. This school has also developed its own version of the "Vedanta" in terms of a 'Sakti-Visistadvaita' or 'Saiva-Visistadvaita'. The commentary of Srikara Pandita on the *Brahmasutras* is the best exposition of this viewpoint. The present work is much more 'modern' and seeks to interpret one of the ten classical Upanisads, the *Mundaka*, from the standpoint of Virasaivism. It is a welcome addition to the meagre literature in Sanskrit on this school of thought. The commentary is lucid and scholarly and draws upon the earlier works recognized by this school such as those of Renukacarya and Haradatta and the *Kriyasara, Siddhantasikhamani, Anubhavasutra* etc., in support of its interpretations. Nevertheless, the task of giving a complete and continuous interpretation of the entire Upanisad from the point of view of a new school is no easy one and the author deserves high praise for the scholarly way in which he has done his work. His work can straightway be accepted as a standard commentary of the school. It criticizes in some places the interpretations of the Samkara and Ramanuja schools (pp. 16-19; 28-29); but not of the Madhva school, to which in a few places it seems clearly indebted, in its criticisms of the other schools. The commentator shows an intimate acquaintance with the Yogasastra and the Gita, Upanisads and other connected literature. We are throughout impressed by the author's respect for and grip over the *Sastramaryada* of different schools. His interpretation of the term "*Sirovratam*" in Mundaka as the discipline connected with the

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wearing of the Sivalinga and sacred ashes on the person and of "Para-Vidya" as the *Pancaksaramantra* and the equation of "Ekarsi" (iii. 10) with Siva are significant. While one may differ on these points there can be no doubt about the sincerity and scholarship which have gone into the making of this work and the novelty and originality of some of the points raised by it. The reading of the Rig Vedic text vii, 4, 6 d as given in the book is incorrect. The work deserves to be carefully studied by all those interested in the esoteric teachings of the Upanisads.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

PERIODICAL

PRABUDDHA BHARATA (Swami Vivekananda Birth Centenary Number) May, 1963. Published at 5, Dehi Entally Road, Calcutta-14. Rs. 3.75nP.

THE collection of articles that appear in this number of *Prabuddha Bharata* is probably the cream of all that is written on Swami Vivekananda and his contribution to Indian philosophical thought. Gleaned from distinguished writers who have studied analytically the many-sided personality of the Swami, they present a true picture of him—as lover of mankind, as seer and saint, as patriot and philosopher, an exponent of practical Vedanta, a brilliant interpreter of the intricate tenets of Hinduism and as a spiritual teacher who recognised service to humanity as the highest goal of life. Incidentally they also include biographical records of the Swamiji and several illustrations. A very useful volume that gives a fair idea of the life and mission of the great saint at a glance.

—*P.V.*

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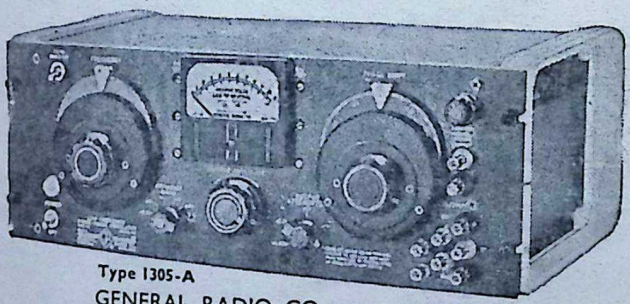

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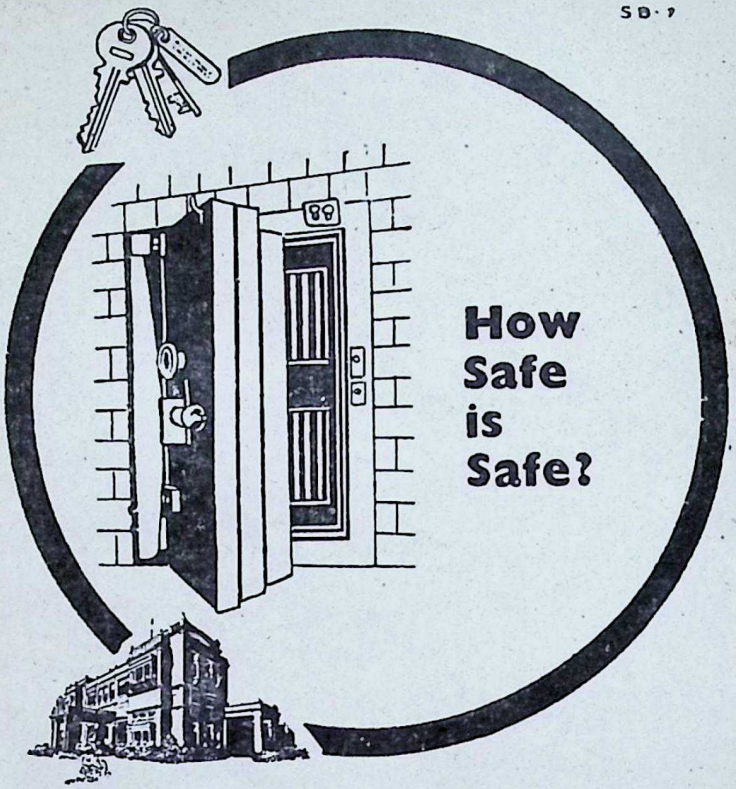

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MOTHER BHUVANESHWARI (Pudukkottai)

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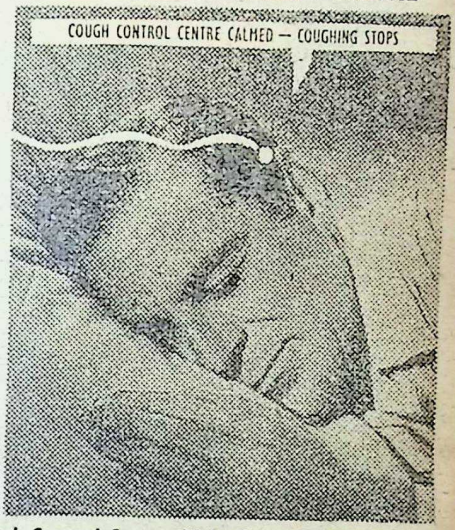

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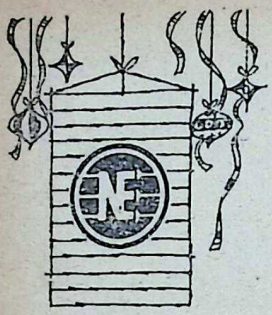

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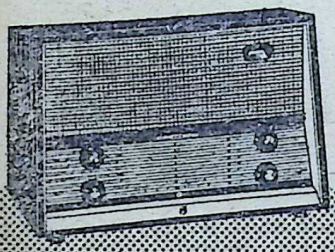

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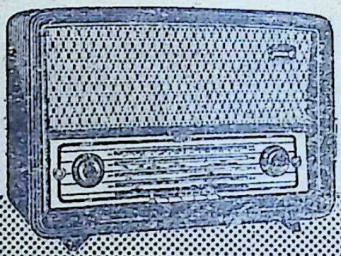

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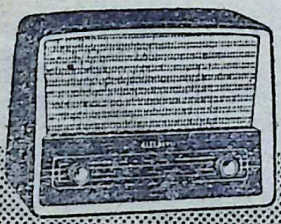

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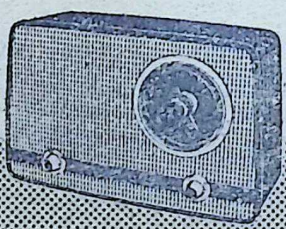

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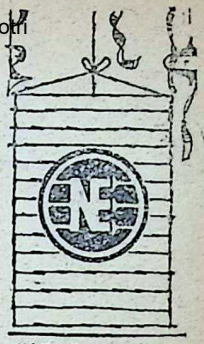

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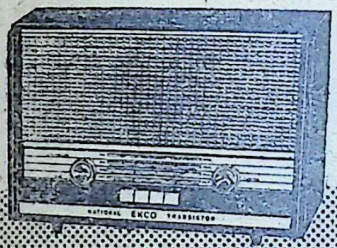
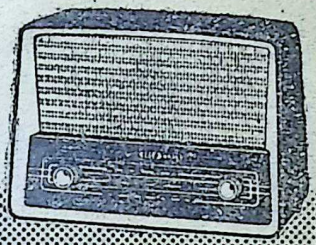


Model B-764. 4 valves, 3 bands, plastic cabinet. Dry battery set **Rs 270.00**



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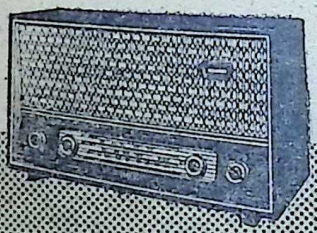

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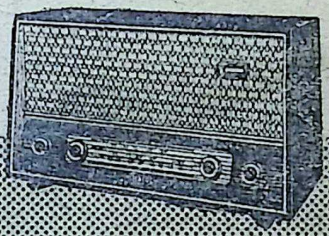

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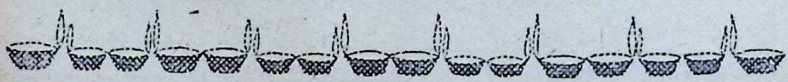

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

CONTENTS

	Page
* God, the Wish-yielding Tree (Prayer)	7
* Kulapati's Letter No. 294: Parliamentary Democracy in India —Structure of Parliament—Democracy in Operation	8
* Viswa-rupa	16
* Kanakadhara Stotra —Adi Sankaracharya	19
* On Fasts: Right and Wrong —Mahatma Gandhi	23
* The Supreme State of Peace H.H. Sadguru Sree Rama Devi	25
* National Integration—Sri Jawaharlal Nehru	29
* Social Function of the Press —Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar ..	33
* Our S.E. Asian Neighbours —Smt. Lakshmi N. Menon ..	37
* Evolution of Our Political Unity —Sardar K. M. Panikkar	42
* The Cultural Scene in India —Sri K. Santhanam	45
* An Ethical Basis for Integration —Dr. Radhakamal Mukherjee ..	48
* Driving Forces of History —Prof. R. S. Gill	50
* Krishnavatara (Part III): "What is Dharma?"—Sri K. M. Munshi ..	56
* Mother Bhuvaneswari—Sri V. A. K. Ayer	62
* Non-violence against War and Invasion—Prof. Mulford Q. Sibley ..	65
* Morality and Mentality of Rulers —Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin and Walter A. Lunden	73
* My Krishna: A Fantasy —Sri Girish Munshi	84
* Swami Vivekananda and Western Savants—Sri V. Rajaraman	97
* Swami Nityananda as I Knew Him —Km. Pratibha D. Trivedi ..	101
* Transformation—Sri Rishabhchand ..	105
* Question Box	109
* Kshetragnya: Saint-composer of the South—Dr. B. Gopala Reddi ..	112
* Bhaja Caves—Sri O. J. Thottan ..	116
* My Mother's Hands (A Poem) —Smt. Kapila Thakore	120
* Women in Ancient India—Km. Geeta Devi	121
* The Rain of Gold—Nishkinchan ..	125
* Tete-a-tete—Sri R. K. Dalal ..	129
* Desire Increases by Fulfilment (Story)	136
* Ananda Math (Serial)—Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	142

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

GOD

THE WISH-YIELDING TREE

यत्पादपद्म मकरन्दनिषेवणेन
ब्रह्मादयः शरणदाश्नुवते विभूतीः ।
कस्माद्वयं कुसृतयः खलयोनयस्ते
दाक्षिण्यदृष्टिपदवीं भवतः प्रणीताः ॥

IT is by virtue of addiction to the honey of Your lotus feet that Brahma and other gods enjoy opulence and powers of various kinds, O giver of refuge! When that is the case, how have we, born of a wicked race, and following wicked ways, been made the recipients of Your benign Grace?

चित्रं तवेहितमहोऽमितयोगमाया-
लीलाविसृष्टभुवनस्य विशारदस्य ।
सर्वात्मनः समदृशो विषमः स्वभावो
भक्तप्रियो यदसि कल्पतरुस्वभावः ॥

O, wonderful indeed are Your ways! You, by Your inexhaustible creative energy, have released the different worlds by Your sportful activity in a masterly way. You are therefore omniscient in all and look upon everything with an equal eye. But inasmuch as You love Your devotees and become a wish-yielding tree unto them, You run counter to Your nature!

—Prahlad's Prayer to Hari
in *Srimad Bhagavata.*

Vol. X, No. 6

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No. 294

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

□ PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY IN INDIA
□ STRUCTURE OF PARLIAMENT
□ DEMOCRACY IN OPERATION

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

OCTOBER 13, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WILL continue what I had left unfinished in my last Letter.

IV—Structure of Parliament: (i) The Council of States (Rajya Sabha)

The Constituent Assembly abolished separate electorates for minorities, which had been set up by the Government of India Act, 1935, thus giving to the country one homogeneous electorate divided into constituencies, most of them being single-member.

The Indian Parliament consists of the President, the Council of States and the House of the People.[18] The latter two are now generally referred to as the Rajya Sabha and the Lok Sabha, respectively.

The Council of States or Rajya Sabha has members not exceeding 250: twelve of them are nominated by the President while the rest are elected by the elected members of the Legislative Assemblies of the State by single transferable vote, thus reflecting the voice of different political groups in the State Assemblies.[19] It is not subject to dissolution. It functions even while the House of the People is dissolved. In fact, if the House of the People stands dissolved at the time when an Emergency is declared, a resolution of the Council of States is necessary to give it validity beyond two months.

18. *The Constitution of India, 1950,* See Art. 79.

19. *Ibid,* See Art. 80.

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The Council of States is a permanent body, though one-third of its members retire every two years, so that the term of office of each member is six years.

Allocation of seats as between the existing States is fixed in the Constitution,[20] which is generally in proportion to the population of each State, departing from the American Constitution which gives to each State equal representation on the Senate, irrespective of its size or population.

The Vice-President of the Union is the *ex officio* Chairman of the Council.[21] He is assisted by a Deputy Chairman elected by the members and removable by mere majority vote. The Vice-President functions for five years, but is removable from office by a resolution of the Rajya Sabha, agreed to by the Lok Sabha.[22]

A defeat of the Government in the Council is of no consequence. The Ministry has to resign only if it faces defeat in the House of the People.

The Council of States has limited power over finance. It cannot veto legislation, but in view of the composition of the Council, controversial questions are discussed by it in a well-informed and objective manner.

A special responsibility is cast on the Council to protect State rights. For instance, a special majority of two-thirds of the Council is necessary to enable the House of the People to legislate in matters falling within the legislative sphere of the State.[23]

20. *Ibid*, See The Fourth Schedule.
21. *Ibid*, See Art. 89.
22. *Ibid*, See Art. 67.
23. *Ibid*, See Art. 249.

The House of the People (Lok Sabha)

The House of the People or Lok Sabha is representative of the People of India as a whole. Every Indian citizen over twenty-one years of age is entitled to exercise his or her franchise for returning members, unless he or she is disqualified by specified reasons, such as, for instance, unsoundness of mind and corrupt practices.

The strength of the House cannot exceed 500 members.[24] In order to ensure uniform representation throughout the Union, the constituencies are so arranged that there is not less than one member for every 800,000 of the population.

The House elects its Speaker and Deputy Speaker from among its members.[25] Either of them can be removed from office on a resolution of the House, for which fourteen days' notice is necessary.[26] In the event of a tie in voting, the Speaker has a casting vote.

V—Parliament at Work

Both Houses of the Indian Parliament generally follow the procedure in the British House of Commons. When a new Parliament meets after the General Elections and the oath of office is taken by the members, the House of the People elects the Speaker. Then follows the Address by the President to a joint sitting of the Houses. A motion is moved, in both Houses, thanking the President and expressing concurrence with the policy and programme announced in the Address. The Opposition can

24. *Ibid*, See Art. 81.
25. *Ibid*, See Art. 93.
26. *Ibid*, See Art. 94.

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move an amendment to the motion and can try its strength with the Treasury Bench. The debate on the Address normally lasts for a number of sittings. After the Address is voted, the House of the People passes on to routine work and can take up any non-official Bill. This is a departure from the practice followed by the British Parliament, according to which a dummy Bill, symbolic of the independence of Parliament, is passed before taking up official work.

The requisite quorum for a sitting is one-tenth of the total membership of the House,[27] the presiding authority being enjoined to adjourn the House if there is no quorum. This differs from the practice in the British Parliament, according to which a challenge is necessary before any notice of lack of quorum is taken by the Speaker, thus giving some time to collect the requisite number of members before the count is made. This practice has an obvious advantage, for formal business can be transacted without the need of a quorum. However, the quorum fixed in India is so small that no difficulty has arisen in practice.

VI—Functions of Parliament: (i) Legislative

The Indian Parliament, like its British counterpart, has three principal functions: the passing of laws, voting supplies and levying taxes, and exercising control over the administration through Questions, Resolutions, debates and votes of no-confidence. The procedure follows the same pattern in considering official and non-official Bills, in moving adjournments, etc.

A Bill has to pass through three readings in either House before it can be sent to the other House for consideration, with the certificate of the Speaker or the Chairman as the case may be. If the two Houses disagree, the Bill is considered by a joint committee or a joint sitting of the two Houses.[28] In one instance, such a joint sitting was held on May 6 and 9, 1961, to resolve the deadlock created on the Dowry Prohibition Bill.

There will be no such deadlock in the British Parliament, as the House of Lords has only the power to delay the passage of the Bill approved of by the House of Commons. In the majority of Commonwealth constitutions, the Second Chamber has only the power to hold up legislation for a limited period.

Finally the Bill is sent to the President for his assent, and on such assent being given, it becomes law. Where the President refuses his assent and suggests reconsideration, the House will have further to consider the Bill, and on its acceptance by the Houses, the assent cannot be withheld.

(ii) Financia

The procedure involved in what are called "Money Bills" is somewhat different from the procedure followed by the British Parliament. Article 110 of the Constitution prescribes the following matters as falling within the purview of Money Bills:

(a) the imposition, abolition, revision, alteration, etc. of any tax;

(b) borrowing or creating or altering any other financial obliga-

27. *Ibid.*

28. *Ibid.*, Section 108.

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tion of the Government of India;

(c) custody of the Consolidated or Contingency Fund of India and their operation;

(d) declaring any expenditure to be a charge on the Consolidated Fund of India, or making appropriations to it;

(e) receipt etc. of money or public account of India and the audit of accounts; and

(f) any incidental matter.

In England, Money Bills also include Bills for a decree or a repeal of charges on the Consolidated Fund. In India a wider discretion is given to the Executive regarding financial Bills. Unlike similar Bills in England, it includes Bills regarding the borrowing of money or guaranteeing loans by the Union, as also Bills amending the laws governing the Union's power to undertake financial obligations.

A Money Bill cannot be introduced in the Council of States. Once it is passed by the House of the People, it is sent to the Council of States, with the Speaker's certificate that it is a Money Bill; the Speaker's decision is final. In cases of doubt, the Speaker is at liberty to consult the Attorney-General as to the nomenclature of the Bill. The Council of States cannot reject a Money Bill. It may return the Bill within 14 days of its receipt, with amendments which the House may accept or reject. If the Council delays the Bill for more than 14 days, it is straightaway presented to the President for his assent as passed by the House.

The annual Budget laid before Parliament at the President's instance, is in two parts: the first part represents the expenditure which is charged upon the Consolidated Fund either by the Constitution or by an Act of Parliament. Members of either House can criticize the conduct of the Executive in this regard but no item is subject to any vote. The charged items include emoluments, pensions of high officials, debt charges and sums needed to meet judgments and awards against the Union. However, if the Bills impose new charges on the Consolidated Fund, they can only be introduced on the recommendation of the President.

The second part of the Budget includes demands for grants to meet anticipated expenditure. This part can be debated and assented to, reduced or refused by the House of the People only. They cannot be increased. General discussion is initiated by motions for token cuts in grants.[29]

In regard to financial procedure, there are marked differences between the practice in India and England. In India the Budget is introduced and passed in parts:—the first part deals with the Railway budget, the second with the rest. In the British Parliament, the Budget is presented in full only in the House of Commons. In India it is discussed in both Houses. In Britain, the voting of the demands and of taxes is by the Committee of the whole House of Commons, viz. the Committee of Supply and of Ways and Means. In India there is no procedure by way of committee; the Budget Speech is made by the Finance Minister

29. Vide *Ibid.* Arts. 112-117.

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at the time of the presentation of the demands; in England it is made by the Chancellor of Exchequer at a later stage when the revenue part of the budget is introduced in the Committee of Ways and Means. Finally, in Britain the Public Accounts Committee is a Committee of the House of Commons only, its Chairman being a member of the Opposition, while in India the members of the Committee are drawn from both the Houses and the Chairman is drawn from the party in power.

For the proper and efficient working of Parliament, it is essential that Parliament and its members should enjoy special powers and privileges. The Constitution has, therefore, guaranteed freedom of speech to Members in Parliament[30] and ensures them immunity from prosecution and civil action for anything said on the floor of either House of Parliament or in any committee thereof.[31] Publication of reports of proceedings by, or under the authority of, Parliament is privileged.[32] In all other respects, the powers and privileges of Parliament are the same as those of the House of Commons until Parliament enacts a law in this behalf.[33]

No such law is, however, passed by Parliament. In *M.S.M. Sharma v. Sinha*[34] the Supreme Court held that Parliament and the State legislatures had the right to prevent the publication of even a true report of its proceedings and they had the authority to commit persons who published the impunged portions of the proceedings without the authority of the House concerned.

VII—Parliamentary Democracy in Actual Operation

Thus, the Constitution of India has evolved a composite machinery in which parliamentary democracy has to function within the framework provided by the Fundamental Rights guaranteed to the citizens and the presidential authority responsible for upholding the Constitution and securing the defence of the country. The distribution of powers between the Centre and the States results in a sort of "convertible federalism", that is, a quasi-federalism which in times of national emergency can enable the President to assume the powers of the States, subject, of course, to Parliamentary control.

Parliamentary democracy has been in operation in India for over twelve years. Three General Elections in 1952, in 1957 and in 1962, involving the exercise of franchise by the largest electorate[35] in the world, were held in an atmosphere which betokened a growing sense of responsibility on the part of the electorate. It has given stability to the country and

30. *Ibid,* See Art. 105(1).
31. *Ibid,* See Art. 105(2).
32. *Ibid,*
33. See Art. 105, the rules of the Central Legislature in India.
34. A. I. R. 1959, S. C. p. 395. Under the Govt. of India Act, 1935, also govern the procedure in the House till Parliament enacts a law in this behalf.
35. The total electorate in 1952 elections was 173 millions, in 1957 elections, 193 millions and in 1962 elections, 213 millions. The percentage of votes polled in 1952 elections was 45.7, in 1957 elections, 46.6 and in 1962 elections 51.71.

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stood the shock of the post-Partition difficulties as well as the recent Chinese aggression. It has been functioning satisfactorily by and large within the framework of the forms and processes akin to the Westminster model, particularly when we see that in most countries which became independent after the Second World War, there has been a pronounced swing away from them.

When compared to the position in U.K. or U.S.A. or in some of the Commonwealth countries, one finds the remarkable difference that Parliamentary democracy has functioned in India under one-party rule, that of the Congress Party. That the country has not been able to throw up the two-party system so essential to make a success of parliamentary democracy can, therefore, be a legitimate matter of criticism.

In India, one-party control of the Parliament has been a matter of historical accident. When the transfer of power came, the Indian National Congress, built up since 1885 by generations of eminent and dedicated leaders, was led by Gandhi, the greatest of them all, and enjoyed the advantage of a fairly disciplined organisational set-up associated with tremendous popular appeal as the instrument for securing the freedom of the nation. Once Partition was decided upon, so far as India was concerned, the power was transferred by Britain, in fact, to the leaders of the Congress who commanded an overwhelming majority in the Constituent Assembly which, under the Indian Independence Act, also functioned as the first Parliament of Free India. As a result, in spite of the serious post-Partition situation, the Indian Parliament was able to take over the apparatus of the State without a perceptible break, ensuring both institutional continuity and the smooth running of the political democracy. Whereas many countries in Asia and Africa which attained freedom after World War II, either succumbed to political anarchy or had to submit to authoritarian military dictatorship, India emerged as a stable democratic State.

The control of a well-organised party enabled the Congress from the outset to face the situation without the difficulties which confronted many other new-born democratic legislatures in Asia and Africa. There was no friction between the Union and the States. It was possible to introduce far-reaching social legislations and economic measures without rousing political antagonism or fostering disruptive tendencies.

Even after well-nigh fifteen years, the Congress, in spite of its having lost its earlier appeal, continues to control the Parliamentary machinery of the country. Today, in the House of the People, the Congress has 356 members, the Communist Party of India 29 members, the Swatantra Party 22 members, the Jan Sangh 14 members, the rest being either independents or representatives of splinter groups. A more or less similar picture has emerged in most of the States. In effect, therefore, the Parliament and the State Legislatures are but the instruments of the Congress Party ruling through democratic forms.

It must, however, be stated that

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democratic forms have been scrupulously observed. The three General Elections of 1952, 1957 and 1962, were conducted with fairness and in an orderly manner. The Rule of Law and the Independence of the Judiciary have been scrupulously maintained. Parliamentary procedure has been respected. The Press has a large measure of freedom as in U.K. or U.S.A.

The fact, however, remains that on account of the vast power and patronage which the Congress Party enjoys, no other party or political group has been able to gather either the resources or the organizational strength necessary to build up anything of comparative importance. In spite of its having lost its old appeal, the Congress Party's hold, over the country depends in no small measure upon the personality of Prime Minister Nehru, who enjoys the prestige and popularity of having been, after Gandhi, the symbol of India's successful struggle for freedom.

The one-party rule, however, has resulted in considerably twisting parliamentary democracy out of shape in terms of the Westminster model. In the course of twelve years, the Constitution has been deprived of its sanctity by being amended fourteen times to suit the policy of the party in power, and in several cases, the amendments have curtailed the freedom of the people. The Parliament has steam-rolled sweeping legislations, often in the teeth of popular opposition, inadequately represented in both the Houses—a thing which would not have been possible had the Opposition parties commanded greater strength and cohesion.

The unique position of the Prime Minister in public life and his complete control of the party in power, have also tended to dwarf the authority and status of the President expressly vested in him by the Constitution. This has also enabled Parliament, at the behest of the leaders of the ruling party, to make ideological experiments, hastily adopted and inadequately implemented, with the life of the people, often inspired by a desire to secure quick, though speculative, economic changes. Supported by it, the Government has placed increasing sectors of life under bureaucratic control, making parliamentary control remote and slender, if not illusory.

At the same time, it must be remembered that India is an underdeveloped country. Though its democratic traditions are deep-rooted in the minds of the politically-conscious people, there is no doubt that by one-party rule, dangerous stresses arising from democratic immaturity have been avoided and the pressure of a vigorous Communist Party to disrupt stability has been blunted.

Herein lies the main difference between the Westminster model and the Indian Parliament. The British Parliament is a forum of deliberation between well-organised parties, resulting in generally acceptable decisions. The Indian Parliament is a forum for registering one-party decisions taken outside the Parliament, providing an opportunity only for a general public discussion of the measures.

In the British Parliament, views presented by different parties have a fair chance of being adjusted under the pressure of parliamentary discussion.

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In the Indian Parliament, no such adjustments are possible, and since none of the Opposition parties has any possible chance of replacing the party in power, they are forced to take up extreme positions to make an anti-government impact upon the people outside. The role of the Opposition in consequence has been passing into extra-parliamentary spheres through pressures exerted by the Press and, on occasions, by extra-constitutional action such as walk-outs in the Legislatures, or strikes, mass-demonstrations and hunger-strikes, which have been an unfortunate legacy to India.

Herein lies the danger to parliamentary democracy in India. Once intra-parliamentary opposition ceases to be effective as the best medium of securing results, the party-in-power tends to be authoritarian and extra-constitutional pressures become the mode of influencing the Government. Parliamentary democracy in consequence is robbed of much of its efficacy.

At the same time, it must be said that parliamentary democracy, on the whole, has been working fairly well in India, and if it continues to function as at present with due regard to appropriate forms and processes, perhaps when the one-party rule breaks up, it can look forward to better days in future, if the parties pledged to democracy retain their hold over the people. Maybe the present form of parliamentary democracy which India has evolved is a necessary stage which can better serve the ends of an infant democracy in an under-developed country till the world settles down into some sort of stability.

Yours sincerely,

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Viswa-rupa

There are few noble characters in the annals of literature that can stand comparison with Mahabali as conceived by Rishi Veda Vyasa.

Bali's total surrender to Lord Hari, knowing Him to be his would-be annihilator and in defiance of his Guru's pleas, bespeaks eloquently of his highest sense of God.

No wonder we recall with great eclat Bali's unparalleled sacrifice year after year on the occasion of the Diwali.

The following piece is from the *Bhagavata* describing the Cosmic vision vouchsafed by Lord Hari to Mahabali.

तद् वामनं रूपमवर्धताद्भुतं हरेरनन्तस्य गुणत्रयात्मकम् ।
भूः खं दिशो द्यौर्विवराः पयोधयस्तिर्यङ्नृदेवा ऋषयो यदासत ॥

That diminutive form of Sri Hari, the infinite Lord, which comprised in Itself the three Gunas grew to such a wonderful extent that the earth, the sky, the quarters, heaven, the subterranean regions and the oceans as well as human beings, gods, Rishis, and the subhuman creation all found their place in it.

काये बलिस्तस्य महाविभूते : सहर्त्विगाचार्यसदस्य एतत् ।
ददर्श विश्वं त्रिगुणं गुणात्मके भूतेन्द्रियार्थाशयजीवयुक्तम् ॥

In the Body of that Lord which is the Ground of the three Gunas, Bali along with the priests, the preceptor and the superintending priests beheld this universe, made up of the three Gunas, including the five gross elements, the ten Indriyas (the five senses of perception as well as the five organs of action), the (five) objects of the senses (viz. sound, touch, colour, taste and smell), the mind, and the Jiva (the embodied soul).

रसामचष्टाङ्घ्रितलेऽथ पादयोर्महीं महीध्रान् पुरुषस्य जङ्घयोः ।
पतत्रिणो जानुनि विश्वमूर्तेरूर्वोर्गणं मारुतमिन्द्रसेन : ॥

Bali (who had an army as strong and equipped as that of Indra, whose throne he was now occupying) saw the (seven) subterranean regions at the sole of the feet of the Supreme Person, appearing in His cosmic form, the earth in His feet, mountains in His shanks, (the realm of) the feathered kingdom (viz. the atmosphere) in His knees and the host of gods presiding over the air in His thighs.

संध्यां विभोर्वाससि गुह्य ऐक्षत् प्रजापतीञ्जघने आत्ममुख्यान् ।
नाभ्यां नभः कुक्षिषु सप्तसिन्धूनुरुक्रमस्योरसि चर्क्षमालाम् ॥

He (further) beheld Sandhya (the deity presiding over the morning

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and evening twilights) in the loin-cloth of the universal Lord, the Asuras headed by himself in His anus, the sage Marichi and others (the lords of created beings) in His genitals, the firmament in His navel, the seven oceans in His sides and the host of stars in the chest of the Lord of wide strides.

हृद्यङ्ग धर्मं स्तनयोर्मुरारेर्ऋतं च सत्यं च मनस्तथेन्दुम् ।
श्रियं च वक्षस्यरविन्दहस्तां कण्ठे च सामानि समस्तरेफान् ॥

Again, he saw Dharma (the god of piety), O dear Parikshit, in the heart of Lord Vishnu (the Slayer of the Demon Mura) (the gods presiding over) Rita (truthful and polite language) and Satya (seeing all with the same eye) in His breasts, and the moon-god in His mind, Sri (the goddess presiding over riches and beauty) with a lotus in Her hand in His bosom and the Samas (sacred texts forming part of Samaveda) as well as all sounds in His throat.

इन्द्रप्रधानानमरान् भुजेषु तत्कर्णयोः ककुभो द्यौश्च मूर्ध्नि ।
केशेषु मेघाञ्छ्वसनं नासिकायामक्ष्णोश्च सूर्यं वदने च वह्निम् ॥

He also beheld the immortals with Indra as their head in His arms and the four quarters in His ears, heaven in His crown, clouds in His locks, the air in His nostrils, the sun in His eyes and fire in His mouth.

वाण्यां च छन्दांसि रसे जलेशं भ्रुवोर्निषेधं च विधिं च पक्ष्मसु ।
अहश्च रात्रिं च परस्य पुंसो मन्युं ललाटेऽधर एव लोभम् ॥

He further witnessed the Vedas in the speech of the Supreme Person, Varuna (the god of water) in His palate, the interdictory as well as the injunctive part of the sacred texts in His eyebrows, the day and the night in (the two rows of) His eyelashes, and Anger in His forehead and Greed precisely in His lips.

स्पर्शे च कामं नृप रेतसोऽम्भः पृष्ठे त्वधर्मं क्रमणेषु यज्ञम् ।
छायासु मृत्युं हसिते च मायां तनूरुहेष्वोषधिजातयश्च ॥

And He saw Love in His tactile sense, O protector of men, water in His generative fluid and Unrighteousness in His back, sacrificial activity in His strides, Death in His shadow and Maya (creative energy) in His laughter and the (innumerable) species of herbs and annual plants in the hair on His body.

नदीश्च नाडीषु शिला नखेषु बुद्धावजं देवगणानृषींश्च ।
प्राणेषु गात्रे स्थिरजङ्गमानि सर्वाणि भूतानि ददर्श वीरः ॥

The hero (Bali) beheld rivers in His arteries, rocks in His nails, Brahma (the birthless) in His intellect, hosts of gods (presiding over the Indriyas) as well as Rishis in His Indriyas and all created beings—(both) immobile and mobile—in His person.

□□□

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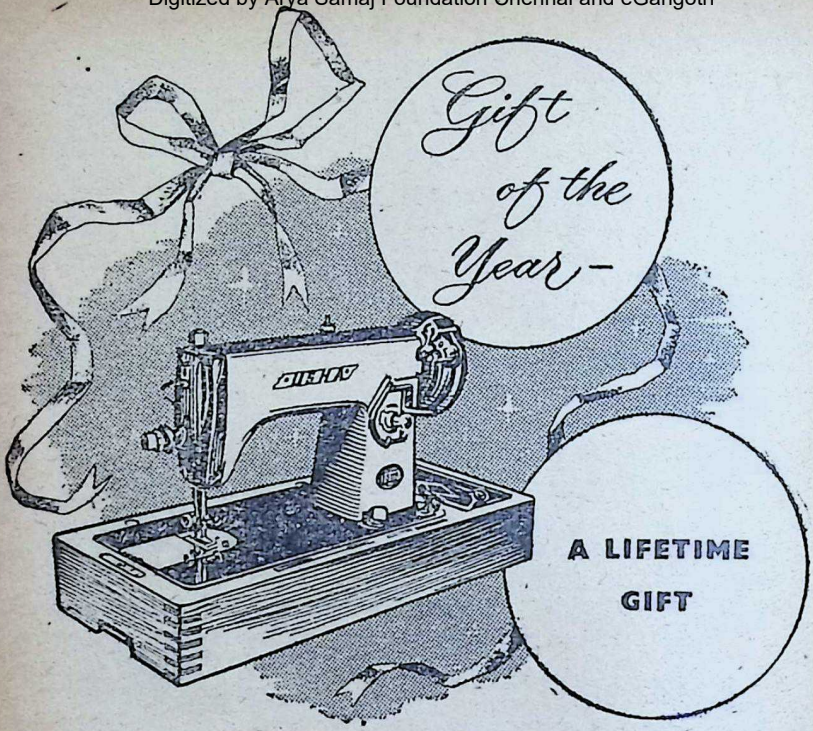

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KANAKADHARA STOTRA

Adi Sankara

अङ्गं हरेः पुळकभूषणमाश्रयन्ती
भृङ्गाङ्गनेव मुकुळाभरणं तमालम् ।
अङ्गीकृताखिलविभूतिरपाङ्गलीला
माङ्गल्यदास्तु मम मङ्गळदेवतायाः ॥

May the playful glance of the auspicious Goddess Lakshmi that is the abode of all affluence bestow prosperity on me—Lakshmi who supports herself on the hair-embellished body of Lord Hari just as the she-bee resorts to the Tamala tree adorned with blooming buds.

प्राप्तं पदं प्रथमतः खलु यत्प्रभावात्
माङ्गल्यभाजि मधुमाथिनि मन्मथेन ।
मय्यापतेत्तदिह मन्थरमीक्षणार्धं
मन्दालसं च मकरालयकन्यकायाः ॥

By whose abiding grace Manmatha attained for the first time to the exalted place of Lord Hari (the Destroyer of Madhu) who is the seat of all auspiciousness, may the tardy and languidly idle glance of that Daughter of the Ocean fall here on me.

विश्वामरेन्द्रपदविभ्रमदानदक्षं
आनन्दहेतुरधिकं मुरविद्विषोऽपि ।
ईषन्निषीदतु मयि क्षणमीक्षणार्ध-
मिन्दीवरोदरसहोदरमिन्दिरायाः ॥

May a half glance from Mahalakshmi's eyes that resemble a fully grown blue lotus-flower, bestowing the greatness of lordship over world and heaven; that is a source of immense delight even to the Destroyer of Mura (Lord Vishnu) rest on me for a trice.

दद्याद्दयानुपवनो द्रविणाम्बुधारा-
मस्मिन्नकिञ्चनविहङ्गशिशौ विषण्णे ।
दुष्कर्मघर्ममपनीय चिराय दूरं
नारायणप्रणयिनीनयनाम्बुवाहः ॥

May the water-bearing cloud in the form of the eyes of the Beloved of Narayana (Goddess Lakshmi), attended by the winds of compassion, rain a shower of riches on me, the distressed, indigent Chataka birdie and allay for ever the entire scorching heat of sinful deeds.

गीर्देवतेति गरुडध्वजसुन्दरीति
शाकम्भरीति शशिशेखरवल्लभेति ।

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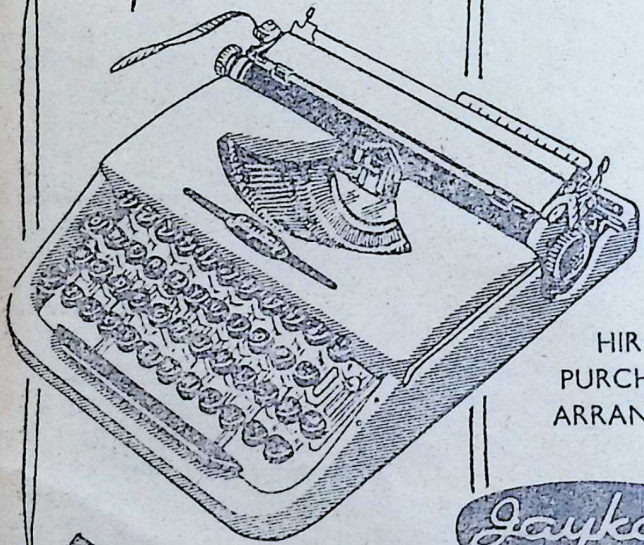

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सृष्टिस्थितिप्रलयकेलिषु संस्थितायै
तस्यै नमस्त्रिभुवनैकगुरोस्तरुण्यै ॥

Prostrations unto the consort of the Supreme Lord of the three worlds, renowned as the goddess of speech, as the lady of Garudadhvaja (Lord Vishnu), as Sakambhari, and as the consort of Sasisekhara (Lord Siva), engaged as She is in the sport of creation, preservation and destruction.

श्रुत्यै नमोस्तु शुभकर्मफलप्रसूत्यै
रत्यै नमोस्तु रमणीयगुणार्णवायै ।
शक्त्यै नमोस्तु शतपत्रनिकेतनायै
पुष्ट्यै नमोस्तु पुरुषोत्तमवल्लभायै ॥

Prostrations unto you, the embodiment of Vedas, endowing fruits of auspicious deeds. Prostrations unto you who are Goddess Rati and an ocean of fascinating virtues. Prostrations unto you, the Sakti (Power) seated in the lotus-flower. Prostrations unto you who are Pushti (Prosperity) and the consort of Purushottama (Lord Vishnu).

नमोस्तु नालीकनिभाननायै
नमोस्तु दुग्धोदधिजन्मभूम्यै ।
नमोस्तु सोमामृतसोदरायै
नमोस्तु नारायणवल्लभायै ॥

Salutations to the Goddess whose face resembles the lotus. Salutations to her born of the Milky Ocean. Salutations to the Goddess cognate to Moon and Nectar. Salutations to the consort of Narayana.

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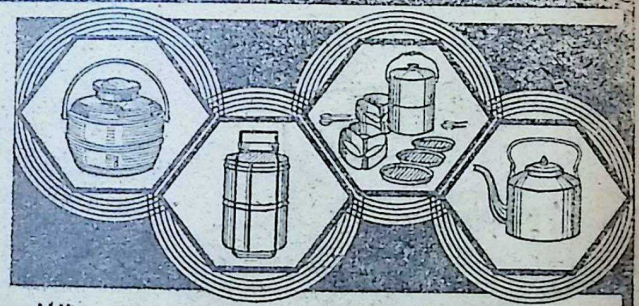

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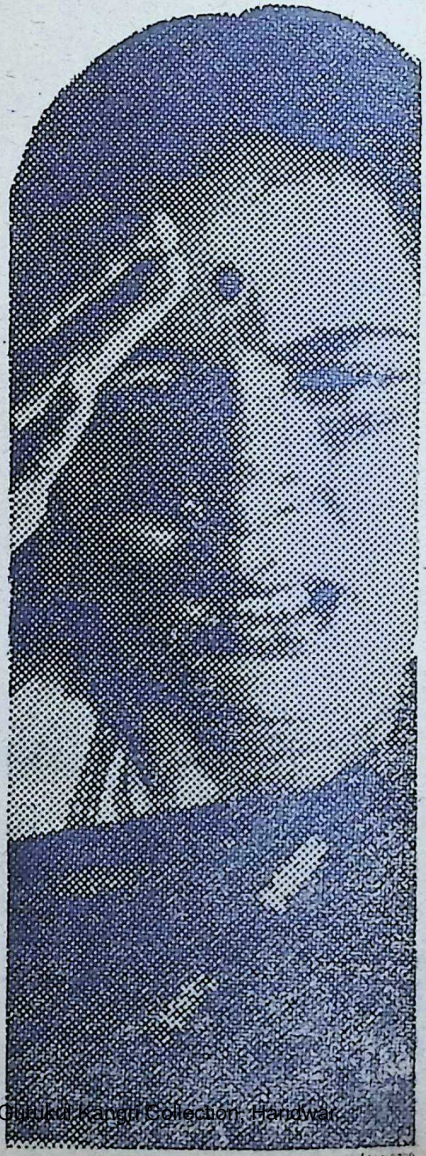

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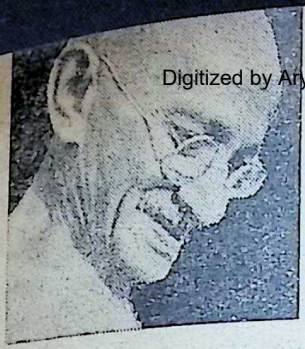

MAHATMA GANDHI

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ON FASTS

RIGHT AND WRONG

A GENUINE fast cleanses body, mind and soul. It crucifies the flesh and to that extent sets the soul free.

A sincere prayer can work wonders. It is an intense longing of the soul for its even greater purity. Purity thus gained when it is utilized for a noble purpose becomes a prayer.

The mundane use of the Gayatri, its repetition for healing the sick, illustrates the meaning we have given to prayer. When the same Gayatri *japa* is performed with a humble and concentrated mind in an intelligent manner in times of national difficulties and calamities, it becomes a most potent instrument for warding off danger.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the recitation of the Gayatri, the Namaz or the Christian prayer are superstitions fit to be practised by the ignorant and the credulous.

Fasting and prayer therefore are a most powerful process of purification and that which purifies necessarily enables us the better to do our duty and to attain our goal.

If therefore fasting and prayer seem at times not to answer, it is not because there is nothing in them but because the right spirit is not behind them.

A man who fasts and gambles away the whole of the day as do so many on *Janmashtami* day, naturally, not only obtains no result from the fast in the shape of greater purity but such a dissolute fast leaves him on the contrary degraded.

A fast to be true must be accompanied by a readiness to receive pure thoughts and determination to resist all Satan's temptations.

Similarly a prayer to be true has to be intelligible and definite. One has to identify oneself with it.

Counting beads with the name of

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Action on one's lips whilst the mind wanders in all directions is worse than useless.

Of course, it is not to be denied that fasts can be really coercive. Such are fasts to attain a selfish object.

A fast undertaken to wring money from a person or for fulfilling some such personal end would amount to the exercise of coercion or undue influence. I would unhesitatingly advocate resistance of such undue influence. I have myself been successfully resisting it in the fasts that have been undertaken or threatened against me. And if it is argued that the dividing line between a selfish and an unselfish end is often very thin, I would urge that a person who regards the end of a fast to be selfish or otherwise base should resolutely refuse to yield to it, even though the refusal may result in the death of the fasting person.

If people will cultivate the habit of disregarding fasts which in their opinion are taken for unworthy ends, such fasts will be robbed of the taint of coercion and undue influence.

Like all human institutions, fasting can be both legitimately and illegitimately used. But as a great weapon in the armoury of *Satyagraha,* it cannot be given up because of its possible abuse.

Satyagraha has been designed as an effective substitute for violence. This use is in its infancy and, therefore, not yet perfected.

But as the author of modern *Satyagraha* I cannot give up any of its manifold uses without forfeiting my claim to handle it in the spirit of a humble seeker.

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The Supreme State of Peace

H. H. Sadguru Sree Rama Devi

THE approach to the Ultimate Reality is possible of a twofold classification.

One is, to ignore the forms and concentrate the mind on the formless reality. The other is to accept the form as a symbol of the Absolute.

When the sense-mind is attracted by the enchantment of the form, the substratum of the form is lost sight of. When the gaze is directed towards the fundamental reality, all forms will be realised as expressions of the formless Truth. The seeker after Truth should always fix his gaze upon the abiding reality.

Attractiveness is inherent in the Reality alone. But, the form continues to hold its sway on the mind so long as the mind mistakes appearance for the reality. To a consciousness illumined by divine knowledge, the real nature of a thing shines forth without being distorted by the mind.

So long as the objects are perceived as things other than Consciousness, there is need for discrimination between the Eternal and the ephemeral. When the process of discrimination ends in profound silence of the Soul, the mind gains a vision of its own inherent perfection.

Consciousness externalized is the mind. When the mind sheds its objectivity, it is resolved into Consciousness. False belief in the reality of the sense-world causes mind's externalization. When conviction takes deep root in the mind that it is, in its essential nature, identical with its substratum, the Consciousness, the mind can be said to be on the way to its own annihilation. The annihilation of the mind means its transformation or transfiguration as the egoless Consciousness.

The object of mind's quest is Bliss, 'Ananda.' When the mind develops faith that the Self is the very source from which it has emerged and that the nature of the Self is bliss itself, it desists from its pursuit of pleasure in the world of senses and abides in its *swaroopa*, the Self.

Mind's reliance on objects of its imagination is bondage; its reliance on itself is liberation. When the mind attains to its real nature, when it, as personalized consciousness, loses

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itself in the dimensionless consciousness, it sheds self-imposed limitations, transcends the concepts of both bondage and freedom and becomes the Absolute Itself.

In the absoluteness of Consciousness, which is the sole reality, the very categorization of the real and the unreal becomes meaningless. For a Knower of Truth, who has gained the vision of the Absolute, who is established in the reality of his being, the form and the substratum of the form both belong to the same incomprehensible Reality. Aspirants who are in the plane of relative consciousness, should discern truth from untruth, so long as they perceive the world as an objective reality.

He alone is a true Knower, who knowing that the entire universe of names and forms is his own mental image, can dissolve the whole universe into the ocean of his own being at his own will.

Knowledge, that is, Jnana, is not the finality of achievement. The concept of Knowledge is intuitive certainty of a supra-intellectual reality. Knowledge gained by the use of objective mind is only a vision of the reflected Truth. When knowing ceases by the disappearance of the mind into the abyss of the Infinite, the Consciousness shines in all its purity and perfection.

Beyond the perverted vision, '*avidya*' and right vision, '*vidya*,' abides the Truth in its transcendent perfection. Impossible of apprehension by labours of philosophy, is the Ultimate Reality. A quiet mind, free of passions and emotions, alone is fit to receive enlightenment of the Self.

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Until and unless both ignorance and knowledge are left behind, there is no attainment of Self and abidance in the Absolute.

Forgetfulness of the personal ego is what is to be attained by faith, devotion, wisdom and resignation. You should forget your lower self and then alone the Higher Self can manifest itself. When the meditator forgets himself in the intensity of concentration, the perfection in concentration is achieved. Action becomes perfect, when the actor disappears in the ecstasy of action. The devotion finds its fulfilment, when the devotee merges himself in the ecstasy of devotion. That knowledge alone is perfect, where the Knower becomes identical with knowledge.

●●●

The four cardinal principles that should govern the conduct of a seeker after Perfection are pure aspiration (*subheccha*), right association (*satsang*), self-effort (*swaprayatna*) and devotion to Guru (*Gurubhakti*).

The intense yearning of the deeper soul for the vision of Perfection is the pure aspiration which inclines the seeker's mind to relentless quest of the Unknowable.

That association by which the seeker is established in unshakable faith in the Eternal, with his thirst for God-Vision intensified, his devotion to Reality deepened, and his dispassion to the ephemeral things of the world increased, is the right association.

All endeavours for self-purification are designated as resigned effort, *sadhana*.

A sublime vision that deifies the personality of the Guru, a resigned will that begets the inner connection

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with the Guru, a single-minded love towards the Guru accompanied by a spirit of self-dedication at the altar of Guru's service, constitute *Guru-bhakti.*

Keep these virtues as your constant companions in your pilgrimage to Perfection.

Achieve a complete exhaustion of self within by absolute reliance upon the saving grace of the Divine. Look upon the discipline of meditation, penance, selfless service and privation as means to perfect the mood of your resignation to the Almighty.

Acquire the power of subtle perception and deeper insight through intellectual illumination. Arouse the hidden faculties of the mind through systematic meditation. Awake to the sacred beauties of self-abnegation by realizing your oneness with the multiplicity of souls around you.

Replace the mind-consciousness by Truth-Consciousness. Establish yourself in a timeless existence. Deny not your Divine Master within by dwelling upon the imperfections of the ego-personality. Be strong with the strength of your Soul and then alone you can enter the mansion of your Maker.

When sound and silence become same to you, when form and the formless lose their distinction to you, when the action and actionlessness make no difference to you, you have gained the Highest, which is beyond sound and silence, form and the formless, action and rest.

The mind must merge in the Infinite. That is the final word in spirituality. Until that state is achieved, supreme peace is beyond one's experience. *Om Shantih.*

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NATIONAL INTEGRATION

ANY man or woman who does anything which harms our unity and weakens it, harms India.

It is unfortunate that we forget this maxim and fall into the rut of provincialism, communalism and casteism and fight on the question of languages. Anything which divides us and creates animosity amongst us is evil. It puts obstacles on the splendid road to progress on which we are marching.

We want a tough nation and a brave nation, in which people live united and regard each other as brothers and sisters.

The vital task is to bring about a unity of mind and heart, the spiritual unity which should infuse a nation. The need is for an emotional integration. We may achieve material progress, but it will all be in vain if we cannot live and work together in amity.

Our society is the Indian society which embraces everyone.

There are many religions in India. Every religion which is in India is entitled to our respect. This has been our tradition for thousands of years.

While following our own religions, we have to remember that there is a bigger religion, the religion of India. We have to live together, work together and advance together in that religion.

I will suggest a yardstick.

Whenever you want to do anything, ask yourself whether it brings things together or keeps them apart. This is the yardstick with which you should measure your actions. They are good if they bring the people together. They are bad if they divide the people and keep them apart.

In India, discipline and unity should come first, not merely the discipline of the feet but the discipline of heart and mind, the unity of heart and mind.

It is not in any sense of fear or of coming peril that I see India.

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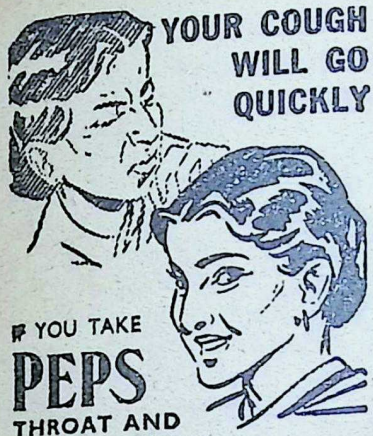

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Shortly after the War, Sri Aurobindo wrote the following lines to a depressed disciple:

"In the world there are much worse symptoms such as the general increase of cynicism, a refusal to believe in anything at all, a decrease of honesty, an immense corruption, a preoccupation with food, money, comfort, pleasure, to the exclusion of higher things, and a general expectation of worse and worse things awaiting the world. All that, however acute, is a temporary phenomenon—I myself foresaw that this worst would come, the darkness of night before the dawn; therefore I am not discouraged. I know what is preparing behind the darkness and can see and feel the first signs of its coming."

I view this question of national integration as a challenge to us, because we in India are passing through a period of the greatest transformation in our long history.

It is not surprising that in the course of this transformation things happen which are not always to our liking.

We cannot go through this tremendous period without having to face perils and, occasionally, even stumbling.

Some of our difficulties are inherited from the past but others are the result of the very progress that we are making. Therefore, I am not disheartened by them. In fact, the way these difficulties are occurring is an indication that we are marching ahead and that we are fighting the evils which come in our way.

What these evils are is fairly well known: they are, broadly speaking, communalism, casteism, regionalism and linguism. Or, we may simply call

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them the various things that narrow us.

It is bad enough to be narrow-minded at any time, but it is worse in the world as it is today to be narrow-minded when there is a tendency for the whole world to shrink. It is obvious that all these things come very much in our way when we are trying to change India economically, socially and otherwise.

Many people who have sent opinions, and some of the Committees on Integration which have met, have indicated that one of the main remedies for these ills is social and economic advance. That is true fundamentally, because these are the symbols of what we suffer from, namely, social and economic backwardness.

The more we remove this backwardness, the more we get over these difficulties.

The question of integration covers in a sense almost everything in life. Above all it covers education, which means the training of the individual from childhood up. That is basic.

Essentially, I have not a shadow of doubt that whether politically or otherwise the Republic of India stands on firm foundations and we need not imagine that even the wrong tendencies which we see are going to undermine us in any way.

In spite of our failings, weaknesses and difficulties, India is a stable country going ahead, which can compare very favourably with any other country.

All the same, the problems before us are undoubtedly of a giant stature which have to be approached logically, reasonably and as a matter of faith.

[Compiled from his Speeches.]

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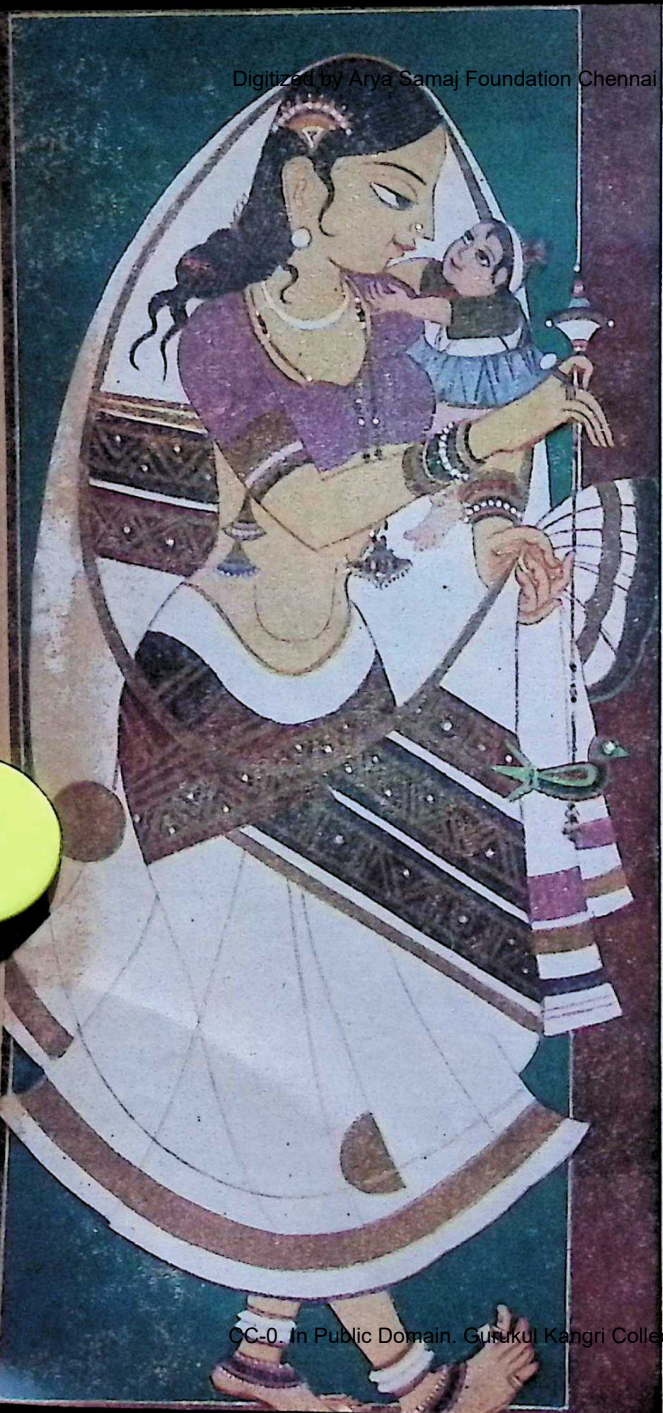

Supplement to 'Bhavan's Journal', Diwali Number, 1963.

"NECTAR OF LOVE"

Artist:

Sri Dinesh Shah

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SOCIAL FUNCTION OF THE PRESS

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

MORE than fifteen years have elapsed since the attainment by India of political independence and it may be a profitable task to survey the progress of public opinion and journalism during these years as an index of public reaction to the political and social transformations that have signalised this epoch of Indian history.

During the period of British rule in India, the attitude of the Government and the so-called ruling classes towards newspapers and political writing and speeches was one of patronising amusement varied by fits of irritation, 'resulting, very often, in half-successful attempts to suppress news and views. One need only, in passing, to the chequered history of Anglo-Indian journalism in Calcutta. It is noteworthy that in the country at large as well as in Government circles anything that appeared in print was in those days invested with great and indeed disproportionate importance—this being the case in all countries and at all times when journalism and the making of books are in their incipient stage.

In British Times

Having been connected with the Government of the Madras State and in Delhi during the British regime, I can assert from personal experience that the average civilian, whether in the district or in the metropolis, although he may have affected to des-

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pise or ignore journalistic criticism or questions in the legislatures, was profoundly disturbed by them and, in reality, paid more attention to the subject-matter of complaints and criticisms than was realised. In fact, I may say that many of my civilian colleagues in the Government paid much greater heed to a paragraph in a widely circulated newspaper criticising Government policy or pointing to alleged Government misdemeanours or miscarriages of justice than even his Indian colleagues. I may go further and assert that, in general, there is less perturbation in administrative and political circles to-day than used to be the case if and when frontal attacks appeared in journals and newspapers. Such an attitude is explicable because there was then an uneasy consciousness of instability and crisis pervading the country.

Also, at the same time, there were a certain number of newspapers, writers and speakers whose integrity was above suspicion, who were transparently sincere and whose moral indignation, when it was manifested, was both spontaneous and effective. Furthermore, there was a class of publicists and journalists which was or strove to be detached and impartial and above compulsive party affiliations. The influence of men like Surendranath Banerji, Motilal Ghosh, G. Subramania Aiyar, K. Natarajan and the editors of the *Tribune* of Lahore was much more widespread and intense than was generally conceded by their opponents. The efforts made by interests favourable to Government to start newspapers and to produce pamphlets and books supporting Government policy, were, by comparison, so pitifully inadequate that they soon ended by discrediting themselves. At the time of the Home Rule agitation, when Dr. Besant started the *New India*, when Motilal Nehru began the *Independent*, when Sachidananda Sinha in Bihar, Tilak and Kelkar in Poona and Kasturi Renga Iyengar in Madras combined, notwithstanding the divergent temperaments of the editors and their differing viewpoints, to make a joint demand for political, social and educational emancipation, the resultant effect was profound and the Government of the day was in jitters and resorted to persecution and prosecutions, the Valentine Chirol incident being very much in point as well as the *New India* Security Case.

Gandhiji's High Moral Tone

Then came Gandhiji's journalistic ventures which insisted on rigorous accuracy of presentation and documentation as well as a high moral tone. He adopted the momentous policy of issuing statements with subdued but stunning emphasis and his most pointed criticisms were marked by a studied understatement. The effect that his periodicals in English and Gujarati produced upon the Government of the time, was more marked and more intense than that produced at any previous period by newspapers. He has left no successors.

With the advent of independence, a new set of circumstances has come into being. The political preoccupation is as great as ever; but it has tended to become more and more

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personalised and to be undiscriminating in according both support and blame. Loyalty to party mandates is more and more insisted on and very often it is confused with loyalty to particular leaders. Schisms, intrigues, party cleavages and constant and ultimate appeals to the national leader have culminated in the notable Kamaraj Nadar resolution and its acceptance by Sri Jawaharlal Nehru and the All-India Congress Committee. The working of the party system has dwarfed the importance of newspapers and leading articles are hardly ever perused. They are taken too much for granted. Moreover, the present generation does not demand from its newspapers and journals the kind of varied pabulum which it once insisted upon. Indeed, there is the danger of its being considered "highbrow." Excepting for the Sunday Supplements of certain newspapers, very little notice is taken of anything except the daily and almost hourly, utterances of Ministers and party leaders and their rhetorical, and not always consistent, enunciations of policy on subjects not their own. The description of the tours of Ministers and the publication of their pictures in picturesque or arresting attitudes tend to be the main preoccupation of the Press.

In the newspapers which were read by the older generation, there was some notice taken of events taking place outside the domain of politics. Very little space is now devoted to non-controversial and non-political topic excepting in the sports columns and stock exchange reports. Intellectually stimulating or generally instructive topics of world interest are hardly touched upon except in the telegraphic news columns. A newspaper too often concentrates on constant denunciation of Government personages and parties and periodic suggestions of corruption or misdemeanour. On the other side another group furnishes a continuous record of propagandist views and news in which facts are subordinated to rhetoric. In the result, newspapers, as such, are losing their place as creators of public opinion. They are becoming the chroniclers of partisan views.

Moreover, comparing a paper like *The Times* of London or the *Guardian* or the *New York Times* or the *Herald Tribune* with any but a very few of our Indian newspapers, we see what a disproportionate amount of space is accorded in India to matters of purely incidental or accidental nature. To such an extent has this development proceeded, that paid advertisements of unimportant foreign travels undertaken by graduates of universities share newspaper space along with many irrelevant details regarding infinitesimally important squabbles. The result, of course, is that people are getting into the habit of not taking newspapers and journals seriously so that if a real grievance is put forward or a genuine public demand is voiced, it is too often taken for granted in advance that it is of a partisan character.

During my recent visit to the United Kingdom, there were two features that strongly impressed me. The drama of the Ward trial was being enacted in the law courts and many newspapers and journals succumbed to the temptations of what is called Yellow Journalism. Every lurid detail of sex perversity and immoral

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extravagance was featured with meticulous detail even in reputable journals. Some other papers descended to unimaginable depths and their insinuations and suggestions furnished terrible examples of journalistic depravity and of undisciplined public taste.

During the same period and when the Jubilee session of the British Commonwealth Universities was in progress, there was a dinner arranged at the instance of the London University at which were present the Queen Mother and the Prime Minister of England in addition to over 1,200 delegates and guests. Speaking at the Dinner, Mr. Harold Macmillan made a remarkable and impressive speech wherein he stressed the importance of academic freedom and independence and exhorted the Universities to preserve their integrity and warned them against succumbing to the pressure of uninstructed public opinion or of Governments and their departments notwithstanding that the public and the Government were to no small extent, responsible for financing many of the developmental activities connected with the Universities. This speech was hardly noticed in the English Press and not more than five lines were given to it in the leading English journals. This line of action followed the English tradition. Mr. Macmillan not being regarded as an authority on education, his views on Universities were, therefore, not treated as of any special significance or as demanding extraordinary publicity.

Generally speaking, English and Continental newspapers do not give any undue space in their columns to political news and views. Many of them run to the other extreme and advertise the physical and histrionic perfections of the favourites of the theatre and the screen and racing and football news form the largest items in the pabulum furnished by some newspapers. This is a matter for regret. Perhaps, after all, in the one case as in the other newspapers proceed on the basis of feeling the pulse of their constituents. All the same, it is necessary to warn against excesses in both directions.

My readers may consider that I am taking a pessimistic view; but the only reason for my composing the article is to indicate that the time has come when newspapers should devote much more of their space to things that are of permanent value like literature, the arts, the drama and the sciences and to things that are truly educative in character and to urge that editorial contributions should be of a magisterial or judicial type rather than of a partisan character or indicative of a closed mind.

I am impelled to make these remarks because I have seen that such tendencies as I have outlined have culminated in the almost complete ignoring by the average man in the street of leading articles in newspapers in the United States of America. People there are taking to the radio and political writing and speeches and to television and look into their newspapers only for the comic strips and for the crime story as well as the record of lurid trials and of course of stock market transactions. It is well that Indian journalism should learn the lesson and heed the warning afforded by the experiences of journalism in other parts of the world.

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...An ad hoc organisation like the Nordic Council for this area can help alliance...

OUR S. E. ASIAN NEIGHBOURS

Smt. Lakshmi N. Menon
[*Minister in the Ministry of External Affairs*]

INDIA, it was said, was like a prison-house under the British period. The prison had one window which faced the West. In 1947, the walls fell down, but India still looked to the West, to West Asia, and Europe and then beyond it to the United States.

The walls behind are no more, yet her eyes are turned to the West. The vast panorama of Asian civilization covering centuries, if not millennia, beckons us to their enchantment, promises to fold us in its friendly welcome embrace; but we are still looking to the West.

This image of a free India yielding to the habits of a colonial age, ignoring kinship interest, and aspirations with her Asian neighbours has yet to be changed. Bandung gave a faint hope of a change in this direction. But the Asian-African get-together, with all that followed in the short years of its meet, has failed to achieve the expected result.

As I met the representatives of this region in the ECAFE and later visited and met the leaders of some of the countries of this area, the question that came up again and again was "Why do we not take a little more and livelier interest in our Eastern neighbours?" Certainly history and the facts of geography demand that the bonds of kinship as well as our political needs should be studied clearly, carefully and imaginatively.

The first thing we have to remember is that South-East Asia is not the backyard of India but a separate entity created by the vicissitudes of

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history. There is no identity but distinctness in the history of each of these units. Therefore, they lived as isolated neighbours. Because of the successive waves of invasion from the West, our culture and habits were influenced by the West. The philosophy of the Aryans and of the Muslims was modified by the love of life on this world and both were swept over by the newer philosophy of the West. Thus our civilization has become a mosaic of these various strands and the sources of inspiration are still being sought in the West. This makes it not only artificial, restricted, but of little advantage to our policy of good neighbourliness.

The ECAFE emphasises the importance of regional co-operation and economic development, and it is not surprising how this is rooted in politics. The centuries of colonial rule by the Western powers has created an attitude of mind and pattern of policies which make this region an area producing raw material for Western industries and when we think of economic co-operation for development we feel disheartened by the fact that most of our trade is with the erstwhile colonial powers and it will take decades of planned co-operative development even to think in terms, let us say, of an Asian Common Market.

Most of the trade of this area is with the Western countries. Economic co-operation is often dismissed by saying that we produce the same primary commodities and our economies are paralleled and not complementary. As the President of the Philippine Republic said in his opening address, we are not going to content ourselves with producing raw materials for Western countries. It is necessary for us to increase our dependence on one another by exploring new ways of economic co-operation not with any idea of domination but to develop our economic and industrial resources for general welfare.

SOUTH-EAST ASIAN VIEW

It is against this background that I tried to understand the politics and policies of South-East Asia. I realised almost immediately that there is an undercurrent of respect as well as fear in these countries in their attitude towards India. I have been reminded again and again that India is a big country, a rapidly developing country, has a powerful leadership which is responsible for stable administration and planned development. India may not have the expansionist tendencies of China, but she has not cared to develop friendship with smaller Eastern neighbours either. On the other hand, India criticises these countries and condemns their policies.

It was my task to explain to them that the size and population of the country, important as they are, have less to do with its importance than its character and achievements, and compared to other countries in Asia the per capita income is by no means a source of pride to us. I quoted the example of Sweden and the place she holds in world affairs. Moreover, a big country means gigantic problems, and numerous persons mean also numerous problems.

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NATIONAL SENSITIVENESS

It is easy to understand the national sensitiveness of smaller countries. They value their independence as much as we value ours, their policies are dictated by national interests the same way as ours are. Did we fail to understand this well-known basic principle of international relationship?

A typical instance was a newspaper comment about our Prime Minister's statement that the SEATO has no head. The Philippines press commented something like this, "We know that the SEATO has no head, we also know that it has no heart but we do not want the Prime Minister of India to tell us that." More or less the same sentiment was expressed when the Foreign Minister of Thailand addressed the Council of World Affairs in New Delhi. Defending the policy of military treaties for self-defence, he said that this was not a question of free choice, but a choice dictated by the compulsion of circumstances. What was progress without freedom, he asked.

ANXIETY ABOUT PRESERVING FREEDOM

There is no doubt that Communism and China are a real threat to these countries as they are to us. North Vietnam and China are actively working to extend their sphere of influence. Meanwhile, the little fish in the stream will have to find means of living with the crocodile. It is not an easy task. Most of the countries in South-East Asia have a large enough Chinese population whose tenacity, capacity for hard work, loyalty to their motherland and control of trade pose problems which are not easy to grapple with.

The military pacts and fear of offending big neighbours should be viewed from this angle. Chairman Mao has talked about the situation today as that of the East wind prevailing over the West wind and the socialist forces being overwhelmingly superior to the imperialist forces.

Then there are the facts of geography. The belief that India will be able to hold back China is also shaken after the border conflict last September-November. Individually it is not possible to hold back the surging mass of the Chinese. Burmese Socialism, Malaysia, the tripartite Government in Laos, anti-Communist policies of the Philippines, the constant effort of South Vietnam to put down subversion should be seen in the light of China's growing strength, and inevitable expansion, and the natural desire of the smaller countries to preserve their freedom.

Although industrially under-developed, there is little poverty in these areas. I found the people happy, well-dressed and contented. What is more, one does not see the glaring disparity between the rich and poor that hits the eye of the visitor in India.

Buddhism is the prevalent religion. The archaeological museum at Saigon, the names of places in Thailand, the ruins of Ayuthia, the murals of the Vat of the Emerald Buddha, Angkor Vat, to mention only a few, carry the visitor back to the ages past when we shared a common heritage and drew inspiration from the same source.

(*Continued on page 55*)

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MIRACLE MAN WITH MYSTERIOUS POWERS

Consult India's **GREATEST TANTRIC YOGI, PROF. R. T. THEVAR,** who has attained unparalleled renown not only in India but all over the World including countries like U.K., U.S.A, Africa; Ceylon; Malaya etc., whatever be the nature of your problem and however insoluble it may seem, write in detail for invaluable **FREE SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE** enclosing 50 nP. Stamps for reply postage and catalogue. Since it is possible for letters to miscarry in post, correspondents are advised to adopt Registered Post. Correspondence should be in English language only.

A FEW APPRECIATIONS OUT OF NUMEROUS:

SRI A. D. MANI, Member of Parliament, Chief Editor, Hitavada, Nagpur and Bhopal, and Vice-President, Servants of India Society:—"I have known Professor R. T. Thevar for the past 4 years. I met him accidentally and I was extremely sceptical about the powers of Talismans at first. But Mr. Thevar has converted me to the belief that there is much in the great Power of Prayer. In my own career, his giving me a Kavacha has coincided with remarkable developments. Professor Thevar is a man of means himself and he does not have to regard the giving of Talismans as a business career. I have seen in many cases where hope was despaired of, the powerful effects of his Prayer".

SRI SUDHIR GHOSH, Member of Parliament, New Delhi:—"I owe Professor R. T. Thevar a debt of gratitude. I have not had the previlege of meeting him personally. My good friend and colleague in Parliament Mr. A. D. Mani, Editor of the Hitavada, told me about Professor Thevar and his spiritual gifts. I have faith in the power of prayer and Professor Thevar's prayers for me have certainly been answered. Professor Thevar certainly is a man of great spiritual gifts and I have good reason to be grateful to him."

SHRI B. K. GAJAPATHI, Editor, 'The Ringing Bells', Madras:—'I need not look into your testimonials to gauge your worth. You are really a great soul having supernatural Powers at your command. You have cured my daughter, who was tormented by evil spirits. As Mr. A. D. Mani says, your are a valuable guide for the solution of human problems.'

SRIMATHY T. N. ANANTHANAYAKI, B.A.B.L., M.L.A, Madras:—'Dear Sir, As a matter of fact, when I was in confusion, the Kavacha given by you was a great help to me and it also gave me proper guidance.'

THE HON'BLE JUSTICE, SRI C. H. RAGHAVA RAO, High Court, Madras, writes on 22-3-52:—'Mr. R. T. Thevar is a devout worshipper of Swami Subramanayeswara. The making of Kavacha for success in life seems to be a heriditary art with him and he seems to be highly assisted in the art by his own personal peculiar worship of the Lord.'

SHRI V. K. C. NATARAJAN, I.A.S, Joint Collector, Coimbatore:—'Respected Swamiji, The Kavacha which you prepared through the grace of Lord Muruga and sent gave me a in fact mental satisfaction and courage. There is no doubt about its high efficacy. It possesses the blessings of Omnipotent Being Lord Muruga.'

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SHRI M. GOVINDARAJULU, Divisional Operating Superintendent, S. Rly., Hubly:—'Dear Sir, Thank you for your 'Life Kamalai Kavacha.' It has given me mental peace and success in my problems.'

SRI S. SUBRAMANIAM, Under Secretary, Government of India, New Delhi:—'Dear Sir, Regarding the efficacy of the Kavachas you supplied in the past, I have no hesitation to admit that they had the desired effect and the purposes for which they were got were fulfilled to a great extent with entire satisfaction to me.

SRI K. L. BHARATI, (Now) Member, Sales Tax Appellate Tribunal, Madras:—"Your Kavacha has been giving wonderful results by God's grace. I feel extremely glad to inform you, that I got my promotion within 3 months of wearing your Kavacha. I pray to Lord Muruga to bless you with long life.'

SRI S. M. KALIDOSS NAIDU, District Revenue Officer, North Arcot:—'Dear Swamiji, By the grace of Lord Muruga and through your blessing, I got my promotion as District Revenue Officer. I will ever be grateful to you for your Kavacha and blessings. My daughter to whom you sent a Kavacha has passed her B.Sc. creditably. My son who also got a Kavacha from you has passed his II B.E. I am unable to find words to express my gratitude to you.'

SRI M. SUBRAMANIAM, Appellate Assistant Commissioner, Commercial Taxes, Tirunelveli:—"Dear Swamiji, I am glad to inform you that the Kavacham given to me has worked wonders. I got the transfer to my liking".

SRI S. RAGHUPATHI RAMANI, (Public Health Department, Government of Madras) on tour in U.S. etc, Washington, United States of America:—'Dear Professor, I have great pleasure in writing this letter from abroad. Your Special Manomani Talisman has given me wonderful results and freedom from worry.'

SRI T. RAMALINGAM, Deputy Superintendent of Police, Pollachi:—'Dear Sir, I purchased a Manomani Kavacha from you in 1961. I am pleased to inform you that it has given me good results. I admit that the effects of your Kavacha is really wonderful.'

MR. B. SHEIK UMAR, B.E. M.C.E., MACI, MARBA. MA HRB, Divisional Engineer, (Highways) Ramanathapuram:—'Thank you very much for the Kavacha sent to me. It has given me wonderful resuls. I shall explain its wonderful effect in person. There is no wonder in calling you a Miracle Man with mysterious powers.'

SRI A. M. SWAMINATHAN, B.Com. (Hons), Deputy Collector, Erode:—'Dear Swamiji, we feel glad on the success of my brother-in-law in his examinations. Without the help of your Kavacha he would not have passed.'

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SRI K. R. RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A., District Forest Officer, Karaikudi:—'On account of the wounderful power of your Kavacha, our earnest endeavours with regard to our dear daughter's affair have happily borne fruit. May God bless you with long life and glory'.

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evolution of our political unity

SARDAR K. M. PANIKKAR

THAT India has a cultural and social unity based on the integration of the Hindu people, at least from the 4th century B.C., is now granted by most historians.

The fact that, during and after the 14th century, Islam gradually penetrated to all parts of India and created a plural social structure did not affect the unity of India, but only changed its character.

But the political unity of India, though formulated as a concept even in very early times, was never fully realised at any time before the 19th century.

Certainly, attempts at unification were always being made. But even when such unity was achieved, as under the Mauryas, it proved to be short-lived.

Later the Moghuls also tried to bring the whole of India under a single sway. Though a sustained effort was made for over a hundred years, the political unification of India escaped the grasp of the Moghuls too.

The theoretical basis for the political unification of India by the British in the 19th century was, it cannot be too greatly emphasised, provided by this willing acceptance of the imperial idea by the people through the length and breadth of India. But its realisation as a political fact was possible only because the British in the 19th century brought the entire territory under one sway.

The period from 1848 to the end of the first war was one of the administrative unification of India. A uniform post and telegraph system knit the country together. An extensive system of rail communication connected the different parts of India. A single currency prevailed from Cape Comorin to Kashmir, overshadowing and displacing the local coinage of Indian rulers. A customs

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...Recovery of Indian history in the 19th century leading to a gradual unfoldment of India's national image was a great contributive factor...

union erected around the country a wall within which economic life became integrated.

Another factor contributing to the growth of political unity is the uniform system of education which the British introduced into India. The establishment of the three great universities of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras in 1857 led to a system of education which was uniform throughout India and created a like-mindedness among the middle classes all over India.

These were British contributions to India's political unity. By themselves they would not have created a strong enough foundation. What led to the emergence of a single Indian nation at the end of British rule were two other factors which gave to the sense of Indian nationhood a significance which a mere unified administration or a common education could not have given.

One was the growth of a national image as a result of the recovery of Indian history in the 19th century. The second factor was the sixty years of political agitation including a quarter of a century of intensive struggle, out of which the independent State of India was born.

The importance of the first factor cannot be overestimated. Before the recovery of Indian history, a process which began with the decipherment of the Asokan inscriptions, such national pride as Indians had was local pride.

The Marathas, the Rajputs, the Andhras and all other peoples had racial memories of their greatness; but none of them had pride in India.

When the history of India was gradually unfolded, an image of the Indian nation emerged which pictured them as one of the great historic peoples of the world who had contributed to the growth of civilisation.

That history, which not only bore witness to a continuing civilisation in India but to a glorious tradition of cultural expansion overseas, created in the mind of the people of India a pride of Indianness.

Without this new self-image, the political unity of India would have been artificial.

Even this national image might have remained an ineffectual dream but for the national movement which began with 1885. That provided a focus for the feeling of patriotism which developed under a uniform system of education, a growing sense of Indianness and the common suffering under foreign rule.

Gradually, by the end of the 19th century the feeling of Indian political unity had become rooted in the mind of educated Indians. The transformation of the national struggle into a non-violent mass movement under Mahatma Gandhi made the ideal of political unity a fact.

That struggle extended over 27 years. During this period the message of freedom was taken to the

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most distant villages. Every part of India including, in a measure, the territories under the rule of Indian princes, came under its influence and sacrificed generously for the achievement of freedom and unity.

True, when political independence was finally achieved, India had to undergo a partition by which the Muslim-majority areas were constituted into the new State of Pakistan.

The India that emerged from the partition was undoubtedly a single political unity, such as it had never been before.

It is often said that the political unity of India is a creation of the British. Indirectly, through its administrative machinery and its theory of paramountcy over the princely States, it did create the basis for a single State.

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But, it should be remembered that from 1928, a determined effort was made by the British authorities to break up that unity by recognising the claim of the princely States of India to direct relationship with the British Crown.

It is the determined fight of the people of India and the patriotic attitude of some of the princes and their advisers that defeated this dangerous conspiracy.

The political unity of India is, therefore, essentially the work of its own people.

That the political oneness of India is mainly the outcome of the movements and forces of the 19th century is something which may seem strange in the face of the continuity of India's long history.

Actually, most of the great States of today realised their political unity only in the 19th century. Germany with its long social and cultural history became united politically only in 1870. Italy also achieved it at practically the same time. The U.S.A. assumed its present shape only by the middle of the 19th century. The territories of the Soviet Union in Central Asia were also acquired only in the 19th century.

In the circumstances, the fact that the undoubted cultural and social unity of India found its political consummation only in the 19th century, and was realised in its fullest extent only in the 20th century, is nothing which need cause us surprise.

Nor does it argue against our continuity as an ancient people.

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K. SANTHANAM
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the cultural scene in India

TILL the Muslim invasions a thousand years ago, the Indian people had attained a high degree of cultural integration. This was essentially religious.

It is no exaggeration to say that Hinduism represented more a distinct cultural pattern of life than a rigid set of religious dogmas. The religious content of Hinduism consisted of a conglomeration of sects whose beliefs ranged from Buddhism and Jainism to monotheistic Vedanta.

The various religious revolts and reformations which were continually churning the religious life of India did not disturb her cultural life, which was essentially tolerant and accommodating.

Caves and temples, ceremonials, holy places and pilgrimages, devotional songs and *bhajans* accompanied by music and dancing, and ascetics and sannyasins of all sorts became the centres around which a Hindu culture, indefinable but all-pervasive, took shape and gave to the vast subcontinent of India a unity and uniqueness which was recognised by the rest of the world.

If we visualise the steady stream of pilgrims from the remotest South (including Sankara and Ramanuja), going to Hardwar and Badri Narayan and the counter-stream from the North towards Tirupathi, Kancheepuram and Rameswaram, we shall be able to realise the strength and permanence of this cultural integration. The Sanskrit language played a vital part in promoting and maintaining this unity. Its importance was only religious and cultural, not political. It did not prevent the growth of regional languages but supplied material to them and formed the link between the learned from all parts of India. That the main literature of

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...Religion will continue to be an important element in the cultural integration of India...

most regional languages consisted of translations and renderings of the *Ramayana, Mahabharata, Bhagavata* and other Puranas or other Sanskrit works based upon them indicates its function as the uniting thread of ancient Indian culture.

Political integration and disintegration, which were frequent in ancient India, did not disturb the cultural unity of the country. It got its great shock with the Muslim invasions and the establishment of Muslim rule in many parts of the country. The uncompromising monotheism of Islam and its vigorous assertion of human equality and repudiation of caste constituted a great challenge to Hindu culture.

The white invasions and the establishment of British rule were powerful attacks from a different direction. Christian missionary activity, the English language, rationalism, modern science and industry—these amounted to a multi-lateral attack on all the fundamental values of Indian culture. Those who came under their influence tended to discard everything they had inherited from the past including dress, language, food and manners and began to dream of anglicising the entire life of India. But this wholesale onslaught provoked a reaction so powerful and produced leaders so great that the danger to Indian culture has vanished. At the same time, it is neither possible nor desirable to seek a complete revival of medieval Indian society. The new Indian culture has to be a judicious combination of the old and the new.

What are the elements of the past which should be conserved or revived, how they should be modified and what are the new elements to be added, are the cultural problems of free India.

Religion will continue to be an important element in the cultural integration of India but it will not have the dominant role it played in the past. Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Vivekananda, Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi have given a notable lead in separating spirituality from ritualism and dogmatism and their teachings should help in setting the religious tone to our new culture.

Caste is a more intractable problem. The ideal of a casteless society has been set before the country. To the extent that this involves the disappearance of rigid taboos regarding food, marriage and social relations, it is inevitable and change has already taken place to a considerable degree in this direction.

But economic and political factors are tending to conserve caste solidarity in some ways.

It should also be admitted that caste is a more powerful factor in the rural areas than in the urban.

Industrialisation and urbanisation are powerful solvents of caste but if they proceed too fast, the result may be an amorphous society without any real culture.

A slow fading away of caste distinctions, giving time for the forma-

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tion of new social links based on profession, art and civic life will enable the process of cultural integration to proceed smoothly.

It is in the field of language and literature that the problems of cultural integration are most difficult as well as urgent. One thing is certain: English cannot be the main vehicle of this integration. I yield to none in my love for that language and my conviction that in the interests of our political, economic and scientific progress, it should be cultivated and a minimum degree of proficiency insisted on for all educational qualifications above and including the high school certificate. But it will always be a foreign language.

Its immediate substitution by Hindi is ardently desired by some but I do not think it is practicable. For the present, the linguistic evolution of the country should proceed by rapidly developing all the Indian languages including Hindi, so that they may serve all the purposes of the region and be the media of instruction in all stages of education therein while all students are taught English and Hindi.

Though this necessity to learn three languages may be a burden on our youth and secondary and university education may have to be for a longer period to attain a given standard, in the long run this will be of incalculable benefit to the Indian intelligentsia and will equip them with the threefold capacity for educating the masses in the region, promoting national integration and fostering world citizenship.

> **The Hindu must not give up his religion, but must keep religion within its proper limits and give freedom to society to grow . . . Now freedom is the only condition of growth; take that off, the result is degeneration.**
>
> —Vivekananda

If, as I hope, distinguished writers in Hindi arise from the non-Hindi regions and active steps are taken to promote translations and other forms of interchange between Hindi and the regional languages, the linguistic integration may be completely achieved by consent and co-operation.

A revival of Sanskrit will also help linguistic integration powerfully.

There has been a remarkable renaissance of music and dancing in recent years and this deserves to be encouraged in every way. The cinema is playing a notable part by promoting active interchange of styles and forms between North and South India and adding certain features even from the West. But there is a danger in hasty improvisations to please ignorant audiences, and all those interested in the preservation of the classic features of these arts should take steps to regulate them.

There are many other factors—painting, sculpture and architecture, food, dress, manners, the values of private and public life and the forms of entertainment—which have their impact on cultural integration. But it is not desirable to seek to regiment them. Some basic uniformities are bound to emerge with the development of our national life.

Unity in diversity should be our motto in all these matters.

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national integration demands the moral elevation and refinement in three fundamental ways...

AN ETHICAL BASIS FOR INTEGRATION

NATIONAL integration is fundamentally a moral rather than a social and political issue. It is threatened in the country today by mutual distrust and suspicion. These attitudes fan anger, hatred and aggression among religious communities, political parties, linguistic groups and castes. Thus our democracy is endangered by group, party, caste or factional interests masquerading as political principles. It is because of this camouflage that political groups, whether of majorities or of minorities, can easily abandon principles of good behaviour, taking their stand on political rights. The rights of the majority and of the minority are pitted against each other, and both the majority and minority are apt to commit anti-social behaviour. In the name of language, for instance, the minority groups in several States went against all ethical dictates of neighbourliness and solidarity of the States. In the same name of language the majority groups also committed gross violations of the fundamental rights granted to all Indian citizens according to the Constitution. The fight between the majority and minority groups could be carried to the bitter end because each grounded its claims on political principles and interests.

The reconciliation of majority and minority rights in many political situations in the country cannot be

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DR. RADHAKAMAL MUKHERJEE

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...Mere laws and rights and mere political organisation cannot achieve national integration...

reached on the political plane through bargaining and manoeuvring, however astute the leadership may be. It can only be found on the higher moral plane, on the basis of the Gandhian principle of consensus and compromise and of the purity of both means and ends in public life.

National Integration demands the moral elevation and refinement of our emerging democracy in three fundamental ways. Firstly, no party, class or community, whether majority or minority, should bolster up narrow and exclusive group interests as absolutes. These interests should be subordinated to the larger interests of the community or the State as a whole. This implies that each group, party or class must not stress rights and privileges at the cost of duties and obligations. Gandhiji always stressed duties rather than rights for men, groups and institutions in all situations. This is the touchstone of Goodness Politics as opposed to Power Politics. Only this can build up the most harmonious State and the most integrated nation.

Secondly, all political parties, religious groups and classes should accept the supremacy of the essential rights of man as man, irrespective of his class, creed or social status. These are defined and safeguarded by our Constitution. The voice of the majority, identified with the *vox populi* or Voice of the People, cannot disregard, imperil or repudiate these rights. This implies that the vote of the majority cannot always stand for the right. Overpowered by the crowd or mass mentality it may, indeed, violate right or justice. When the voice of the majority or of the mass represents brute force or might rather than right or justice, national integration is imperilled. Here again Gandhiji offers us a shining example of democratic leadership. A God-loving individual as he was, he could not be overpowered by the crowd or mass mentality. He followed "the still small voice of God" rather than the strident voice of the majority in the National Congress, whenever he felt that the majority was standing for might rather than for right. And with his isolation and loneliness before God, he led the Indian nation. The reconciliation of the *vox populi* and the *vox dei* (Voice of God) was a supreme achievement of the Father of the Indian Nation.

Thirdly, the Government and administration should maintain a high ethical standard, weeding out corruption, nepotism and jobbery at all levels. With the enlargement of the scope of governmental activities in a social welfare State and the emergence of controls, permits, licences and public contracts, the standards of purity set by administration and public business have to be carefully safeguarded. The prevalence of discriminating, partisan and corrupt practices leads to mutual suspicions among peoples belonging to different regions, social strata or religious communities. National integration de-

(*Continued on page 55*)

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DRIVING FORCES OF HISTORY

Prof. R. S. Gill

THE attainment, retention and destruction of Civilization depends upon a number of basic factors. These factors are: Great Ideas, great men, commerce and technology, economic forces, the facts of geography and God.

Great Ideas

The noble discontent provoked by a sense of beauty and of duty is a great driving force of civilization. This critical discontent which is the gadfly of civilization is a kind of tension resulting from the confrontation of the glimpses of beauty and goodness with the sight of the prevailing ugliness and vice. Now great ideas are the vehicle of the critical discontent. For instance, in the ancient world, slavery was an idea accepted by Greco-Roman Society. Its application was the foundation on which the society was based. In the modern world two other ideas are fundamental: freedom and equality of opportunity are taken as fundamental. How has this modification come about? It has come about through the growth of the idea of the essential rights of human beings arising from their sheer humanity. Its formation and effective diffusion is a triumph of the later phases of civilization. We shall find out how such general ideas arise and are diffused, if we examine the history which belongs to this particular instance.

Though the classical civilization constituted a culmination of slavery yet it was the first period which introduced moral principles forming an effective criticism of the whole system. Plato was an aristocrat by birth and by conviction, also he must have owned slaves. But it is difficult to read some of his dialogues without an uneasy feeling about the compulsory degradation of mankind. The stoics advocated the brotherhood of man. The Gospels stressed the grandeur of human soul as such. Some men treated their slaves gently, even freed them in due time. Nevertheless the institution of slavery remained. However, other ideas were at work. In the 17th century the competing ideas became increasingly prominent. The humanitarian teachings of John Lock exerted a profound influence. The "common law" of England added its weight. Religious leaders (Quakers, Catholics, Methodists) contributed to the rising tide of constructive protest. Early in the 19th century, slavery was abolished in the British Empire. Later, it was given

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the death blow in the United States. The stretch from Plato to Abraham Lincoln was long indeed; but one form of society finally was replaced by another. For centuries the ideas of human freedom and equality were vaguely apprehended, their implication only partially formulated. Yet, like the waves of the relentless ocean, they kept beating against the sluggish conscience of man. Like a gadfly stinging to disturbing awareness, like a beacon beckoning to a better place, great ideas do their work slowly but with tremendous efficacy. "A great idea is a driving force, haunting humanity, and ever appearing in specialized guise as compulsory on action by reason of its appeal to the uneasy conscience of the age."

Great Men

Great ideas and great men are mutually dependent. Without great men great ideas will not be formulated, made available to others, and translated into action. But, conversely, unless a man is vitalized by the lure of great ideas, he will be blind to the complexity, richness and adventure of life. Greatness is found not only on the intellectual plane. Courage and hope are frequently essential ingredients in the lives of great men. Indeed, moral and spiritual greatness can be attained even without impressive intellectual gifts.

We need only mention the names of Gokhale, Tilak, Subhash Bose, Patel, Gandhi and Nehru to see the importance of great men for political achievement. The part played by Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Mohammad and Nanak is too obvious to need mention. Without them the world would have been totally different. Again, the world of science has been created by men like Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Einstein, Bohr, etc.

In discussing the efficacy of men of intellectual or moral and spiritual power, we must not ignore the "men of iron." There is no denying the impact of military leaders on the lives of men. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler have altered the history of the world. But in the last analysis, the leaders of the mind and spirit are stronger than those who make the body march. Reliance on force is self-destructive.

Commerce and Technology

Whitehead says, "The life of man is founded on Technology, Science, Art and Religion." As far as modern society is concerned, he suggests, that changes have occurred primarily because of steam, internal combustion engines, electric generators, and machine tools used in factories. Such factors are more influential than all the political theories since the world began.

Mesopotamia was made possible by irrigation and the Roman Empire existed because of its technological equipment—roads, bridges, aqueducts, sewers, agriculture, merchant marine—and its army (the result of applied military science). One of the main causes which aided the decline and fall of slavery was the development of alternative sources of power such as coal, oil, steam and electricity. Machines were invented which, making use of these new sources of en-

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ergy, could perform the work formerly done by hundreds of slaves. The invention of printing press facilitated the freeing of men's minds. This provided an instrument of social advance. New methods of transportation and communication opened up vast areas of land and made possible the enrichment of life for more men. For example, the invention of the method of oceanic navigation led to the discovery of America. Changes in transportation and communication have effected a drastic change in the pattern of life for modern men. People need no longer live beside the industries in which they work. Cultural activities may be enjoyed through the medium of radio, films, television regardless of where one lives. It is no longer necessary to be crowded into large groups in order to make possible the enjoyment of cultural pursuits.

The importance of commerce and technology is brought out clearly by studying the conditions of the operation of Malthusian Law of population. According to this law, apart from checks to child-bearing and survival, the population increases more rapidly (geometrical progression) than does food supply (arithmetical progression). It is then concluded that population will always overtake the means of subsistence. Hence the normal structure of society is that of a comparatively affluent minority subsisting on the labours of a teeming population checked by starvation and other discomforts. Thus density of population and misery are equated (vary directly). China and India both afford examples of societies which illustrate this law. They contain large populations whose standard of life is perilously near to the margin of subsistence.

But when we turn to the European races we find that the law does not apply. During the eleven centuries from the age of Charlemagne to the present day a persistently increasing population has been accompanied by an equally persistent rise in the general standard of life. There are three reasons for this exception to the law. They are, Expansion of Commerce, Development of Technology and Discovery of Empty continents utilizable for migration. Granting the increase of population, history has disclosed only these three ways of escape from the fate embodied in the Malthusian Law. The most fundamental of all sociological classifications is that between civilized societies for which one or more of these three conditions do obtain, and those for which they do not obtain. As no empty regions are left to discover, commerce and technology are the central factors for prosperous civilization. As soon as there is arrest in the expansion of these factors, then slowly and imperceptibly a blight settles upon the populations concerned. China and India survived, with populations blighted by hopeless poverty, the Roman Empire fell by reason of the blight, the Near East is the store-house of buried cities recording ancient magnificence. The central factor is commerce-technology. The essence of technology is to enable mankind to transcend limitations of unguided nature. For example, the invention of the

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crops, the scientific understanding of fertilizers and of genetics, have already changed the bounds set to food production.

The merit of commerce lies in its close relation to technology. The novelty of experience promoted by commerce suggests alternatives in ways of production. It also suggests the kind of goods required by different regions of the earth. Commerce may stabilize itself into a steady traditional routine. But on the whole it is unstable. It brings together groups of men with different modes of life, different technologies, and different ways of thought. Apart from Commerce, the mariners' compass, with the vast theory which it has suggested, would never have reached the shores of the Atlantic, and printing press would not have spread from Peking to Cairo.

The creation of the civilized world is the victory of persuasion over force. The worth of men consists in their liability to persuasion. They can persuade and can be persuaded by the disclosure of alternatives, the better and the worse. Commerce is one factor promoting the practice of persuasion. For example, in most commercial context, a producer cannot force a consumer to buy his wares. Whole communities have wondered, gradually shifting to another environments. But travel and return, undertaken by small groups or even by individual men, is an enterprise of entirely different character. It requires either open country, free from forest barriers, or navigation of rivers and seas. The strangers arrive in small groups. They are thus under no temptation to dominate, and excite no fear. Their manner of intercourse is that of persuasion.

Economic Forces

When we think of freedom, we are apt to confine ourselves to freedom of thought, freedom of the Press, freedom of worship. Then the limitations of freedom are conceived as wholly arising from the antagonisms of our fellow men. This is a mistake. The laws of physical nature determine the scene for the sufferings of mankind. Birth, death, heat, cold, hunger, separation, disease, the general impracticability of purpose, all bring their quota to imprison the souls of men. The essence of freedom is the practicability of purpose. The literary exposition of freedom deals mainly with the frills. Whitehead has pointed out that the Greek myth was more to the point. Prometheus did not bring to mankind freedom of the Press. He procured fire, which obediently to human purpose cooks and gives warmth. In modern thought, this idea has taken the form of the "economic interpretation of history."

The fact that the "economic interpretation" is itself a novel thought shows that the literary world belongs mainly to the fortunate section of mankind whose basic needs have been amply satisfied. The fortunate classes are oblivious to the fact that the masses of mankind have lived in constant dread of such disaster—a drought, a wet summer, a bad harvest, a cattle disease, a raid of pirates. The great convulsions happen when the economic urges of the masses have dovetailed with some simplified ideal

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end. Decisive changes take place when strong economic urges (desire for food, clothing and shelter) among the lower classes of society are linked with a remedial ideal formulated by some of the more fortunate, but sympathetic, members of the upper class. These economic urges provide some of the dynamic which the ideals direct into fruitful consequences. Further, of course, unless a man has attained at least a minimum satisfaction of his basic needs, he will be unable to formulate or implement high or effective ideas. In this way the fusion of ideal ends and economic processes makes up the stuff of history.

Geography

Centres of population grow up where the soil is rich, water is available, and there are facilities for transportation. In particular, rivers and oceans are important factors in shaping human life.

The city of London rose to a position of prominence because at the mouth of the Thames there is a fine anchorage at Deal, on the English Channel. The treacherous tides and currents of its territorial waters saved England from invasion by the Spaniards. The ships of Spain were designed to sail the broad ocean. They were almost helpless within the narrow seas of the English Channel. Thus, English liberties were preserved and made available for future generations. Similarly, the North American continent has become the centre of Western life because of its location on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean and because of the ample resources of all sorts which can be found within its land mass.

Those who live by the shores of the English Channel are characterised by obstinacy and lonely thought. The rigors of the environment produce a different type of person from that found in the warmer climate of the south-west coast. It was the men of obstinacy and lonely thought who developed the ideas and institutions of free government on the shores of the channel.

The Eskimos appear to be vigorous enough, but their cold home offers no incentive to agriculture. In similar fashion when desert nomads first began to wander with camels and sheep, they made many clever inventions—skin bags for milk, dried cheese that will keep for months, saddles, woollen clothes and bags, and tents that can be quickly struck. These cultural items appear to have reached their present form at least four thousand years ago. Since then the desert nomads have been in frequent touch with high civilizations in the surrounding well-watered regions. Nevertheless they have adopted only a few minor items of civilized life. It cannot take more because outside the oases or irrigated tracts, a poverty-stricken geographic environment makes it impossible to practise agriculture and unprofitable to erect great buildings, develop industries, or live in cities.

God

God does not impose any particular pattern on the course of historical events. What happens in history is the result of the selective process

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going on in the experience of the individuals who exist during the historical period under discussion. God only confronts individuals with ideals and demonstrates the excellence of these ideals when realized. The persuasiveness of ideals, the pull they exercise on the human mind, is the exhibition of the workings of God. Thus He persuades but cannot coerce. The power of God is the absence of force. Our responsiveness in feeling and conduct to the supreme ideal is the manifestation of God Himself.

Conclusion

The course of history is not determined by any single factor. Such is the importance of individual powers of selection that no law can be regarded as a permanent factor in history—not even physical or chemical law.

There is then no inevitable process of history to be explained by a fatalistically inflexible Divine Providence or by eternal laws of nature or history. It may be said that the future is "open." We are not pre-determined to Utopia, or its opposite, or to the recurrences of the cyclic view. The future will be what individuals of all types—God, of course, included—make of the data of the past and present and the ideal possibilities which confront us.

Our S. E. Asian Neighbours—*Contd.*

Centuries of history have isolated us, but today isolation is not justified. A sort of alliance for progress, understanding for mutual security are needed and this *inter alia* must have a solid foundation on economic co-operation.

When the whole world has become a big neighbourhood there is little sense in trying to preserve our separate identity at the cost of our security. I have often wondered whether an *ad hoc* organisation like the Nordic Council could not be made the basis for an alliance for peace and progress in this area.

An Ethical Basis for Integration—*Contd.*

mands that all Government servants at the various levels should develop and rigidly conform to a professional code of ethics.

There can be no technique for achieving national integration. Mere laws and rights and mere political organisation cannot achieve or defend national integration. For emotional integration it is more important to form good understanding and good habits and moral standards than to frame good laws. National integration is achieved or lost not in the domain of politics, of parties, laws and rules, but rather in the domain of ethics.

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KRISHNAVATARA

CHAPTER XXXI — K. M. MUNSHI — PART III

"What is Dharma?"

SHAIBYA, the Princess of Karvirpur, wise and ever watchful, could see the heroic tumult raging in the heart of her lord. She knew that he was great only because he could grapple with difficulties as no one else could. She had seen him in grim struggle, swift action and overwhelming disaster, and knew his miraculous strength to

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overcome a crisis, however ominous. She spoke little, but followed every mood of Krishna's, and by glance, accent or gesture, encouraged his faith in himself.

Krishna deeply appreciated the love and faith which his mother and wives had for him and maintained his usual self-composure and his cheerful smile. At heart, however, he was deeply perturbed. Insistently, the truth of the situation faced him. The Yadavas had proved a broken reed. His hope of securing a swift triumph for *dharma* which he had conceived and planned, was well-nigh gone. All that was left to him was to attend the *swayamvara* and do his best. But his presence would no longer invest the *swayamvara* with the majesty of irresistible *dharma*. He would only be one amongst the distinguished guests. In the assembly of kings every one would see that the Yadavas as a whole were not behind him. And if the mission of Uddhava failed—and there was no saying whether his appeal to Bheeshma's sense of justice would prevail—the Nagas, led by Uddhava, might not be able to take Pushkar by force. If Pushkar was not restored to Chekitaana, he would have hopelessly failed, and the glamour of irresistibility which he had been invested with, would fade away.

If the Five Brothers did not emerge on the stage of the *swayamvara* in a spectacular manner, as he had planned, they would sink as before into helpless dependants of the Kuru royal family. The fratricidal conflict might re-commence or perhaps never begin, for Duryodhana would completely dominate Hastinapur. And if, in addition, Jaraasandha—the sworn enemy of the Arya way of life—carried away the Princess of Panchala, the pursuit of the ways of *Satya, Yajna* and *Tapas* by the *asrams* of the Rishis on which Aryadharma flourished, would wither away for want of protection and without support.

The more he thought of the predicament, the more he felt that he had missed something. They had called him a God; he was only a bundle of weaknesses. They thought that he was a miracle worker; he had only been a clever man with a rare run of luck.

His friends carried a general impression that there was *dharma* wherever he was and that *dharma* brought victory. He had won many victories, it was true, but did he bring *dharma* wherever he moved? If he did, why did not his kinsmen see *dharma* in what he was convinced was the right thing to do? If he could not get them to follow its path, how could he overcome *adharma* in other kings for generations to come? And how was *dharma* to be re-established and protected? How could he become *Dharma-gopta*, the protector of righteousness, not in his time, but for eternity?

He was led into a labyrinth of intricate puzzles. What was his *dharma* for which he was fighting? And how could he protect it and inspire others with it in every situation in the face of the vast passions and weaknesses released by man?

●●●

It was a stormy night—rain, thunders, lightning, giant waves of the sea

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lashing against the embankment, the rain drops falling on the roof as if in a shower of rocks.

A cry suddenly tore the air: 'What is *dharma*?' The cry shattered Krishna's sleep and stirred his dream-world. 'What is *dharma*?'—reverberated on the earth and the heavens.

Scenes—vague, confused, shapeless—come before him. Men float by, rising, mingling, vanishing. Vrindavan, with leafy trees, grinning monkeys, dancing peacocks. And he abandons Radha, fresh like a *kunda* flower, whom he loves as his life, to a lonely fate. Was this *dharma?*[1]

The royal wrestling ground at Mathura. Men, women and children shouting, straining their eyes, gesticulating. He is pounding the bloody face of the tyrant, Kamsa, dragging his dead body along the ground, the people hailing him as a saviour. But he has killed his maternal uncle.[1] Was it *dharma?*

Big Brother and himself are running away from Mathura, finding safety in Gomantaka across the barren hills of Sahyadri. They are frightened of Jaraasandha destroying the Yadavas because of them.[2] Was it cowardice? Was it *dharma?*

Foot of the Gomantaka hills. Balaraama is ready to smash the skull of Jaraasandha. He intervenes, stops Big Brother's mace in mid career, saves the life of the emperor, the source of all *adharma* in Aryavarta —to the undoing of many righteous kings, the closing of numerous homes of learning and piety, and the ruination of thousands of families. Was it *dharma?*[2]

The outskirts of Kundinpur. He lifts Princess Rukmini on to his chariot, kidnaps her, inflicts wounds on her pursuing brother. The *swayamvara* becomes an occasion for gnashing of teeth and wailing of women. The heart of the good-natured Bhismaka is broken. Rukmi is driven into self-imposed exile. Was it *dharma?*[2]

Hastinapur. He throws his weight against Duryodhana struggling to right the wrong done to him. He comes in the way of Karna, the unfortunate man, wronged by his mother at the moment of his birth and by men, who braves his misfortunes with noble fortitude, winning the gold of skill and status out of the dust by sheer ability and character. Was it *dharma?*

Palace of Kampilya. Drupad and his children open their hearts to him. He accepts their confidence, but refuses to take the risk of fighting the Kurus, plans a spectacular *swayamvara* which is likely to prove a ghastly failure. Was it *dharma?*

Krishna shivered in his sleep. Opening his eyes he saw the loving eyes of Rukmini fixed on him. He tried to smile and fell asleep....

Again he saw men and women coming in an endless processions, shouting, grimacing, praying, wailing, talking of *dharma*, waiting to know what it was, himself unable to give a satisfying answer. He heard himself asking some men and women: 'Do you know *dharma?*'

'Yes,' said one. 'I know it.' And he was a profit-mad, skinflint. He had the face of Satrajit, but a little

1. *vide* Krishnavatara, Vol. I, *The Magic Flute.*

2. *vide* Krishnavatara, Vol. II, *The Wrath of an Emperor.*

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twisted, much more sinister. I buy *dharma,'* he said, 'from the Brahmanas, even from the gods. I feed my family. I worship at the shrines. For I alone know how to gather riches and to give them.'

'Your *dharma* is a child of greed. I know you not,' Krishna heard himself saying, and let him pass by....

'I know *dharma,'* claimed another, marked with the emblems of sanctity. 'I am pious. I have shrunk from the ways of sin, never murdered, never stolen, never whored. My way is the only righteous way.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of fear. I know you not,' said Krishna and let him pass by....

The third came, a dare-devil. 'I know my *dharma,'* he said. 'I have destroyed my enemies, for whoever opposes me is of the seed of sin. I perform sacrifices, give in charity and thereby proclaim my victory to the world. I feed the Brahmanas and my praises are sung by them.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of vanity. I know you not,' said Krishna and let him pass by....

Then there came before him, one who was meek and resigned. 'I know *dharma*, no one else does,' he said. 'It is humility. Unresisting, I suffer wrongs cheerfully. I bear hunger, thirst, cold, even misfortune. That is the privilege of the meek in spirit. Theirs is the glory of *dharma.'*

'Your *dharma* is the child of the slave mind which knows not the divinity within him. I know you not,' said Krishna and let him pass by....

Then came another, sly as a fox and said: 'I know my *dharma.* I stand away from risky action, the den of lions, and walk the path of safety, which comes of peace, fearing the wrath of gods.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of cowardice,' said Krishna. 'I know you not,' and let him pass by....

Yet there came another, who said: 'I know my *dharma.* It is to peddle the favour of gods to those who open their money bags to me. I offer the hope of salvation to those who have none. Drunk with it, they dance with joy.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of fraud,' said Krishna. 'I know you not,' and let him pass by....

Still came another who said with an air of superiority: 'I know my *dharma.* It is to escape the snares of life, to repress the longings of the flesh. I scorn human weaknesses in me and in others, and revel in stern detachment. I avoid contacts with men and live apart and superior to them.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of arrogance. I know you not,' said Krishna, and let him pass by....

And yet another came satisfied with himself. 'I know my *dharma,'* he said. 'I lend money to the gods, by giving alms to the poor. I enter what I give in a ledger, which Chitragupta, the divine accountant, will open when I appear at my death before the throne of *Dharma.* I will then present my bill and collect my dues with compound interest and live in comfort thereafter.'

Krishna said: 'Your *dharma* is the child of commerce. I know you not,' and let him also pass by....

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And yet another came and his manner was unctuous, who said: 'I know my *dharma*. I do not care what I do—murder, steal, avenge. But I chant the glories of the Great God and turn my sin into a song. I know He will forgive me, however wicked I am. My God is merciful.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of deceit,' said Krishna. 'I know you not,' and let him pass by....

And then came another with a mien of wisdom and the words of a saint. 'My *dharma* is not to resist evil. I shall suffer in silence and shall inherit the kingdom of heavens. Let the wicked seek their foul destiny. They are no concern of mine. My martyrdom will win me glory.'

'Your *dharma* is the child of inaction,' said Krishna with a sigh. 'I know you not,' and he let him pass by....

Then another came with his body fragrant like the lemon leaves, with smirking lips and well oiled hair. 'All *dharma* is illusion. I eat, drink and enjoy as I like. My body is my only shrine. The pleasures of the flesh are my rituals of worship. Beyond them, there is nothing; after me, there is nothing.'

'You are the child of a demon,' said Krishna. 'I shall never forgive you,' and in disgust he turned his back on him....

Suddenly the procession vanished.

Krishna awoke, his heart pounding wildly. Then he smiled to himself. His dream had told him how men look upon *dharma*. But he also had known *dharma*.

He knew the *dharma* of rulers of men like Bheeshma and Drupad. It was to defend their people, to feed the starving, to help the helpless, to foster learning, to uphold the ancient ways of godly living.

He also knew the *dharma* of the family from which was created the beautiful bond which Drupad had woven between himself and his children; which knit the Five Brothers together who lived for each other and for their mother; which made Rukmini and Shaibya parts of him; which led Mother Devaki to see all in her child and her child in all.

He also knew the *dharma* of the Master, who lived only to understand all who came to him with sympathy and who, by the love he bore them, inspired them to be better than what they were.

All this was *dharma*, no doubt. But so also were the *dharmas* of all others whom he had rejected. It gave to each of them something noble to live by—ladders constructed out of weakness of the heart to climb to a higher *dharma*, feeling ever better than before as they climbed step by step. Men were differently made, and needed each his own ladder. But for it, they would have been demons with smirking lips and self-satisfied air, as was the one in the procession whose body was his shrine, and pleasures of flesh, his only rituals of worship....

Thunder-claps shook the halls of the mansion. Lightning rent the air. The sea-waves lashed angrily at the embankment.

As the lightning illumined the room in which he lay, a flash of inner light was before him. He saw—clearly, distinctly—what he had been groping

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for so long. Life—sinful, wretched, noble, inspiring—was one and indivisible. In accepting the mission of fighting for its ennoblement, he had embraced, not a part of life, but the whole of it.

Unwittingly he had been struggling to fulfil the expectations of all—as a son, as a friend, as a husband, as a brother, as a warrior, as a leader, as a defender of the righteous way—at all times feeding the hunger of men and women for someone to love, to cheer and to inspire; and in his measure, they had learnt to gauge the excellence of other men. This was the secret why he had moved many who, but for him, would have remained stagnant.

That was why in their ecstasy at finding him what they had hungered for, many had called him 'their' *Govind;* others, a redeemer; some, even a God.

Mother Devaki and uncle Akrura, deeply religious souls, in their overflowing love of him, had looked upon him as V*aa*sudeva, not the son of Vasudeva, the Yadava chief, but *VAASUDEVA, That is All,* as many ardent devotees called the Great God.

He would like to be *VAASUDEVA, That is All,* the Great God, if he could, he mused. Then he would find a place in every heart. Then his *dharma* would inspire all men in all ages at all times. But what was this *dharma?*

He laughed to himself. He did not know it even at this critical moment when the fabric of his life was crashing over him.

He opened his eyes. He found Rukmini looking at him with anxiety. 'Is your sleep disturbed?' she asked.

'No. I am only thinking.'

'What are you thinking, lord? she again asked.

'Vaidarbhi, what do you think is your *dharma?*'

Rukmini smiled with the smile of the happy and devoted wife. 'My *dharma!* It is very simple. To live in you so that you can live in my heart.'

Krishna pressed her hand and closed his eyes.

He dozed off, and in the twilight of half-sleep, resumed the chain of his broken thoughts. *Dharma* is not merely a hope. Nor speculation. Nor rituals. Nothing which is inspired by anger, greed or fear....it was the will to shape oneself, men and situations by rising above weaknesses.

No, that was not enough; *Dharma* for each one is, to weld the vision, the will and the deed—they were not three, but one—so that he may strive, each in his own way, to live in All —*VAASUDEVA*—so that All may live in him.

●●●

The next morning, Saatyaki and Kritavarman came to him, heartbroken. They did not know what to do. In a whisper, Saatyaki asked: 'Lord, what shall we do now? The Yadavas have no faith in what we are going to do.'

There was a new light in his eyes. He smiled the smile of one to whom light had come. 'Don't blame them, Saatyaki. They have not failed. Rather we have failed them.'

(*Continued on page 64*)
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"Worship the father and you can get the result in a hundred years, if the mother in five minutes.

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Energy is female. Absolute is formless, but when this energy takes form it is called Mother. Water calm is the absolute. When water is disturbed into waves, the moving power is Mother. She is called Time, Space, Causation.

Om *when Absolute becomes* Hrim *when active."*

—Swami Vivekananda.

Mother Bhuvaneswari

V. A. K. AYER

OF ALL concepts of God, that of Bhuvaneswari is the grandest. Etymologically the word Bhuvaneswari means the Mother of the universe. By putting the complexion of Mother on what really transcends all *gunas* or classifications, we do not merely seek to endear ourselves more readily to the Supreme Power but recognize the same as the matrix of creation and that is how it should be.

The Hindu pantheon has the unique distinction of cherishing on its pedestal a number of gods and goddesses. It is common knowledge that even in this diversity the Hindu mind recognizes unity; it perceives One God in all these and the different forms as designed to meet the needs of the different *adhikaris*.

Even in the Mother form of God, there are quite a number of deities like Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswati, Lalita, Kali, etc., whom we worship. It may be recalled here that these different forms have been envisioned at different periods of time by different Rishis who have codified their individual modes of worship, dictated probably by the special needs of the times. Great souls there have been and are who, guided by these modes of worship, have plunged into them and attained liberation. Many of these modes continue even today.

The above argument, if conceded, grants us the privilege and need of choosing modes, depending upon the needs of individuals, society and, of course, the epoch which is but a corollary to the above two data. Now, the world today, unlike of old, is physically more compact, the barriers of time and distance having been re-

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moved, but unfortunately in an infinitely unhappy frame of mind individually, dissatisfied socially, and politically at loggerheads between its parts. To stem the rot in this human situation, it is our duty not merely to seek individual or family salvation but universal redemption. That can be accomplished by the intense universal *upasana* of Bhuvaneswari or Universal Mother.

We shall presently learn the why and how of Bhuvaneswari worship. The *Devi Bhagavata* in the third chapter makes it abundantly clear that Bhuvaneswari is none other than Mula Prakriti, Primal Energy or the functional aspect of the Supreme Power. She is described as the creator of the Trinity of Gods—Brahma, Vishnu, Siva—to whom She gives away as consorts Saraswati, Lakshmi and Parvati, all *amsas* of Herself, with specific functions to perform for the conduct of the world and prescribes a date-line for their lives too. And so with other forms of gods. She further concedes that the worship of any of their forms is ultimately reaching Her.

And now we come to the most important part of the explanation. In Tantric lore, Bhuvaneswari is called, among others, by the name of Hrillekha. It means the Power which is resident in the heart of man in the form of a creeper holding fast to him and guiding him. In this context, the reader's attention is drawn to a similar reference in *Purusha Sookta*, where the Supreme Being is described as residing in man as an orb of lightning, etc. Now, competent authorities identify this Hrillekha with

> **Despondency is not religion, whatever else it may be. By being pleasant always and smiling, it takes you nearer to God, nearer than any prayer. How can those minds that are gloomy and dull, love? If they talk of love it is false; they want to hurt others. Think of the fanatics; they make the longest faces, and all their religion is to fight against others in word and act. Think of what they have done in the past, and of what they would do now, if they were given a free hand.**
>
> —Swami Vivekananda

the Kundalini Shakti* resident in man. Is it any wonder that Mulaprakriti who created man, as in fact all, should choose to reside in him in the form of Kundalini Shakti? Who indeed can deny that Kundalini Shakti is the greatest power that man possesses and that its activation constitutes the *summum bonum* of all yogic and *bhakti* activities? Indeed, without rousing Kundalini, no work of an exalted nature can ever be accomplished. Much less, Liberation. The fact is, Kundalini in man is Mulaprakriti Herself.

That the above statement is not a mere exercise in logic is borne out by the deep experiences of yogis. The Bijakashara of Bhuvaneswari *mantra* has the main purpose of rousing Kundalini. What on earth or in heaven is not possible with Kundalini aroused? The eight-fold *siddhis* will be at one's feet. Without further treading upon sacred ground, it may be added that worship of Bhuvane-

* Vide Bhuvaneswari Stotra of *Rudra Yamala Tantra*.

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> ". . . civilisation today is a matter of life and death. The present generation is beset by anxieties and perils. Our escape, our rescue from these depends upon our finding a new synthesis between philosophy, science and religion. . . . God, or belief, sincere belief in God, i.e. a spiritual power, is man's only saviour from mutual destruction."
>
> —Viscount H. Samuel,
> Former President of the
> British Institute of Philosophy.

swari fetches all the four Purusharthas. According to *Lalita Sahasranama:*

पुरुषार्थप्रदा पूर्णा भोगिनी भुवनेश्वरी ।

And Sankara Bhagavatpada extolls the powers of Bhuvaneswari Mantra as follows:

ह्रीं ह्रीं इति प्रतिदिनं जपतां तवाख्यां
किं नाम दुर्लभमिह त्रिपुराधिवासे ।
मालाकिरीटमदवारणमाननीय
तान्सेवते वसुमती स्वयमेव लक्ष्मीः ॥

"What is impossible of achievement, oh, Dweller of Tripura, to him who chants Thy Mantra day after day? Goddess Lakshmi will of Her own bestow on him a Kingdom."

The Rishi for Bhuvaneswari is Shakti, son of Vasishtha. In other words Rishi Shakti envisioned that form of Parashakti.

Worship of Bhuvaneswari is about the easiest. Her Bijakshara is one of the simplest. The *niyamas* are elementary. While the proper and detailed modes of Her worship should be learnt from an accredited *Guru,* it may be said that *She* is the penultimate arbiter of destinies of all the fourteen worlds.

Here is a common *Dhyana Sloka* of Hers:

उद्यदिनद्युतिमिन्दुकिरीटां तुङ्गकुचां
नयनत्रययुक्तां ।
स्मेरमुखीं वरदाङ्कुशपाशाभीतिकरां प्रभजे
भुवनेशीम् ॥

"I salute Goddess Bhuvaneswari, who shines like the rising sun, having crescent moon on her head, lofty breast, triple eyes, smiling face, four hands carrying the noose and goad in the two hands and bearing *vara mudra* and *abhaya mudra* on the other two hands."

The weapons and *mudras* she holds in Her hands are explained variously; e.g. the four represent Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. In more prosaic words, Her devotee will be endowed with magnetic power, a sharp intellect, freedom from fear, invincibility, great creative powers, popularity, wealth, health and ultimately *moksha.*

Sri Rama and Sri Krishna worshipped Her. Kalidas and Sage Vidyaranya worshipped Her in more recent time, besides a number of other yogis.

KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

'But what shall we do? It looks as if the three of us are going on a fool's errand!'

'Saatyaki, they will come, if we live in faith ourselves,' said Krishna.

'How can we do it?'

Krishna smiled. 'We shall give them faith, Saatyaki, if we take Pushkar, find a bridegroom for Draupadi and heal the hatred between Drona and Drupad. For the moment don't think of what will happen. Let us make things happen.'

[*To be continued*]

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Mulford Q. Sibley

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NON-VIOLENCE against WAR and INVASION

A NATION is subdued by an external invader only with its own consent.

If, through lack of proper organization beforehand, absence of training in non-violent disciplines, and a low-level will to resist, it succumbs; its loss of autonomy is in great degree self-inflicted.

The experiences of Norwegian, Hungarian, Indian, and certain general strike resistances are impressive on this point.

The fact that no major nation has yet tried the way of non-violence means, of course, that we have no direct experience upon which we can rely. But if it were tried, the indirect experience we have would seem to point to a success at least as great as that of military violence—and without the latter's enormous toll in physical, social, psychical, and moral damage.

At any rate, it is difficult to see how anyone with a concern for morality can possibly defend modern war and policies based on its threat.

From the viewpoint of the morality of the means—and accepting the fact that there are important distinctions between their economic and political systems—there would seem to be little difference between Communism and Western Democracy in practice: both of them resort to threats of mass annihilation and both seem to be willing to shatter the whole structure of civilized society in the name of some abstraction which neither can define with precision.

Each claims it is "defending" itself when it resorts to the most horrible preparations for mass slaughter.

How any civilized human being can support either side, in view of these considerations, is difficult to understand.

If the world does somehow survive, men in a future generation will look back to our time with both amaze-

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ment and loathing: amazement that so many millions, East and West, tamely submitted themselves to be slaughtered and to slaughter; loathing at the rank hypocrisy involved in the whole process, with each side proclaiming its devotion to the highest civilized values.

Just as we inquire today how millions of Germans could have submitted their fates to the commands of an immoral dictatorship, so will our descendants ask how millions of human beings professing "Christian" moral ideals could, with scarcely a murmur, build up stock-piles of bacteria, H-bombs, and missiles to kill their fellow-men and women.

●●●

A frequent answer is that while war would indeed be destructive, the possession of military might deters others from making war or invading "free" territory.

This is doubtful, however; for despite existence of military alliances, Communist systems continue to expand, notably in Asia.

But even if we grant that military power has provided a limited deterrence in the past, can we continue an arms race indefinitely without bringing world war measurably closer?

Many students of the problem have persuasively maintained that the more the arms race (with its emotional context) is accelerated, the greater is the probability that "deterrence" of war will be utterly frustrated.

Our descendants, if any, will ask how we could have been so completely foolish as well as immoral.

Descendants would quite legitimately put many queries of this kind. But the reply today is usually another question: What else can we do?

It is at this point that the advocate of non-violent power has most to say. For he is asserting, essentially, that the development of an organized movement against both war and invasion, together with widespread commitment to completely unarmed defence, would be most likely to accomplish such widely proclaimed objectives as the frustration of invasion and defence of basic freedoms.

Before turning to the implications of non-violence for war and invasion, it might be well to point out that the fear of invasion is in some measure a groundless one, particularly insofar as it refers to the possibility of the Soviet Union or China occupying the United States invading the Soviet Union or China.

For the Soviet Union to "control" the vast territory of the United States would be a very difficult task, even without military or formally organized non-violent resistance. The centre of control would be remote from those to be controlled. Even today the Soviet Union has difficulties with its Eastern European satellites, who are relatively close to it and who, moreover, resemble it in many ways.

Any attempted invasion of the United States with the purpose of control would magnify these difficulties enormously. As Ambassador Kennan puts it, Americans seem not to recognize how hard it is to operate "far-flung lines of power" or to see that there are definite "limits to the effective radius of political power from any center in the world."

Despite this undoubted fact, how-

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ever, the advocate of non-violence must deal with the possibility of invasion, since it conceivably could occur. He must, moreover, suggest what a thoroughgoing policy of unilateral disarmament might imply for domestic and international policy in general.

●●●

A turn toward non-violence by any major nation would necessitate a fundamental change in outlook, not only with respect to defence, but also in reference to the economic and international orders.

Unilateral disarmament, to be effective in any sense, would entail such measures as the deliberate construction of a system of non-violent resistance, with as much energy devoted to it as we devote today, for example, to space exploration; a considerable measure of public economic planning to make far better use of human and material resources than we do today; surrender of nationally administered international services to international administration; full acceptance of the rule of law in international affairs, including jurisdiction and possible extension of jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice; and commitment of a very substantial proportion of the national income for an indefinite period to the economic, social, and educational development of the world, not excluding the United States.

Within a context of this kind, we could far better defend the freedom of Americans than through the threat of military violence—no matter what the character of the "other side."

We could revolutionize the whole pattern of international politics and help transform the power struggle into a non-violent one.

This would happen because the "other side" would feel compelled to respond in kind—both because of internal pressures and because it would find that its own interests could best be preserved by such measures.

Non-violent acts on a large scale could be expected to provoke "retaliation" of a non-violent character, just as violent measures call forth violent responses.

Nor is this expectation utopian.

What does seem to be "utopian" (in the unfavourable sense of that term) is our present expectation that we can somehow get peace through arms build-ups; that wholesale preparations to kill will, as if by magic, be transmuted into world order; that indefinite reliance on military violence can be combined with preservation of "the American way of life"; and that we can expect to promote conciliation through such measures as threats to destroy enemy cities, refusal to recognize diplomatically the government of a fifth of mankind, and research into better and more efficient ways of killing.

Expectations of this kind run counter both to common sense and to the insights of most ethical systems.

●●●

If we reject as immoral and impractical policies based on violent intimidation, what other alternative do we have save the doctrine and practice of non-violence?

Between the gross immorality of threatening to incinerate millions of men, women and children, on the one hand, and the injustice of tame ac-

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quiescence in possible tyranny, on the other, there is the way of non-violent resistance.

Undeveloped as it is—whether in theory or in experience—it would seem to offer the only means for helping to redress wrong and to preserve the legitimate autonomy both of individuals and of groups (including national groups).

Cognizant of the dilemmas of morality involved in such issues as resistance to invasion, it nevertheless accepts fully the inevitability of power and power relations. But it argues that, particularly under modern conditions, the most effective form of power is non-violent power.

Yet the full development of a doctrine and practice of non-violent power depends on the willingness of groups to experiment with it, even short of a fully worked-out set of principles.

Herein lies one element of significance in such movements as the "Sit-Ins" and "Freedom Rides" and in forms of non-violent direct action like those exemplified in the Polaris protests. Whether successful or not, experiments of this kind can prove enormously valuable as we grope for the basis upon which to build non-violent resistance to invasion.

We should never forget, of course, that a policy of non-violent resistance to invasion would entail a price.

Not only would there have to be rigorous training and discipline beforehand but there would and could be no guarantee of success or of immunity from suffering.

At a minimum, the scheme would involve: a table of alternative leadership, so that leaders hanged or imprisoned would automatically be succeeded by their understudies; thousands of hard-core *Satyagrahis* who would be in the forefront of non-co-operation and civil disobedience campaigns; thorough preparation for psychological resistance, so that the general population would respect the persons of the invaders while refusing, in concert, to co-operate with their acts; and careful planning for food supplies. Unarmed resistance, as a matter of fact, requires at least as much planning as military defence.

Whatever the practical advantages of non-violent over violent opposition, the moral superiority of non-violence consists in the fact that while under it we might have to suffer injustice (disruption of ordinary ways of life, physical injury, torture, or even death), we do not commit it (we do not deliberately kill, we confine coercion to that which does not seriously injure, and we constantly seek avenues for negotiation). And in the last analysis the advocate of non-violent resistance believes, with Socrates, that it is always better to suffer injustice than to commit it.

●●●

It has often been asserted that there is a severe crisis in modern civilization. The nature of the crisis is variously described. The major crisis may have to do with the question of whether civilization, which produced the ideals of non-violence, can in fact discard the means of violence before those means destroy it.

Will the methods of large-scale violence, also the product of civilized in-

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genuity, tend so completely to dominate—indeed, fascinate—their creators that the ideals of non-violence, enshrined in both religious and secular thought, will be largely forgotten?

It is not certain that civilization will not use its violent instruments to destroy its non-violent achievements and frustrate its aspirations.

In the name of protecting the values of non-violent ends, elaborate and sensitive social organization and technology may be employed to defeat those ends through the use of violence as means.

If this is not to be the outcome of our contemporary madness, it will be because men discover in time that they can neither attain nor defend the ends of non-violence and democracy by the methods of violent power: any apparent success is more than counterbalanced by the evil ends set up by the means.

Once they make this discovery, human beings will turn to the doctrine of non-violence and to the discipline and practice of non-violent resistance.

Without regarding non-violent resistance as the only key to an ideal society, they will see in it, nevertheless, a form of power somewhat compatible with the goals they profess.

Their means will have been brought measurably into harmony with their ends; and they will find that in repudiating the immorality of killing they will also have discovered a far more useful method than violence for the attainment of justice.

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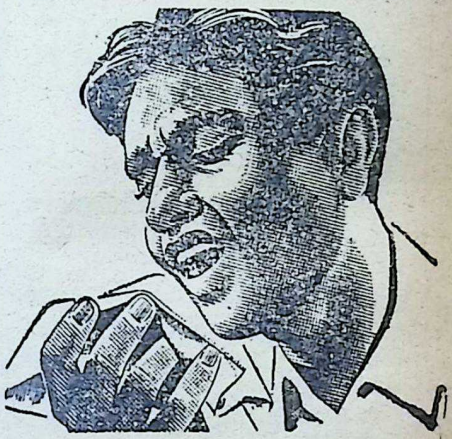

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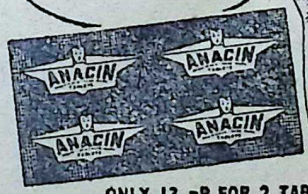

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In this instalment, the authors continue their thesis and demonstrate that despite its diversity, the ruling group is characterised by a mental and moral schizophrenia guided by its diplomatic and other compulsory means.—Ed.

MORALITY AND MENTALITY OF RULERS

Pitirim A. Sorokin
&
Walter A. Lunden

[*Continued from last issue*]

Rulers and Their Symbols

THE heraldic symbols with which rulers identify themselves on their coats of arms, in their titles or nicknames admirably express these characteristics. Lion, tiger, eagle, cobra, vulture, wolf, crocodile, fox, hawk, dragon, and other carnivorous, predatory, poisonous, or wily creatures are the most frequent symbols of rulers' self-identification. No less revealing are their "historical nicknames" chosen by the rulers themselves instead of their real names, like: Stalin (the Man of Steel) in lieu of his real name: Djugashvili; Molotov (the Hammer) instead of Scriabin; Kamenev (the Stone) in place of Rosenfeld; or such historical "thumbnail" characteristics as: Genghis-Khan "the Mighty Killer," Attila "the Terror of the World," Tamerlane "the Scourge of God," Ivan "the Terrible," Yamashita "the Tiger of Malaya," Clemenceau "the Tiger," Antonescu "the Red Dog," and then a long row of "Earth-Shakers," "Conquerors of the World," "Kings of Kings," "Rulers of the Universe," "Iron" Emperors, Dukes, Chancellors, and so on, and so forth. The prevalent mechanisms of politi-

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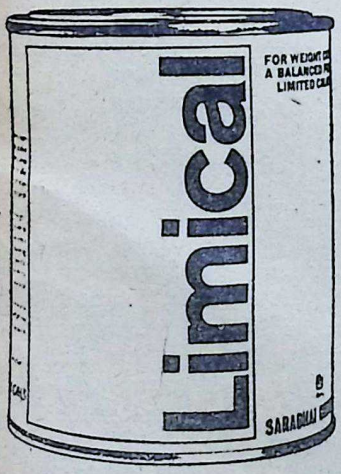

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cal selection decidedly favour social climbing into the ruling strata by this sort of person. One would look in vain among great political rulers, captains of industry, mighty conquerors, or eminent revolutionary leaders for a "soft," sentimental, humane, timid, sincere, and entirely honest individual. At best, only very few may be found. Genghis-Khan or Napoleon, Attila or Tamerlane, Cyrus the Great or Thutmosis III, Peter the Great or Mohammed, Marius or Sulla, Torquemada or Pope Gregory VII, Charles V or Caesar, Cardinal Richelieu or Zishka, Carnegie or the founders of the Rothschilds, Lenin or Hitler, Stalin or Mao-Tse-tung, Oliver Cromwell or Robespierre, Louis XIV or Charlemagne, Catherine the Great or Elizabeth I, Frederick the Great or Henry VIII, W. Churchill or Bismark, the Spartan aristocracy or the Roman patricians, the Venetian aristocrary or the Spanish conquistadors, the first Merovingians or the Carolingians; the founders of the medieval noble families or that of the Venderbilt, the Rockefeller, and the Astor Empires —these and thousands of other "builders" are well symbolized by the discussed heraldic coats of arms and nicknames. Many of them, for the success of their business, have sacrificed their own parents or children, murdered their closest friends, and ruined their benefactors. Other leaders, who do not exhibit conspicuously the savagery of a lion, display in its place the cynical cunning of a fox or craftiness of a cobra. They are especially numerous among politicians and money makers of so-called democracies, Aristides, Mazarin, Metternich, Talleyrand, Lloyd George, Disraeli, Briand, and many leaders of the recent political parties are the examples of crafty machinators of values, human beings, and social relations. They have an extraordinary talent for proving today that A is B and tomorrow that A is non-B, and always in the name of God, humanity, liberty, justice, progress, and other slogans. It does not matter here whether these machinations are good or bad. What matters is that they are demanded by the nature of the business of the ruling classes.

Personality Traits and Power Rule

Only when a given ruling elite begins to decay do these traits tend to disappear. In their decaying stage the ruling strata become uncreative, timid, and soft. But as soon as this happens, they tend to be overthrown and superseded by bold, harsh and wily newcomers. The same may be said of the aristocracy of wealth.

"The Brahmin aristocracy has been severe, and it has existed for at least 2,000 years. The Spartan aristocracy was stern and cruel, and it ruled during at least seven centuries. As long as the Venetian aristocracy was severe and wily, it successfully kept its power. The early medieval nobility and the Normans were severe. And, in spite of many great revolts, they successfully kept their domination. On the other hand, as soon as an aristocracy became humanitarian and afraid to use violence, it usually was overthrown. Such is the situation in all pre-revolutionary periods. Aristocracy and the kings of the pre-

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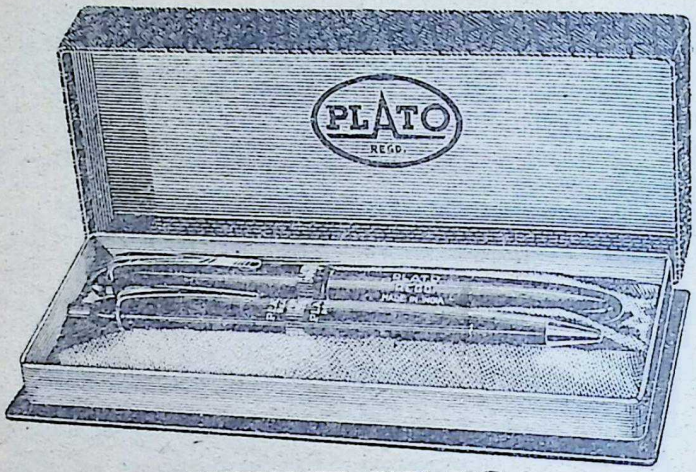

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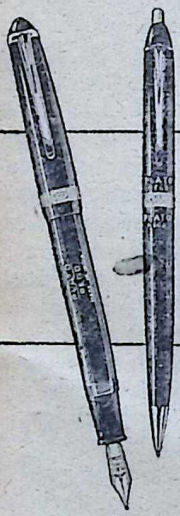

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revolutionary periods are invariably soft, impotent, mild, liberal, humanitarian, and effeminated. As a result, they are put down."[1]

Studied from a psychiatric standpoint, social selection appears to favour three types of individuals attaining public office: (1) the inadequate psychopath, placid and emotionally blunt, often mistaken for a profound person; (2) the aggressive, obsessive-compulsive boss, conceited, ambitious, domineering, and intolerant; (3) the ethically aberrant personality, often endowed with an acute intelligence but morally wily and cynical.[2]

To sum up: the outlined (1) murderous and (2) "diplomatic" activities of rulers, (3) their position as the focal point of various contradictory and often corruptive pressures, (4) the power of rulers, and (5) the prevalent mechanisms of social selection are the main criminalizing factors of ruling groups. These demoralizing forces are inherent in the ruling of empires and vast organizations as they have been governed up to the present time.

The Moral and Mental Dualism of Rulers

The preceding discussion shows that the business of ruling consists largely of two opposing kinds of activities in curious relation to each other. The ruler's noble actions in one area usually occur side-by-side with debasing criminal actions in another. Often these two conflicting elements are fused, as in the case of a ruler employing ignoble means to achieve humanitarian goals, or using noble actions as a facade to mask his baser intentions. These contradictory activities generate conflict in the character of the ruler which, when reinforced by the factors of social selection, creates a split in his personality, making him a sort of Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde. This basic dualism manifests itself in most rulers, making them appear at some times generous, altruistic, and morally noble, and at others selfish, criminal, and inhuman; their behaviour seems to alternate between intelligence and folly, health and neuroticism. This does not occur in the same proportion among all governments and rulers. In some ruling groups the criminal tendencies prevail, while in others the morally ennobling properties are dominant. Despite this diversity, a moral and mental schizophrenia seems to characterize all forms of government which govern mainly by murderous, "diplomatic" and other compulsory means.

These conclusions seem to be verified by striking contrasts between the behaviour of a ruler in his ruling capacity and his behaviour in private life. Robespierre, as dictator of the Jacobin government in France, showed himself to be a blood-thirsty and merciless tyrant who sent hundreds of victims to the guillotine without compunction. Yet, in his private

1. P. Sorokin (a) *Social Mobility* (b) *Sociology of Revolution.*
2. Cf. Norwood East, *Society and the Criminal;* Alex Comfort, *Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State;* C. S. Bluemel, *War, Politics, and Insanity;* G. Mosca, *The Ruling Class.*

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life, this same man proved to be so tender-hearted that he would weep over the sentimental novels of B. de Saint-Pierre! Lenin, acting as a ruler, unhesitatingly ordered the shooting of thousands of innocent persons, yet in the privacy of his apartment, was deeply concerned over the health of a slightly sick kitten. Similar split personality was shown by Stalin, Hitler, Napoleon, Peter the Great, Cromwell, Charles V and Phillip II of Spain, Louis XIV, Henry VIII, Elizabeth I, Nero, Diocletian, Constantine the Great, Asoka, and by most monarchs, dictators, commanders, inquisitors, etc. In a milder form, this moral schizophrenia also marks the high ranks of democratic government personnel: political and military leaders, top executives of big corporations, labour leaders, and even the hierarchy of vast religious and scientific organizations.

In regard to the business executives the dualism is once more confirmed by the recent study of 162 American business executives by E.E. Jennings and associates of Michigan State University's Business Administration College. The study shows that "the typical executive is apt to lead a double life with one set of principles for the office, another for home and church....A Jekyll-and-Hyde strain runs through their ranks.... Ambitious business executives do not regard as success-contributing those practices ordinarily regarded as good human relations...They believed that self-interest was the basis of all human nature, that it was safer to be suspicious of men and assume their nature was more bad than good."

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The executives avoided making close friends in areas crucial to their interests, regarded past promises not binding if they stood in the way of success, kept secret advantageous information, and so on; in brief, in their office they followed Machiavellian ethics while at home they practised the principles of good citizenship. (*The Boston Daily Globe*, April 10, 1959, A.P.)

This dualism is also demonstrated by the strikingly high percentage of extreme mental and moral types among the rulers. P. Jacoby, F.A. Woods, P.A. Sorokin, and other investigators of the mental and moral properties of monarchs unanimously agree that *the percentages of geniuses as well as of the feeble-minded and insane is much greater among the royal families than among the general population*. Also, the frequency distribution among monarchs in the categories of: above average, average, and below average differs quite markedly from the frequency distribution of scholastic grades among the students of our colleges.

Documentation. Of the 354 monarchs studied by F.A. Woods, 143 were above average, 135 were below average, and only 76 belonged to the average group. Of the 352 monarchs studied by Sorokin, 15 per cent fell into the superior class, 8.5 per cent were failures (feeble-minded, insane, demoralized, or incapable, the remaining 76.5 per cent made up the average class. Although in this study the percentages of the extremes (superior and failures) are lower than in F. Woods' study, they are far greater than the somewhat similar

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percentages of feeble-minded and insane among the general population, as well as the percentage of "A" students in the colleges. In 1910 the percentage of those hospitalized for feeble-mindedness or insanity in the United States was only about 0.8 per cent in the cities and 0.4 per cent in the country. In 1920, among the recruits ranging in age from 18 to 30, only 1.15 per cent were diagnosed as being mentally deficient, neurotic, or psychotic. At the other extreme, only about 5 per cent of the students in the colleges can be classified as "A" students. Although the percentages of the mentally gifted and mentally defective fluctuate greatly from country to country and from period to period, the percentages of these extremes remain notably lower among the general population or a college population than among the rulers. Significantly Sorokin's study "shows a correlation between the per cent of "A" and "'Failures" among the monarchs: the higher the first, the higher the second. The examples of Russia and Turkey are especially conspicuous in this respect." Whereas the per cent of "A" monarchs for the whole group of 352 monarchs is 15 and the per cent of "Failures" is 8.5, corresponding percentages for the Russian monarchs are 16 and 12, and for the Turkish sultans 20 and 20.[3]

This prevalence of extremes among the rulers is at least partly due to the dualistic or schizophrenic nature of the governing activity (and partly to hereditary factors). Other studies have shown that the contradictory situations in daily governing activities tend either to develop inner conflicts and split personality within rulers, or to polarize them into the extreme mental, moral, and social types, or to turn them into confused, hesitating, and self-contradictory individuals whose right hand denies what their left affirms.[4]

Reading or listening to the important addresses of monarchs, presidents, and high dignitaries of states or other powerful organizations, one notices glaring contradictions within the same speech or declaration. For instance, many of them proudly declare themselves and their policies to be Christian, often quoting the Sermon on The Mount and other precepts of Jesus as the guide to their policies. A few minutes or lines later, without hesitation, they proclaim in effect: therefore, in the name of Jesus, let us crush and exterminate our enemies; let us reduce their cities and countryside to ashes; let our nuclear and bacteriological weapons teach them an unforgettable lesson, and so on. In the first chapters of the same work some of them (like Lenin) pompously declare that their purpose is the elimination of the state and coercive government, and in subsequent chapters they conclude: therefore, we must establish the iron dictatorship of the totalitarian regime in which the Communist government regiments the whole life, conduct, and thought of the ruled population.

In recent decades, practically all

3. Cf. the details in P. Sorokin, *Social Forces*, Vol. IV.

4. P. Sorokin (a) *Man and Society in Calamity* (b) *The Ways and Power of Love*

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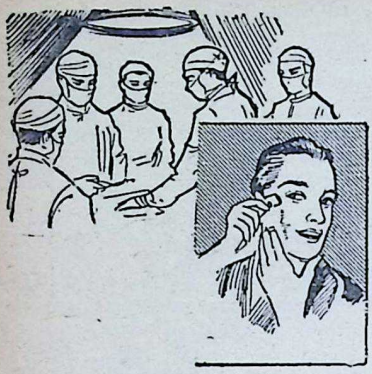

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governments and the United Nations have repeatedly declared that their main task is the establishment of a lasting peace. Yet at the same moment, these rulers by their acts refute this goal for they limitlessly arm themselves, carry on cold wars, and thus prepare to exterminate hundreds of millions, at the risk of an Apocalyptic war which can terminate the very existence of life on this planet. Such speeches can be heard or read daily. Although their contradictory topics and precepts may vary, they display the peculiar "illogical logic" symptomatic of the split and sick soul.

This schizophrenic dualism can easily be seen in a comparison of the main principles of the rulers' addresses with their overt actions of implementation. Almost invariably an unbridgeable chasm is found to exist between these preachings and their practices. Any sincere believer in God, or in the values of Truth, Justice, Beauty, Peace, Equality, Progress of Mankind, Well-being of Humanity, Democracy, Freedom, Brotherhood, Socialism, Communism, and so on, cannot help but deplore the utter distortion of these values in the practices of the rulers who preach them. Viewed dispassionately, many of the actions of crusaders of God are more sacrilegious and atheistic than those of the avowed atheists and anti-religionists. Many an action of the ruling propagandists of the Dictatorship of Proletariat, Democracy, Freedom, Brotherhood, etc., are anti-proletarian, anti-democratic, tyrannical and anti-brotherly.

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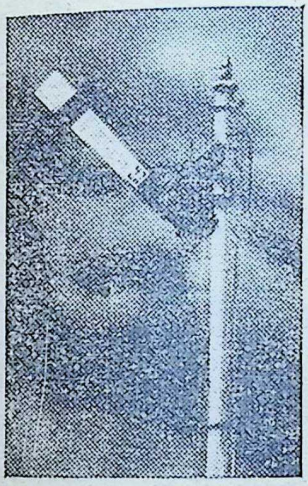
Let us light the lamps in honour of those sentinels of safety who stand steadfast at their posts in the defence of the country and



to those who ensure safe and speedy transport to maintain the lifeline of the Nation.

WESTERN & CENTRAL RAILWAYS

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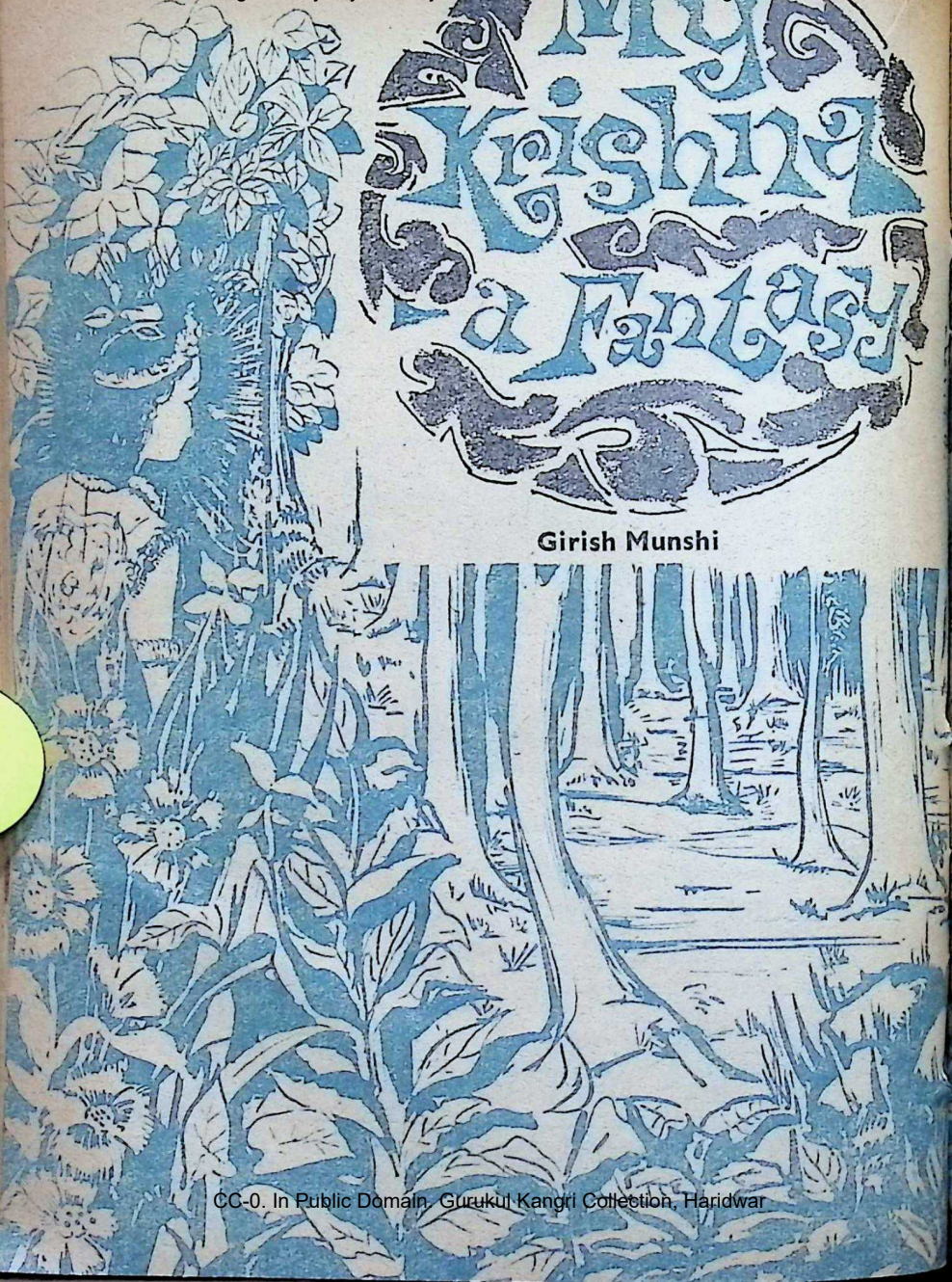
My Krishna a Fantasy

Girish Munshi



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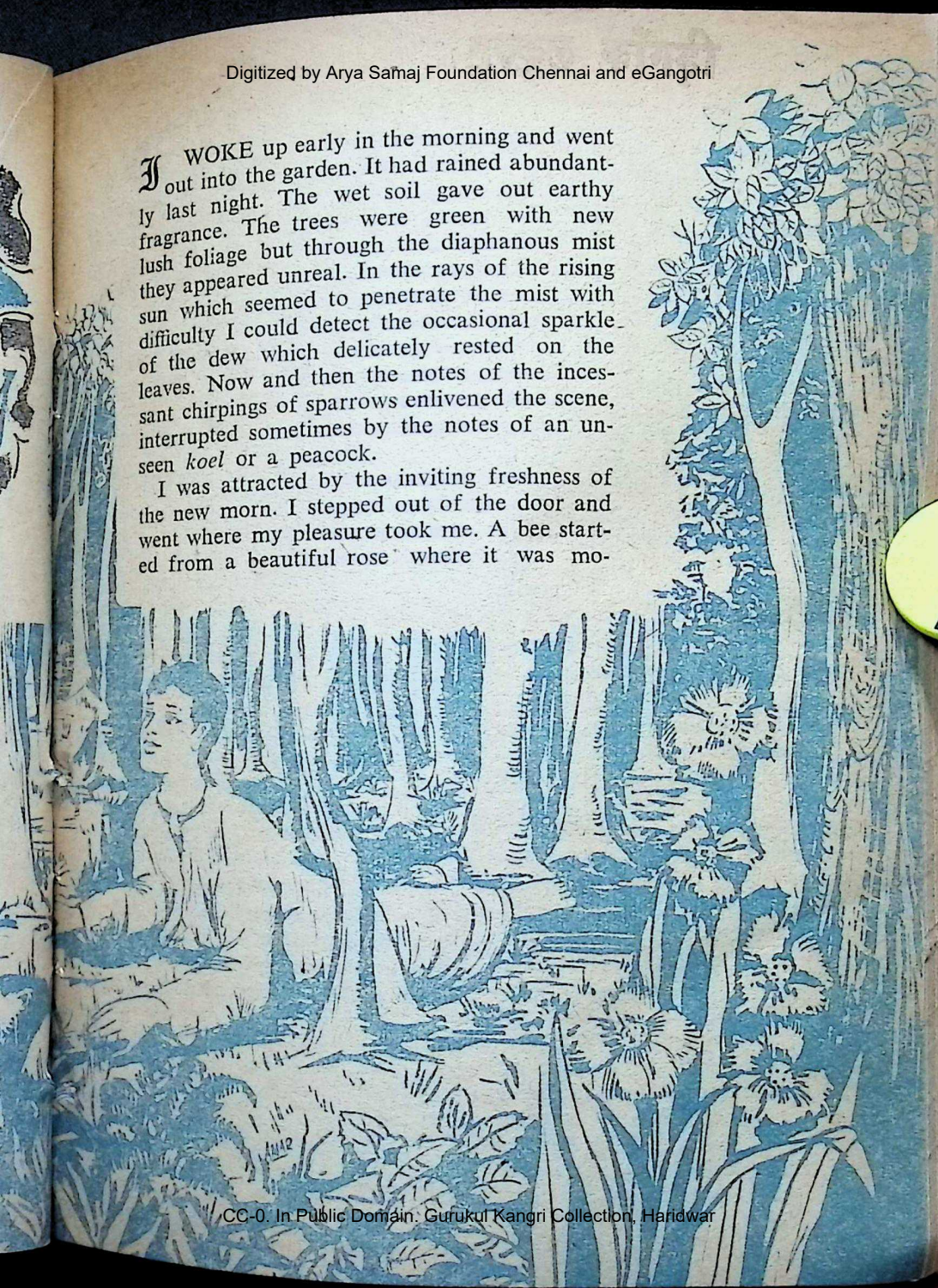
I WOKE up early in the morning and went out into the garden. It had rained abundantly last night. The wet soil gave out earthy fragrance. The trees were green with new lush foliage but through the diaphanous mist they appeared unreal. In the rays of the rising sun which seemed to penetrate the mist with difficulty I could detect the occasional sparkle of the dew which delicately rested on the leaves. Now and then the notes of the incessant chirpings of sparrows enlivened the scene, interrupted sometimes by the notes of an unseen *koel* or a peacock.

I was attracted by the inviting freshness of the new morn. I stepped out of the door and went where my pleasure took me. A bee started from a beautiful rose where it was mo-



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mentarily resting and whirred past my ears. The delicate perfume of the *chameli* flowers, a great many of them strewn on the ground and many more still on creepers, offering their thanksgiving to nature, led me on and on.

I entered the forest. As I walked on, the crickets seemed to sense the approach of the disturbing human and ceased their merry songs. The trees grew taller and stouter till what I had left behind was no longer visible through their spreading branches. An unaccustomed stillness began to envelop me. My mind grew restful. Only wild fowl retreating into a thicket, a rabbit bounding across, a fluttering bird, a burrowing mole, occasionally disturbed my otherwise peaceful, meditative mood.

A new joy was beginning to surge within me. The bounteous nature was soothing me like a fond mother.

I passed a big mango tree, or was it a mango tree?—in the veil of mist I could not distinctly see. I looked up at the fresh shoots on its top, where the sun's rays had lighted up their wondrously delicate colours.

I passed and looked around me with awe. I felt lonely and insignificant in that forest of gigantic trees seen through that misty haze. But I also felt as if I was part of all-pervading nature and the joy within me grew with each passing moment.

The mist gradually began to clear. Ah! I could store the dreamlike panorama in my memory for ever and for ever. Eventually as the veil of mist began to lift I began to feast my eyes on a great many flowers of myriad colours.

I was happy, happier than I was ever before. If this was a picture where was the artist? If this was creation where was its creator? I inhaled deeply the balmy air around me and wondered.

The unequal struggle of life which fate had compelled me to wage had left indelible marks upon me. The incidental burdens and cares had weighed me down till I had grown prematurely old. But in this moment of communion with nature all those cares and worries were swiftly lifted. My soul broke its shackles, as it were, and became free.

Out of the joy within me, rose a divine melody played by a consummate artist. I scarcely realised from where this music came. From within me? Or from without? I paused and listened. My entire being began to tingle and throb with ecstasy. There floated on my ears the faint notes of a flute! The chirping of birds was sweet, but this music was sweeter. I was unsure. I thought my happiness and joy had created an illusion. But no. Those vibrant notes filled with purest joy were floating. In the direction from which they came I turned.

The notes on the flute! The melody conjured up the image of my eternal Murlidhar, the darling of Nanda and Yashoda and of the folks of Vrindavan. I was drawn to the music and my feet carried me thither without my knowing.

For how long I trod the forest I do not know, for I was no more myself. Nor did I notice that the forest through which I was passing had by its deaseness eclipsed the morning

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sun. The notes of the flute grew louder—the melody clearer. Who was so foolish to waste his breath on a wooden reed as if the player was pouring out his soul in this desolate forest?

I ran, literally ran, to see this flute player, this charmer of mine. The fascination he had come to exercise over me was complete. As I came nearer my pulse quickened. Suddenly the music stopped and gay laughter and clappings of hands met my ears. The magic of the flute was broken. Was I so foolish to venture into the forest, alone and unfriended? What if those men—for from their voices they seemed many—espied me, bound me hand and foot? Was this music intended to ensnare me? I stopped alarmed. And yet the voices seemed friendly, of men and women and of children.

Curiosity held me in its grip. I moved cautiously amongst trees till I could peep through their branches. It was an amazing spectacle. Or was I dreaming? It was indeed a beautiful vision.

Beyond the tree behind which I hid, stood a crowd of people. These men, women and children had their backs turned to me. They were in animated conversation, each bubbling with joy. Their dresses were colourful and gay, reflecting as it were the richness of their beings. And yet there was something quaint and unearthly about them. They looked like cowherds and cowherdesses. They gave me a sense, not of fear and distrust, but of pleasure and expectancy.

Some children played about at call.

I gazed fascinated at the group. And yet a sense of the unreal hung about them. I looked on with bated breath.

A fruit dropped beside me with a heavy thud startling me. The people turned in my direction. Who was the villain, so impudently trespassing upon their privacy? I was caught? Caught and trapped? My heart pounded furiously. Panic seized me. Should I run away?

My feet were paralysed.

The urchins ran upto where I was standing. They raised a joyous shout at discovering me, caught my hand by their tiny ones and dragged me out. But even so I was not sure whether the children or their touch were real.

I saw them all, all eyes gazing at me curiously.

There was an aura around their healthy robust faces and figures. I felt like a thief. As I approached them they became silent and gradually fell apart....

When they stood divided at my approach I saw Him for the first time.

He was there, my beloved Krishna in all His majestic splendour, the deity of my dreams and longings. He was tall and lithe and graceful. His divinely handsome face was of faultless proportions. His limpid gaze sent thrills of delight through my body. A slight smile flickered round the corners of His well-shaped mouth, a smile I had not seen anywhere, a smile that beckoned gently and irresistibly, drawing me like a magnet. I was an eavesdropper and yet there was nothing forbidding

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in the countenance of Purushottam, the King of kings. I drank in the grace dripping from His figure, clad in the flowing *pitambar*.

I do not know how long I remained there feasting my eyes on that Perfection. Never even in my wildest dreams had I pictured His loveliness so fully. I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming? He smiled ever so gently at my bewilderment and advanced towards me. As He approached me I became painfully conscious of my own inadequacy. The lustre on His face made me cast down my eyes.

He took me by the hand and took me with Him. I went with Him. Could I do otherwise? And in the moment that He placed His hand round my shoulders, I experienced bliss. He had accepted me—me, a mere mortal with all blemishes, into His company. I was a part of Him, He was a part of me. And He even addressed me as a friend. Happiness, joy, bliss. Can one describe the Infinite by words which are meant to describe only finite experiences?

How it all started I do not know. In the joyous contemplation of my new experience I had forgotten both time and space.

THE rain had started in a fitful way dampening the atmosphere. The sky had darkened considerably. The wind had begun to howl through the forest, swaying trees and scattering leaves. The wilderness had assumed a sombre aspect which could easily have frightened stout hearts. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning followed by a thunderclap. Its reverberations rolled sonorously into the woods. It would have unnerved me had it not been for Him who was with us.

It began to pour in torrents now. Unperturbed He led us to a cave as He had led His companions of Gokul under Giri Govardhan many, many centuries ago. He trod familiarly among the byways of the jungle. His serene countenance held assurance. All were safe.

The cows were following us. The musical tinkles from the bells hung around their necks reached us in soft cadences as showers became a downpour.

The cavern was dark and chilly. The wet musty smell which emanated from its interior held us near its mouth. A bat or two flew over our heads and went back into its dark depths.

I sat near a rock, my eyes eagerly searching Krishna as He helped each one to reach dry safety. No wonder He was popular with all, I thought. He had a way with each one of them, laughed and joked with all. His gestures were sweet and gracious.

He came to me after what seemed an eternity. He came with that heart-winning smile and sat opposite to me. My eyes had followed Him continuously but as He sat there, as if to give company to me and me alone, my heart fluttered and filled with indescribable pleasure. I marvelled at His perfection.

Hadn't He taken the form of Mohini, the damsel with unmatched beauty, when the Suras and the Asuras had vied with each other to steal

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away nectar from the Kshirasagar? Who else but He could have so successfully diverted the attention of the lusty, greedy, power-drunk demons? Every action of His spoke grace. My attention was rivetted on Him as He gently asked me questions with earnest solicitude, about matters which I would not have cared to divulge to the most intimate of friends. And I sat there prattling away trying to explain to Him, from whom nothing remains hidden, all my innermost thoughts and sentiments, my entire personality as it were, with all its fault and foibles, literally giving myself away. He listened with rapt attention, with sympathy, with understanding. I felt deeply flattered by the courteous attention He was paying me.

Thus I kept on talking, of my thoughts and sentiments and emotions, withholding nothing. In my eagerness to lay bare my heart before Him, I did not notice that the rains had stopped and a glow hovered about the mouth of the cave. The clouds had passed permitting the sun to peep in again on the earth. The rain drops glistened on the leaves. The flowers and vegetation had begun to smile again. But where were they? the cowherds? the cowherdesses? the children? the cows? In my utter absorption I had not noticed that they had gone out.

A moment later, laughter greeted my ears—laughter gay and abounding. Krishna arose smilingly, curiosity and mischief playing upon His lips. As He stood there the chatter and laughter came nearer. In an instant He was surrounded once again by His youthful companions. They wanted Him to come out of the cave, to play His flute, to dance with them, to join the festive *Ras.*

He looked an instant at me smiling, almost inviting me to join Him. I could not, however, help noticing the envious expression of the *gopas* and *gopis*. Kahn was for ever befriending strange people! Had He betrayed them for me? Was I a spoil sport? Why had I, a human, whose antecedents were unknown, come? To break their revelry? Their reproachful looks seemed to ask.

I felt the justice of their attitude. Paradoxically, my good fortune oppressed me.

The little children playing about complained more vociferously. They not only gave Him complaining looks but tugged at His *Pitambar* and *Dupatta*...

'Anuradha!' He gently and lovingly stroked the head of one of the cherubic looking little girls who was tugging at His *duppatta.*

He again looked at me with those expressive eyes of His inviting me to be a part of them, to participate in their joy, to join their *rasa.* The *gopas* and the *gopis* looked in my direction again, understanding the invitation Raseshwar had given me. I was attracted and yet I spied no welcome in the expression of these people. It was bad enough to have blundered into their midst! It would be worse if I spoilt their fun. I continued to sit there, feeling guilty. Was I introducing a note of discord in that carefree crowd—a break in the harmony which prevailed before my arrival? I felt small and

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lonely and yet the spell His personality had cast over me made me utterly powerless to do anything.

From outside the cave somebody stroked the *mridanga*. The tinkles of the *jhanjar*, the playing of *manjiras!* Surreptitious attempts to divert His attenton. He seemed to know of these invitations as I could see from His faint smile. Yet He teased them for quite a while, as if to try their endurance, to exasperate them. He tarried a while, gave me a final reassuring look and left, borne away by the crowd with exclamation of delirious delight.

O despair! despair! Blackest despair! Could a man be ever so miserable? One moment ago I was immersed in happiness, the next I found myself in the deepest desolation. When He left me He took from me all I had. I felt wretched. What claims had I on His attention and company? I could not have held Him to me for ever and for ever. It was foolish of me to expect that I was capable of doing so. My reason tried to hold me but to no avail. It could not support me in my affliction. Should I go after Him? Follow Him? Had He not beckoned to me? But I was not wanted or else why did they, His companions, not take me? Why had He invited me, so to say, and yet gone away?

For some moments, I sat there forlorn and miserable. What I did thereafter I do not know. I know, however, that I had left the cave and was sitting near a brook a little farther away, my mind confused, my tongue parched, my heart empty. From here I could know where they were, but they would not know where I was.

As I sat there, lost in my emptiness, wretched beyond words, somebody softly laid a hand over my shoulder. I started and looked up into His beloved face. He was smiling—that irresistible smile of His. In that instant my heart leapt out to Him.

With Him was a woman of resplendent beauty, matching her grace with His. She was Radha of whom poets and bards and devotees have spoken. They were a peerless pair, each complementing the other's perfection.

'Come,' He said softly and I rose. No trepidation, no doubt tugged at my heart now. My uncertainties melted away within me as I beheld them. I followed them meekly until I joined them all. I was accepted, I said to myself as my heart leapt with joy once again. I did not care what the *gopas* or *gopis* would think of me. 'I am accepted,' that is all that mattered to me.

Strange as it may seem, I felt now no stranger to the company. Their smiles swept off the last vestige of my reserve. I was ready to enter into the spirit of the *Rasa*.

Can I describe the *Rasa?* No, my friend, I will not attempt it. Can I tell you what is joy unalloyed? That I cannot, because I do not find adequate words. Can I tell you of my exhilaration? No, you must experience it to know what it is. Everything beyond description: the setting, the people, the music and above all the Divine pair!

* * *

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I SPRAWLED exhausted after the *rasa*—a delicious lassitude, and peace descending upon and flowing through me. My limbs went limp with fatigue, my eyelids drooped till I was ready to drop into nothingness. As I lay under a tree half awake, half asleep, sweet but faint notes from His magic flute began to percolate into my consciousness.

I dreamt of all I had seen and heard that day. My Krishna was at the centre of it all. His image and that of Radha dominated everything.

God alone knows how long I remained in that happy somnolence. I had become unmindful of everything save my dreams. But when I gradually awoke to the reality of the world around me, the day had aged and the light dulled. The sky was clearer now, the dark monsoon clouds having nearly dispersed leaving only white gossamer shapes behind. It was suffused with a crimson glow which painted the white clouds with various shades of colour.

The memory of that unforgettable experience once again came back to me. I got up, expecting to see my erstwhile friends there, but they were nowhere to be found. No Krishna! No Radha! not even a cow! Where were they? I asked myself again and again as I looked above and around me in a daze. I rubbed my eyes and slapped my cheeks to test whether my senses were deceiving me. I had no company. How could that be, I reasoned with myself. They were there before, my Mohan and His companions. Where could they vanish so mysteriously? After a short or two I was confirmed in the cruel realisation that I was alone.

The very idea of loneliness in that vast forest gave me shivers. Within an hour or so the sun would be gone. I called myself a fool for dozing off. Had I imaged Radha and Krishna and the *gopas* and the *gopis*? Were they real or the result of my fanciful imagination? My mother had often watched me indulging in fantasies and had called me a self-deluded child. She had rebuked me and spoken mockingly of my habit of day-dreaming. All these reproofs now crowded into my mind.

I bounded up with a sense of urgency. I must be home before it was dark yet. I tarried just a while as the memories of the afternoon welled up once again. The lingering impressions of what I had seen and heard that day were very real. They could hardly be merely figments of my imagination.

There was no time now for speculation. The jungle seemed too unfriendly. A vague fear began to creep into me as I heard or imagined the growls and grunts of animals.

I started hurriedly in the direction from which I thought I had come. The path, however, was not clear.

Fool! I cursed myself again and again for falling asleep in the unknown forest. As I moved here and there trying to find familiar signposts, beads of perspiration gathered on my brow.

The evening shadows in the jungle had never looked as fearful as they did now. Anyone of them might hide a carnivorous animal with murderous claws.

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My failure to find my way out sent a chill down my spine. A nervous tension was building up within me paralysing the mind and will. Involuntarily my lips began to mutter the name of Krishna. He alone could save me.

'Krishna! Krishna!' I half spoke, half muttered His name. He could be the *antaryamin,* the only friend I would have in this treacherous forest. As my apprehensions oppressed me in the enveloping darkness, my mind clung to Him and yearned for Him with an intensity I had not imagined myself capable of.

I groped in the dense forest for quite a while. The hour of the departing dusk passed. When night descended, hopelessness settled over me.

What must I do? I asked myself perplexedly. Proceed? It was not possible. Stay atop a tree? That seemed to be the only way, perhaps in the company of a coiled reptile. But that was safer than spending the night on the ground.

As I stood there debating within myself as to what I should do, a little snapping of a twig on my left froze me with terror. As I turned I thought I saw a little movement in the indistinct brushwood. My heart sank. A tiger? A panther? "O God! O Krishna! Save me" I prayed in anguish and fled in the opposite direction determined to climb a tree for safety.

It all happened swiftly in a suspenseful moment. Out of the jungle emerged a dark shape. I saw two burning eyes and heard a low growl as I said my final prayers. A stifled sob choked me.

It will be over in a moment, I thought: I did not look back at my pursuer. In a flash my entire life passed before my mind's eye in a confused sequence until it rested upon the most vivid and culminating experience of my life that afternoon.

I ran swiftly, desperation giving wings to my feet. Scarcely had I offered up a last fervent prayer to my Krishna, when something suddenly hit me numbing my senses, and I passed out.

When I regained consciousness and felt the dull throbbing pain in my head, I saw in the darkness, not the dread shape of the beast, but the luminous form of Him, my protector.

'Krishna! O Krishna!' I sobbed aloud as my tension relaxed and I felt safe in the knowledge that no harm could befall me in that Presence.

"YOU have strayed far into the jungle. You must be home by now." His voice was steady and resonant. I could not see His face clearly except in outline but the peculiar inflection of His voice made me feel that He was taking charge of me.

"O Krishna!" I wailed as I clung to Him thinking He would elude me again.

"You are a nervous wreck," He said with an amused laugh as my hands, cold and moist, touched Him. "Pull up and be courageous." There was a note of encouragement in His voice.

"It is well for you to say, 'Be courageous'," I said trying to sound brave. "I have passed through the most harrowing experience of my life."

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He again laughed a soft amused laughter which was challenging. It stung me.

"Have you ever been left in a jungle all alone and known its terrors?" I asked Him trying to meet His challenge.

"And are you courageous in other spheres of life?" He asked me almost in a friendly, intimate whisper ignoring my impertinent question.

"Of course," I said, my voice betraying lack of conviction. "Of course," I said again a little more vehemently trying to convince myself.

I had been the only child of a poor railway clerk. My father had been affected by a stroke of paralysis and had been disabled ever since I was a child. My mother had to do odd jobs to support the family. She was illiterate and could not earn much. In her desperate moments she had turned to religion for solace. Krishna had been her favourite deity and she had passed on that preference to me. I had been attracted by her simple devotions and had frequently joined her when she sat steady before His printed picture. In those moments I had forgotten the feeling of lucklessness which had persistently dogged me and my parents.

In school my academic career had not been bright. My studies had been hampered by religious preoccupations. I had managed to pass, never having been able to show any merit in my results. It was the same story in college. When I was in Intermediate Arts my mother died. I was driven to the necessity of taking odd jobs to support my invalid father and myself until I joined a bank as a clerk.

Thus at an early age, I had encountered difficulties and received hard knocks. Our family had always been in needy circumstances. Father had become decrepit and conditions had deteriorated. Father lay in his bed, impotent rage consuming him.

Life had dealt severely with both my parents. They had finally given up the struggle and departed from this world.

I was a broken man. I had cried at the blows fate had dealt me, lost interest in life, lost courage. I had hardly any friends. In the sea of life I was being buffeted from side to side. I was a non-descript individual whom one and all could browbeat and bully—and I had not the courage to defend myself. At my job my superiors had found fault with my work and had often rebuked me and called me a dullard. My equals made light of my peculiarities and I had not the courage to stand up to them. The little pittance I was drawing as salary barely sufficed for my needs. With rising prices life was becoming increasingly difficult to support. My mind had cracked under my misfortune. Unable to bear the burden of life I had withdrawn myself into a shell. The few friends I had had deserted me. I turned moody and morose, living only in a world of my own, weaving the life-beautiful all my own.

Reading of the *Bhagavata* and the other biographies of Krishna had become my sole pastime. In that peculiar mood, I indulged a little in *yogic*

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practices shunning company and denying life.

Courage? I had never fought life and never known courage. When He asked me to be courageous He had touched my weak spot. I felt no resentment at His question which I would have felt if anyone else had asked me. He had entered my heart as no friend could. I had surrendered my mind and self to the *jagadadhar*, the support of the world.

I laughed a bitter laugh at the balance-sheet of my life. It was a painful memory and I shrank away from it.

"I have told you of my life and You know how I have fared. Why do you remind me of what I do not wish to remember and torment me thus? Did I not tell you this very afternoon how I have had a run in my life? How can you expect me to be courageous?"

"You must face life and win it," He said softly but finally. "If you do not face it, who can help you? A man can be his best friend and his own bitterest enemy."

"It is well for you to say I must face life," I railed at Him, remembering the story of His life as *Srimad Bhagavat Purana* and the other *puranas* had narrated. "You were hailed as saviour even before you were born. You had the love of all your companions and friends. Nature had endowed You generously with all the qualities which go to make a success of life. In whatever You aimed the gods made Your path easier. When You were so well favoured what trials did you have to face?"

He was grave as I poured out my complaint. But I could make out from His answer.

"A great deal of misconception has been spread about me for centuries by bards and poets and prophets. I was born an ordinary child. The triumphant personality you see before you and which has captured the imagination of the poets and devotees for centuries did not descend from heaven but was planned and shaped and built with infinite labour. In my life I have known poverty and insults, frustration and pain. By constant endeavour I have overcome those weaknesses. By sheer will I have pursued triumph and have attained it."

He ceased talking for a while and then continued, "By branding me as divine by birth and an avatar, the poets and the devotees have only justified their worship of Me. For how can you give unreserved devotion to anyone whose mistakes and drawbacks you know? When a man with attainments bursts upon the world, the devotees slur over his humble beginnings and the poets impute to him perfections right from his birth. That is utterly absurd." He paused for a moment. After a while he added, "So you see I had my dark days but the world is not aware of them." He ceased speaking.

I stood aghast at what I had heard.

He continued, "I must take you home. The way is long but I shall guide you. Come!" He steadied me as I stumbled along the way.

"Can I face life more courageously?" I begged of him.

"My friend, everyone can attain with courage what I have attained if he has the will to make, the necessary effort. But each one has to con-

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tend with circumstances."

"How?" I asked Him, my mind racing with impatience.

He told me the incidents of His life as He had encountered them; how He lived up to his twelfth year in fear of His life as Kamsa sent assassins to kill Him; how in his attempt to destroy Him Kamsa killed innumerable children, spreading terror all around; how He had fled from refuge to refuge, living here in fear, panic, terror; how when in his early teens He determined to throw off fear and kill Kamsa and free His people from misrule and tyranny: how He overcame His shortcomings and made His mind and body instruments to punish the wrongdoer and uphold *dharma*: how gradually He evolved the philosophy which He perfected in life and became finally the triumphant personality.

He told me this and much more unfolding how at each step He had to struggle to make Himself better and stronger. I cannot repeat all that He told me, but as He narrated his experience my heart was inspired with courage. I determined to cast off the gloom which had impeded my progress at each turn. I drank in His words. My heart grew free. An exhilaration took possession of me.

We were in a clearing now. An owl hooted at a distance. Govinda looked in that direction and I followed him. Over the fringes of the distant trees in the east I could see the faint glimmer of light announcing the rise of the moon. In a few moments the silvery orb rose flooding the world with moonlight.

"Isn't the world beautiful?" I could not help remarking.

"And so is life," remarked Krishna with a triumphant smile. "Only you must know how to make it."

Soon we arrived at the outskirts of the forest. The lights from the houses were twinkling in front of us. The monsoon clouds had again gathered now hiding the moon and plunging the world in darkness. But I knew where my house lay although it was not visible.

As I emerged from the forest I stood for a while with eyes shut, enjoying the caress of the wind. A moment later I turned to Krishna to murmur my gratitute and found Him no more.

He had vanished as mysteriously as before leaving a delicious sense of fulfilment within.

I believe that if a reformed thóught is truthfully and fearlessly placed before the people they will surely accept it. Every thought —religious, social, economic, domestic or political—has to be refashioned and thus a new life has to be moulded. Let us examine and reconsider our basic views and concepts and then put them, without any fear or favour, before the masses. The time for thought-churning has now come. Some people may criticize it, but the new age is sure to accept the reformed thought.

—Acharya Vinoba

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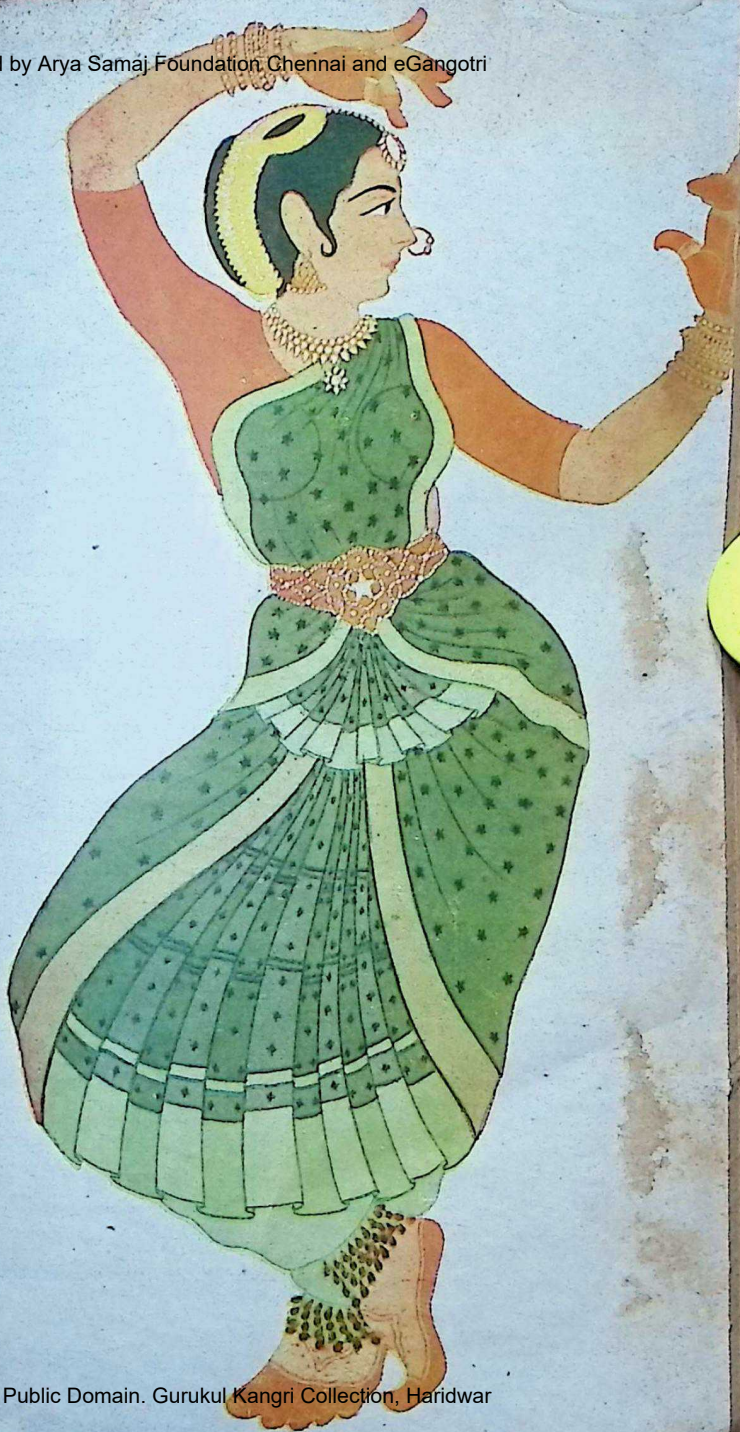
Supplement to 'Bhavan's Journal', Diwali Number, 1963.



"RHYTHM"

Artist:
Sri Kamalaksha Shenoy

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From his (Vivekananda's) ashes, like those of the Phoenix of old, has sprung the conscience of India—the magic bird—faith in her unity and in the Great Message, brooded over from Vedic Times . . . .

—Romain Rolland

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Swami Vivekananda and Western Savants

V. RAJARAMAN

AMONG those who established a powerful link between India and the West, Swami Vivekananda occupies a distinguished position. The circumstances in which he undertook to place before the West the philosophy and aspirations of his fellowmen were far from encouraging, but "driven forward by will, courage and tireless industry" he resisted all the waves of antagonism to emerge as a messiah of Universal Religion and an inspired interpreter of the Vedanta philosophy. The Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1888, in which he represented his country as an unofficial delegate discovered his genius. This hitherto unheard-of monk shot up to fame with meteoric suddenness, and his stirring addresses in the Parliament in laying the foundation of Universal Religion as interpreted by the Advaita-Vedanta, roused the conscience of the august assembly "to recognise divinity in every man and woman". The noted intellectuals of the day were attracted to his message and this brought to being a few memorable meetings. Notable among those he met were Rev. Max Muller, Dr. Paul Deussen and Prof. William James. Swami Vivekananda was a living example of what he taught, a teacher who carried conviction to the minds of his hearers, a personality whose very presence was inspiring, and above all, was ever willing to learn from the West so that he could incorporate those ideas into the texture of Hindu society. It was these virtues of head and heart that made him a unique monk, a missionary with a difference in whom even the hardened intellectuals of the day found a powerful match.

Rev. Max Muller

It was in London, on May 28, 1896, that Vivekananda met the great 'Sanskritist' and Philologist Rev. Max Muller. The meeting was not of just two giants among men, but of two

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who understood the inner life of each other. Max Muller's consuming passion for Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy was known all the world over, and in his zeal to show the West that "behind such strange names as Indian Theosophy and Esoteric Buddhism and all the rest, there was something real, something worth knowing, worth knowing even for us, the students of Plato, and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel in Europe", he introduced Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa in an article entitled "A Real Mahatman" in the *Nineteenth Century* (1896). The article gave rise to a good deal of controversy, but undeterred Max Muller was contemplating to write a comprehensive work on the life and sayings of Sri Ramakrishna. It was at this time that Vivekananda and Max Muller met. Time could not have been more opportune for this meeting. "It is not every day that one meets with a disciple of Sri Ramakrishna" said Max Muller overjoyed at meeting the foremost disciple and exemplifier of Sri Ramakrishna's mission. The meeting of these two, each of whom was dedicated to a life of devoted service for India, was warm, touching, and sad. It brought forth from the pen of the Swami some of the finest and the most moving words that he ever wrote. He writes: "The visit was really a revelation to me .....It was neither the philologist nor the scholar that I saw but a soul that is everyday realising its oneness with the Brahman, a heart that is every moment expanding to reach oneness with the Universal. Where others lose themselves in the desert of dry details, he has struck the well spring of life. Indeed his heart-beats have caught the rhythm of the Upanishads..... Max Muller is a Vedantist of Vedantists". The services rendered by Max Muller to Indian thought and culture were a perennial source of strength to Vivekananda and quite often he exhorted his disciples to emulate the philologist's sincerity and devotion to work.

Dr. Paul Deussen

Another savant that Swami Vivekananda met during his visit to the West was Dr. Paul Deussen. Writing on him in the *Brahmavadin* in 1896, Vivekananda describes him as one of "the younger advance guards" of the "new movement"—that movement was the resuscitation of the ancient spiritual values of India and interpreting them to the West. Dr. Deussen, convinced as he was that the philosophy of the Upanishads was the "fountain-head of all spirituality" and fascinated by its lofty idealism engaged himself in translating and interpreting the *vedanta*. It was not without much family and social disapproval and discouragement that he pursued his interest in the study of Sanskrit, but he emerged after years of arduous study as one of the greatest Orientalists of modern times. His love of India was abiding and his knowledge of Indian philosophy profound. He invited Swami Vivekananda to meet him at Kiel to discuss the Vedanta. Many were the interesting days spent by them in illuminating conversation. The Swami could with delightful ease unravel the esoteric meanings of many abstruse lines in the Vedas and the Upanishads,

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and the Doctor's penetrating questions and scholarly disputations enlivened the tenor of their conversation.

A very interesting incident occurred during Swami Vivekananda's stay with the Deussens. Vivekananda was browsing through an anthology of poems in the private library of Dr. Deussen when the latter called him thrice but received no response. Dr. Deussen left ruffled and offended but that very evening in the course of their conversation Swami Vivekananda quoted profusely from the book he had read that morning, much to the astonishment of Dr. Deussen. On being asked how he could accomplish such an extraordinary feat of memory, there ensued a very interesting talk on the *yoga* method of concentration and memory. Dr. Deussen knew then how much engrossed the Swami must have been while reading that anthology of poems. Recalling his meeting at Kiel, Swami Vivekananda describes it to be "among the most pleasing episodes of my life", and of Dr. Deussen's work for India he says that "this one man has done a thousand times more for the preservation, spreading and appreciation of the literature of our forefathers than any of us can ever hope to do; and he has done it with a heart which is full of the sweet balm of love and veneration".

Prof. William James

Swami Vivekananda's treatise on Raja-Yoga, a work known for its authenticity and clarity of exposition was much sought for both by the laity and the intellectuals. The distinguished philosopher, Prof. William James, it is believed, was so deeply interested in this exposition that he practised a little of it under the direct instruction of Swami Vivekananda himself. It was at a dinner in Mrs. Ole Bull's residence that the two distinguished personages met for the first time, and the two continued to regard each other with warmth and admiration. In the concluding chapter of his work *The Varieties of Religious Experience* William James quotes from Swami Vivekananda, and Romain Rolland suggests that "there is no doubt that Vivekananda indirectly contributed to that book". It is difficult to judge the exact nature of the influence, but it is doubtless that William James regarded Vivekananda

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as a "paragon of Vedantist" and a mystic.

Several were the other eminent leaders of thought that Swami Vivekananda met—the agnostic Robert Ingersoll who advised him to be cautious in preaching the Vedanta in America, Edward Carpenter who turned away from the Clergy to the wisdom of India and J.H.Wright, Professor of Greek in the Harvard University, who recognising his genius helped him to represent his country at the Parliament of Religions. His meetings with all these men and many more were rich in hospitality and exchange of ideas and they were by themselves an eloquent testimony to the great regard in which he was held in the West. No student of comparative religions can fail to notice the far-reaching consequences of the pioneering efforts of Swami Vivekananda in disseminating the philosophy of the Vedanta in the West, and no one can deny that his learned association with some of the foremost thinkers of the day gave his mission a unique intellectual dignity and stature. That the philosophy of the Vedanta is percolating into the root and fibre of Western thought and speculation is manifestly seen in the increasing popularity of the *Vedanta* centres in America and the contributions made to its study by distinguished thinkers and writers like Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood.

Vivekananda still lives in the soul of his motherland, and in the souls of her children.

—Sri Aurobindo

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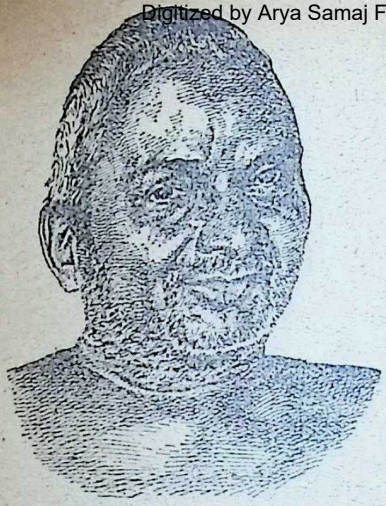

SWAMI NITYANANDA *as I knew him*

PRATIBHA D. TRIVEDI

ON 8th August 1963 was celebrated the second death anniversary of Swami Nityananda, the Saint of Ganeshpuri, situated near Vajreshwari in Thana district. Since last few years this great Spiritual Master had become well-known among the people and his fame has reached to distant places. When he took Samadhi two years back, thousands of people came to have his last *darshan*.

Years ago, alone he came to this place in a loin cloth and settled down near the hot springs beside an ancient temple of Lord Siva in the midst of a jungle. He converted this wild forest into a comfortable town of Ganeshpuri. He made it self-sufficient with its own electricity, dispensary, schools, hotels, rest-houses, shops, wells, sanatoria and free Bhojanshalas. This he achieved by sheer love and affection for the people.

Ganeshpuri did not exist on the map of town-planning. It was put on the map by him and his devotees. It is a tribute to his greatness.

Swami Nityananda belonged to the South, where he was first seen in the district of South Kanara, in the state of an Avadhoot. There he was known to have performed many miracles. He was also known for his wonderful healing powers.

Little is known about his early life. Having visited holy places all over India, he ultimately settled down at Ganeshpuri, where he was seen since 1933.

He was a towering personality. Tall, huge and dark with sparkling and penetrating eyes, he loved children and was very fond of distributing sweets and clothes to them. He had started a free Bhojanshala for children.

He was not a saint in the modern sense of the word, as he did not give lectures; he was not a scholar; he never read a book nor did he recommend any. He looked indifferent and sat at only one place. It all depended on his mood whether he talked or not. Still thousands came to him for succour and protection. Many invoked his powers for material gains, while others sought his grace for spiritual progress. To him all were alike, an expression of the Infinite. A request made with faith and sincerity was always granted.

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The devotees called him Guru, the Master. His selfless love for the poor and the suffering endeared him to those who came to hear him and they addressed him as "Baba." He was a saint of great compassion. By his very sight the faithful ones had their wishes fulfilled. The miserable ones acquired peace of mind near him. People suffering from physical ailments were cured by having faith in him. Seekers of truth got enlightenment from him according to their capacity and those who served him selflessly were turned toward the path of true knowledge. Thus he moulded the lives of many who came to him with love and faith. They relied on him in all matters and he looked after them.

He was a purifying touchstone. His very proximity was enough to purify the mind. The moment one sat in his presence one would forget all pains and anxieties, and hours would pass without one's being aware of it. He did neither initiate a person in the usual manner nor direct his disciples openly on the course of spiritual discipline. He worked silently.

He did not teach but he radiated an influence. He did not speak but his silence was eloquent. He did not preach but he was a living touch. He never instructed but made the disciple understand a thing by himself. His way of guiding a person on spiritual path was very strange.

In the midst of a group he would convey a message or an information or an instruction to a particular person in a way that the two alone could understand. Sometimes a person would come to him with some disturbing question in his mind; without being asked, Swamiji would give an indirect answer by talking about it to someone else. Sometimes he gave cryptic replies and spoke symbolically, which was only understood by the one for whom it was meant. To many he revealed himself in the form of the deity they worshipped. He had his own way of conveying to his devotees, by a gesture or a word, that he knew many things about them.

Swami Nityananda never expounded a doctrine, still his teachings can be gathered from what he spoke to his disciples. He taught them to seek God through devotion to Guru, which meant complete surrender to the Guru.

He used to say. "Those who have no Guru, have not realised the truth. Nothing is higher than the grace of a perfect Guru.'

When a disciple asked him about the course of *sadhana*, he said. "Sit quiet. Leave everything to me."

When someone complained about his own weaknesses, he told him to surrender them at the feet of the Guru.

If anyone asked his permission to go on a pilgrimage he would say: "God is everywhere. Search him within you."

Following are a few of his precepts, by which he talked in terms of Advaita.

"When ego is completely destroyed world seems to be a reflection."

"You become divine if you see divinity everywhere."

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"Liberation means seeing One in all and all in One."

"If you have a pure heart and true urge, God is not far away."

"Be introvert. Without meditation there is no steadiness of mind."

"Love all. Hate and anger are signs of ignorance."

"Detach yourself from the world and realise your true self."

Above all this, the real mission of Swami Nityananda was to give spiritual guidance to the real seekers of truth, to whom he revealed his true self and his powers. He had that spiritual touch with which he awakened the soul of a disciple. This is called "Shaktipat" or "spiritual awakening," by which he aroused the Kundalini-Shakti of others. He was an expert in the art.

In "Shaktipat" the Guru transmits his *shakti* or personality right into the disciple, and the guidance to proceed further on the spiritual path would come from within the disciple himself.

When the Kundalini is awakened by the grace of a Guru, a person automatically goes into a frame of mind where all thoughts stop without any effort and he passes through many a wonderful spiritual experience. Being purified, he attains an inner peace by which he becomes in due course only a witness to his own thoughts and the outer world. This is the experience of many who were blessed by him. He was a dynamo of energy and a power-house of Shakti. He fully controlled the awakened Shakti of the disciple.

He was a Sadguru, the perfect Master. He was a spiritual giant who had reached the Himalayan heights of spiritual attainments. He was a Siddha Yogi.

Even to-day his Samadhi, which has become a place of pilgrimage, vibrates with spiritual atmosphere and blessings for the sufferers.

Prophets preach, but the Incarnations like Jesus, Buddha, Ramakrishna, can give religion; one glance, one touch is enough. That is the power of the Holy Ghost, the 'laying on of hands' the power was actually transmitted to the disciples by the Master—the 'chain of Guru power'. That, the real baptism, has been handed down for untold ages.

Get the mercy of God and of His greatest children; these are the two chief ways to God. The company of these children of light is very hard to get; five minutes in their company will change a whole life, and if you really want it enough, one will come to you.

—Swami Vivekananda

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My breath runs in a subtle rhythmic stream;
It fills my members with a might divine.
I have drunk the Infinite like a giant's wine.
Time is my drama or my pageant dream.
Now are my illumined cells joy's flaming scheme
And changed my thrilled and branching nerves to fine
Channels of rapture opal and hyaline
For the influx of the Unknown and the Supreme.

I am no more a vassal of the flesh,
A slave to Nature and her leaden rule;
I am caught no more in the senses' narrow mesh.
My soul unhorizoned widens to measureless sight,
My body is God's happy tool,
My spirit a wide sun of deathless light.

—Sri Aurobindo

TRANSFORMATION

Rishabhchand

THE poem* gives a graphic description of a transformed nature. It treats of no realisation in the current acceptation of the word, but of the supreme realisation possible to man on earth, the supramental transformation. Nothing is left out in the picture, not a line, not a curve or colour that might be deemed necessary for its perfection. From the Spirit down to the cells of the physical body, everything has its honoured place in a natural sequence, and a happy harmony links the different parts together. It is a complete portrait of the integral transformation of human nature into the Divine Nature.

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Nowhere else is there such a perfect picture to be met with—not in the Upanishad, not even in the Veda, where one gets either glowing descriptions of the transcendental realisation, of the realisation of the Absolute beyond mind, life, and body, or glimpses of a transformed consciousness, consequent upon the transcendental realisation. But it is only the spiritual consciousness of man that is thus transformed, not his mental, vital, and physical consciousness, not his normal, waking active self. When, for instance, in the Veda, the Rishi Vak, daughter of Ambhrin, sings in immortal words of flame of her ecstatic identification with the entire universe, nay, of her participation in the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Divine, we get the thunder-chant of a sovereign voice that expresses itself from the heights of a superhuman spiritual experience. But yet there is a lacuna in that thrilled experience, which leaves much to be desired. The total identification, the integral union, has not been realised.

It is she, she asserts, who ranges through space in the forms of the Rudras, the Vasus, the Adityas, and the universal gods. It is she who upholds Mitra, Varuna, Indra, Agni, and the Aswini Kumaras. It is she who upbears the gods named Soma, the destroyer of the enemies, Twashta, Pusha, and Bhaga. She is, she declares, the supreme sovereign of the universe, the giver of earthly and heavenly riches. But she does not speak of the "illumined cells" of her body becoming "joy's flaming scheme," or her nerves "channels of rapture for the influx of the Unknown and the Supreme." Although the Devi Sukta was not meant to present the integral, but only the summit transcendental and universal experience, still it may be pointed out that the experience of the transformed *individual soul and nature* has been left out of the picture, and it is this lacuna, this absence of the physical realisation, that wails in the midst of the marvellous symphony of her spiritual realisation.

If, from the Spirit down to Matter, all is the Divine, *sarvam khalvidam Brahma, Vasudevah sarvam,* then the Divine Consciousness must not only remain pinnacled on the heights of our being, but descend and occupy all its parts, saturate all its levels with its Light and Ananda, and fuse them all into a single, harmonious whole. The mind, the vital or life, and the body with all its cells, must be shot through with the splendours of the Spirit. The whole human being must be transformed and divinised; and, not only the incommunicable Absolute, or the universal, all-sustaining peace of the immobile Impersonal, Akshara, but the Light, Power Ananda, and Love of the integral Divine, the Purushottama, must be realised and made the permanent stuff of the normal human consciousness. A dynamic union with the Universal Being, Vishwa Purusha, or with the Universal Shakti, either, is not enough. Purushottama or Parameshwara, who contains and yet transcends all these statuses and aspects, must be realised in his triple aspect, transcendental, universal and individual, and a dynamic union with Him must be

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> There is a small group of men who teach religion from experience. They are called mystics, and these mystics in every religion speak the same tongue and teach the same truth. This is the real science of religion. As mathematics in every part of the world does not differ, so the mystics do not differ. They are similarly constituted and similarly situated. Their experience is the same; and this becomes law.
>
> —Swami Vivekananda

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maintained in all the elements, states and movements of life. And it is this full and dynamic realisation that is portrayed in Sri Aurobindo's poem.

The Spirit that dwells in man is all Light; therefore, to realise oneself as Light, as an infinite ether of Light, shining in all the elements of the universe, is, though immeasurably great, yet a possible realisation, well within the reach of man. The Spirit that dwells in man is all Bliss; therefore, to realise oneself as Bliss, as an infinite ocean of Bliss, pervading the whole universe, is equally within the reach of man. The Spirit that dwells in man is all Power; therefore, to realise oneself as Power, as an infinite dynamo of creative, preservative, and destructive Power, is also an equally possible realisation. And many Yogis there have been who have had these realisations.

But the essential nature of the Spirit is not darkness; it is not passion, and fury, and inertia, and the slow, corroding disintegration. To make the Spirit descend into its apparent opposites, to call it down to light up the very heart of this congealed obscurity of Matter, to soften and sweeten it with Love, quicken it with the breath of a deathless Life, and render it a glorified temple of the Divine, is the colossal dream of only the rarest emissaries of Immortality, the leaders of earthly evolution.

As the soul of man has its inalienable aspiration for union with the Divine, so has his mind, so have his heart and life, and so has even his body, though in these the aspiration is rather involved in the subconscious and the unconscious. If the soul of man is from the Divine, so is his nature in all its parts, elements, and energies, in all its tangled web of good and evil, harmony and discord, light and darkness. Therefore, an integral union means a simultaneous union of our soul, our mind, our heart, and our body with the Divine in our active life on earth. This is the crowning achievement of the supramental transformation the above poem so vividly depicts.

The poem is not difficult, but it is charged with the undertones of an unprecedented experience. One should therefore, read it, preferably at least two or three times, in a meditative mood, with as much concentration as one can command, in order to enjoy its radiant and rapturous beauty, bearing in mind the central sense, which is as follows:

The immemorial gulf between Spirit and Matter has vanished in the all-inclusive union, and the divine influx floods the soul, the mind, the heart, the life-parts, and the "thrilled" nerves and "illumined" cells of the poet's body. His "unhorizoned" soul is in the ecstatic embrace of the Infinite, revelling in Its infinite vision; his body has become "God's happy tool" in creative action; and his "Spirit a wide sun of deathless light."

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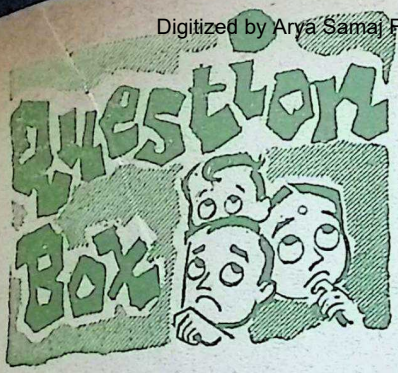

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Sri Ranjit Singh Basnet, Darjeeling.

Q: Could we push back Chinese by spiritual means?

A: What do you mean by spiritual means? Performing religious ceremonies? If so, the answer is 'no'.

If by spiritual means, you understand all means inspired by the spirit of dedication and single-minded devotion to duty, the answer would be 'yes'.

1107

Sri Mulchand Deomal, Nanpura, Surat.

Q: Clarence Darrow, the great American lawyer, observes: "No one is responsible for his birth. Sex is fixed before birth. Colour is also determined in the germ plasm. No one chooses his parents or early environment". Is this not a clear case in favour of destiny?

A: It is a case of one's *sanskars* of earlier life blossoming in this life.

1108

Sri Harshad Shukla, Atursumba.

Q: What is the meaning of Soul-voice? Why do men go to temple and pray God?

A: The Soul-voice is the voice which we hear when our mind is purged of attachment, wrath and fear and in humility we surrender ourselves to God. Men go to the temple and pray to God to purify their mind from the sordid world, so that it may be easy to feel the presence of God.

1109

Sri Hukam Chand Sharma, Sharbo.

Q: What is the difference between Yoga and Tapasya and which is easier of the two?

A: Yoga is a comprehensive word which includes *Tapas* also. Tapas is the process by which the body and the mind are purified. It is an essential discipline for attaining Yoga. There can be no Yoga without Tapas. There is no question of one being easier or the more difficult of the two; one is a step to the other.

1110

Sri B. Sureshwara, Bangalore-20.

Q: In your question number 1070, you have stated that "Man is the only animal which can think of God." But we find in Puranas peacocks, monkeys, serpents, etc. also worshipping God. Please, therefore, explain the original question in this light.

A: I think the Puranic references to peacocks, monkeys, serpents etc. worshipping God, are inspired by poetic imagination, which

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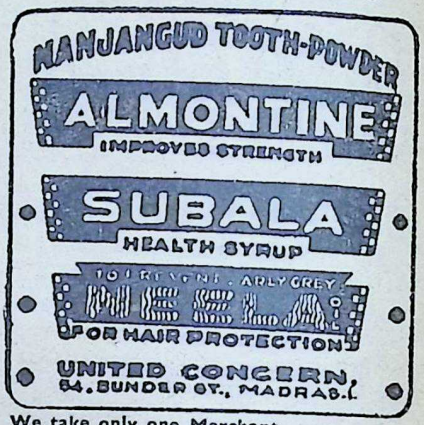

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transfers to animals the feeling and emotions that we, human beings, have.

1111

Sri R. L. Pathela, Delhi-6.

Q: *Do diets exercise any influence on efforts at self-realisation? In what way? Please explain.*

A: Of course they do. Self-realisation implies the conserving of all the physical, mental and spiritual energies in a man. This cannot be done if eating and drinking is not regulated and controlled. Even what you eat and drink have an effect on the mind. Have you not found the effect of a heavy dinner, or unwholesome drink on your mental processes?

1112

Sri Shubh Datta Dogra, New Delhi.

Q: *I am a regular reader of your Journal. I am unable to know why a self-realised yogi should continue to perform action, for, by definition, he has achieved everything. Kindly enlighten.*

A: We cannot give up action. Even if we do not want to perform actions, we will continue to perform them. A self-realised yogi is not a piece of wood; he is a dynamic centre of spiritual forces and he must continue to re-dedicate his life to non-egoistic action.

1113

Sri V. Swaminathan, Bangalore-3.

Q: *Don't you think it will be appropriate for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan to take up the study and practice of the ancient arts of Indian Sculpture and Indian Architecture?*

A: It would be appropriate for the Bhavan to do many things, but where are the resources and where are the men? When the Bhavan gets them, it will follow your advice.

1114

Sri Prabhudananda Das, Gauhati.

Q: *How does Linga Sareera manage to manifest itself in so many bodies in so many ways?*

A: The question itself is wrong. The Sareera does not *manifest* itself. It is the soul or the spirit that manifests itself through the Sareeras differentiated as *sthula*, *sukshma* and *karana*. Sareera means body and we do not speak of a body manifesting itself in a body, not to speak of "*so many bodies*."

1115

Sri Deva Singh, Rohtak.

Q: *Gandhiji in his later life believed that Truth is God. Is not it the denial of the existence of God as an entity?*

A: No. His 'Truth' was a powerful spiritual force emanating from God. Gandhiji's dictum was a way of emphasizing an aspect of Divinity.

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This is the tri-centenary year of the Saint-composer.

KSHETRAGNYA

Saint-composer of the South

Dr. B. Gopala Reddi

INDIAN music is a vast treasure-house which has been enriched by the contributions made by a galaxy of composers during the course of the centuries. Amongst them Kshetragnya stands out as a star of the first magnitude and he occupies a unique place as a composer of the type of song known as *padam*.

The *padam* is a charming and important musical form in Karnatak music. It belongs to the sphere of applied music. It is essentially a form associated with dance and plays a vital role in Bharata Natyam*. A programme of Bharata Natyam consists of Alarippu, Jatiswara, Sabdam and Varnam in the first part and the second part is mainly devoted to *padams*. An important aspect of Bharata Natyam is the exposition of Bhava or different kinds of emotions through Abhinaya and the musical background for this interpretation is provided mainly through *padams*.

In concerts also, *padams* are assigned an important place mainly on account of their musical content.

Though Kshetragnya's compositions are all in Telugu, they are popular all over South India. He made a powerful impact on the course of the development of classical music. And he continues to be a dominating force even today.

Kshetragnya was born in the village Muvva, situated in an area which has all along been the seat of traditional learning and culture on the banks of the river Krishna in Andhra. Kuchipudi, the renowned centre of Bharata Natyam, well-known for its Bhagavata Mela, and places of historical importance like Srikakulam with

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its shrine dedicated to Andhra Vishnu and Ghantasala, are within a few miles of Muvva. The Kuchipudi artists were patronised by the Vijayanagar emperors even as early as the 15th century and their achievements reached new heights through their Yakshaganas during the next 200 years.

In this environment Kshetragnya had ample opportunities of studying Sanskrit and Telugu literature, drama, *alankara sastra,* music, dancing and Abhinaya. He shows a remarkable grasp of the various branches of traditional learning and fine arts in his compositions. With his profound equipment and scholarship, he adorns whatever theme he takes up. His poetic vision and wonderful gifts of observation impart to his utterance a rare charm and grace.

His career stretched from about the beginning of the 17th century to its end, but there are only a few historical details available regarding his life. According to the accounts of some families in Muvva claiming descent from him, his original name was Muvva Varadayya. According to tradition, a yogi initiated Varadayya into worship of Sri Gopalaswamy at the village shrine by teaching him the *mula mantra* of the deity. Varadayya, through sustained spiritual endeavour, obtained the *darshan* of Sri Gopala. There was an awakening within him as a result of divine grace and he broke out singing rapturously of the *leela* of Gopala. The words and music emerged as a beautiful *padam*:

Sripatisutu barikci nenonaluna
vedite Kopala! Muvva Gopala!

The term 'Sri' marks the auspicious beginning of his glorious career as a Vaggeyakara. The *padam* is in Anandabhairaviraga and set to Adi-tala, an appropriate beginning. He dedicated his compositions to his Ishta Deivam, the god of his choice, Muvva Gopala and used this Divine name as his signature or 'Mudra' in his *padams.* He stayed in Muvva for some time and after he grew up in his stature, he set forth on his many journeys to spread his music far and wide and establish his sway over the hearts of his countrymen.

The Nayaka rulers were great patrons of art and learning in the South at the beginning of the 17th century, the mantle of Vijayanagara having fallen on their royal shoulders. Varadayya from far off Muvva presented himself at the court of the great Raghunatha Nayaka (1623-1633) at Tanjore. And there is a charming story told about the encounter. The King, as if twitting him, asked the musician how he happened to come there without being invited. The singer who was also a poet in his own right replied in a flash:

Tamudame Vatturarthulu
Kramamerigina datakadaku rammannara
Kamalambulunna Chotiki
Bhramarambula Yachyutendra
Raghunatha nrupa;

"The needy ones do come of their accord to the presence of discerning and munificent patrons! Whoever asks the bees to come to the spot where the lotuses are in full bloom. O, Raghunatha Nripendra?"

The royal patron was no doubt pleased but it was at the hands of his son Vijayaraghava Nayaka (1633-

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1673) that Kshetragnya received the highest honours and was elevated to a position of unparalleled eminence. In the composition known as Meru-padam, beginning with the words "*Vedukato Naduchukonna Vitarayude*", Kshetragnya gives some very interesting details about his royal patrons. Let us hear him in his own words:

> Muvva Gopala, the Lord of my heart graced me with his presence.
> Tirumalendra of Madura bestowed liberal gifts and honoured me with a seat in front of him; and then he asked me for choice lyrics.
> "When I offered two thousand Padams and asked him to select, the joy of the Lord presiding on the dais knew no bounds! I called on Achyuta Vijaya Raghavendra and obtained his audience passing by many a courtier; In the cool bower when I entertained him with one thousand padams, he favoured me with munificent gifts. When the mighty Paduhsha of Golconda invited me with honour to face Tulasimurti in an academic contest, Muvva Gopala possessed me and made me sing one thousand and five hundred padams in forty days."

From this *padam*, it becomes clear that Kshetragnya composed 2000 *padams* at the request of Tirumalanayaka (1623-1659) and the 1500 *padams* during a contest with one Tulasimurti in the *durbar* of Padshah Abdulla Kutbshah of Golconda (1622-1672). At the Tanjore court he sang 1000 *padams*. In all he appears to have composed more than 4500 *padams*.

The affection and regard which was shown to him by Vijayaraghava Nayaka once excited the jealousy of the poets and musicians in the Court. They decried the use of colloquial and common expressions in the *padams* of Kshetragnya. On hearing this from the King, Kshetragnya composed the *padam* "*Yadaraka Po Pove*" and left the latter half of the last *charana* unfinished. He proceeded to Sethu (Rameswara) on a pilgrimage leaving the remaining lines of the *charana* to be composed up by the Court poets, who tried hard but could not do it. On his return the poets besought him to complete the unfinished *charana*. Kshetragnya sang the lines in his own inimitable manner and the court bowed down to him, to the delight of the monarch.

It is said that Kshetragnya acquired this name as he went round from one Kshetra (sacred place) after another and sang the deities enshrined in them. From the *padams* so far collected it is known that he visited 18 different *sthalas* including Kanchi, Tiruvellore, Tirupathi, Srisailam, Srirangam, Madura and Chidambaram. His *padams* in these sacred places were addressed to the Gods associated with them, but the 'Mudra' Muvva Gopala occurs in all these compositions. It is noteworthy that he has composed the largest number of *padams* on Sri Varadarajaswamy of Kancheepuram.

In the *padams* of Kshetragnya different types of Nayaka, Nayaki, Sakhi and Doothi, mentioned in the works on Alankarasastra, are portrayed with amazing skill and understanding of emotional responses. Kshetragnya is known to have followed the definitions mentioned in Bhanudatta's *Rasamanjari*. But his creations pulsate with a life, vigour and charm all their own. The *sringara-kirtanas* of Talapakkam Anna-

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macharya of the 15th century was the earliest examples of *padams* of the *sringara* type in Telugu. There are affinities between these *kirtanas*, the *sringara padas* of Purandhara Dasa and the *padams* of Kshetragnya.

But in Kshetragnya's hands the *padam* acquires a new dimension. In his *padams* the lyric, with all its chiselled perfection, is matched by the power and originality of the musical setting. There is a balance achieved between sound and sense in an unparalleled manner in these *padams*. Also there is an under-current of Bhakti of the Madhura-paddhati, the yearning of the individual soul for union with the Supreme Being, in these *padams* which depict *sringara rasa* in its innumerable phases and variations. In this, it may be said that his works followed the lines of the achievement of Jayadeva and Vidyapati in the North.

Kshetragnya by the magic of his originality and artistic perception brings about a harmony of Sahitya, Sangeeta and Bhava in his *padams*. He does not disdain the spoken idiom which acquires a fresh vigour and elegance in his hands while the depth and maturity of his learning shine through his compositions, which have now found their place in literature.

The *padams* of Kshetragnya are eminently suited for *abhinaya* in Bharatanatyam. In fact they stand unrivalled in this genre. They are in *vilambita-laya* (slow tempo) and mostly set in Triputa-tala, which makes for their effectiveness in dance. From the available *padams*, it is seen that Kshetragnya has used 39 *ragas*. Most of them are *rakti-ragas* like Kambodi, Mukhari, Bhairavi, Todi, Sankarabharanam, Ananda Bhairavi, Punnagavarali, Neelambari, etc. Some rare *ragas* like Saindhavi, Ghanta and Maruva are also used. Kshetragnya is acknowledged to be a great creative musician and his delineations of *ragas* and their arrangement in his *padams* indicate the measure of his powers in the art of melodic elaboration. The *sangita* embodied in the *padams* has always been looked upon as part of the most authentic and authoritative interpretation of Karnatak music. For this reason the *padams* have been used not only in Bharata Natyam performances, but they have also been included in concert music.

It requires considerable skill and experience to render these *padams* convincingly in concerts and till recently it was usual for prominent musicians to include the items in their recitals.

Out of the very large number of *padams* composed by Kshetragnya only 330 have been collected and published. Even amongst these only about forty to fifty are being rendered by musicians. These *padams* had been carefully preserved by a few distinguished musicians, like the late Veena Dhanammal and their disciples. The resuscitation of these compositions is a duty we owe to the great composer.

Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better.

—Andre Gide

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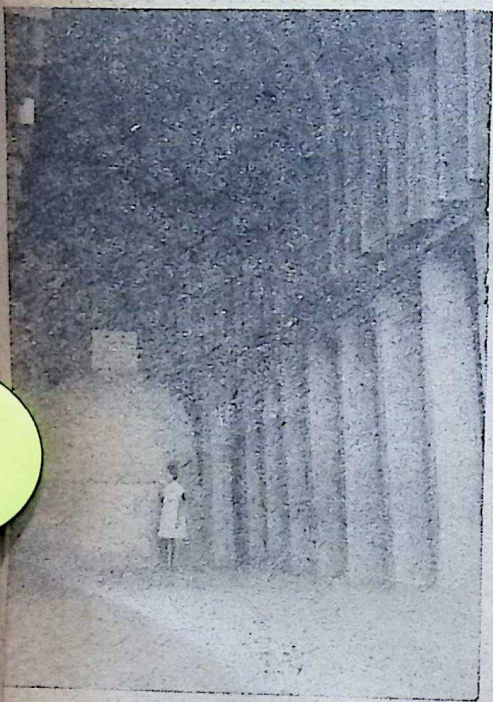
BHAJA CAVES

O. J. THOTTAN



Chaitya or Prayer Hall. In the centre is the dagoba *or circular mound.*

INDIA has a rich heritage of ancient monuments depicting various forms of art and architecture. It is generally believed that the rock-cut architecture was initiated by Asoka during the third century B.C. and copied by successive generations. Some of the finest examples of Indian sculpture carved out of rock formations in distinctive styles can be seen in Western India, the foremost among them being the caves of Ajanta and Ellora.

Buddhist sculpture developed phenomenally from the 2nd century B.C. to the 2nd century A.D. During this period the sculptural expression was specially devoted to the earlier form of Buddhism in which the presence of the Buddha was manifested by symbols. The rock-cuts at a particular area usually had a *Chaitya* or prayer-hall and a *Vihara* or monastery for monks to live in. This early style of Buddhist architecture is recorded in the caves of Bhaja.

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The village of Bhaja from which

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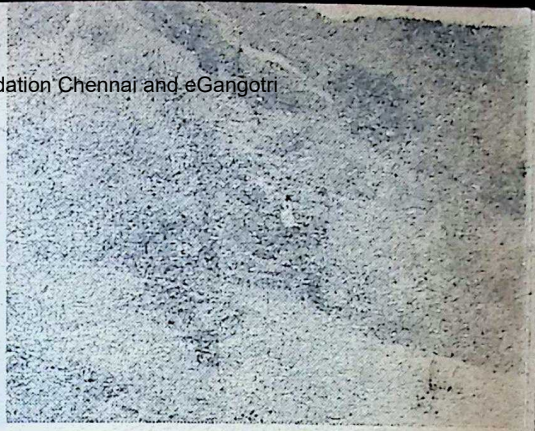

Left: *Ornamental rock-cuts around one of the caves.* Right: *The path leading up to the caves.* Bottom: *Close-up of a cell with carvings on the outside wall.*

the caves derived their name is situated at a distance of about one mile from Malavli railway station, next to Lonavla on the Bombay-Poona route. The village is actually on the foot of the hills and a climb of about half a mile brings one to an elevation of about 300 feet to the premises of the caves,—gems of Buddhist architecture. Compared to the Karla caves situated about 3 miles away, the Bhaja Caves are small but are perhaps more artistic. There are about 18 caves big and small of which Cave No. 12 is outstanding. There are thirteen stone-pillars on each side to support the roof of the cave which is about 25 feet in height. At the far end of the hall there is a circular mound known as a *dagoba*. There is a casket-like structure on top of it.

The ornamental designs all around the cave outside, bear witness to the unrivalled skill of the artisans of a golden era. There are several *viharas*

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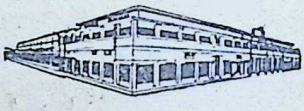

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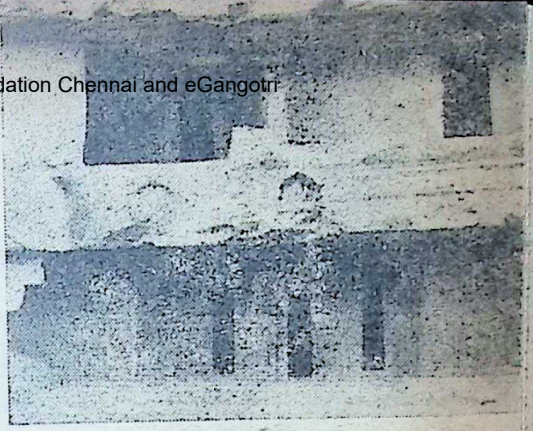
on either side of this cave, some of them being one-storeyed. Cell-like rooms are all over the place. A few sculptures, now worn out, adorn some of the walls. There are a few caves which are hewn underground. Storage wells for preserving water can also be seen. The staircases cut out of the rock both inside and out are masterpieces of architectural planning.

The view from Bhaja hills all around is most picturesque and unforgettable. Visapur fort, one of Chatrapati Sivaji's strongholds is very near and there is a path leading to it. The hills housing the Karla Caves can also be seen from here.



A view of a vihara *where the monks used to live.*

All art has this characteristic, that it unites people.

—Leo Tolstoy

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My Mother's Hands

—SMT. KAPILA THAKORE

My Mother's hands
Are fair and soft
Rosy red and woolly warm.

There is a magic in her hands
For everything she does so well
Things so big and things so small
Pretty and perfect
My Mother's hands are
Fair and soft
Rosy red and woolly warm.

I do not mind her knitting
I do not mind her painting
But I do mind her washing
Pots pans and plates
For it makes her rosy woolly
hands
Cold and dirty soon.

Mother's hands are soft and fair
Rosy red and woolly warm.

★

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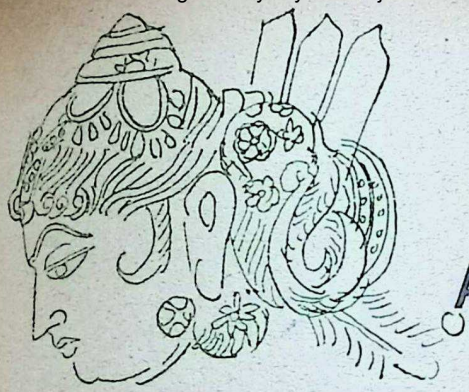

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA

Km. GEETA DEVI

THE history of most of the known civilizations shows that the farther back we go into antiquity, the more unsatisfactory is found to be the general position of women. Hindu civilization is unique in this respect insofar as we find here a surprising exception. The farther back we go, the more satisfactory is found to be the position of women in more spheres than one.

Women in ancient India were not looked upon with Shakespearean disdain: "Frailty! Thy name is woman". Rather they were credited with pure devotion and perfect purity as they were the pride of the family.

"कन्येयं कुलजीवितम्"—(Kalidasa)

The birth of a girl in the ancient family of India was not a curse as it was in the medieval period, for she was regarded as the goddess of fortune residing in the person of an unmarried daughter. As the great epic *Mahabharata* depicts:

'नित्यं निवसते लक्ष्मीः कन्यकासु प्रतिष्ठिता"।

The woman of ancient India was not a doll of the modern era only to be dressed and ornamented and to be kept in showcase. Rather each one was characterised by her own individuality. She was proved worthy of her beauty as well as strong to protect it.

The general belief regarding the illiteracy of women in ancient times has been discredited now as there are ample and convincing evidences to show that the contrary was true. We are confirmed now that women were regarded as perfectly eligible for the privilege of studying the Vedic literature and performing the rites and ceremonies enjoined in it.

Women of the more intellectual group amongst the Brahmanas and Kshatriyas had often as much reputation in the learned circles of teachers as their men. They were eligible for *Upanayan* and putting on the *Yajnopavtta*, duly purified, as has been proved by the latest research-

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es. They were honoured by the Vedic students. *Atharvaveda* stresses the importance of education to women to achieve the full success in married life.

"ब्रह्मचयण कन्या युवानं विन्दते पतिम्"

Not only did she receive education but also imparted it to her youngers and competed with her equals. Sulbha, Maitreyi, Gargi and others were great compilers of many Vedic hymns. Maitrayi was more interested in finding out the way to immortality than in setting new fashions in dress and ornaments. Gargi was a philosopher of high order who could question Yajnavalkya. Bharati, the wife of Mandanmisra, was the only fittest mind of the age to give a shattering defeat to Shankaracharya, the Advaitee.

In the time of Buddha also there lived a number of women Bhikkunies clothed in *kashaya,* though it is true that they were admitted in the *sanghas* after a continuous plea by his mother. The Jain tradition also has preserved the memory of Jayanti (the king's daughter) who discussed several abstruse metaphysical questions and eventually became a nun. Kalidas in his works has given the main subjects of their interest as painting, music, and dancing. Sharmishtha in *Abhijnan Shakuntalam* is a leading figure who produced several new *ragas.*

The Gupta period is well known as the "Golden Period" in the history of India. The Gupta art is still a subject of high standard, studied with keen interest. The most important historic work of Gupta period *Kaumudi Mahotsava* is the courtesy of the pen of Rajshekhara's wife, the author of the famous book *Kavyamimamsa.*

Ladies were versed in making hair style and clothing as is expressed in the sculptures and paintings of the Gupta period.. Female education even more expanded in the time of Harsha, himself a great scholar. Rajyashree, Harsha's sister, was highly educated and well-versed in dance and music, as is evidenced by *Harshacharita* of Bana.

After the completion of education, the sacrament of marriage was performed. Marriage in ancient India was regarded as a social necessity and religious duty. Motherhood was the one outstanding aim of the Indian marriage. Therefore the mother was paid great reverence.

"गुरूणां चैव सर्वेषां माता परमको गुरु:'

A Vedic passage says that a person who is unmarried is unholy and has no right to perform Vedic sacrifice. He could perform Vedic rites only when he had his wife by his side अयज्ञियो वा एष योऽपत्नीक: Down to the end of the Mauryan period, the house-wife was expected to offer oblations in the household fire unaided by the husband."

"पत्युर्नो यज्ञसंयोगे"

Marriage was regarded as a sacred union brought about by divine dispensation. In Hindu society, man is only one half of an entity and both husband and wife had equal rights. Wife had been the surest solace to her husband. In fact, a home without wife is considered a forest.

"गृहं न गृहमित्याहुर्गृहिणी गृहमुच्यते"

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Similarly women too had been very loyal to their consorts. She found her real happiness only in her husband.

नातन्त्री वाद्यते वीणा नाचक्रो वर्तते रथः
नापतिः सुखमेधेत या स्यादपि शतात्मजा"

She had the right of remarrying on certain conditions as Parasara lays down:

नष्टे मृते प्रव्रजिते क्लीबे च पतिते पतौ।
पञ्च स्वापत्सु नारीणां पतिरन्यो विधीयते॥

But this was not much prevalent, for it was not held the supreme ideal. On such condition as Parasara has laid, either they preferred to put an end to their lives along with their husbands' expired bodies, or lead a single life of hardships.

Women did not lose their balance even in the field of religion. They participated in religious discourses and Yajnas. From *Ramayana* we learn that Kausalya was by herself alone performing the sacrifice on the morning of her son's proposed installation as the heir-apparent.

Politics is yet another field where the woman moved and proved excellent. There are a lot of examples of their ability. While Udayan, the talented king of Kausambi, was captured by his rival king, his mother maintained the prosperity and guarded the freedom of the kingdom. The consorts of Gupta kings were much esteemed for their political wisdom. Prabhavati Gupta, the daughter of Chandragupta I (the widow of Raja Rudrasena), is shown ruling successfully as the guardian of her immature son. The coins of Chandragupta I as well as of Samudragupta bearing the figures of their spouses beside them, prove their important role in the administration. The evidences of Sugandha and Didda of Kashmir are further illustrations of their ability in administration. Maratha and Rajput history is full of such evidences which mark their brilliancy. We are well acquainted with the names of great women warriors who defended their kingdoms against Moghul emperors and Britishers. Padmini, Tarabai, Laxmibai, etc. are renowned characters whose story need not be repeated here in detail.

An Anglo-Indian officer had observed to J. S. Mill that "If a Hindu principality was vigilantly and economically governed, if order was preserved without oppression, if cultivation was extending and people prosperous, in three cases out of four he found it to be under a women's rule." If this information is credited, one cannot claim that participation in administration by women has been a wonder of the modern era.

Hence we can say that women in ancient India had always been respected.

So let us conclude that women as a whole were the keystone of the arch of human happiness. It was well recognised that she was the ornament of the house, nay, the wife herself was the home.

पुत्रपौत्रवधूभृत्यैराकीर्णमपि सर्वतः।
भार्याहीनं गृहस्थस्य शून्यमेव गृहं भवेत्॥

Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men. — Joseph Conrad

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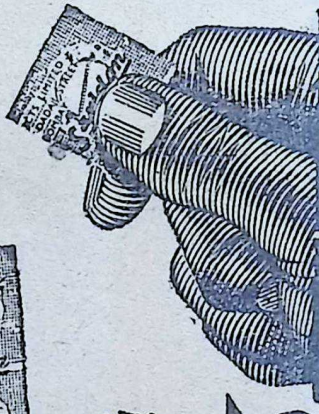

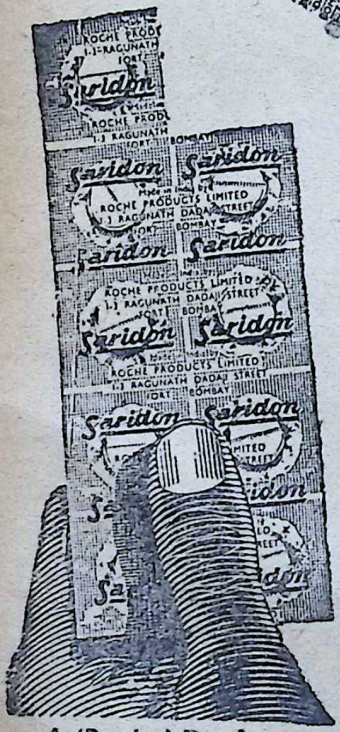

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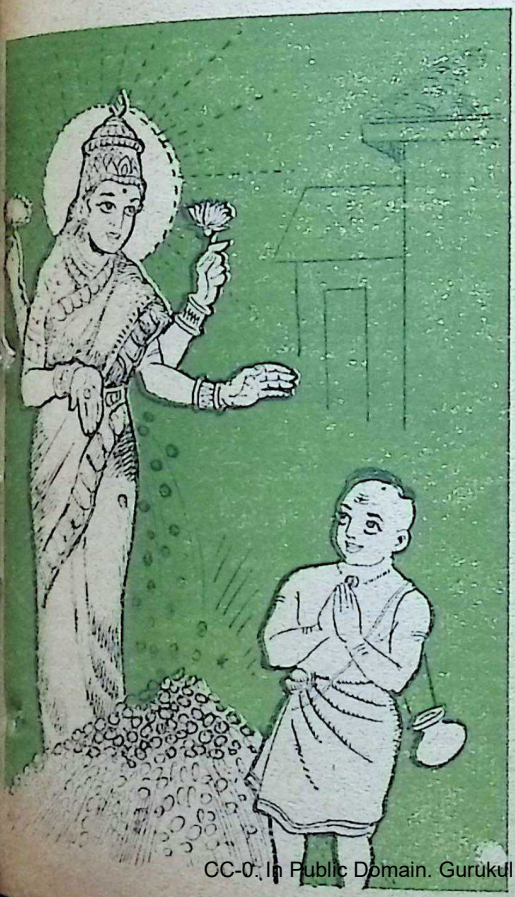
THE RAIN OF GOLD

Nishkinchan



'*Bhavati bhikshan dehi* :'

THE housewife cocked her ears on hearing this *mantra* in the threshold of her home which had seen better days.

Once, twice, thrice, the *mantra* was uttered.

That was the limit. She could no longer stay back. Wringing her hands in obvious agony, she came out and saw a *brahmacharin* of less than six summers standing before her aglow with Brahma-varchas.

At first she did not know whether to hold him in her arms or fall at his feet. Soon she stood there a picture of agony before the serene face of the divine looking lad.

Somadeva was a respected Brahmin of Kalati village. He was well-versed in the Vedas and *sastras*, and was a *gnanin* as well. He chose voluntary poverty and had no thought of the morrow. He would set out on *unchavritti* every morning and feed himself, his wife and guests on what he earned that way.

Dharmaseela was his devout and dutiful wife who gave no occasion to her husband for any complaint.

At the time the Brahmacharin presented himself that day, Somadeva had gone out on his wonted duty.

Dharmaseela: Sankara! It is my greatest misfortune today that I am not in a position to offer hospitality to you. You know my husband goes out early in the morning seeking alms and returns by noon with what I prepare the day's food with what he brings. And there is not a particle of rice left that I could offer a Varchaswin like you. I am just writhing in pain that I am unable to do an elementary duty.

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The Brahmachari noticing Dharmaseela's embarrassment, said: "Mother, you must be knowing what our ancients have said:

भिक्षुं निष्कासयेन्नैव गृही श्रेय यदीच्छति ।
आपद्यपि विशुद्धस्सन् गृह्णीयात् पूजयेदमुम् ॥

A householder who desires good fortune for himself should never send away empty-handed a Brahmacharin or sannyasin who comes asking for alms. Even in the worst of predicaments they should be received with solicitude and worshipped.

"Your husband is well-versed in the *sastras* and you, his dutiful wife, cannot be ignorant of it. You must therefore give us a little of whatever edible material you can spare."

Impelled by duty and tempted by hope, she searched the kitchen. At last she found a piece of pickled *amalak* left in a jar! She took it and somewhat unhappy that she had little better to offer, placed it in the bowl of the Brahmacharin and worshipped him.

Young Sankara's face brightened as he said: "Good lady! What you have given me today is unique; it is the food of *gnanis!* Further my aged mother is greatly fond of it. In all my experience in this village I have never received so good a gift. As my mind is so happy today, I have little doubt that your poverty will soon end and your revered husband need no longer go out seeking alms!"

After saying this, young Sankara contemplated for a few moments on Goddess Mahalakshmi and from his lips fell the famous *Kanakadhara-Stotra* (selections from which are published elsewhere in this issue).

Goddess Mahalakshmi appeared in person before young Sankara on the spot.

Sankara fell at Her feet and worshipped Her.

Then Mahalakshmi asked Sankara: "Now tell me why you called me here."

Sankara: Mother! Please be kind enough to convert this Brahmin's household into a Kubera's mansion.

Mahalakshmi: Sankara! How can you ask this of me? This couple in their former birth were respectively Sudama (Kuchela) and his wife Susheela. From poverty they attained untold wealth as a result of Sri Krishna's blessing. Soon their riches went to their head; ego asserted itself and they became slack in their regard for their *Ishta-devata.* They fell a victim to sense pursuits. In short, their spiritual deterioration was rapid.

Later on Sri Krishna Himself went to their home one midday in the garb of a Brahmin seeking alms, but He was turned out by them. As a result of their manifold sins, they are now living a life of stark poverty. How then am I justified in removing their poverty and making them rich like Kubera?

Sankara: Mother! I believe you know the truth about me. That apart, when this lady has worshipped today a Brahmachari guest like me, how can You contend that their sin still attaches to them? The Sastras say that showing hospitality and worshipping Brahmacharins and Sannyasi guests, be it with a spoonful of water, is equivalent to the gift of Maha Meru itself. Did not Mahabali emancipate himself with his *dana*

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to Vamana? I hold that by their hospitality to me today, this couple have become completely absolved of all sins.

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Coming to the anecdote you just referred to, may I point out one relevant fact? You know that I too know a little of the divine secret. Now the day on which Sri Krishna chose to present himself for alms at the rich Sudama's homestead happened to be a Shivratri. It was a day of *vrata*. The *sastras* say that on a *vrata* day such as that, even an *atithi* should not be fed. Consequently you cannot clamp the sin of not feeding an *atithi* on the couple, at any rate on that day.

"You will grant that it is quite possible that being pleased at the exemplary behaviour of the couple on that day and wanting to confer His special favours on this couple, Lord Siva chose to appear before them in my shape and sought *bhiksha* from them, as a means of relieving their poverty. On this ground, please grant my prayer!"

Mahalakshmi smiled indulgently and caused a rain of golden *amalakas* to shower and fill the home of the Somadeva couple.

Having done so, the Goddess asked young Sankara: "You may ask of me any other boon you like."

Sankara: Mother! Please affirm that all those who regularly recite this *Kanakadhara Stotra* with which I invoked you, will receive your full grace.

"So be it," said Mahalakshmi and disappeared.

Prayer is the very highest energy of which the mind is capable.

—S. T. Coleridge

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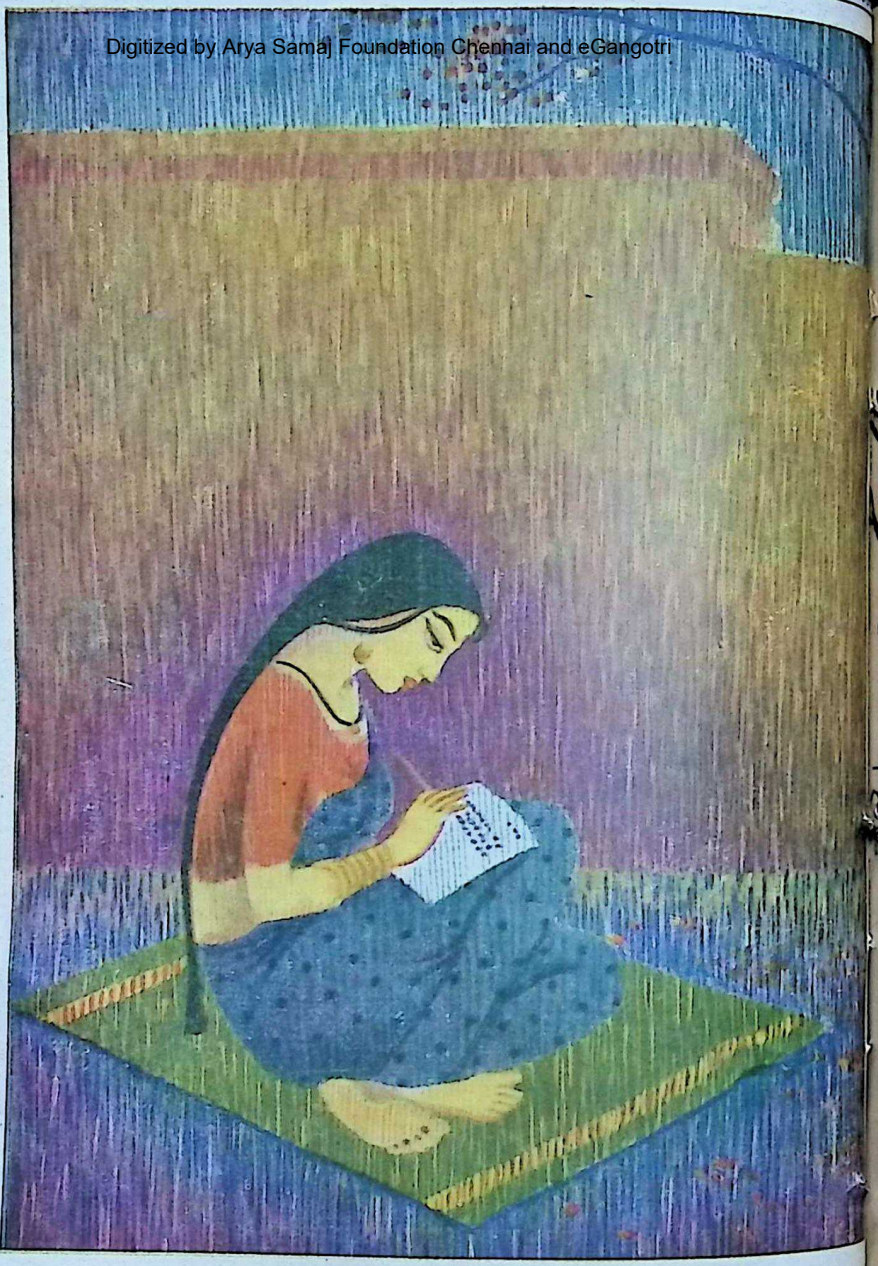

"PATRA LEKHA"

Artist: 'Yogi' Yogendranath Varma

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TETE-A-TETE WITH A TREE

R. K. DALAL

[A Gulmuhr tree, just outside my garden, was one day a victim of some vandals. All its leaves and branches were chopped off—possibly to serve as fuel. The 'mali' pronounced the tree as dead. I got seriously upset, and tried to revive the tree with various means—water, fertilisers, and medicines. One day the tree, strange to say, blossomed. Short stems sprouted, wearing tender green leaves. My eyes were moist with tears. And then began a long tete-a-tete with the tree again, almost in continuation of the old one, which so many people praised. Now read on.]

I: I am so happy to see you bloom once again, to the joy of my heart!

Tree: Why do you say this, Ram?

I: When one day I saw your branches chopped off by some vandals and not a green leaf on you—not even a bare branch—I became sad beyond words. At first I became angry, then despondent. When the 'mali' told me that you were dead, I felt like weeping over a personal bereavement of a dear friend.

Tree: Then?

I: I asked the gardener: "Is it really dead?" And he said: "Beyond repair and hope!"

Tree: So you thought your dear friend had departed, is it?

I: Yes, I thought so.

Tree: Tell me more about your sorrow.

I: I wept, but wouldn't give up hope to revive you by artificial means.

Tree: Hope springs eternal in the human breast, isn't it?

I: Yes. So I ordered the gardener to put in a reviver of trees. I had once tried it on another mango tree in my garden and hey-presto! it had revived and put on green leaves, which it didn't do before.

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Tree: Did your mail listen to you?

I: He had to, for he knows my temper—when it bursts, it bursts like an atom bomb!

Tree: So what did he do?

I: He bored a hole in your trunk and put a goodly quantity of this fluid in it, and then closed up the hole.

Tree: Did you hope that your treatment would bring life, and recall the dead to life?

I: I hoped and prayed—prayed from the bottom of my heart.

Tree: What happened then?

I: Every day my eyes strayed on you, gazing anxiously for some small sign of revival.

Tree: Did it show any sign?

I: No, for days there was no sign.

Tree: Then?

I: I was almost despairing, when ....

Tree: When, what?

I: One day I saw a very tiny stem sprout up with very tiny, tender green leaves.

Tree: What then?

I: My eyes filled with tears of gratitude to God Almighty for having answered my fervent prayers.

Tree: Prayers for what—a mere tree?

I: No, for a friend, a dear friend —even though inanimate. I had my heart's fill of a tete-a-tete with him years ago. We had spoken together for hours, understood each other, and wept and laughed with each other.

Tree: I don't think we always laughed *with* each other; we often laughed *at* each other's idiosyncracies, failings and foibles.

I: Yes, we didn't spare each other —of course, all in a lighter vein and mood, and with a goodwill never to be surpassed in human relationship.

Tree: Are you satisfied and happy that I am still in the land of the living?

I: Yes, too happy for words!

Tree: Now, what more do you expect of me?

I: I want to see you blossom in all your glory and grandeur; your foliage filled with gorgeous tapestry of colours that will beat both human ingenuity and skill.

Tree: Yes, that is true. The skill that paints is the skill divine of a Master Painter, while yours is the skill of worldly, human wizardry.

I: What's the difference? Isn't human skill also incomparable?

Tree: That is true enough, but don't forget God's intelligence is infinite, unfathomable, and unpredictable, while man's is only finite. Man's intelligence has limits, divine power has no such limits—it is boundless!

I: I admit the force of your argument.

Tree: Have you seen the variegated flowers in their multicoloured variety, size, pattern, shape, and extravagant beauty of colours, which no human hand can ever hope to paint?

I: I agree.

Tree: Someone has truly said that flowers are the silent language of God in His beautiful and radiant mood.

I: Yes, that is so.

Tree: When in season we bloom, to the glory of God, Who makes this miracle possible.

I: If human mind were also to be so controlled as you are controlled,

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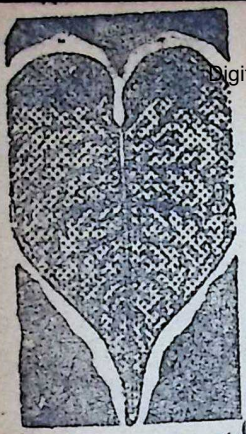

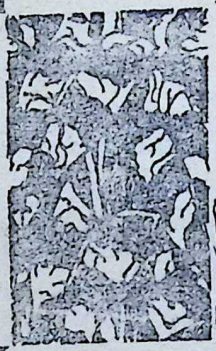

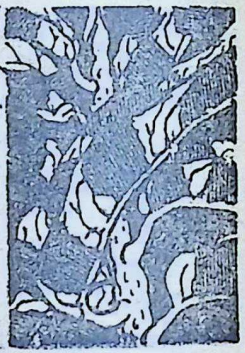

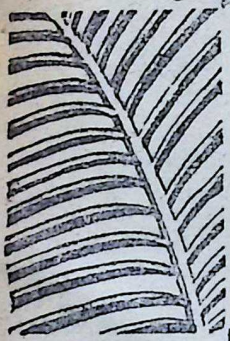

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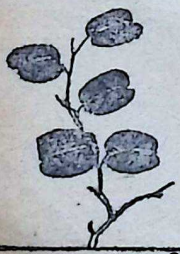

Arvind

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AHMEDABAD. 2

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man's progress will not leave anything to be desired.

Tree: Yes, but God has given man a will, which has brought pride in its wake—pride, the ego—and the ego has forged fetters round the natural growth of the God-given gift.

I: So what is your advice, my friend?

Tree: Be a zero, a naught, and reduce yourself to a nullity, so that the will operating as the ego is erased entirely out of your mind.

I: What then?

Tree: The Lord will begin operating through your mind.

I: And then?

Tree: Your progress, though silent, will be quick and excellent beyond anything you have seen human hands and skill achieve or accomplish.

I: Human being would then be God.

Tree: Yes, the finite would merge into the infinite, and infinite is the cosmic sense of universality—seeing Many in One and One in All.

I: Thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the sermon you have delivered to me. You are not an inanimate tree, but a sage—a seer! I would like to sing your praises thus in a haunting melody of words, written by Surdas, the blind poet:—

વૃક્ષનસે મત લે, મન તુ વૃક્ષનસે મત લે,
કાટે વાકો ક્રોધન કરહી, સિંચત ન કરહિ નેહ;
ધૂપ સહત અપને સિર ઉપર ઔરકો છાંહ કરેત,
જો વાહીકો પથર ચલાવે તાહીકો ફલ દેત:
ધન્ય ધન્ય યે પર ઉપકારી વૃથા મનુજકી દેહ
સૂરદાસ પ્રભુ કહં લગી બરનોં, હરિજનકી મત લે

O! Man! take a leaf out of the book of a tree,
See how it behaves, towers! Emulate it.
The tree does not show anger at those who cut its boughs.
Nor does it show love to those who water its roots;
It will bear heat on its own head in order to give shelter to those under its foliage.
It only offers fruit to him who pelts stones at it.
So learn to live such a life of equipoise and equilibrium—a life always devoted to the service of others!
How can a human tongue sing, Surdas, adequately praise the virtues of a tree?

Tree: If you had sung such praises to man, he would have soon developed a bump of ego in his head!

I: But you...?

Tree: I lay it all at the feet of the Lord, Who has made such praise possible from the lips of a devotee of His.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

—George P. Morris

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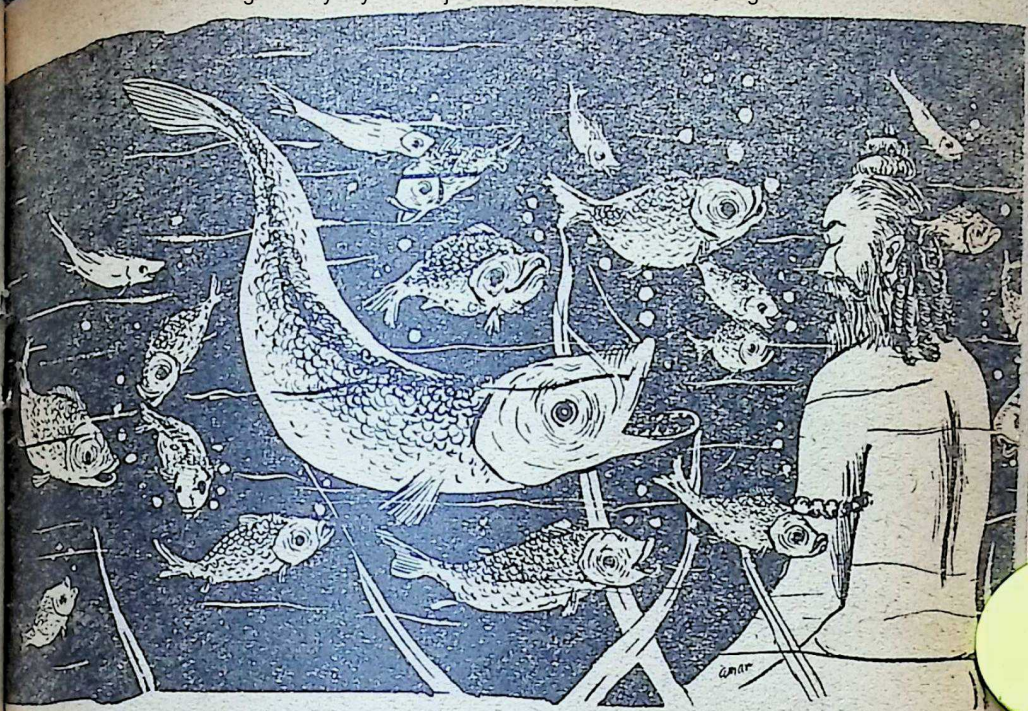

Desire increases by fulfilment

THERE was a King known as Maandhaata. He had married Indumati, the daughter of Sasibindu. By her he had many sons and daughters.

At that time there lived in the aquatic regions a *rishi* called Saubhari who was a great *tapasvin* well-versed in the Vedas. One day, he saw the King of the fish, Sumanta by name, in the waters. He was a fish of enormous size. He was swimming on the waters and diving into them as it pleased him. All the while, he was surrounded by a large shoal of his children and grandchildren who were sporting all about him. Sumanta appeared very happy in the midst of his progeny.

Saubhari saw this. His mind was filled with envy to see Sumanta so happy. He said to himself: "Why should I not have children and grandchildren myself? How I long for such domestic felicity! Well, I shall marry and beget sons and daughters."

He came out of his aquatic abode. He knew that Maandhaata had a number of daughters. So, he went to him. The King received him with reverence and gave him a seat of honour in his court. Addressing him, the *rishi* said:

"I have been a *tapasvin*, O King!

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for long. Now I wish to marry. Give me one of your daughters to be my wife. Pray do not refuse my request. You belong to the line of Ikshavakus. They are known for their generous gifts. No suitor to them goes back empty-handed. And I expect that you will be true to the noble trait of your ancestors."

Maandhaata listened to these words of the *rishi* with deep respect mixed with fear. He saw how old and haggard the *rishi* was. He could not consent to marry any of his daughters to him. But he was afraid that the *rishi* would curse him if he refused. He was lost in thought and did not speak.

Saubhari noticed the King's hesitation.

"What are you thinking about, Maandhaata? Have I said anything to make you unhappy? Of course, you don't propose to keep your daughters with you for ever, do you? A daughter has to be given away one day or other. Give one of them to me; and you will be doing your duty by her and I too shall gain my desire."

The King could not reconcile himself to his daughter wedding an aged man like that. Yet, he was afraid of the *rishi's* curse. He thought to find a way out of this predicament. He told the *rishi*:

"Holy one! In our family, we leave the choice of the husband to our daughters. We agree to whomsoever they choose to wed. If any of my daughters agrees to marry you, I shall have no objection."

Saubhari saw through the King's mind. "By trotting out this family tradition," thought he, "he evidently wishes to evade my request. He believes that none of his daughters in the flush of her youth and beauty would consent to be my wife. Well, let me see."

Turning to the King he said: "If it is as you have said, let me be taken to the apartments of your Princesses. Let them see me. If any of them agrees to marry me, then give her to me. I suppose that is a fair offer and you can have no objection."

The King agreed and bade one of his attendants to take the *rishi* to where the Princesses lived. As he was approaching that part of the palace, in the twinkling of an eye Saubhari transformed himself by his *yogic* powers into a youth of superlative beauty far exceeding that any mortal or a divine being could boast of. The attendant went ahead and spoke to the Princesses:

"I bring you the King's command. Here is a *rishi*. The King bids me to tell you, that he wishes to marry one of you. Which of you agree to be his wife? Look at him and tell me truly which of you like him for a husband."

The Princesses heard the King's message. They all looked at the *rishi*. They devoured him with eager eyes. They were enchanted, one and all of them. They all fell in love with him the moment they saw him. They vied with each other to have him.

One of them, more imperious than the rest, exclaimed: "Enough, my sisters, I have chosen to marry him. You had better retire."

Another said: "No. You do not deserve him. See how well my beauty matches with his handsome person!"

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A third: "Cease your pother; don't you see that God had made him for me?"

Another Princess intervened and said: "I have determined to wed him. Let me see who comes in my way."

Still another: "I have chosen him and he shall be mine. That settles it."

Thus each Princess said "He is mine," "He is mine."

The attendant saw all this clamour for the *rishi*. He went back to the King and reported that every one of the Princesses wished to marry him. Maandhaata heard it with amazement. Meanwhile, the *rishi* too returned to the royal presence. To the King's eyes he appeared the old decrepit man that he was. To the Princesses he showed himself in exquisite beauty of form and feature, handsome all over from head to foot.

When every one of his daughters consented to marry the *rishi*, Maandhaata agreed to his taking all of them. He celebrated the marriage with due pomp and splendour.

After the wedding was over, Saubhari took all his wives to his hermitage. Arrived there, by his *yogic* powers, he caused a number of mansions to be constructed in an idyllic setting with gardens and lawns, with rivulets and fountains, with orchards and flowerbeds. The interior of every mansion was furnished in the most lavish manner. Nothing was lacking which imagination could conjure or fancy could desire. All the best was provided to feed the body and to delight the mind. Each Princess was accommodated in a separate palace and she had a large retinue of servants to attend on her. Thus they all lived there in the midst of luxury that did not grow stale by enjoyment.

One day, the King's thoughts happened to turn to his daughters. He was anxious to know if they fared well in the *rishi's* rustic home in its rugged surroundings. So he went there to have a look at them and learn at first hand about the way they lived with their husband.

He first went to his eldest daughter. He was struck with wonder when he beheld her mansion and everything about it. He enquired of her with parental eagerness: "Child, are you happy here? Do you feel unhappy about anything? Does the *rishi* treat you properly? Do you ever think of your home?"

"Father dear, don't be anxious about me. I cannot tell you how exceedingly happy I am. Yet, who will not think of home, sweet home for ever?

"Still, father, I am worried over one fact. My husband spends all his time with me. He does not go to any of my other sisters. I feel guilty that he lavishes his love on me alone neglecting my sisters. They too have married him, but he does not turn to them at all. When I think of the lot of my sisters, I feel very unhappy."

Maandhaata then went to the palace of his second daughter and made similar enquiries.

"Father," said she, "I am delighted with my lord. Oh, how he loves me! He is with me always. I seem to have monopolised him, whole and entire. But should not my sisters too have him to receive his love and affection? But he does not go to them at all.

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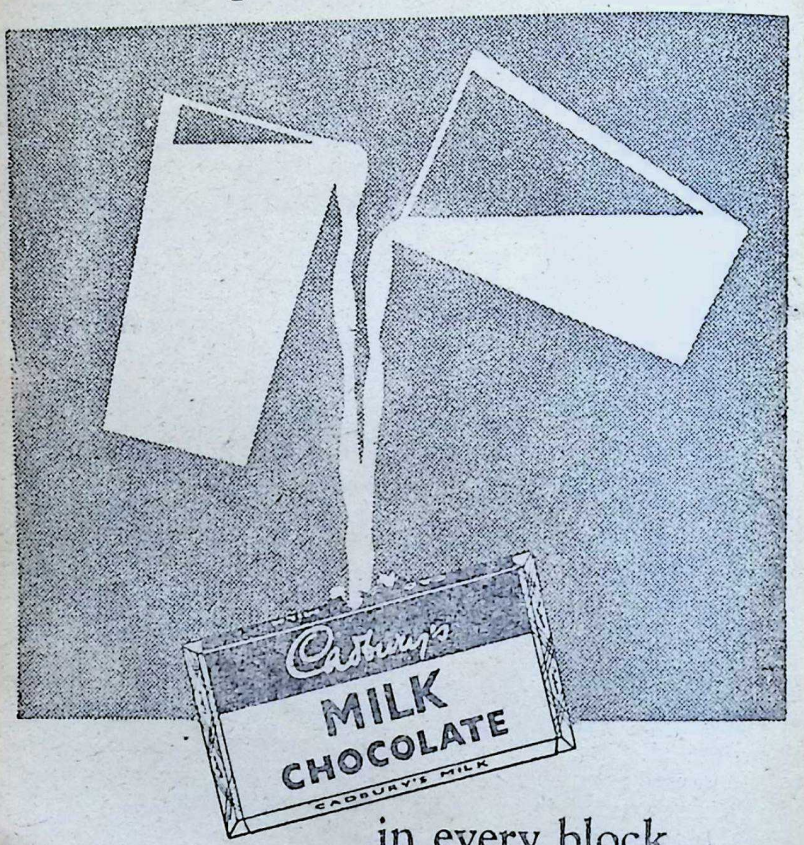

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When I think of that, I weep in secret."

Every one of his daughters told the same tale. The King was filled with wonder. He marvelled at the Yogic powers of the *rishi*. He spoke to the *rishi* and said:

"Holy Sir, I misjudged you. I now realise the glory of your *tapas*."

He stayed with the *rishi* for a few days and then returned to his capital.

As days passed, Saubhari begot a number of sons by his wives. Looking at them, he said to himself: "Ah! They are my children! How endearing is their sweet babble and their artless laughter! See, how they crawl! Very soon they will begin to toddle and learn to walk. When they grow up to be handsome youths, they will be married and they will make me a grandfather!"

Thus was he lost in his dreams. He spent a number of days in delightful imagination of the happy time he would spend with his sons, his grandsons and their children. His thoughts turned to the fish King Sumanta. He felt gratified that he too enjoyed the domestic felicity which he once envied in him.

Suddenly, one day, he woke up to the reality. "Woe is me!" cried he, "What a fool have I been to waste all my *tapas*! I have become a victim to my desires and I have fallen from my high estate. First I wished to marry. That was how attachment gained entry into me. One attachment bred another. I then desired to have sons, and grandsons. My desire went beyond that too. Desires surge in the heart in unending succession like waves on the bosom of the sea. As one desire is fulfilled, it awakens another. In the grip of my desires, I have lost hold on God. A man who is the slave of his desires does not rest his mind on the Supreme.

"I was a fool to look at the King of the fish and to yearn for a life like the one he lived. I allowed myself to be tempted. I have fallen from my spiritual heights.

"Attachment destroys *tapas*. Even he who has reached the pinnacle of *yoga* falls down when once attachment obtains a lodgement in his breast. What then of those like me who are of inferior mettle?

"Now I have learnt the bitter lesson. I shall strive to free my soul from the bonds that bind it to the earth and prevent it from soaring in the regions of the Spirit. From this moment onward, I shall spend my days in penance and prayer; I shall meditate without intermission on the Lord of lords, the God of resplendent Beauty and supreme Power. He who is everywhere and in all things, who abides in the heart of every object small and great. Conquering my passions, killing my desires, freeing myself from every attachment, I shall recover my Soul and attain immortality. I shall surrender myself to Him, Who is the Lord of all, Who is without beginning and without end, without Whose consent not a blade of grass can move in this world."

Making this stern resolve, Saubhari gave up his wives, sons and all these earthly possessions, and turned into an ascetic once again.

Burning out all his desires in the fire of his penance, he reached that bourne from which there is no return.

[From the Vishnu Purana]

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ANANDA MATH

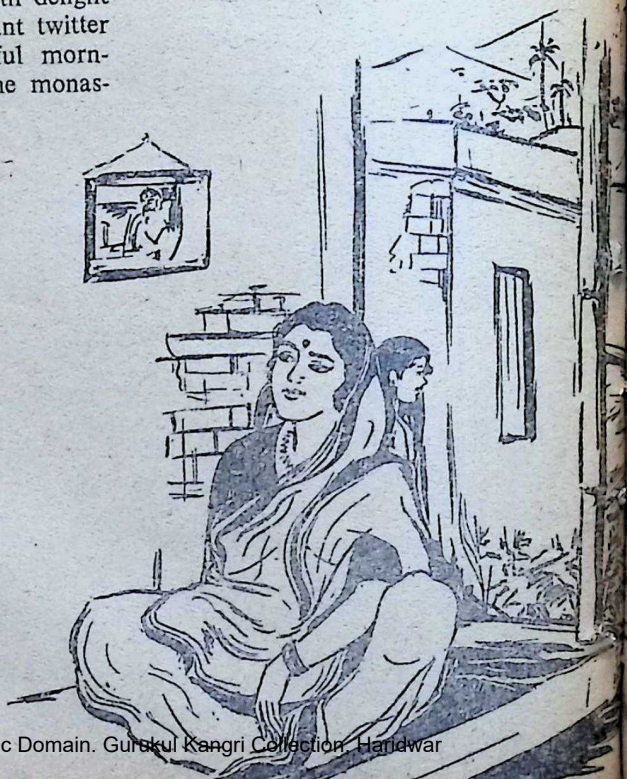
—*Bankim Chandra Chatterjee*

(*Translated by R.P.A.*)

II. Inside the Monastery

THE sun rose in the east. The forest, uninhabited by humans, so far covered with darkness and silence was now covered with delight and resounded to the pleasant twitter of birds. On that beautiful morning, at Ananda Math or the monastery of bliss in that delightful forest, Satyananda was seated on a deer-skin and performing his morning worship. Jivananda sat near him. It was at that time that Bhavananda followed by Mahendra Singh made his appearance. The ascetic continued his oblations in silence; and no one dared to utter a word.

When the prayers were over, Jivananda and Bhavananda prostrated themselves before the ascetic and, after taking the dust of his feet, resumed their seats. Then Satyananda made a sign to Bhavananda and took him outside. It is not known what they conversed with each other. But on their speedy return, the ascetic with a smile on his face and compassion



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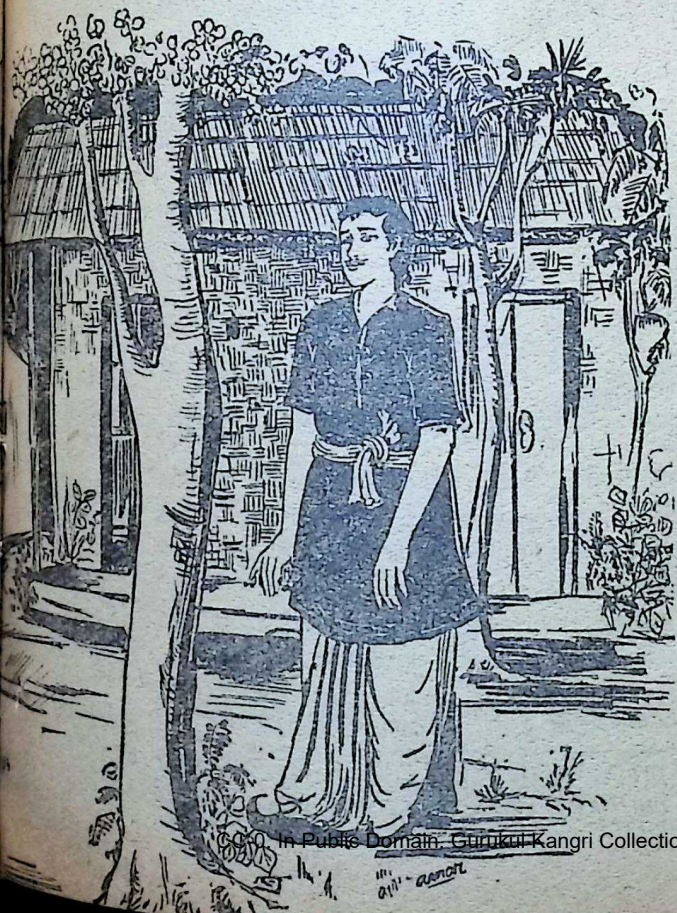
THE STORY SO FAR

During the Great Famine in Bengal, Mahendra Singh quitted his village with his wife Kalyani and only child. On the way he lost them both as they were carried away by a gang of robbers. Kalyani and the child escaped from the robbers through the kindly help offered by an old ascetic. Mahendra Singh as well as Bhavananda who was commissioned by the ascetic to find him out were taken prisoners by a band of sepoys who were carrying cartloads of grains collected as tax by British authorities. A group of ascetics under the leadership of Jivananda offered battle to the sepoys on the way and liberated the prisoners. Bhavananda who recognised Mahendra Singh told him of the determination of the ascetic brotherhood to liberate the country from foreigners. Then he offered to lead him to his wife and child.

in his voice said to Mahendra: "My child I have been greatly distressed to hear of your trials and tribulations. By the grace of God, I was able to rescue your wife and daughter last night." The ascetic then told Mahendra the details of Kalyani and concluded: "Come, let us go to them."



The ascetic followed by Mahendra entered the inner precincts of the monastery. Soon they were in a wide and spacious hall. Though the rays of the morning Sun had made the forest glow and glitter, an utter darkness reigned in that hall. Mahendra could not at first make out what the room contained. After gazing intensely for sometime, he was able to distinguish a big image of Vishnu bearing the conch, the discus, the club and the lotus in his four

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hands. The jewel, Kaustubha, shone on the chest and it looked as though the Sudarshana-chakra was whirling round. Two headless images representing Madhu and Kaitabh as though immersed in their own blood stood before the idol. On the left was Lakshmi, the Goddess of wealth, with flowing tresses, decked with garlands of lotus flowers, as though trembling with fear. To the right stood Saraswati, the goddess of learning, surrounded by books and musical instruments, as though enthralled by the symphony of music. On the lap of Vishnu sat a woman more beautiful and magnificent than Lakshmi and Saraswati. Gandharvas and Kinnaras, Yakshas and Rakshasas paid her homage.

The ascetic asked Mahendra in a solemn voice: "Have you seen everything?"

"Yes," replied Mahendra.

"Did you notice what is in the lap of Vishnu?" asked the ascetic.

"Yes," answered Mahendra. "But who is she? I cannot make out."

"She is the Mother."

"Mother?"

"She who is the Mother of us all."

"Who is she?"

"It will be clear to you in course of time. Now say: *Vandemataram*. Come, I will show you more."

The ascetic led Mahendra into another hall. There was an image of Jagaddhatri, resplendent with every ornament.

"Who is she?" asked Mahendra.

"The Mother as she was," replied the ascetic.

"What is that? I do not understand," said Mahendra.

"In days of yore, she trampled under her dainty foot the lions, the elephants and other denizens of the forests and built her palace in their haunts. She was adorned with ornaments of every variety and her face was lit up with joy and laughter. Then she shone like the morning sun and that is why she is pictured here in glory and effulgence. Bow down to the Mother."

Mahendra prostrated before the image of the Mother in her role as the protectress of the universe. Then the ascetic showed him an underground passage and asked him to follow him. Mahendra obeyed and they reached a dark room. Some light had penetrated into that cavern. In that faint light, Mahendra saw an image of Kali.

The ascetic said: "Look at the plight of the Mother as she is today."

With trepidation, Mahendra muttered: "Oh Kali!"

"Yes, it is Kali. She is enveloped in darkness and gloom, naked because she is stripped of everything. Today the country is no more than a crematorium, since thousands are dying. And that is why the Mother is garlanded with skulls in place of ornaments. She tramples her own country under her feet. Alas! Mother!"

Tears were pouring out of the ascetic's eyes as he said this.

"Why," asked Mahendra, "is she keeping weapons in her hands?"

"We are Her Children. We have just put the weapons in Her hands. Say: *Vandemataram!*"

Mahendra shouted "*Vandemata-*

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ram," and prostrated before the Mother.

The ascetic then asked Mahendra to follow him and led him up by another underground passage to a hall of marble. The rays of the morning Sun shone in their eyes and the sweet songs of the birds delighted their ears. In that brilliantly lit hall, Mahendra saw a beautifully carved image in gold of a Goddess with ten hands, radiant in the light of the morning sun.

The ascetic bowed low before the image and said: "This is the Mother as she shall be. Her ten hands are extended towards the ten regions. Her manifold prowess expresses itself in a multitude of armies. She trounces her enemies. The lion on which her foot rests is busy destroying her foes. Her ten hands embrace all lands. She shines as the wielder of every kind of weapon who will trample her enemies under her feet. To her right is Lakshmi, the Goddess of prosperity and to her left is Vani, the Goddess of learning and philosophy. She is surrounded by Karttikeya, symbolic of strength and Ganesha, the harbinger of success. Come, let us worshjp the Mother."

Both of them folded their palms and chanted in unison: "O auspicious one, blessed with all good omens, O ever-propitious who grants all desires, O refuge of the lowly, Three-eyed and fair of hue, O Narayani, we bow to thee!"

The two prostrated before the Mother and when they rose, Mahendra asked in a hushed voice: "When shall we see the Mother in this role?"

The ascetic replied: "When all Her children respect her as their Mother, on that day she will come into her own."

Suddenly Mahendra asked: "Where is my wife and child?"

"Come," said the ascetic. "I will take you to them."

"I wish to see them once and then I will bid them farewell."

"Why should you bid them farewell?"

"I wish to take the mighty vow which you have taken."

"Where will you send them?"

Mahendra was lost in thought for a while and then replied: "There is no one in my house to look after them; and I have no other place. Where else can I send them in these days of trouble and turmoil?"

"Go out by the same way by which you came; and you will see your wife and child at the doorway. Kalyani has not taken any food so far. There will be food at the place. Take your meal and see that Kalyani eats. You will not meet any of us hereafter. But if you persist in your present decision, I will come to you at the proper time."

Suddenly Satyananda disappeared from the place through some unknown passage. Mahendra went out by the way directed to him and he saw Kalyani sitting with her daughter in the courtyard.

Satyananda descended by an underground passage into a secret cellar. Jivananda and Bhavananda were counting silver and gold coins and arranging them in piles. In that cellar gold, silver and copper ornaments and diamond, coral and pearls were arrayed in heaps. Jivananda and Bha-

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vananda were arranging the treasure they had looted the previous night.

As soon as he entered the room, Satyananda said: "Jivananda, it looks as though Mahendra will join us. If he does so, it will be a great advantage for the wealth accumulated in his family from generation to generation will be at the service of the Mother. But do not take him into the order till he imbibes full devotion to the Mother. Follow him from time to time as soon as the work you have in hand is finished. And bring him to the temple of Vishnu when you feel the proper time has come. You must look after Mahendra and his wife and see that they do not come to harm. For remember that it is the duty of the Children as much to protect the good as to punish the wicked."

12. Misfortunes of Mahendra

KALYANI and Mahendra had gone through much tribulation before they were re-united. When they met, the flood-gates of her sorrow burst open and tears flowed down her cheeks. Mahendra wept even more. After a while, they started wiping their eyes. The more they wiped their eyes, the more tears poured out like torrents.

Kalyani felt that partaking of food might stop this weeping. So she requested Mahendra to take the food which the ascetic's followers had left with her. What sort of food was it? There was no rice and curry. Due to the scourge of famine, there was no talk of rice in that region. Whatever the children in the monastery could gather was kept there. In those days when hunger was assuaged even with dry twigs, would anyone leave fruits on trees? Since the monastery was situate in the interior of the forest and was inaccessible to ordinary people, the trees there bore succulent fruits. Hence the ascetic's followers had been able to provide Kalyani with plenty of fruits and some cow's milk. The monastery had a number of cows.

Mahendra took some food at the earnest request of Kalyani. Afterwards, Kalyani sat down demurely and ate what was left in his leaf. She gave some milk to the child and kept the rest in order to feed her later. Both of them were completely exhausted and they fell into a sound slumber.

"Where shall we go now?" was the question they began discussing as soon as they got up. "We left home." said Kalyani "because we apprehended danger and misfortune. Now I find that danger and misfortune are ten times more here. Therefore, let us go back to our house." The suggestion was to the liking of Mahendra. It was his intention to take Kalyani home, get some trustworthy person to protect and look after her and then return to the monastery and take the vow of service to the Mother. So he readily fell in with Kalyani's wishes. Having recovered from fatigue, the husband and wife along with their

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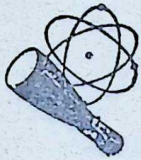

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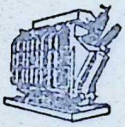

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daughter set out for their village of Padachinha.

In that dense and inaccessible forest, they could not make out which way would take them home. They thought that if they could get out of the forest, they would discover the way back. But they found that they could not get out of that forest. For a long time they groped about in circles. Whichever way they took, they found themselves back in the monastery after a while. They could discover no way out of the forest.

Then they found a Vaishnava Gosain standing in front and laughing at them. Mahendra was annoyed with him and asked: "O Gosain, why are you laughing?"

"How did you enter the forest?" enquired the Gosain in reply.

"Well, we entered it somehow," said Mahendra. "How does it matter to you?"

"Since you have entered the forest, you can get out by the same way," replied the Gosain and resumed his mocking laughter.

Mahendra was quite irritated and said "You are mocking at us? Do you know the way out?"

"Come with me," replied the Gosain. "I will show you the way. Undoubtedly one of the ascetics must have brought you into the forest. None else knows the way in or out."

"Do you belong to the order of the Children? asked Mahendra.

"Yes, I do," replied the Gosain. "I came here to show you the way out of the forest."

"What is your name?" asked Mahendra.

"Dhirananda Goswami is my name," said the Gosain.

Dhirananda led Mahendra and Kalyani out in a short while and, having done so, returned to the dense forest.

After crossing the forest, there was an open ground where a few trees were scattered. Along the forest was the highway and the open ground was on the other side of the highway. At one place there was a brook which gushed forth. Though its water was clear, it was dark like a thick cloud. On either bank, beautiful green trees cast their shadows over the brook; and in their branches lived birds of many varieties, warbling delightfully. These sweet notes harmonised with the cadence of the stream. The shadows of the trees mingled with the colour of the waters and seemed to sympathise with Kalyani's agitation.

Kalyani sat down under the shade of a tree on the bank and requested her husband to sit near. He took the child from his shoulder and placed it on her lap; then he sat down. Kalyani took her husband's hand in hers and sat in silence for some time. Then she said: "Today I find that you are very melancholy. We have escaped the calamities that befell us. Then what is the reason for your sadness?"

Mahendra heaved a deep sigh and said: "I have lost my grip over myself. I do not know what to do."

"Why?" asked Kalyani.

"Listen to what happened to me after I left you," said Mahendra and he narrated the events in detail.

"I too had to suffer much," said Kalyani. "I had to go through many

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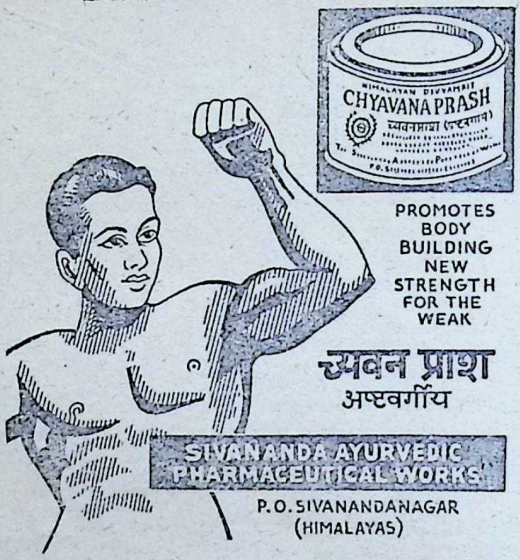

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dangers. It will serve no purpose for you to hear about it. I cannot say how I managed to fall asleep in such circumstances. But in the early hours of the morning, I fell into a deep slumber and I had a dream. Through my good fortune I saw myself in a world of wonder. There was neither earth nor darkness. An effulgent light pervaded. I could see no human beings. But the inhabitants glowed luminously. There were no ordinary sounds or noise. There was a sweet sound of song and music wafted from a distance. Jasmine, lotus, lily and other flowers were ever in bloom and the air was suffused with their scent. There in an elevated place sat a striking figure like a dark blue hill that is bright as fire and glows softly from within. On his head was a fiery crown, studded with the sparkling nine jewels. He had four hands. There were two figures on either side of him. I could not make them out; but I think they were women. I was so dazed by the compelling beauty of their figures and the sweet fragrance they exuded that I could not fix my eyes on them and find out who they were. In front of the figure with the four hands, there was another woman standing. She too was a luminous figure but it looked as though sorrow had cast its shadows on her. She was wan and worn; and this exceedingly beautiful woman was weeping. It appeared as though a soft and fragrant breeze was pushing me along to the foot of the throne where the figure with the four hands sat. Then the wan woman afflicted with sorrows pointed to me and said: 'This is she because of whom Mahendra refuses to come to my bosom.' Then the figure with the four hands turned to me and said in the lilting tone of a flute: 'Leave your husband and come to me. This is the Mother of you all. Your husband will serve Her. But if you do not leave him, he cannot render that service. Therefore, come away to me.' Shedding tears, I replied: 'I cannot leave my husband and come here.' Then he said in the same flute-like voice: 'I am alike husband, father, mother, son and daughter to all. Come to me.' I do not remember what I replied. Then I awoke from my sleep." After this narration, Kalyani relapsed into silence.

Mahendra also did not speak, being astonished, amazed and alarmed. Overhead, myriad birds continued to twitter making the place quiver with their sweet notes. At their feet, the brook murmured softly. The breeze wafted to them the fragrance of the flowers. Here and there sunlight glittered on the surface of the brook. Somewhere palm leaves rustled in the wind. But due to the agitation in their minds, the husband and wife remained silent. After a long while, Kalyani asked: "What are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking about what we should do," replied Mahendra. "A dream is nothing but the child of fear. It is the figment of imagination and disappears like a bubble. Come, let us go back home."

"Go where God commands you to go," said Kalyani and placed the child on her husband's lap.

Mahendra received the child on his

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lap and asked: "And you? Where will you go?"

Kalyani covered her eyes with her hands and pressing her forehead with her fingers answered: "I too will go where God bids me."

Mahendra was startled and exclaimed: "Where? How will you go?"

Kalyani did not reply but showed him the small box containing poison.

In astonishment Mahendra asked: "What? Will you take poison?"

"I wanted to take it but...." began Kalyani and became silent and plunged in thought. Greatly worried, Mahendra continued to gaze at her face. Every moment seemed to him like a *yuga*; and when he found that she did not complete her sentence, he asked: "What were you going to say?"

"I meant to take it but I have no wish to go even to heaven leaving you and Sukumari behind," replied Kalyani. "I cannot be parted from her."

With these words, Kalyani set down the box of poison on the ground. Then the two began to talk of the past and the future. They became so absorbed in the talk that they were oblivious of what was happening around. At this time, Sukumari picked up the box of poison. Neither of them had noticed it.

Sukumari considered the box as no more than a toy. She held it in her left hand and wrenched it with the right and later grasped it with the left. Then she began to pull it apart. As a result, the box opened and the pill of poison fell out.

When Sukumari saw the pill fall on her father's *dhoti*, she took it for another toy. She threw away the box and caught hold of the pill. It was astounding that Sukumari had not put the little box into her mouth; but she did not hesitate in regard to the pill. "What you get into your hands, put into your mouth." Sukumari put the pill into her mouth. At that moment, Kalyani happened to look at that child.

"Oh God, what has she eaten?" cried Kalyani and thrust her finger into the child's mouth. Then both of them noticed the box of poison lying empty. Sukumari thought it was another game and when her mother tried to open her mouth, she clenched her teeth—only a few had come out—and smiled at her mother. By then she had begun to feel the bitter taste of the poison pill and opened her mouth. Kalyani took out the pill and threw it away. The child began to cry.

The pill fell on the ground. Kalyani dipped the end of her saree in the brook and wiped the child's face. With great anxiety, she asked Mahendra: "Do you think a little of the poison has gone down the child's throat?"

In such situations, parents always fear the worst; the greater the love the greater the fear. Mahendra had not noticed the size of the pill before. But now he took it in his hand and after scrutinising it for some time, said: "I think she has swallowed a large portion of it."

Kalyani easily believed the statement. She too examined the pill carefully. In the meantime, the small dose of poison had begun to work and the child grew restless, and

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swayed from side to side. Owing to the pain, she began to cry. Gradually she became listless and inert. Then Kalyani said to her husband: "There is nothing more to be done. Sukumari has gone the way God intended me to go. I too must follow her."

With these words Kalyani put the pill into her mouth and swallowed it in a moment.

"What have you done?" cried Mahendra in anguish. "Kalyani, my love, what have you done?"

Kalyani made no reply but took the dust from her husband's feet and placed it on her head. Then she said: "My lord and master, words will only lead to more words. Please give me leave to depart."

Mahendra cried out again: "Kalyani, what have you done?" and he convulsed in inconsolable sorrow.

Kalyani then said softly: "I have done a great deed. Otherwise you might have neglected the sacred work entrusted to you by God for so worthless a thing as a mere woman. Owing to my fickle nature I was about to evade carrying out the divine command and you saw the result. My beloved child was taken away from me. Who knows what might happen if I continue to disregard the command. I do not know if I might have to lose you."

Amidst a torrent of tears, Mahendra replied: "It was my idea to take you somewhere and return to the sacred work allotted to me. When the task was accomplished, I would have come back to you and lived in happiness. Kalyani, my love, why have you done this? You have cut off my strong hand which could have wielded the sword. Bereft of you, what have I to live for?"

"Where could you have taken me?" asked Kalyani. "My parents have died in the scourge of famine. To which other place can I go? Who will shelter and look after me? Where could you have left me. Am I not fettering you? My death is a blessing. Please bless me that we should meet again in that luminous world which I saw in my dream."

So saying, she again took the dust of her husband's feet and placed it on her head. Tears poured out of Mahendra's eyes and he was tongue-tied. Kalyani again spoke in a voice soft, sweet and tender: "Who can go against the will of God? When God has commanded me to leave this world, have I the strength to stay, even if I would? It is impossible. I would have met with my death in some other way. It is therefore good that I should die of my own volition in obedience to the divine command. Discharge the task you have undertaken with all your strength. Then you will earn merit and I will also be benefited. We will then meet in heaven and enjoy celestial and eternal bliss."

In the meantime, there was an improvement in Sukumari's condition. The dose of poison she had consumed was too small to be fatal. She vomited a couple of times and recovered. But Mahendra was too preoccupied to give any attention to her. He placed the child in Kalyani's lap and, embracing them both, gave vent to his sorrow in loud wails. Then he heard a sweet but strident voice singing:

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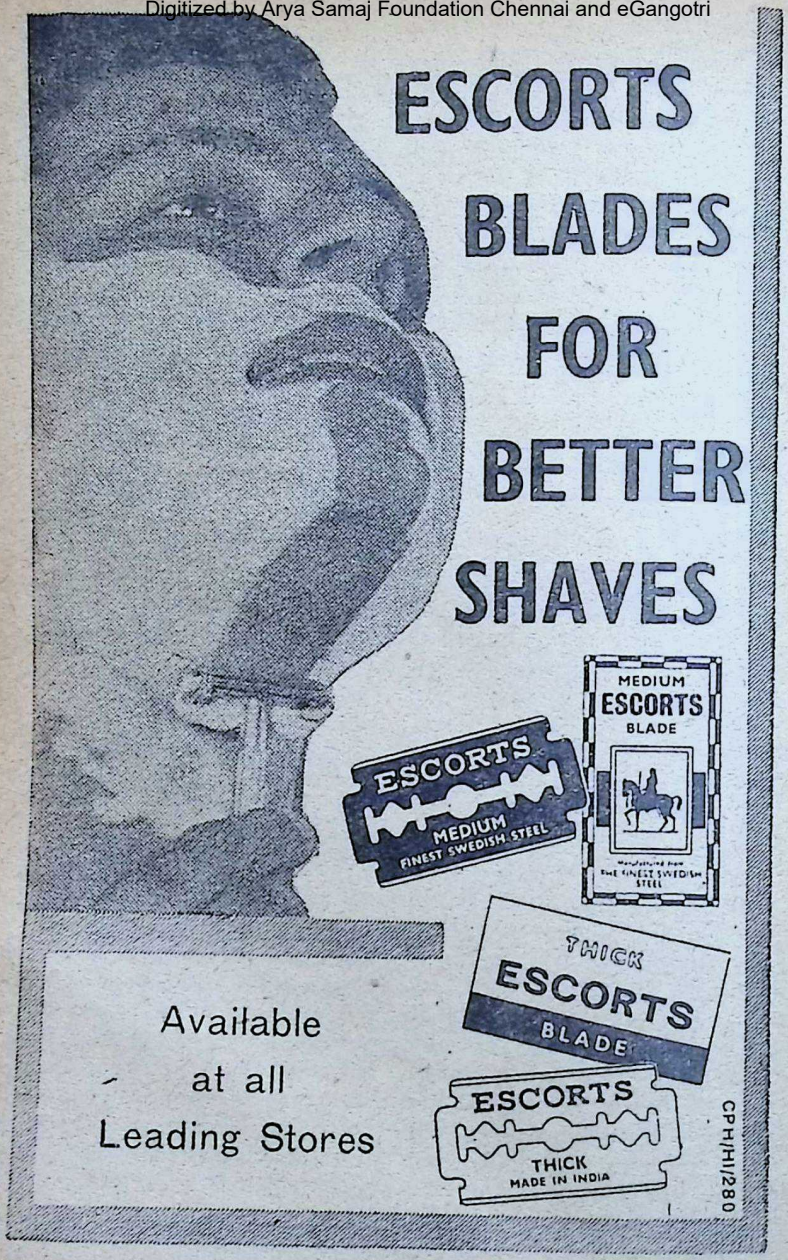

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"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!
O Gopala, O Govinda, O Mukunda,
O Shauri!"

By this time the poison had begun to act on Kalyani. She gradually lost consciousness. In her semiconscious state, the music appeared to her to come from the marvellous flute like the voice she had heard in the luminous world of her dream.

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!
O Gopala, O Govinda, O Mukunda,
O Shauri!"

Exclaiming "O what a song! What a voice!" Kalyani in her semi-conscious state began to sing

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

She requested her husband to sing the song in unison with her. Mahendra was deeply moved by the music from the forest and the mellifluous voice of Kalyani. Thinking that "God is my only refuge," he chanted loudly:

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

From all sides came the refrain of the song:

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

It seemed as though the birds in the trees were singing the same song; and even the brook seemed to murmur it in sympathy. Then Mahendra forgot his sorrow and carried away by ecstasy sang in tune with Kalyani:

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

From every part of the forest came the chorus of the song, rising to a crescendo. Kalyani's voice became fainter and fainter but she continued to sing.

Then slowly her voice grew indistinct. It was difficult for her to speak. Her eyes closed and her body became numb. Mahendra realised that she had departed to heaven with the cry "O Hari! O Murari! on her lips. Like one frantic and demented, he began to sing loudly, scaring the birds in their nests:

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

Just at that time, someone came and embraced him. Then in the presence of the body of Kalyani whose soul was on its way to heaven, the two chanted the hymn to God as devotees. The birds and beasts were hushed in silence. The earth seemed to be filled with a miraculous beauty, as though it was a fit place to chant the praise of God.

Satyananda sat down with Mahendra on his lap.

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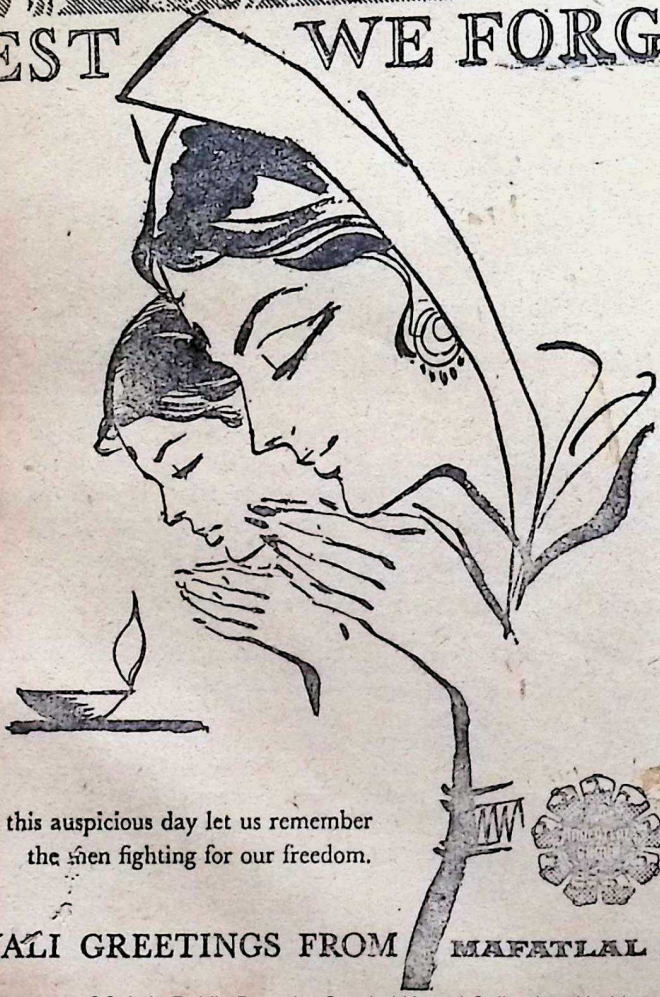

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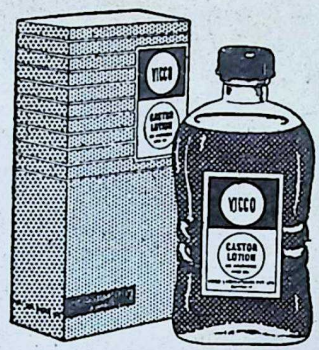

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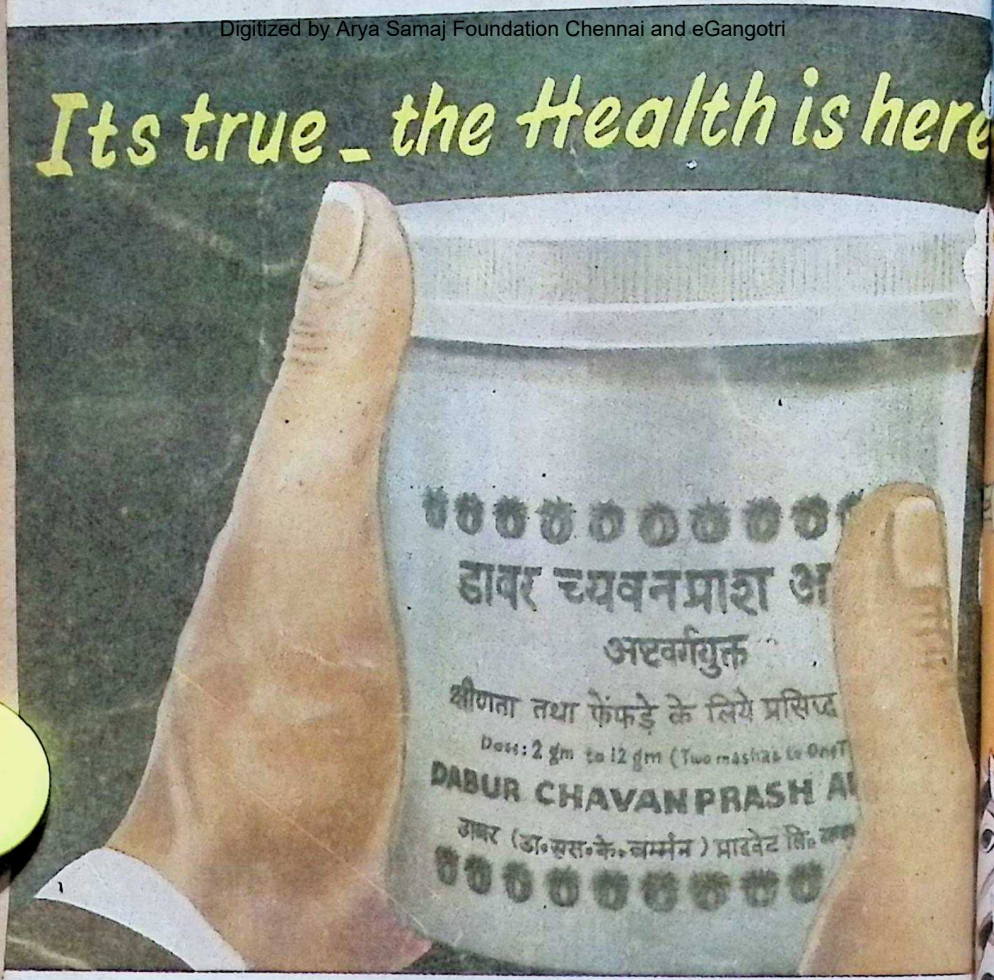

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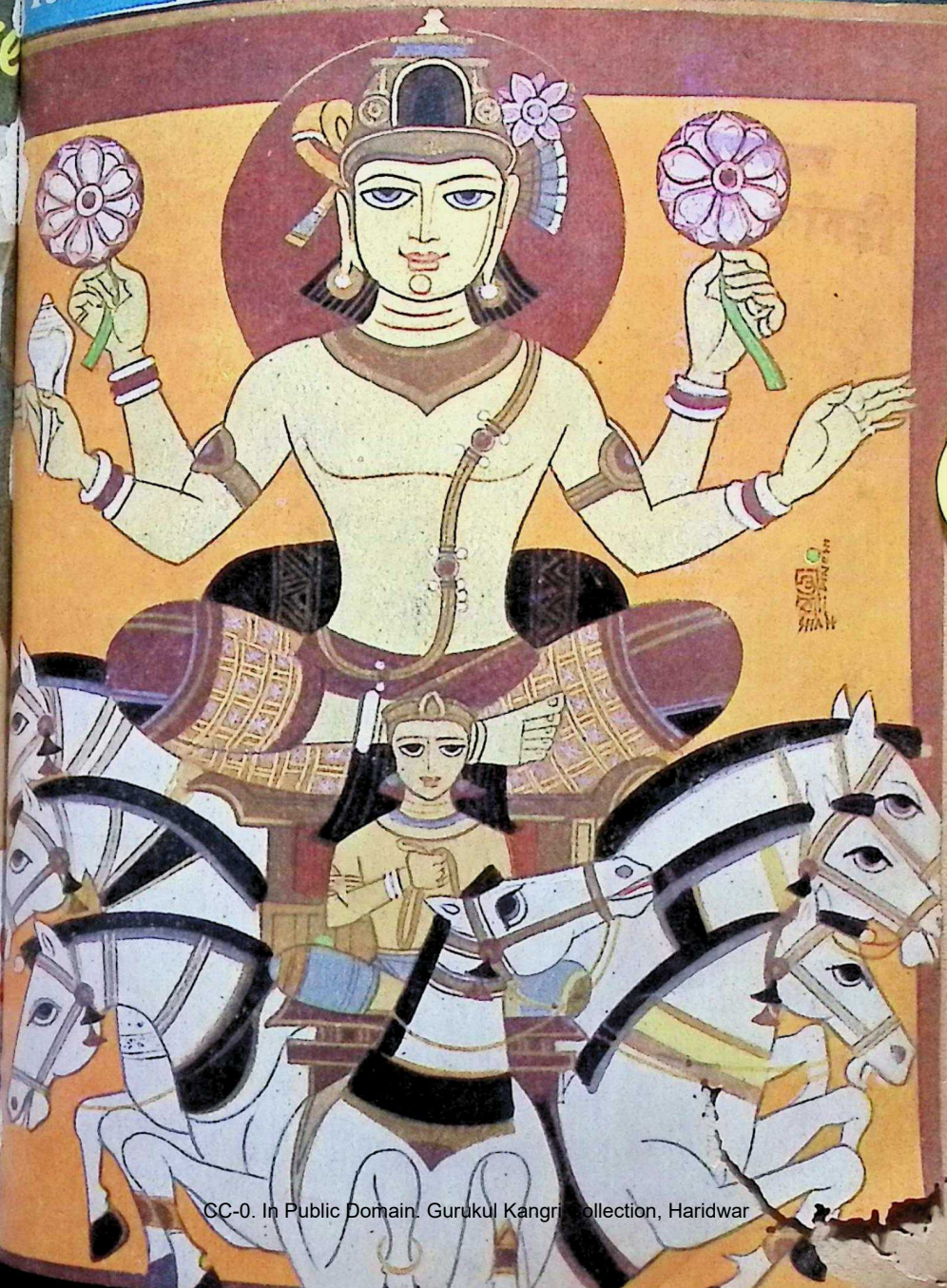

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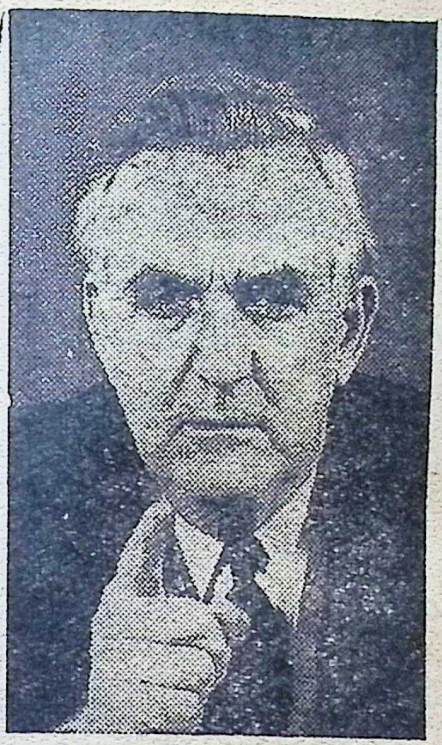

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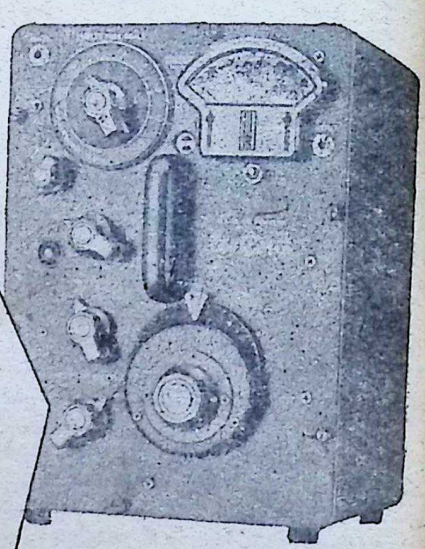

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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* Prayer to Sun-God	5
* Kulapati's Letter No. 295: Pilgrimage to South Indian Shrines: Guruvayoor	6
* Sant-Vani—The Sadguru: Kabirdas	12
* Jnanamrita from Mahabharata	13
* Krishna Karnamrita—Lilasuka	14
* Man is His Only Wealth —Ray Hauserman	16
* Creative Extremism —Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.	22
* Krishnavatara (Part III): "Dharma has Seized Me"—Sri K. M. Munshi	28
* Criminality of Monarchs—Prof. Pitirim A Sorokin and Walter A. Lunden	33
* Dr. Annie Besant—Smt. Rukmini Devi	41
* Question Box	45
* He Did Not Ask—But God Gave ('They Stood for Our Dharma' —Story)	46
* Ananda Math (Serial) —Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	53
* Notes & News	64
* Our Bookshelf	68

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—Rigveda, I-89-i

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भानुं समस्तजगतामधिपं भजामि ।
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र्माणिक्यमौलिमरुणाङ्गरुचिं त्रिनेत्रम् ॥

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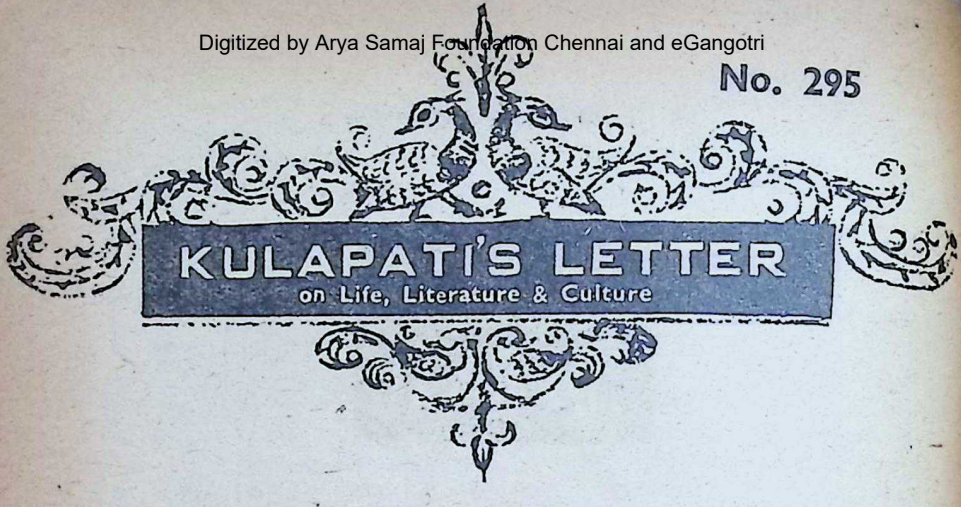

☆ PILGRIMAGE TO SOUTH INDIAN SHRINES
☆ GURUVAYOOR

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
OCTOBER 27, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN June last, I made a pilgrimage to some of the South Indian shrines. It was not intended as such. The visit was in connection with the affairs of the branches of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

In the early morning of May 30, 1963, accompanied by Mummy and Ramakrishnan, I left Bombay by air to reach Cochin at 9.45 a.m. We were received by K. Krishnan of the widely-read Malayalam daily *Express* and the only English daily of Malabar, *Kerala Chronicle*. He is a devoted friend of the Bhavan. Piloted by him, we motored down to Trichur.

After a few miles we passed a branch road to Kaladi, the birthplace of Adi Shankaracharya. I had visited it once and would have loved to do it again. I find pilgrimage to a place sanctified by the memories of a great man, very inspiring. However we were pressed for time and had to forgo the privilege.

At noon we reached Trichur, where we stayed at the *Ramanilayam*, the State Guest House.

We met several friends at Trichur. In the afternoon of June 1, I inaugurated the Vivekananda Centenary celebrations held by the Ramakrishna Mission and paid my tribute to that great apostle of modern Indian renaissance.

We paid a visit to *Natana Niketan*, founded and run by Sri K. Krishnan. The *Niketan* conducts classes in Bharata Natyam and Kathakali. It has also a troupe of

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its own which gives performances in different parts of Kerala and outside. It has a hall with a seating capacity of 400 persons in the heart of Trichur town.

Sri Krishnan has generously offered to gift the *Natana Niketan*, with its land, buildings and other property to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan to form a nucleus for a centre of the Bhavan there. God willing, the centre will be inaugurated in April-May 1964.

We also paid a visit to Pushpagiri Agraharam, founded by the late Asthika Siroratna Diwan Bahadur T.R. Ramachandra Iyer, a leading Advocate of Madras. Sri Ramachandra Iyer had given away the village by way of gift, invited a number of learned Brahmins devoted to the study of Shastras to settle in it and also established a Temple and *Veda Pathashala*, with an endowment for their maintenance. To provide for the secular needs of the inhabitants of the village, he also started a textile mill, the first of its kind in the Cochin State.

We also visited the local shrine of Vadakkunathan, a Shiva temple. Like many South Indian temples, it has a solemn atmosphere, associated with age and centuries of devotion, which we miss in many temples in North India. It has a very large compound, which also serves as a meeting ground for the residents of the town. Possibly North Indian temples, before the country was overrun by the Central Asian iconoclasts, were like this one.

According to the custom in South India in general and Kerala in particular, I had to take off all tailored clothes and go into the shrine only in a *dhoti* and a scarf. Over the image of Shiva I found that generations of worshippers had poured ghee by way of offering, which, never removed, had solidified into a pyramid. I was told that scraps of this solidified ghee is used as medicine for several ailments by the devout.

Tradition has it that Sivaguru and Aryambal, the parents of Sri Adi Shankaracharya, worshipped at this shrine and prayed for a son. When the Lord asked them to choose between a short-lived genius and a number of sons with no pretensions to high intelligence, the devout pair left it to the Lord Himself to give what He thought good for them. The result: the great Shankara was born to Aryamba.

On May 31, we left Trichur and proceeded to Guruvayoor.

When we reached Guruvayoor, after a little rest at the Devaswom Guest House, we went to the temple, which is situated in the centre of the town flanked by a series of houses and shops.

We were taken to the waiting-room, where the Zamorin Raja of Calicut, the Chief Trustee of the Guruvayoor Temple, met us. In my boyhood I had read of Vasco da Gama who came to India on 27th May 1498, asking for favours from the then Zamorin Raja of Calicut and then within a short time turning against him.

Calicut is a Portuguese corruption of "Kozhikode".

The Zamorin Raja, a very old orthodox man, about 83, has been

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in office only for a few years. The office of the Raja is reserved for the eldest male member of three families; naturally therefore, there has never been a Raja who has been guilty of being youthful or middle-aged.

At the waiting-room, Sri R. Shankar, the Chief Minister of Kerala, joined us. We have known each other for some years now, and had been friends since the epic *Vimochana Samaram* (Liberation Struggle) of the people of Kerala in 1959 during which I extensively toured Kerala and he visited Bombay a number of times in furtherance of the cause. He is an able man, and whatever might be said about him by his Congress friends, he alone has lent stability to the Government of Kerala, which, in view of the Communist danger, rests on the precarious balance of some four or five communal groups.

Then we went to the temple, the men in *dhotis* and scarves. Change of clothes before entering the shrine, I found, induces a change of mood too; you leave behind the touch of the sordid world; a new personality emerges.

This practice is in sharp contrast with those observed in some of our North Indian shrines, where the worshippers enter the *sanctum sanctorum*, and even place their heads on the deity, with coats and shirts and shorts and socks in varying degrees of cleanliness making no distinction between a holy shrine and a market-place.

Guruvayoor is the Lourdes of India, a shrine where, if due worship is offered with faith, the devout are reputed to be cured of several ailments. Apart from pilgrims and visitors like us, quite a number of ailing and maimed were sitting there, awaiting a miraculous cure.

Like many great South Indian temples this one also is so constructed as to create an atmosphere of sanctity. You have the *darshan* of the deity as enshrined in a sort of distant dark cave, the passage to which is illumined by hundreds of flickering oil lamps fixed on a series of doors. It creates an indefinable awe, which mobilises both faith and devotion.

The presiding deity of the shrine is Sri Krishna. Tradition has it that when the Lord left His mortal body at Prabhas in Saurashtra, Uddhava handed over his *vigraha* to Guru Brihaspati and Vayu, the God of Wind, who brought it here and installed it in the shrine.

The temple has a proud record of devotees. Centuries ago the poet, Narayana Bhattatiri, recovering from a serious illness by the grace of Guruvayoorappan, composed the famous *Narayaneeyam* in beautiful Sanskrit which is still sung in many homes.

Rows and rows of small metal lamps in thousands are also fixed on the outer walls surrounding the *Garbhagraha*. They are lit only on festive occasions. I could easily imagine what a magnificent sight it would be when all these lamps were lit. After worshipping the deity, we came out and gave a banana or two to the friendly elephant waiting outside the shrine.

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Outside the temple, a large crowd of men, women and children formed themselves into a procession. Led by the Zamorin Raja, we went to the compound of the Conference Hall. After photographs were taken, we entered the hall where the 15th Kerala Hindu Religious and Cultural Conference had assembled.

The Conference began at 10 a.m. A very large audience of men, women and children listened to my inaugural address in English in respectful silence.[1] I am not sure how many of them understood what I said. Anyway, a large section of the audience appeared to know English well.

Chief Minister Shankar addressed the gathering in Malayalam, and the Zamorin Raja's speech was read to the audience. It is only in South India that we realise how impossible it would be to maintain all-India contacts without English.

When the Conference recessed for lunch, we returned to the Devaswom Guest House. After a little rest, we went for lunch with the Zamorin Raja. We found four or five well-behaved elephants grazing freely like so many cows in the compound of the house in which he lived. It was an interesting sight. Like a little child, I would have loved to watch how they would behave if I approached them.

Before lunch, I discussed with Zamorin Raja and his advisers, the possibility of starting a Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya at Guruvayoor. They were all highly interested in the propagation of Sanskrit, but I found the atmosphere so somnolent that scarcely anything decisive is likely to be forthcoming in the near future.

> **Listening to My happy qualities and ennobling anecdotes, and singing My Name will fetch you that *bhakti* in Me which will have the dynamism of Ganga. That is said to be the highest form of *bhakti*. It has the effect of vetoing death for ever.**
>
> — Kapila to Devahuti
> (in *Narayaneeyam*)

The Devaswom Guest House is situated only a few hundred yards away from the Conference Hall. The Conference was in perpetual session during the day as well as the night, right up to next morning. The loudspeakers were doing their job exceedingly well, and throughout the night, my half-sleepy mind went on registering the impact of the mimicry, songs and lectures in Sanskrit and Malayalam, which kept the large audience interested or delighted from hour to hour. Evidently the audience had entered into the full spirit of the performance. Laughter, cheers and shouts were all too frequent, and my struggle to get sound sleep was a ghastly failure. Anway I got an idea how a well-run temple can be a great community centre, as all our great temples must have been in old days.

Next day, June 1, having paid a formal visit to the Zamorin Raja,

1. The address is printed as Kulapati's Letter No. 285 in *Bhavan's Journal* dated June 9, 1963.

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we left by car for the Ramakrishna Ashram at Vilangans. The Ashram looked very much like a *tapovan* so beautifully described by Kalidasa in his *Shakuntala;* only antelopes were missing, and the head Swamiji had no venerable beard as I think Kanva would have had. We had lunch with the Swamis. We also visited the women's section which is run by the sanyasinis of the Ashram. They were delighted to meet us, the parents of Pravrajika Atma Prana, with whom they had lived in Calcutta.

From Vilangans, we went back to Trichur, and at 5 p.m. the same day, we left Trichur for Kollengode—a distance of about 36 miles, where Sri Venugopalavarmaraja of Kollengode had invited us.

He is a highly cultured man. He took us to a well-run High School which he runs and which celebrated its platinum jubilee in 1962 with Dr. S. Radhakrishnan as the chief guest. However, the school was closed for holidays. I spoke for a few minutes to the citizens of the town who had gathered there.

We then went to the Raja's palace. The distinctive architecture gave me an idea of how the palaces of Hindu kings in medieval times would have been—court-yards and gardens, women's quarters and all the rest of it. Though the exterior of the palace was typically medieval Indian, the interior with well-furnished drawing-rooms, bed-rooms and bath-rooms was entirely modern.

The Raja had arranged a Rotary Club dinner which I addressed. We left for Trichur at night.

The next day, June 2, I did not go to Guruvayoor. Mummy, however, was presiding over the Cultural Session of the Conference and went there accompanied by Ramakrishnan.

Left alone, I wandered in the garden of the *Ramanilayam*, which was constructed by Sri R.K. Shanmukam Chetty when he was Diwan of Cochin. I explored the artistically-built house and the garden, and was surprised to find that in this distant corner of India, full size replicas of the famous statues of Apollo and Venus were there. A strange combination of Greek statues and modern convenience it is.

I spoke at the Rotary Club at Trichur and met the Pressmen. Most people, I found, were interested only in two questions: one, whether the Emergency was real or imaginary; the other, whether Hindi should be one of the official languages or not.

My views on both these questions were unequivocal: There *is* an Emergency, which has been so declared properly; it was necessary for dealing with the current internal and external situation.

As regards Hindi, my view which I made clear was that we should not give up English; at the same time we cannot do without Hindi as the official language. The formula accepted by the Parliament was the only one that is practicable under these circumstances. Hindi has been accepted by the country as the *lingua franca* of India from the Gandhian days, and there was no Hindi imperialism in accepting Hindi as one of the two official languages. If an Indian language has ultimately to emerge

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as an All-India medium of intercourse—and it must be in the interest of unity—it can only be Hindi, largely drawing its sustenance from Sanskrit.

Invariably I was faced with the question: "Is that the view of the Swatantra Party? Rajaji holds contrary views." I had to explain how, under the constitution of the Party, members are free to hold individual opinions on questions not covered by the fundamental principles of the Party. Unfortunately, the regimented utterances enforced by the Congress have created a belief that no party-man should differ from another in public utterances; even if they do differ, they should not express it; and to contradict the leader's views is *lese-majesty*. Few people realise that this is a negation of democracy.

On the morning of Monday, June 3, we bade good-bye to our friend Krishnan and left Trichur for Cochin airport. *En route*, we came across a tyre factory, of which I was told my friend Sri C. C. Desai was the Chairman. If I had known it before, I would have arranged to halt there for a little while.

We reached Cochin airport at 9.30 a.m., boarded the plane and arrived at Trivandrum at 11 a.m.

More of this pilgrimage in my next Letter.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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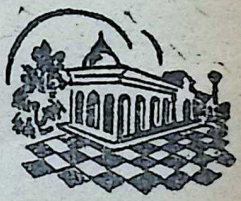

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SANT-VANI

The Sadguru

JOY is the first characteristic of the Sadguru.

Lassitude, weariness, neglect and dissatisfaction do not find a place in his being.

He keeps the fire of yoga aflame in the midst of enjoyment.

He is actionless in the midst of actions.

He is entrenched in the sphere of fearlessness.

He does not shut the doorway of senses, nor control his breath.

Nodding he does not move; speaking or walking he remains concentrated.

He always enjoys the state of Sahaja-samadhi.

He erects a bottomless cottage between heaven and earth (kevala-kumbhaka).

He makes his self-consciousness enter Shabda.

Wherever he casts his eyes, he sees only God and nothing else.

He sees outside exactly what he sees inside.

He not only drinks the juice of God's name, but makes others drink it.

He is able to fasten his mind on the unseen form of God and enables his disciples to do so.

He lifts up the curtain of darkness and makes the disciples visualise the Paramatman.

He enables his disciples to abide in God.

Such a Sadguru is verily God Himself.

—SANT KABIRDAS

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Jnanamrita

Suppressio Veri Suggestio Falsi

King Prahlada: In a dispute between a son and a stranger, how should a virtuous father act?

Hamsa (Sage) O, King! One may give all his cattle or wealth which may be dear, to his son. But in a dispute of the kind you pose, the witness should answer the question right according to truth.

P: Suppose he neither speaks the truth nor untruth? What happens?

H: When asked about a *dharma*, one should not try to explain it off in a roundabout manner (sophisticate) like a mule gone astray. In fact, those who see *dharma*, but prefer to keep silent, even in meditation, are liable to be destroyed by that *dharma* itself, just as trees on the banks of rivers are uprooted by the floods.

When the censurable are not condemned by an assembly competent to do so, its president shares half the sin; the sinner a quarter and the audience the other quarter of the sin.

When, on the other hand, the assembly condemns the sinner, the president as well as the assembly become sinless and the sin sits squarely on the sinner.

P: O, sage! What is the lot of the speaker who, out of ignorance, or interest, speaks the untruth?

H: One who does not speak plain and true will pass his time uncomfortably as when a wife is superseded by another person; as one vanquished in a game of dice; as one groaning under the weight of anxieties—at night.

One who does not speak plain and true will pass his time like one held up at the town gate and starving; as one whose eyes see only enemies wherever he casts his eyes—at nights. He who utters falsehood regarding an animal casts five of his ancestors into hell; on behalf of a cow he will consign ten such ancestors into hell; a hundred ancestors in regard to a horse, a thousand in the case of a man.

He who utters falsehood in connection with gold ruins all his progeny; on land, he ruins everything.

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(from *Mahabharata*)

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KRISHNA KARNAMRITA is a lyrical masterpiece in Sanskrit. It deals with the life of Lord Krishna in a way that it has few equals in the realm of literature.

We learn from the work that the author was a worshipper of Shiva and yet he lost his poetic soul to the leelas of Sri Krishna.

There are quite a few stories about the author with which we need not concern ourselves here. The most outstanding fact to remember about him is his overpowering love of God as personified by Sri Krishna, particularly in His child form. Here are a few typical selections.

KRISHNA KARNAMRITA

LILASUKA

मातः किं यदुनाथ देहि चषकं किं तेन पातुं पय-
स्तन्नास्त्यद्य कदास्ति वा निशि निशा का
वाऽन्धकारोदयः।
आमील्याक्षियुगं निशाप्युपगता देहीति मात-
र्मुहुः
वक्षोजांशुककर्षणोद्यतकरः कृष्णस्स पुष्णातु नः॥

"Mother!" "What do you want, Prince of Yadus?" "Give me the drinking cup!" "What for?" "For drinking milk!" "There is no milk now!" "When will there be?" "In the night!" "And what is night?" "The setting in of darkness!" Then straightway closing his two eyes, "The night has come; give me now"—Sri Krishna who thus spoke and kept ceaselessly pulling with his hand the garment upon His mother's bosom—may He protect us.*

काळिन्दीपुलिनोदरेषु मुसली यावद्गतः
खेलितुं
तावत्कार्परिकं पयः पिब हरे! वर्धिष्यते ते
शिखा।
इत्थं बालतया प्रतारणपराः श्रुत्वा यशोदा
गिरः
पायान्नस्स्वशिखां स्पृशन् प्रमुदितः क्षीरो-
ऽर्धपीते हरिः।

"While Musali (Balarama) has gone to play in the sands of the Yamuna, (before he returns) do thou, Oh Hari! Drink away the milk in the cup; then thy tuft will grow!" Hearing these coaxing words of Yasoda, He who, through (seeming) childishness, while part-drinking the milk, felt his hair (to see how much it had grown)—may He, the Hari (destroyer of all sins), save us!

रामो नाम बभूव हुं तदबला सीतेति हुं तौ पितु-
र्वाचा पञ्चवटीतटे विहरत स्तामाहर-
द्रावणः।
निद्रार्थं जननीकथा मिति हरे हुङ्कारतः
शृण्वतः
सौमित्रे क्व धनु र्धनुर्धनुरिति व्यग्रा गिरः
पान्तु वः॥

"There lived a certain person named Rama." "Hum?" "His wife was called Sita". "Hum—?" "They two, at the bidding of their father, were roaming in the skirts (of the forest) of Panchavati when Ravana

* Here is a suggestion of *samadhi* state of a *yogi* too.

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carried her away"!—As thus (lying in His cradle) He was listening with "Hums" to the story told by His mother in order to lull Him to sleep, suddenly (at the thought of Ravana carrying away Sita) burst from Him the thundering words "Lakshmana! my bow, my bow, my bow! where is it?" May those excited words protect you!

बालोऽपि शैलोद्धरणाग्रपाणि–
र्नीलोऽपि वीरन्ध्रतमः प्रदीपः ।
धीरोऽपि राधानयनाबद्धो
जारोऽपि संसारहरः कुत स्त्वम् ॥

Though Thou art but a boy, Thy fingers can bear aloft the mountain; though black (in colour), Thou art yet a light in densest darkness (ignorance); though valiant (not disposed to submit to any one), Thou art bound by the eyes of Radha! and though dallying with others' wives Thou art the Destroyer of all bonds of births and deaths (*samsara*): How art Thou all this?

पीठे पीठनिषण्णबालकगळे तिष्ठन् स गोपालको
यन्त्रान्तःस्थितदुग्धभाण्डमवकृष्याच्छाद्य घण्टारवम् ।
वक्त्रोपान्तकृताञ्जलिः कृतशिरःकम्पं पिबन्यः पयः
पायादागतगोपिकानयनयोर्गण्डूषफूत्कारकृत् ॥

May that cowherd boy who placing Himself upon the shoulders of another boy standing upraised upon stool over stool, caught hold of the rope-net whereon was placed the pot of milk, stopped the ringing of the bell (that was tied up to sound the alarm), and placing His folded hands close to his mouth drank deep the milk, shaking His head in joy; and Who, when caught by the incoming cowherdess, pouted the contents of His mouth at her eyes—May He save us.

अगुड़ल्या कः कवा प्रहरति? कुटिले! माधवः किं वसन्तो?
नो चक्री; किं कुलालो? नहि धरणिधरः; किं द्विजिह्वः फणीन्द्रः? ।
नाहं घोराहिमर्दी; किमसि खगपतिः? नोहरिः; किं कपीन्द्रः?
इत्येवं गोपकन्याप्रतिवचनजितः पातु वश्चक्रपाणिः ॥

"Who taps the door with his finger?" "Thou crooked (naughty) girl! It is Madhava."—"Who? Summer?" "No! The wielder of the disc (wheel)!" "Who? The potter?" "No! The bearer of the earth!" "Who? The double-tongued King of Serpents?" "No! I am the vanquisher of the terrible serpent (Kaliya)!" "Oh! Art thou the King of birds?" "No! I am Hari!" "What? The chief of Monkeys?"—May He that bears the disc in His hand, and was in conversation thus overcome by the cowherd damsel—May He protect us!

SILPI'S FEATURE

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, we could not publish Sri Silpi's feature for some time now.

We shall resume the feature very soon.

—Ed.

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MAN IS HIS ONLY WEALTH

Ray Hauserman

"WHEN I think of Christ, I feel existence is good and beautiful," Thakur observed shortly after I had been introduced to him. "Just see: his words, his eyes, his hair—all are so beautiful! That's why I think we too should be that way. Our clothing pure and clean, our face, our hair, our behaviour, our body...our laughter and our tears...all should be honey, heavenly!"

I first heard of Thakur Anukul Chandra shortly after World War II had ended. In a land teeming with holy men as well as religious quacks and quaint beliefs, he seemed to stand out like a beacon of light and hope. I made the arduous journey from Calcutta to his village home 140 miles north.

"Do you believe in Christ?" I asked in bewilderment. His reply erupted with stark simplicity: "If Christ were alive today, I would be the first to become his disciple!" That made the gulf in background between this 58-year-old Bengali Brahmin Hindu and myself, a 23-year-old American Christian, seem almost non-existent.

The late afternoon sun made the sprinkling of white in his closely-clipped dark hair and mustache turn a soft bronze. His full lips parted in a smile as open and guileless as a child. Combining with his uninhibited intimacy, it made me begin to feel I'd known him a long time. In fact, I almost forgot how far away in miles and *milieu* I was from our American Field Service Club in Calcutta. As he shifted his bulky body on the low, wooden bedstead to face me more directly, I became aware of a natural grace in his movement, a strength and majesty in his features.

"I feel Christ is an Emperor-beggar of love."

Thakur's large dark eyes glowed with boyish admiration. "He begged for it from fishermen, tax collectors ...even from Mary Magdalene."

He may have been born two millenniums too late to become Christ's

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disciple. Yet I discovered that Thakur's reckless effort over the years to apply this criterion of wealth has attracted almost as much abuse as approbation; has created defamers as well as ardent admirers. Nothing, however, seems to tarnish his belief that this 'man-standard' is as valid and practical in the twentieth century as it had been in the first.

When I met him he had already become to many in eastern India something of a living legend. Variously recognized for his medical insight, educational ideas or scientific suggestions, he has in recent years acquired considerable reputation as a natural-born psycho-therapist and spiritual adviser. Besides sincere seekers after truth, political and social leaders, educationists, scientists and industrialists have taken his counsel. Drunkards, political terrorists, prostitutes and thieves have sought his shelter. The fact that none are refused regardless of the repercussions has made him one of the most remarkable and controversial figures in modern India. This tenacious pursuit of the social outcast has, at times, made his closest friends and well-wishers question his choice of human currency.

In 1935, Hem Kabi came to see him on one of Thakur's infrequent visits to Calcutta. Though Hem's genius for spontaneous song and poetry was highly regarded, his drunken arrogance was notorious. All attempts at reformation having failed, a mutual friend had coaxed the reluctant poet into this meeting. When Hem staggered arrogantly into the room, Thakur quietly asked an attendant to bring a bottle of whiskey and, apparently indifferent to his tipsy guest, he returned to his discussion with others. The fuddled poet took his seat adjacent to Thakur, accepted the bottle flippantly and noisily began drinking. Unruffled, Thakur calmly continued his conversation until Hem arose and announced loudly, "You know, I like you, Thakur. You're the first man that hasn't told me to stop drinking!"

Thakur's arms shot up in horror. "No, no, Hem! Why should you stop? But I like you, and if you find it convenient, I hope you'll come and see me again."

Hem did. The same scene was repeated the next day and the next. When Thakur was preparing to return to his village, he invited the poet to be his guest there.

Shortly thereafter Hem appeared in the village. Thakur arranged for accommodation for his guest. Hospitably, he also saw to it that a daily bottle of whiskey was brought from the neighbouring town of Pabna and handed to the poet in his presence. The poet's visit lengthened from days into weeks. Rumours were rife in Pabna that Thakur Anukul Chandra now supplied liquor to all his friends. As the weeks stretched into months, some of Thakur's closest friends and associates began expressing reservations as to the nature and extended period of Thakur's hospitality. He held his own counsel. That Autumn, his motive became self-explanatory.

The early morning arrivals that day were surprised to find Thakur's usually immaculate white clothes covered in odorous vomit. He was still sitting where they had left him

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the night before. Inscrutably shrugging off all suggestions that he bathe and change, he handled the usual routine of problems, patients and personal advice with his normal imperturbability. Just before noon, the poet arrived, bathed and looking fresh. A glance at Thakur's condition immediately moved Hem into action. Furiously, he turned on the bystanders.

"What're all you people just standing around for? You too busy worshipping you can't get him some clean clothes?" Nobody spoke. His eyes flashed toward Thakur for support.

"Hem," Thakur's voice was soft, "don't you remember?"

"Remember what?"

"Last night."

A tinge of uncertainty crept into the poet's voice. "Last night what?"

"Oh, just when I was going to bed you came here and fell asleep in my lap...."

Thakur pointed to the only unsoiled area on his cloth. "...you were sick...probably something you ate..."

Thakur's demeanour was transparently innocent.

The poet's face was frozen in horror. He fell on his knees sobbing.

"Hem, should I go and take my bath?" Thakur queried gently.

"Thakur..." the poet's tormented eyes appealed pathetically to his benefactor, "...Thakur...will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what? You didn't do anything wrong." Thakur's voice was re-assuring, without reproach. "You were sick, that's all."

The poet remained kneeling. His anguished sobs slowly subsided. "Hem," again Thakur tenderly suggested, "I'll go and take my bath while you go to the dispensary and get some medicine for your stomach."

Hem stood up unsteadily and was led toward the dispensary.

Thakur arose. It was the first time he had moved in twelve hours.

Hem failed to appear that evening. He was sent for and Thakur insisted that the poet accept his bottle of whiskey. For several moments Hem's eyes moved restlessly back and forth from the bottle to Thakur. Abruptly his hesitation vanished. Grimly he took the bottle, walked resolutely to the nearby river bank and threw it into the muddy, swirling current.

As he returned to Thakur and the watching group, a smile appeared on his face. "Why waste your money anymore, Thakur?" he asked quietly. Almost in the same breath his voice rang out in extemporaneous song about the man he liked because he never told him to stop drinking.

Thakur's subtle and frequently unorthodox methods are the main source of confusion to friend and calumny by foe. The sight of the diseased, demented and undeserving all finding hope and shelter with him can be disturbing...at times, even unnerving. To religious thrill-seekers particularly, who often associate love only with the good and the beautiful, this aspect remains Thakur's greatest liability.

Occasionally, friends have sought to eliminate some of the more obvious anti-social elements from the heterogeneous, unwieldy family that

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has grown around him. After hearing patiently the plans for streamlining the community into an efficient organization, Thakur inevitably concludes, "Still, I believe that any organization, plan or movement that ignores or rejects a single individual betrays existence just that much." This almost universal love, practically applied, is held by many to be Thakur's greatest asset.

He prefers that those who remain with him also practise this sense of unlimited responsibility in their own lives, rather than merely preaching about it in his. If opportunity presents itself, he doesn't hesitate to indicate his preference.

A few of us from the World War II generation who had chosen to remain with him, periodically sallied forth into the rural and urban areas of India to tell about our rinsed and renovated faith in the possibilities of men truly becoming assets of one another. Such meetings can easily beguile one into a feeling that the temporary fervour is real faith, the transient emotion a permanent transformation.

Thakur listened dispassionately to our enthusiastic account of one such tour, then innocently suggested we keep a recently arrived singer with us. Confident in our own capacity to storm the walls of the Kingdom unaided, we reluctantly agreed. In two days our self-esteem had been reinforced. We found the singer to be, not only an inveterate liar, but a petty thief as well. He was dismissed from our group forthwith.

"Where's the singer?" Thakur artlessly inquired that evening.

"We got rid of him," we said matter-of-factly. The trace of a frown crossed Thakur's brow. "He turned out to be a liar and a thief, Thakur", we hastily explained.

"Yet only a few days ago you told me you could turn the whole world into a place of brotherhood and love ..." his eyes gripped ours relentlessly,"...and you can't adjust an individual singer? Don't you feel that's strange?"

"But, Thakur..." desperately we grasped for a straw, "...survival of the fittest is..."

"...first, make the unfit fit," Thakur gently intervened, "then only can you survive." His voice became firm. "Go now. Find him and keep him with you."

"He's the hardest boss and yet the softest," an American professor observed after witnessing the departure of a grateful, well-to-do Philadelphian who, having recovered considerably from his alcoholism, had asked Thakur what gift he'd like from America.

"I don't want anything," Thakur promptly replied. His eyes glistened with unabashed yearning. "If I can only feel that George is healthy in body and mind, I'll feel I'm the richest man in the world!"

Shortly afterwards, the Philadelphian confided, "You know, this is the first time I'm not afraid. Thakur may be a hero, a fool or a saint. Frankly, I don't care. I only know I now have one place in the world where I'll find shelter even if I have nothing...and he'll take me in, not as a pious act of philanthropy, but as a personal necessity."

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Thakur still comes in for criticism in spite of the thousands of positive results from his uncalculating acceptance of all. A former Advocate-General of one Indian state finally decided that Thakur seems to see every single person as a living universe. He had earlier been professionally involved with some people associated with Thakur who had been accused in a criminal case. This had inspired the official to challenge Thakur as to why he supported evil.

"I never support evil, but I often shelter it," Thakur explained. "I guess they are the foolish sons of a foolish father. I keep thinking that someday they will change." Thakur's baffling humility seems to unwittingly soothe the critic and oft-times rubs some of the rust from the faith of the cynic.

Unlike many Indian saints, Thakur's explanations are simple, pragmatic and always related to practical activity. He has little time for otherworldly mysticism that doesn't help a man achieve a more meaningful and productive life within his own immediate environment and through his own traditional faith. This odd combination of practical religion, visionary idealism and intuitive insight crystallizes around his basic belief that in making men able, efficient and responsible, affluence can be brought to all.

When communal riots engulfed India in 1946-47, the thriving community where I had first met Thakur and which had been described by a late Chief Minister of Assam as the finest example of rural reconstruction in India, had to be abandoned. A 3-million dollar establishment was lost.

By ordinary standards, Thakur had become a bankrupt destitute. By his, he was still a man of substance. Albeit, the hundreds of men, women and children who accompanied him 300 miles west to Deoghar, Bihar were as destitute as he.

"What have you lost?" Thakur constantly insisted, "everything—lands, homes, businesses—all were built with our efficiency and we haven't lost that. With it, we shall build again!"

As his doubtful human treasury grew into thousands, Thakur's determination became more contagious. His confidence was infectious. Helpless men, women and children raised their heads...and their hopes. Today, the thousands of refugees who stand on their own feet without seeking help from Government is evidence in support of Thakur's fiscal policy, though his funds were homeless, penniless and apparently, helpless, people.

He would not consider himself a Christian in any unique sense yet to many Americans, Thakur exhibits and advocates a sense of responsibility toward the environment that is more often associated with Christian concepts of social obligation than with some of the common Hindu nations of escape from this unreal world into a communion with some ultimate reality.

How does he feel about a heavenly *nirvana* that ignores the material world as illusion?

"Don't try to enjoy your life in heaven after demise only." Thakur

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pleads, "but in communion with your Lord, strive to bring that heaven on earth through faith, love and charity with an enlivening breeze of sympathy, service and nature. Surely this shall banish destitution, depravity and helplessness forever. This alone, can bring unity in variety and it is my conviction that this is the essence of growth toward peace on earth and good-will toward men."

In 1956, Thakur had a slight stroke which incapacitated him physically for several months. Heart specialists prescribed complete rest. Concerned associates made rigid rule for visitors. Barricades to protect him shattered the homely informality of former times. Within weeks, however, he began calling to people standing behind the barrier to come and see him. Then, sheepishly, he turned to the worried guardians and apologized, "I'm afraid the only wealth I know is man...and maybe, it's my only medicine, too."

At present, Thakur is accessible to all comers at almost all hours. He normally spends more than fourteen hours a day inspiring, consulting and advising. Except for a few hours' rest in the afternoon and six hours' sleep at night, he lives literally in a goldfish bowl with man—diseased, distraught or searching man—his constant companion and, still at the age of 76, his only wealth.

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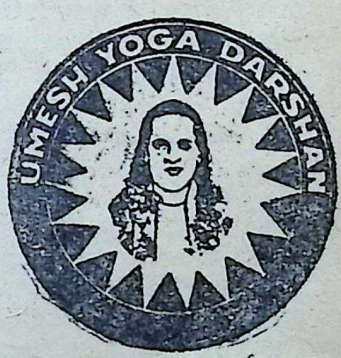

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AT the height of the Birmingham crisis, eight Alabama clergymen issued a statement pleading that the Negro cause should be pursued in the courts and not in the streets, referring to the Negro demonstration.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. the Negro leader who was behind prison bars in the Birmingham City Jail at that time took advantage of his enforced respite to write a long reply in justification of the direct action taken by the Negros. That letter is one of the finest documents and we give below an important extract from it.—Ed.

CREATIVE EXTREMISM

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Birmingham
April 16, 1963.

My Dear Fellow Clergymen,

YOU deplore the demonstrations that are presently taking place in Birmingham But I am sorry that your statement did not express a similar concern for the conditions that brought the demonstrations into being. I am sure that each of you would want to go beyond the superficial social analyst who looks merely at effects, and does not grapple with underlying causes. I would not hesitate to say that it is unfortunate that so-called demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham at this time, but I would say in more emphatic terms that it is even more unfortunate that the white power structure of this city left the Negro community with no other alternative.

You may well ask, "Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches, etc? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Non-violent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored.

I just referred to the creation of tension as a part of the work of the non-violent register. This may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word tension. I have earnestly worked and preached against violent tension, but there is a type of constructive non-

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violent tension that is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need of having non-violent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. So the purpose of the direct action is to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. We, therefore, concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in the tragic attempt to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and non-violent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was "well timed," according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word "Wait!" It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This "wait" has almost always meant "never." It has been a tranquillizing Thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that "justice too long delayed is justice denied." We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jet-like speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter.

I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say wait. But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize, and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your 20 million Negro brothers smothering in an air-tight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her little eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to coloured children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority

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begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son asking in agonizing pathos: "Daddy, why do white people treat coloured people so mean?"; when you take a cross-country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" men and "coloured"; when your first name becomes "nigger' and your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into an abyss of injustice where they experience the bleakness of corroding despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, it is rather strange and paradoxical to find us consciously breaking laws. One may well ask, "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others? The answer is found in the fact that there are two types of laws: There are *just* laws and there are *unjust* laws. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws. I would agree with Saint Augustine that "An unjust law is no law at all."

Now what is the difference between the two? How does one determine when a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a mode that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of Saint Thomas Aquinas, an unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust.

All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. To use the words of Martin Buber, the great Jewish philosopher, segregation substitutes an "I-it" relationship for the "I-thou" relationship, and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. So segregation is not only politically, economically and sociologically un-

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sound, but it is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Tillich has said that sin is separation. Isn't segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, an expression of his awful estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? So I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court because it is morally right, and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances because they are morally wrong.

Let me give another explanation, example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a majority inflicts on a minority that is not binding on itself. This is *difference* made legal. On the other hand a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow that it is willing to follow itself. This is *sameness* made legal.

Let me give another explanation. An unjust law is a code inflicted upon a minority which that minority had no part in enacting or creating because they did not have the unhampered right to vote. Who can say the legislature of Alabama which set up the segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout the state of Alabama all types of conniving methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters and there are some countries without a single Negro registered to vote despite the fact that the Negro constitutes a majority of the population. Can any law set up in such a state be considered democratically structured?

These are just a few examples of unjust and just laws. There are some instances when a law is just on its face but unjust in its application. For instance, I was arrested Friday on a charge of parading without a permit. Now there is nothing wrong with an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade, but when the ordinance is used to preserve segregation and to deny citizens the First Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and peaceful protest, then it becomes unjust.

I hope you can see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law as the rabid segregationist would do. This would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do it *openly*, *lovingly* (not hatefully as the white mothers did in New Orleans when they were seen on television screaming "nigger, nigger, nigger") and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law.

Of course there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was seen sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar because a higher moral law was involved. It was practised superbly by the early Christians who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks before submitting to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree academic freedom

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is a reality today because Socrates practised civil disobedience.

We can never forget that everything Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. But I am sure that, if I had lived in Germany during that time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers even though it was illegal. If I lived in a Communist country today where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I believe I would openly advocate disobeying these anti-religious laws.

In your statement you asserted that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But can this assertion be logically made? Isn't this like condemning the robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery? Isn't this like condemning Socrates because his unswerving commitment to truth and his philosophical delvings precipitated the misguided popular mind to make him drink the hemlock? Isn't this like condemning Jesus because His unique God consciousness and never-ceasing devotion to His will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see, as Federal courts have consistently affirmed, that it is immoral to urge an individual to withdraw his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest precipitates violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber.

I had also hoped that the white moderate would reject the myth of time. I received a letter this morning from a white brother in Texas which said: "All Christians know that the coloured people will receive equal rights eventually, but is it possible that you are in too great of a religious hurry? It has taken Christianity almost 2,000 years to accomplish what it has. The teachings of Christ take time to come to earth." All that is said here grows out of a tragic misconception of time. It is the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the very flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually time is neutral. It can be used either destructively or constructively. I am coming to feel that the people of ill will have used time much more effectively than the people of good will.

We will have to repent in this

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generation not merely for the vitriolic words and actions of the bad people, but for the appalling silence of the good people. We must come to see that human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability. It comes through the tireless efforts and persistent work of men willing to be co-workers with God, and without this hard work time itself becomes an ally of the forces of social stagnation.

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my non-violent efforts as those of the extremist.

But as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a bit of satisfaction from being considered an extremist. Was not Jesus an extremist in love? "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Was not Amos an extremist for justice "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the gospel of Jesus Christ—"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist—"Here I stand; I can do none other so help me God." Was not John Bunyan an extremist—"I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." Was not Abraham Lincoln an extremist—"This nation cannot survive half slave and half free." Was not Thomas Jefferson an extremist—"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal."

So the question is not whether we will be extremist but *what kind* of extremist will we be. Will we be extremists for hate or will we be *extremists for love?* Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice—or will we be extremists for the cause of justice? In that dramatic scene on Calvary's hill three men were crucified. We must never forget that all three were crucified for the same crime—the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thus fell below their environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth, and goodness, and thereby rose above His environment. So, after all, maybe the South, the nation, and the world are in dire need of creative extremists.

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CHAPTER XXXI

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

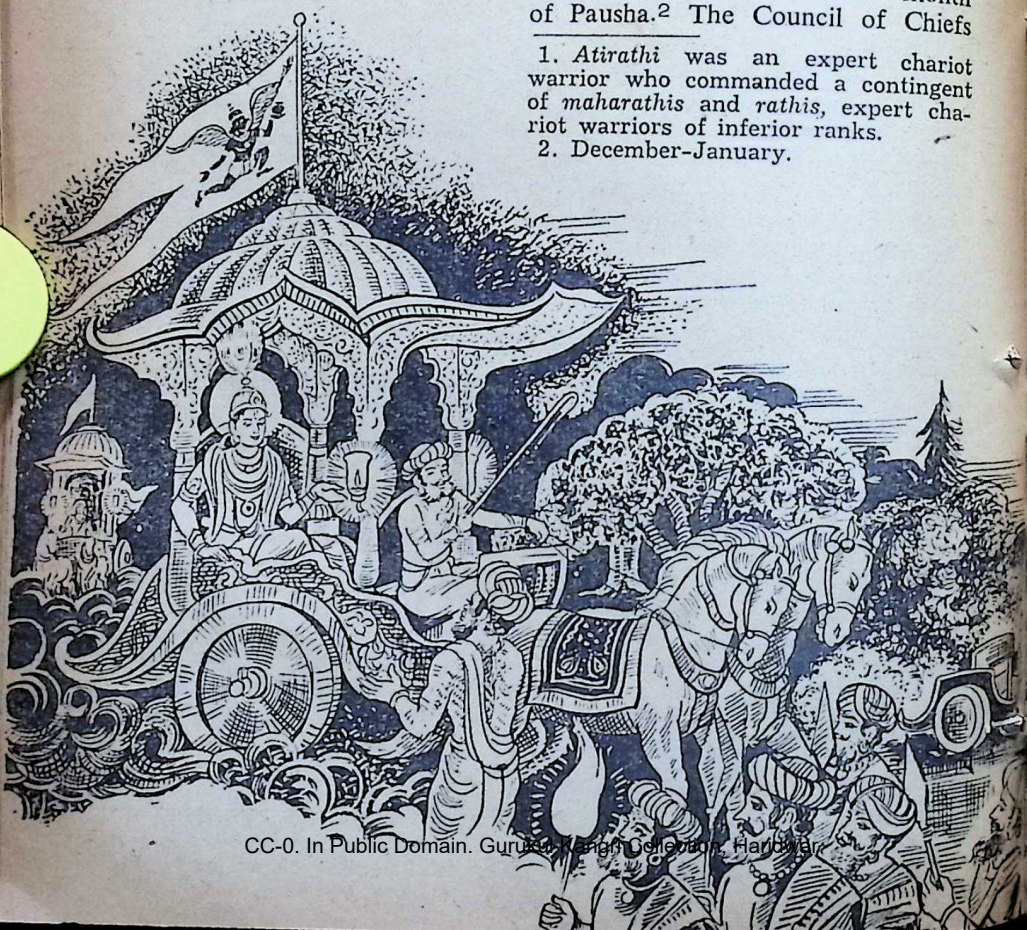
PART III

"Dharma has seized me"

THE rains had gone. The sea was now calm. Ships began to ply. The morning breeze began to bring its refreshing vigour.

A delegation from Kampilya brought Drupad's invitation to the Yadava King, Ugrasena, and all the Yadava *atirathis*[1] to attend the *swayamvara* of Draupadi on the eleventh day of the bright half of the month of Pausha.[2] The Council of Chiefs

1. *Atirathi* was an expert chariot warrior who commanded a contingent of *maharathis* and *rathis*, expert chariot warriors of inferior ranks.
2. December-January.



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expressed its views which it had already formed in a formal decision. Krishna, Saatyaki and Kritavarman, the best of the Yadava *atirathis*, should proceed to Kampilya to attend the *swayamvara*, but not to participate in any contest.

Krishna accepted the Council's decision with an inscrutable smile, leaving Satrajit and his enemies to gloat over his defeat. He and his two friends, Saatyaki and Kritavarman, kept their own counsel. To all appearances they were reconciled to the behest of the King.

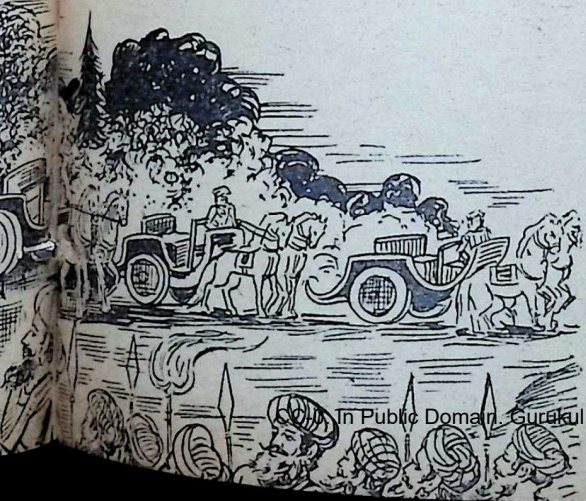
However, Saatyaki could not conceal his disappointment. He felt like a racehorse which had been arrested in mid-career. This attitude of the Council, he said, was cowardly. Without much effort, he himself could have taken Pushkar. With his expert bowmanship, he stood a fair chance of winning Draupadi; it was his life's opportunity.

He could not understand exactly why Krishna accepted the decision. But he knew his friend well; there were many more things passing in his mind than he himself could fathom. With frenzied zeal, therefore, he spent his time in perfecting his own skill in arms and in training all the bands of *maharathis* and *rathis*—his, Krishna's and Kritavarman's—in body-combat, mace-wielding, archery, chariot-driving and all other arts of war, shouting at every one who failed to come up to his expectation.

The Yadava chiefs, other than his friends, laughed at Saatyaki for wasting his time in this manner; they knew that there was no reward in store for him. Often they sneered at him. "Whatever you might do, Saatyaki, there is going to be no Draupadi for you". At such remarks, Saatyaki would fly into a temper and many a time exchange of hot words and sometimes even blows, would follow.

In the month of Karttika,[3] Kritavarman, with his own band of *maharathis* and *rathis*, left Dwarka with appropriate equipment. He carried Krishna's message to Charudeshna, the King of Agravana, to invite the Yadava princes of the surrounding area to assemble at his headquarters and join Krishna in celebrating a festival which fell on the eleventh day of the bright half of the month of Maargashirsh.[4] He also carried a special message for Uddhava.

Most of the Yadava chiefs took little notice of the unusual activities of Krishna's friends. As Krishna had accepted the decision of the Council of Chiefs, they were sure that he would abide by it. If he did not want



3. October-November.
4. November-December.

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to do so, he would have re-opened the topic before it.

Impatient Saatyaki, shouted, cursed, stormed, worked the day round getting the bands ready for tough fighting. It was announced that he, with his band, would leave Dwarka a fortnight in advance of Krishna.

The old crafty Satrajit, however, watched the activities of Krishna with a wary eye. He well knew the unfathomable ways of young Krishna better. The young Chief was a master of surprises. The very fact that he had unhesitatingly accepted the decision of the Council showed that some mystery lay behind these active preparations.

If they were going to the *swayamvara* merely as guests, what was the sense of Saatyaki and Kritavarman training their bands in the way they did? If Saatyaki was not going to contest at the *swayamvara*, why did he practise so assiduously at perfecting his skill in archery? If war was not in view, why give such intensive training to their horses? Why this sudden decision to make new chariots, new and more powerful maces and formidable bows for themselves and their lieutenants?

All things indicated one thing and one thing only: a desperate bid to capture Pushkar, Satrajit thought. And when he heard that Saatyaki was going in advance of Krishna to Agravana to meet some Yadava princes, his suspicions were confirmed. Saatyaki was the strong arm of Krishna. He was preparing to take Pushkar and win Draupadi. There was no other explanation for his mystifying conduct. This sinister move had to be met, for it meant the Yadavas going to war.

At one time Satrajit had liked young Saatyaki. He was handsome, brave and well-mannered. His father was a distinguished Chief of the Yadavas. He had a sunny temper. Though turbulent at times, he was marked out for greatness.

Satrajit had even thought of giving his daughter Satyabhaamaa to Saatyaki. Satyak, his father, however, had turned down the offer. Saatyaki himself would not listen to it; he was too far committed to Krishna's adventures to think of marrying. This had hurt Satrajit's, vanity. The aristocratic Satyak and his son had spurned a matrimonial alliance with him!

The only way to prevent a commitment to war, he thought, was to frustrate Krishna's plan by depriving him of his fiery, trusted and powerful comrade. It was an object worth accomplishing at this crisis when his, Satrajit's, influence over the Yadavas was growing.

Saatyaki, with his contingent now swollen to three times its normal strength, had decided to leave Dwarka for Agravana on the early morning of the auspicious, first day of the bright half of Margashirsh. Everybody knew that Krishna was to leave a fortnight later. His contingent was already getting ready to proceed on the journey.

Before the morning star rose on the appointed day, Krishna, with his principal *maharathis*, proceeded to the place outside Dwarka where he was to give a send-off to Saatyaki and his contingent.

When he reached the spot,

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Krishna was surprised to find that there was no sign of Saatyaki, though his comrades were impatiently waiting for him, ready to start. The warriors, who so far had been proud of the indomitable leadership of their chief, were almost broken-hearted at his delay in joining them. Did the impetuous Saatyaki develop cold feet? Unthinkable. Or had he been taken ill? Difficult to imagine. Above all, what would Dwarka, which was already laughing at them for making unrewarding preparations, say if their journey stood abandoned because they were abandoned by their chief?

Leaning out of his chariot, Krishna asked Aahuka, the principal *maharathi* of Saatyaki: 'Where is your master?'

Aahuka jumped down from his chariot, came to Krishna, folded his hands and whispered in his ears: 'Lord, the master is not to be found.'

'Did you enquire at his mansion?' Krishna asked anxiously, unable to understand the new development.

'Yes. He did not return there last night. His chariot has been waiting for him all the time,' whispered the unhappy second-in-command.

'I am surprised,' said Krishna, puzzled. 'He left me last evening to go to his maternal uncle's. But he was not going to spend the night there.'

'The charioteer told me, lord, that the master went to his maternal uncle's house and dismissed him saying that he would walk home.'

'It was just like Saatyaki,' Krishna muttered under his breath. 'Did you enquire at his maternal uncle's?' he asked Aahuka.

'Yes, lord,' replied Aahuka. 'The gate-keeper said he saw the master leaving the house to go to his own mansion.'

Krishna thought for a while. Time was passing. The auspicious moment for the contingent to start was approaching. Surely something must have happened to Saatyaki. He could not have over-slept. He was never in the habit of being late. He would never, never shirk his duty. Something had to be done and it must be done now.

'When do you start?' asked Krishna.

'We are to start one *ghatika*[5] after the sun rises,' replied Aahuka. 'The Brahmans are already here to bless our departure. I don't know what to do.'

Krishna, his eyes flashing, turned to Aahuka: 'Get ready to start at the appointed moment.'

'But, lord, how can we start without the master? What will the Yadavas think if he does not join us in time?'

Krishna saw light. His *dharma* had presented itself to him. He said with firmness: 'Your master's reputation is dearer to me than my life. You must start at the very moment when your master wanted you to.'

'But who will lead us?' asked Aahuka.

'I will,' said Krishna quietly and turned to Gada, his principal *maharathi*, who was in charge of his band. 'Gada, I am going for my arms and will return before the sun rises. How long will you take to get our contin-

5. Time unit of 24 minutes.

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gent ready to follow me with equipment?'

'Two days at best, lord,' replied Gada.

'No,' said Krishna decisively. 'Gather our contingent and catch me up by tomorrow night.'

'As the lord commands,' said Gada.

Krishna pushed his charioteer Baahuka aside, took the reins in his hand, lashed out at the horses and returned home on flying speed. The gate-keeper was surprised to see the master returning in such breathless haste.

Krishna went up to Rukmini and woke her up. 'Give me my *Saranga*, Vaidarbhi. Help me tie up the *Chakra*. Baahuka, carry my mace *Kaumudaki*[6] into the chariot.'

'What is the matter?' asked Rukmini, almost in a panic at the precipitate way in which Krishna was preparing for departure. 'What has happened?'

'Saatyaki has disappeared. He must have been kidnapped; otherwise I can't understand why he is not with his band. And there is no time to lose; his band must start immediately and I am going to lead it.'

'But why this hurry?' asked Rukmini.

'It shall not be said that Saatyaki's band could not start at the auspicious moment for want of a leader. If his band returned home after all the preparations we have made, we would have accepted defeat,' said Krishna.

As Baahuka was helping him to put on his weapons, Krishna turned to Rukmini. 'Vaidarbhi, did I not tell you that some day I would tell you what *dharma* is?'

'Yes, lord.'

'I will now tell you what it is. Go and tell Big Brother: "Saatyaki has disappeared. I suspect foul-play. I have made a promise to Chekitaana that I would restore Pushkar to him. I have promised King Karkotaka that the Yadavas would leave the Naga territory. I have promised King Drupad that his daughter's *swayamvara* would be a success. I have promised Draupadi that I would help her to choose a brave young warrior".' And his voice sank into a solemn whisper: 'And tell him—and for his ears only—that I have promised Empress Satyavati that the Five Brothers would come to life at the *swayamvara*. The Yadavas have failed me, but I cannot fail those to whom I stand pledged; my word shall stand true.' His eyes were as of one inspired. 'So long I tried only to seize *dharma*, now *dharma* has seized me. And if the Yadavas betray their *dharma*, I must find others who will stand by it.'

Rukmini, overwhelmed, fell at his feet. Krishna lifted her up, patted her head and left.

[To be continued]

6. Krishna's bow, discus and mace were called *Saranga, Sudarshana* and *Kaumudaki* respectively.

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CRIMINALITY OF MONARCHS

Pitirim A. Sorokin & Walter A. Lunden

OF all big social organizations the state, as a rule, is the most cynical and most naked power-machinery. With rare exception, this machine of organized coercion is more powerful than that of almost any other organization. The sovereignty claimed by the state as its monopoly is the official term designating its supremacy over other social groups. The chiefs of states, especially when they are autocratic or absolutistic, are the most powerful rulers among the governing heads of other social bodies.

First of all, despite the lack of precise and systematic statistics, the existing data do not allow any doubt that the *powerful and/or autocratic rulers of the states display in general a much higher rate of patricides, matricides fratricides, uxoricides, and murders of their relatives, than does their ruled population*. In regard to this crime, the powerful autocratic ruling groups are possibly the most criminal groups in the total population of most nations or states. We must keep in mind that this particular form of murder is evaluated by practically all criminal codes as the gravest form of murder and is uniformly punished more severely than all other forms (except the murder of the rulers of the states and other power organizations). Second, the existing body of evidence shows also that *with a limitation of the autocratic or absolute power of the rulers, the gravity and the rate of their criminality tends* to decline. Murder and other bloody crimes against relatives, friends, and persons generally tend to be increasingly supplanted by the crimes against property, and by the lesser crimes against person. Criminality of these

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rulers whose power is greatly limited (like most of the recent constitutional monarchs and presidents of republics) tends to approach the criminality of their ruled population, though it still exceeds it.

Actually the criminality of the rulers remains much greater than the percentages show, when we compare the percentages of all kinds of murder (and not only the murder of relatives and friends hitherto discussed) committed by the rulers, with those of all kinds of murder perpetrated by the common population. Side by side with legal execution of criminals and war enemies, very few of these rulers did not murder or condemn to death, directly or indirectly, few or many innocent persons of all ages and of both sexes. Sometimes they imposed the death penalty over the victims legally, for "reasons of state" (*raison d'etat*), though even in such "legal" murders there always is a wide gulf between the merciful and sadistic interpretation of "legality." More frequently the rulers condemned to death many an innocent person for such selfish reasons as economic advantages, hedonistic pleasure, revenge, hatred, sadistic drive, sexual motives, lust for power, rulers' security, and so on. Perhaps still more frequently they "eliminated" innocent persons because these individuals by their mere existence happened to inhibit the realization of the rulers' egotistic objectives. This sort of motive plays an eminent part in the mass-murders of hundreds and thousands of innocent persons in the massacres, "crusades," "purges," "liquidations," "holy wars," "restorations of order" always solemnly declared "for the Good of the Country," "Nationalism," "Purity of Race," and all sorts of justifying catch-words and mottoes aimed at screening the ugly selfish interests of the rulers. These mass-murders of thousands of innocent persons depict the heartlessness, moral insensitivity, and cynical disregard of human life and moral values which characterize the rulers. In this regard, their psychology is not very different from that of hardened murderers. Such "murders" are so common that they are often passed over by historians without mention, yet study reveals that the ruling group is indeed the most murderous group among all the groups of the ruled populations of almost all countries or nations.

An additional oblique confirmation of this conclusion is given by the exceptionally high frequency of *death by violence* among state-rulers. Being little inhibited in their struggles for power from murdering relatives, friends, competitors, and anyone who happens to be hindering satisfaction of their objectives, these rulers are treated to similar "murderous" treatment by their competitors. The ruling group well confirms the truth of the old statement: "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

Finally, regarding the crimes of aggravated assault, rape, and other sex offences, robbery, burglary, theft, larceny, embezzlement, fraud and forgery, and other lesser crimes against person, property, and good mores, the rates of the rulers in these

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crimes are again much higher than those of the ruled.

Ordinarily, when the rulers perpetrate crimes against property, they do not steal, or grab or rob or forge or embezzle a few dollars or a small piece of real estate, or a few precious objects. Instead *they do these crimes on the largest scale*, grabbing by "the right of conquest" vast regions, territories, and kingdoms; under false pretence expropriating and appropriating large fortunes and sources of wealth of their adversaries or citizens; by "diplomatic" persuasion and coercion acquiring big estates, fabulous monopolies and most profitable privileges; profiting greatly by debasing the currency, and so on. An old English poem well expresses this large scale of the crimes of rulers:

"The law locks up both man and woman
who steals the goose from off the common,
but lets the greater felon loose,
who steals the common from the goose."

To sum up: in the crimes enumerated the criminality of the rulers is many times higher than that of the total ruled population.

Historical Documentation

For our first evidence of the criminality of rulers, we may compare them to the ruled population in the crime of murder. Since there are only fragmentary data about the rates of murder of relatives for the total or adult (fourteen years old and over) populations, we shall compare the rulers' murder of their relatives with those of all kinds of murder for the total populations (murder of relatives makes up only an insignificant fraction of the larger class of murder generally). Both of these rates are approximate but, despite this, they disclose the difference in criminality to be so great that it remains striking even when the rates of the rulers' criminality are decreased ten or twenty or more times.

Depending upon the period, country, occupation, sex, age, race, etc., the murder rates for the ruled population fluctuate between: 0.0008 and 0.2 per 100 persons of the total or the adult population or of the main occupational populations, or far below one per cent for the ruled populations. For the murderers of relatives among rulers the following gives approximate data:

Of 43 English monarchs and the Lord-Protectors beginning with William I and ending with George VI, some twenty rulers, or at least 40 *per cent*, were guilty of this crime. In other words, the rate of English rulers committing the gravest form of murder is more than a hundred times greater than the rate of the British population in the crime of murder!

This conclusion must be supplemented by the fact that, with the legal and factual limitation of the power of English monarchs, they have freed themselves from this crime; none of the kings or queens since William III has been guilty of murdering his or her relatives or close friends and associates.

Similar data for the rates of murder of relatives and close friends for monarchs and rulers of various coun-

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tries and periods naturally vary greatly, but they invariably remain far above the rates of general murder among their subjects. With various upstart rulers, of past and recent times, such as the Ten and the Thirty Tyrants in Ancient Greece, Marius and Sulla, Caesar and Antony, Crassus and Augustus in Rome, Cromwell and Robespierre, Mussolini and Hitler, Lenin and Stalin, and many of today's dictators or revolutionaries in Europe, Asia, Latin America, and elsewhere, the crime-record is still worse than that of the legitimate, autocratic monarchs.

Of the 34 Turkish sultans, from Osman (1290-1326) up to Mahomet VI (1918-1922), at least 14 sultans or some 41 *per cent* were guilty of direct or indirect murders of their relatives, close friends, and associates. But here again, with a partly factual and partly legal limitation of their power, the last five sultans, beginning with Abdul Mejid (1839-1861) and ending with Mahomet VI (1918-1922) seem to have been free from this form of murder (with a possible exception of Abdul Hamid II).

Similarly, in France, in the earliest Merovingian dynasty, its founder Clovis (481-511), his four sons, including the victorious Lothair (558-561), and Lothair's four sons, up to Lothair II and his son Dagobert (628-638) were all fratricides or the murderers of their close relatives in their intra-family struggle for power. Not very different was the situation in its declining period when the Merovingian dynasty divided into several branches. All in all, no less than 40 per cent of the Merovingian rulers committed the discussed gravest form of murder.

Perhaps somewhat lower was the per cent of this sort of murderer in the subsequent dynasties of the Carolingians, the Capets, the Valois, the Bourbons, the Orleans, the Bonapartists. Of some 51 rulers, beginning with Charles the Bald (843-877) and ending with Louis Napoleon III (1852-1870), at least 9 rulers or 15 per cent were guilty of this gravest of murders. Except perhaps for Napoleon I, none of the post-revolutionary monarchs whose power was greatly limited, seems to have committed this crime.

Similar is the record of the Russian rulers. As usual, the earliest Kievan (Rurik) dynasty begins its dominion by murders of the related and unrelated competitors for power: Oleg killed Askold and Dir (882). Then came the dynastic warfare between the sons of Sviatoslav, ending with the victory of Vladimir the Saint (972-978), and followed again by merciless dynastic struggle among the sons of Vladimir in which his eldest son, Svyatopolk, murdered his three brothers (Boris, Gleb, and Sviatoslav). Svyatopolk perished in his turn after being defeated by his brother, Iaroslav the Wise (1019-1054). The fratricidal war was again repeated among the sons of Iaroslav, then among the sons of Vladimir Monomakh, and the subsequent generations of the branches of the Kievan dynasty up to the invasion and subjugation of Russia by the Mongols after the battle of Kalka

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(1223) and during two centuries of Tartar domination.

All in all the per cent of the murderers of relatives, friends, and associates among the Kievan (Rurik) dynasty with its branched Volyn, Galicia, Susdal, Vladimir, and Novgorod rulers was *above rather than below some* 25-30 *per cent.*

Among subsequent rulers of Russia one notable difference in the Moscovy period was the vogue of blinding and physical mutilation of "the dear but dangerous relatives" (with subsequent banishment, imprisonment or monastic isolation for life), or the infliction of slow death instead of a direct and swift murder. Prince Vasiliy the Dark ordered blinding of his Cousin, Vasiliy the Squint-eyed (c. 1435) ; Prince Dimitri blinded his cousin (*c* 1437), and so on. Otherwise, Yuriy Danilovich and Michail Tversky both perished in their warfare with each other; so also did Alexander Tversky and Ivan Danilovitch and other rulers of this period. Later on, the Czars of Muscovy and Russia killed their sons and cousins, (like John the Terrible and Peter the Great,) gave consent to the murder of their parents (like Alexander I) or of their wives or husbands or relatives (like Catherine the Great, Elizabeth I) and in various ways executed their close friends and counsellors ; this is not to mention imprisonment, torture, banishment, and other methods of "purging" of all those whom for some or no reason at all they wanted to eliminate. All in all, at least some 20 to 25 per cent of the rulers of Muscovy and then of Imperial Russia were guilty in the crime discussed. On the other hand, after Alexander I (1801-1825), all subsequent Czars of Russia up to the last Czar, Nicolas II, were free from this crime.

Thus out of 51 rulers of Ancient Rome from 135 B.C. to 285 A.D. (beginning with T. and G. Gracchus and ending with Probus and Carus) 26 or some 50 per cent were guilty of the discussed.

In Byzantium, "no sovereign was safe. Of the 107 sovereigns that occupied the throne between 395 and 1453, only 34 died in their beds, and 8 in war or by accident. The rest either abdicated—willingly or unwillingly—or died violent deaths by poison, smothering, strangulation, stabbing, or mutilation. In the space of these 1058 years we can count 65 revolutions, in palaces, streets, or barracks." "The Sacred Palace of Byzantium is full of grim stories. There the devout Irene had her son Constantine VI blinded in the very room he was born. There in 820, in St. Stephen's chapel, Leo V, the Armenian, was assassinated...There Basil the Macedonian and his friends slew Michael III; and there also, one December night, Theophano had her husband, Nichephorus assassinated and displayed from a window to soldiers of the guard the severed, dripping head of their master." (1) Hardly less than 50 per cent of the Byzantine rulers were murderers of their relatives, close friends, and associates.

No better is the record of the Arabian dynasties. A fratricidal struggle for power started immediate-

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ly after the death of the founder of Mohammedanism, and all four of "the Orthodox Caliphs" (632-661) were guilty of the crime discussed. If all the rulers of the subsequent dynasties of the Umayhads (661-750) and of the Abbasids (750-1100), before and after the dismemberment of the Caliphate into several dynasties were not guilty, then at least some 45-50 per cent committed it in various forms.

If from the Arabian rulers we turn to those of Iran or Persia, we find out of nine kings of the earliest Achaemenian dynasty of Persia (550-330 B.C.) from Cyrus the Great to Darius III Codomannus, at least 3 or some 30 per cent were involved or guilty of the crime. Of some 21 Shahs of the Neo-Persian Empire of the Sassanians (226-651) at least seven rulers (or some 34 per cent) murdered their relatives, close friends, and associates. Of some 11 Shahs of the Safavid dynasty (1500-1736), at least four or some 36 per cent were guilty of this crime. Other short-lived dynasties of Persia show still higher incidence.

Direct and indirect murder of relatives, closest friends and associates as frequently marks the annals of the Oriental dynasties as the others. Thus, for example, in Japan at an early period of Japan's history, the chronicle mentions that the rulers of the Soga clan crushed their rivals (c. 587); that Soga Imago (c. 626) murdered his nephew, the Emperor Sushun; that in 643 Soga Iruka forced Prince Yamashiro no Oe, heir to the powerful prince Shotoku, to commit suicide. In their turn the chiefs of the Soga were overthrown and suffered penalties. The next Nara period (710-784) is marked again by several "family" murders (of Fujiwara Nakamaro, emperor Junnin, and others); fratricidal civil wars stamp also the Fujiwara and subsequent periods with the accompanying murders of relatives and friends (by Sumitomo, Taira Masakado, Minamoto Yoriyoshi, Shirakawa II, Taira Kiyomori, Yoritomo, Hojo Tokimasa and other rulers of the Hojo period, and by the warring parties during several subsequent fratricidal wars of the emperors, Shoguns and other rulers). Perhaps it is typical that out of some 15 Shoguns of the Tokugawa period (1603-1867), at least four or some 26 per cent were guilty of murder of their relatives, close friends and asso-

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ciates. All in all, some 25 to 30 per cent of the rulers of Japan seem to have committed this crime.

Out of twelve Inca kings, (from Manco Capac to Huascar), at least nine, or 75 per cent, are guilty of these crimes.

If in a similar way we study the rates of crimes committed by rulers of other states or empires—China, India, Babylon, Ancient Egypt, and so on—the main results would be similar to the rough percentages given.

The following mass-murders serve as examples of the rulers' massacres of thousands of innocent persons. From 15,000 to 25,000 persons killed in St. Bartholomew Night, in Paris; some 8,000 to 10,000 persons exterminated by the order of Sulla during just one meeting of the Roman Senate; (2) tens of thousands of persons arrested and shot by the order of Lenin after the attempt on his life (the persons who not only did not participate in the attempt, but even did not know anything about it, as Lenin and his associates were well aware). In hundreds of thousands of executions during the years of the Red Terror, they explicitly stated: "Don't look in the records for any crime committed by the executed individuals; they are executed just because they happen to be the members of the bourgeois, or of the kulak-peasant or other potentially anti-Communist class." A slaughter of 27,000 captives ordered by Richard the Lionhearted after taking Acca was because the captives could not pay the ransom of 200,000 gold pieces demanded by Richard and the Crusaders (this massacre by "Christian Crusaders" stands in a glaring contrast to the generosity of the sultan Salah-al-Din, the Crusaders' main adversary, who in a similar situation spared the lives of and freed about 20,000 Christian captives). These examples give a fair idea of the mass-murders of thousands of innocent persons by rulers.

In brief, when all sorts of murders by the state-rulers are considered, the per cent of the murderers among them becomes still much higher than that shown by the percentages of the murderers of relatives and friends. Viewed from this standpoint, *the ruling group is indeed the most criminally-murderous group among the populations of almost all countries or nations.*

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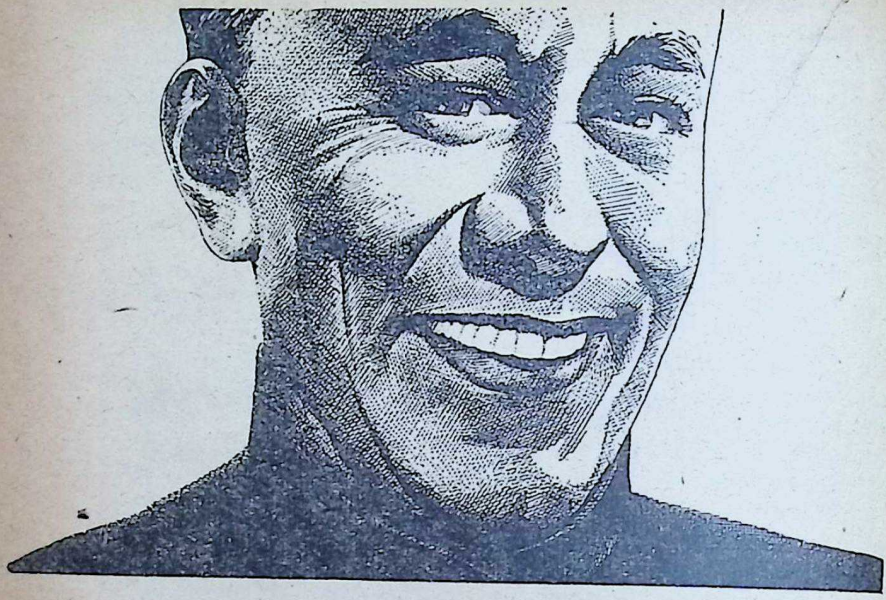

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Dr. Annie Besant

Rukmini Devi

MANY have written about Dr. Besant and there is very little to add to what has been said about her. Yet there are very few who can speak of her in her personal life and it has been my good fortune to have had the privilege of not only moving closely with her in her private life, but to have served her by doing for her so-called mundane things like cooking, washing, etc.

Her great oratory is well-known to the world, but her oratory was not mere oratory to me as it was only an outer expression of the greatness of the daily life that I witnessed. Her public work was an outcome of her inner life, and therefore it was sincere, true and elevating.

There are others who spoke fluently, magnificently, although never approaching her ability; but they were great speakers and their talents were more important than themselves, while with Dr. Besant, even if she had been devoid of this talent she still would have remained the greatest person of her time in this world. But the personality and the magnetism of her presence were so wonderful that it seems as if she lived till yesterday.

She was an extraordinary person for she was two types in one. There never was anyone more gentle or more kind and at the same time more powerful and forceful when it came to matters of principle or discipline. However close some of us were to her, there was no liberty that could remove the distance that remained between Teacher and disciple. There was complete freedom of thought, speech and action, but this did not reach limits that marred the fine points of life, or of self-discipline. By her example we only wished to live better and nobler lives. Her energy and power were never surpassed and in fact all felt that no man

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could be more powerful; yet, and in spite of this, to all she remained the gentle loving mother, tender and understanding.

It is extraordinary how forgiving Dr. Besant was. Once, when her saris were stolen by a servant and he was caught by the police, she, being so compassionate and understanding a poor man's heart, declared that these saris were a gift from her to him.

Again, I remember when I was very young, she allowed me to stay in her room for hours, and I had the privilege of watching different people come into her room. One well-known worker came and said to her how the people, especially the women, were suffering in Kerala during the Mopla rebellion. She was silent, but she went to her cupboard, took out an entire bundle of saris and she gave to him for the use of the distressed. The friend was surprised, for she never sorted out or chose the sort of saris to be given away as so many do. This was not unusual for her, for she never wanted anything for herself, and she gave all she had and all she was.

If any of us must know how an Indian sage lived, we need only study the way she lived. Except for her body, which she herself said had to be British for the sake of helping India, she was Indian and a better Indian than any other that I have known. How many Indians she has helped in order that they might help the motherland!

There are some who acknowledge her help and her training, and there are many who do not dare to acknowledge it. Great servants of India like

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the late Srinivasa Sastri, Sarojini Naidu and others owed so much to her. Sometime when anyone whom she had helped turned against her, she only recognised the good which was in them. In fact it was a great feature of her life that she bore no illwill to others, but she poured out her love and friendship in an even greater measure to those who suffered from ingratitude.

It is unfortunate that even today what Dr. Besant did for India and Indians is not fully recognised. She is still looked upon as one born on foreign soil and perhaps she has never been forgiven for opposing Gandhiji (whom she respected) when it came to the idea of India remaining within the Commonwealth, nor for her opposing him particularly when students were encouraged by him to take part in politics and in the civil disobedience movement. The ordinary folk cannot understand the fact that it is possible to oppose without bitterness and that it is possible to fight without malice, and that for a great person it is necessary to follow the path of Truth.

Opposition or no opposition, Dr. Besant *was* an Indian, "the greatest Indian" as Gandhiji called her, and there never was nor will be any one who loved India more or served her as she should be served. 30 years have gone by since she left her body, and today there are some waiting for the day when she will come back in an Indian body as she longed to once again to lead our country to the destiny which she had always declared awaited her: the destiny of spiritual leadership of the world!

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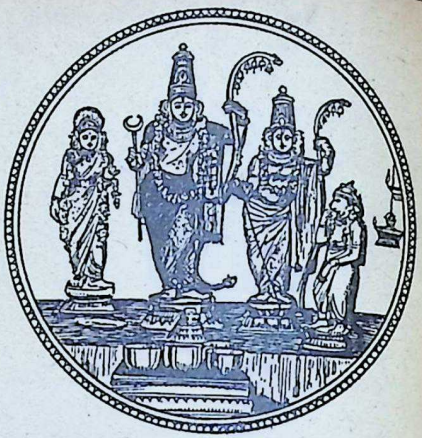

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ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1116

Sri S. P. Easwar, Bombay.

Q: *I find it difficult to make friends. A friend of mine says that money is the most important means of making friends. Is that so? Please advise me.*

A: Money does not make friends; it only brings flatterers and sharks. The only way to make friends is to be serviceable and treat people with tolerance and affection, never making a demand on them, nor resenting injustice. Friendship is a training in controlling one's egotistic claims over others.

1117

Mr. X., Bombay-4.

Q: *(a) How should a young advocate with literary and political ambitions go about his way? (b) What books on law should he read? (c) How much time should he devote to this profession? (d) What should his attitude towards money and life generally be?*

A: This is a very large question. To answer it would require almost a book.

(a) I know this from experience that if a young lawyer acquires the habit of concentrating on the subject in front of him intensively and has varied tastes, he can fulfil his literary and political ambitions also.

(b) He must master a few standard text-books and important statutes. Then if he acquires the habit of being able to find his way through any book he can find a solution of the problem which he is studying.

(c) No standard schedule of time can be devised. Sometimes days and half the nights have to be devoted to the profession, for success in the profession depends on trying to be as thorough as one's capacity can permit.

(d) In preparing for the profession, no lawyer should attach money value to his work. The money will come when he is fully equipped to deserve it. That part of it must be left to God. His outlook on life must be full of enthusiasm and optimism.

1118

Sri D. Madhusudan Rao, Katkur.

Q: *It is said that a failure is a stepping stone to success. But if one fails several times, what does it lead to?*

A: If one fails several times, it means that he has not taken the first failure to heart and has been negligent in repairing his mistake.

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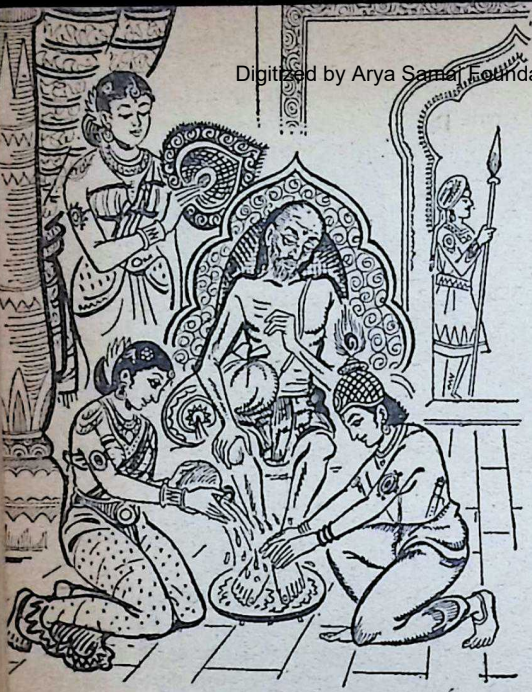

They Stood for Our Dharma—12

HE DID NOT ASK— BUT GOD GAVE

SUDAAMA was a learned Brahmana. He was well-versed in the spiritual lore. He had acquired all his knowledge from the Sage Saandeepani. Krishna was a co-pupil of Sudaama under Saandeepani. Both of them were fast friends.

After finishing their education, Krishna and Sudaama parted from each other. Krishna became King of Dwaraka and Sudaama returned to his hamlet, married and led the life of a *grihastha*.

Sudaama who was known as Kuchela from his ragged raiment, was poor—extremely poor. Detaching his mind from the pleasures of the world, he led a life of complete renunciation. Practising stern control of his senses, and because of that, he enjoyed perfect peace of mind. He eked out his livelihood and strove to support his family by whatever chance would bring him.

Sudaama's wife was an ideal partner. Kshutkshaama—probably so called because her frame was wasting away by hunger—was devoted to her husband whom she adored as her god. She consented to the life of indigence that she shared with him and never uttered a word of complaint.

Kshutkshaama had children—a good number of them. Though as the dutiful wife of her lord, she accepted his poverty without a demur, the mother in her was anguished to see her children starve and go without food frequently for many days.

It went on like this for a number of years. But how long could Kshutkshaama suppress the grief in her bosom? She felt that this could not, must not, go on for ever, that something must be done if only for the sake of the children.

And so, one day, she reverently approached her husband and said with great hesitation:

"Bhagavan! May I recall to you the days you spent in Sage Saandeepani's hermitage. At that time Krishna underwent the discipline of the *brahmacharyasrama* with you. He is your friend. He is the Lord of Lakshmi Herself. He is the refuge of

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those in distress. All good men in the world seek His protection.

Go to Him, my lord! He will surely help us; He will provide us with the means to support our family. He is the friend of the poor, the hope of the hopeless, the protector of the forlorn, the *deena bandhu*, the *anaatha rakshaka*. He would give away even Himself to those who meditate on His holy feet. He is dear to His devotees. Go to Him, my lord! for the sake of the children. He is *Sriyahpati*; a small bounty for us will be but a trifle for Him. He will not deny it. Pray, go and ask for the sake of our children."

Kshutkshaama said this and was silent. Kuchela was happy that his wife reminded him that he had an ancient friend in Krishna. But he did not look at it in the way that she did. He thought of Krishna not as a storehouse of wealth. He was a *virakta*; he had cultivated a detached mind. He could not bring himself to ask worldly things from his Krishna. In fact, he would not ask for anything at all. His devotion to Krishna was pure *bhakti*, unmotived by anything.

But, he received with great delight his wife's suggestion that he should go to Dwaraka. He said to himself: "If I go to Dwaraka, I shall obtain *darshan* of that peerless One; that will be my supreme benefit. I shall be able to feast my eyes beholding His holy person."

Turning to his wife, Kuchela said: "Have you anything at home which I can take to Krishna? If so, give it to me."

Quickly, but quietly Kshutkshaama went to her neighbours, begged from them a few handfuls of *prithuka* (beaten rice). Bringing it home, she bundled it in a ragged cloth folding it many times over and gave it to her husband.

Receiving it, Kuchela wended his way to Dwaraka, all the while thinking of Krishna and saying to himself:

"Shall I have *darshan* of Krishna? Will I be permitted to enter His palace? Will I be ushered into His presence?"

Arrived at length at the palace gates, to his surprise, he was allowed to pass without question through all the gates until he found himself in the apartments of Krishna's queens. He entered into one of them looking out with eager eyes for Him whom he longed to see.

Krishna was sitting on a couch along with His beloved Rukmini. He saw Sudaama coming at a distance. He jumped to His feet, and ran forward to receive His friend, as Rukmini and the rest watched Him with bewilderment. Halting before Sudaama, Krishna clasped him by his arms and embraced him with loving tenderness, tears of joy sparkling the while in His divine eyes. He led him to His couch and seated him where He was sitting. He bade Rukmini bring water in a pot and washed with His own hands the weary feet of His friend. Collecting the water, He devoutly sprinkled it on His own head and did likewise over Rukmini's head.

Krishna then offered to Kuchela every mark of hospitality and worship with sandal and saffron, decked him with flowers, waved incense and lights

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before him and, setting before him the most delicious of foods, spoke to him words of welcome overflowing with endearment.

Rukmini too, taking her cue from her Lord, plied the soothing fan over the tired body of her holy guest, clad in rags, dusty and decrepit as it was.

The ladies of the palace looked on with wonder at the way in which Krishna and Rukmini entertained him and they said to each other:

"Look at the good fortune of this old man, friend. Look at the way our Lord embraces him as if he were His own brother! What merit has this man acquired that our Rukmini who is Lakshmi incarnate, should Herself perform the offices of worship to this stranger to fortune!"

After His friend had rested and was refreshed, Krishna sat by his side and began talking to him recalling the incidents of their *gurukula* life:

"Do you remember friend", asked He, "the days we sepent in our guru's hermitage? How happily did we live with him serving him with devotion and fervour, obeying his every command! How well he taught us all the sciences and the arts and how quickly we mastered them all by his blessing which always preceded his instruction! Oh! how he vouchsafed to us the highest wisdom which took us beyond the darkness of ignorance!

"There are three kinds of *gurus*, my friend. The first is the father who gives the body in which one is born in this life. The second is he who instructs in the several *vidyas*. The third helps to attain *atmajnana*, the knowledge of the true Self. Each one of these gurus should be respected and revered. I am not so much pleased by austerities, or tapas, or other forms of worship as by service to the guru.

"Do you remember? One evening, our guru's wife sent us to the woods to collect twigs for the sacrificial fires. We went deep into the forest. Before we could return, we were caught up in a mighty gale and a heavy shower. Soon, the night came on and it was all dark. We caught hold of each other's arm and, groping our way back in the great deluge, we were wandering helplessly all through the night.

"Then, at daybreak, our guru, the sage Saandeepani, distressed that we had not returned in time, cried out with deep concern:

'Dear boys, where are you? Why did you go far into the forest unmindful of your safety? How dutifully have you been serving me!' And he came in search of us and brought us back to the hermitage. Pleased with our service to him, he blessed us that our desires may be fulfilled both in this world and in the next. Do you remember all this my friend? What a fright we caused to our guru and his wife!"

Kuchela sat for long dumbfounded as Krishna narrated in His own charming manner the events of their life together long, long ago. At length, he spoke in reply:

"Krishna, You speak of Your learning the Vidyas under a guru, You who are the Guru of the gurus! You are the Jagatguru, the Teacher of the whole world. Yet, You speak of Your *Gurukula Vaasa!*—a mere make-believe. All this is a part of Your

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divine sport! It is all your *leela*.

Krishna smiled in His own bewitching way. Then changing the subject, he again caught Kuchela by the hand and enquired most eagerly:

"Dear friend, what did you do after you finished your course under Sage Saandeepani? After you tendered to him your *gurudakshina*, did you go through your *samaavarta* with his permission? Did you marry and settle as a householder? Did you get an accordant wife who helps you to observe the duties of your *asrama?*

"Of course, I know you are not after the pleasures of the world. And surely, you do not care for wealth in any form. Material riches have no attraction for you, I am aware of that. Like Me, you too go through the conventional stages of life only to preserve the established order; is it not so? Your spirit of detachment will not let you seek the perishing goods of the world."

Before Kuchela could say aught in reply, Krishna added:

"Yes; you must have married and got a good wife. Now what is the delicious thing that you have brought from my sister? Give it to me; do not mind even if it is small or little. Even a tiny thing is big in My eyes when it comes with devotion. Don't you know, it may be just a leaf or a flower or a fruit; I do not look at the object; it is the love behind it which makes it pleasing to Me. And, I accept it all with unbounded joy.

"Now tell Me, friend, what has My sister sent for Me? Do not keep it back."

Kuchela felt ashamed to give his friend, who was the Lord of the entire universe, who was the fountain of all prosperity, the humble *prithuka* which his wife had bundled for Him. He sat still with downcast eyes.

The bundle was tucked under his arm. But Krishna pulled it out from Sudaama's hold. Opening it, he saw the sweet and fragrant *prithuka*. And then, Krishna said to Himself:

"This friend of mine is deeply devoted to Me. He loves for My own sake; not to gain any worldly benefit. He has come to Me just to satisfy his wife. I must satisfy his wife's purpose in sending him to Me. I shall shower on him riches beyond the dream of any mortal in this world."

With that, He plunged His palm into the *prithuka* bundle, took a good handful and, putting it into His mouth, ate it with transparent delight. Then, He prepared Himself for a second helping when, Rukmini who was standing by, caught hold of His hand and said:

"Enough my Lord! enough. One mouthful is enough to bestow on Your friend all the riches of this world and of the worlds beyond. What more should he have?"

Kuchela was looking on in amazement as his Krishna was eating his humble offering with avidity. After this, he spent the night in Krishna's palace. He felt as if he was in Vaikuntha itself.

Next morning, Krishna bade him good-bye with a fond embrace and he turned his steps homeward gratified with the *darshan* of the Idol of his heart. He returned apparently empty-handed. He had not made a formal request to Krishna for provid-

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ing him with the means to support his family. Krishna too on His part did not bestow on him any visible gift.

As he was trudging his way home, Sudaama kept thinking of the events of the previous day.

"How gracious and condescending has been Krishna to me!

क्वाहं दरिद्रः पापीयान् क्वःकृष्णः* श्रीनिकेतनः

Oh, what a distance divides me from Him! Where am I? and Where is He! I am the poorest of the poor! He is the home of all riches. I am a sinner; He is the saviour of the sinful.

"Why should He have received me as He did? How did I deserve His adoration of me? How lovingly did He wash my feet with His own hands!"

As Kuchela walked along dwelling on his great good fortune, just a cloud passed through his mind. He asked: "My Krishna is all knowing. Nothing can escape His ken. So, He must have known the purpose of my visit to Him. Why then did He not give me what I had been sent to seek from Him?"

But this cloud quickly passed away. "Ah," said he, "I have it now. Krishna must have thought: 'If I make Sudaama rich, he will not think of Me any more, becoming wealthy. Evidently, to save me from the sin of forgetting Him, He has sent me back as poor as I was when I went to Him. How great is His mercy!'"

Walking back with these thoughts, he came near his home. But he could not see it. It was not there. He looked about here and there to spot it. It had gone. In its place stood a magnificent palace with lovely lawns and colourful gardens all round. Birds of bright plumage were singing gaily. Stalwart men and handsome women in colourful attire were all about the palace doing duty everywhere.

As he stood looking on in mute bewilderment, liveried servants escorted him into the precincts of the palace to the accompaniment of heavenly music.

Kshutkshaama heard her husband had returned. Getting up quickly, she emerged in his view, radiant in her beauty, in form and feature like unto Mahalakshmi Herself. Seeing her lord, she welcomed him with tears of joy, bowed humbly at his feet, mentally clasping him in her loving embrace.

Kuchela looked at his wife. He

* *(Paapam) Karshati iti Krishnah.*

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saw her shining with the splendour of the celestials and standing in the midst of lovely maidens all decked in gold. He entered into the mansion which was now his home. Hundreds of pillars inlaid with precious stones proclaimed it as equal to Indra's palace in heaven. Here was a couch as white as the foam of the milky ocean. There were on the other side, chairs of gold sewn in with the softest of cushions. Canopies of pearl of spotless sheen overhang everywhere.

Beholding all this, Kuchela reflected for a while.

"I am a poor wretch," thought he, "what has brought all this to me? There is only one thing which can explain it. It is Krishna's grace. He does not require to be told; does He? He knows everything, every unspoken thought, every concealed desire. Like the rain cloud, He pours His gifts of His own accord. What did I give Him?—just a tiny knot of a humble *prithuka!*

"May I live to deserve His grace! What need have I of all this wealth and splendour? Oh, my Krishna! Keep my mind away from these enticements. Give me Your friendship in life after life. May it be given to me to serve You with absolute devotion asking for nothing in return. My only wish is that I should pass my days in this life and in the lives to come singing Your praises and dwelling on Your divine qualities. Keep Your memory green in my mind for ever and for ever."

Kuchela and his wife accepted these bounties of the Lord with complete detachment, determined not to be lured away from their constant devotion to the God of their heart.

[From the *Srimad Bhagavata*]

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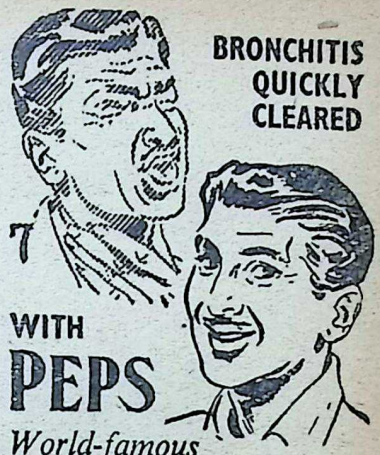

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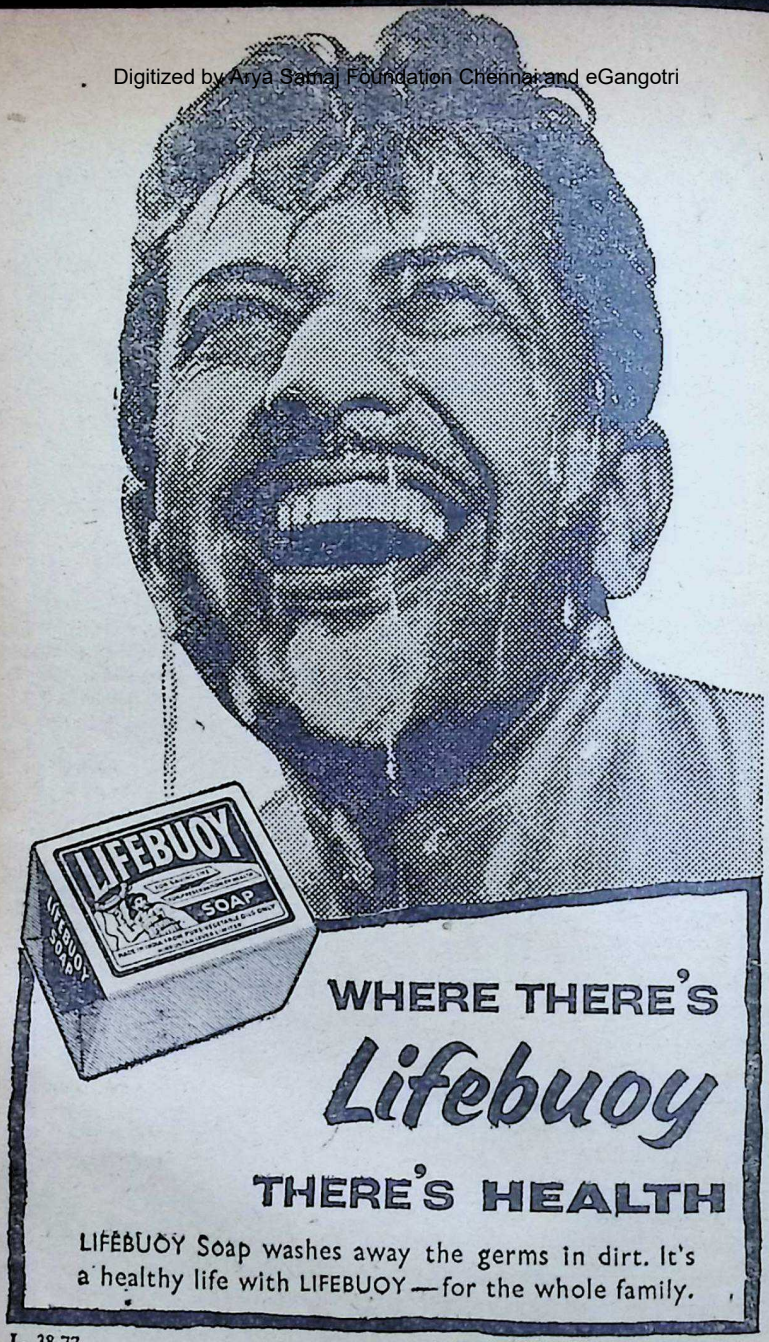

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Ananda Math

13. Mahendra in Prison

IN the meantime, there was a great commotion in the capital. The news was bruited about everywhere that the *sanyasins* had looted the revenue that was being despatched to Calcutta. Under the orders of the Government, sepoys and spearmen ran hither and thither in chase of the *sanyasins*. But in those days of famine, there were no real *sanyasins*; for they had formerly lived on the alms given by householders. But when the householders themselves were in a miserable plight, who was there to support the *sanyasins*? Hence all the genuine *sanyasins* had migrated to holy places like Benares and Prayag. Only the Children impelled by patriotic motives donned the robes of *sanyasins* when they wanted and discarded them when it was necessary. Now sensing that trouble was ahead, they gave up the saffron robes. Hence the Nawab's soldiers could not spot a single *sanyasin*. Then under the pretence of searching for the *sanyasins*, these soldiers entered the houses of poor peasants, ate whatever there was in the kitchens and smashed the cooking pots and jars. Satyananda alone would not abandon his saffron robes.

THE STORY SO FAR

DURING the Great Famine in Bengal Mahendra Singh quitted his village with his wife Kalyani and only child. On the way he lost them both as they were carried away by a gang of robbers. Kalyani and the child escaped through the kindly help of an old ascetic. Mahendra Singh as well as Bhavananda who was commissioned by the ascetic to find him out were taken prisoners by a band of sepoys in the service of the British government. Jivananda and a group of ascetics offered battle to the sepoys and liberated the prisoners. Bhavananda who recognised Mahendra Singh told him of the determination of the ascetic brotherhood to liberate the country from foreigners. He then took him to Ananda Math, the monastery in the jungle, where his wife and child were sheltered. At the monastery Mahendra Singh expressed a desire to join the cause to which the ascetics had dedicated themselves. He then set out from there with his wife and child towards his village, Padachinha. On the way, both the latter were poisoned.

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At the time when, on the banks of the gushing brook near the highway, Mahendra and Satyananda were in close embrace adjacent to where Kalyani lay still, chanting the praises of God with tears welling out of their eyes, Jemadar Nazir-ud-din and a few sepoys arrived at the spot. Without a moment's hesitation, he caught hold of Satyananda by his throat and exclaimed: "Here is a scoundrel of a *sanyasin!*" Immediately another seized Mahendra, for one who associated with *sanyasins* must necessarily be a *sanyasin* according to them. Another sepoy went near the dead body of Kalyani which lay on the grass. But he found that it was the corpse of a woman and could not possibly be a *sanyasin.* As such, he left the body alone. By the same process of reasoning, he left the little Sukumari also alone. Then without further talk, they bound the two prisoners and marched them off. The corpse of Kalyani and her little daughter continued to lie at the foot of the tree.

Immersed in the ocean of sorrow, Mahendra was not conscious of himself. Even when he was chanting the praises of God with Satyananda, he was not master of himself. He could not fully grasp what had happened. Therefore he had not offered any resistance when he was being bound by the Jemadar and the sepoys. When they had gone a few paces, he realised that he and Satyananda were prisoners. He awoke to the realisation that Kalyani's body was lying without anyone to do the funeral rites, that his little daughter had none to look after her and that wild beasts might devour her. By sheer force, he wrenched his hands apart; the ropes which bound him fell to pieces. He gave one kick to the Jemadar who fell sprawling to the ground; and then attacked one of the sepoys who was nearby. But three sepoys pounced on him and overpowered him.

Then Mahendra turned to Satyananda and, overcome with grief, exclaimed: "Had you helped me a little, I would have made short shrift of these five rascals!" Satyananda replied: "What strength is there in this aged body of mine? I have no strength except the great God to whom I was praying. What is destined will happen. Do not struggle against the inevitable. Can we overpower these five men? Let us see where they are taking us. God will take care of everything."

Then both of them followed the sepoys without any attempt at escape. After they had gone some distance, Satyananda told the sepoys: "My friends, it is my habit to chant the name of Hari. Have you any objection to my doing so now?" On hearing that, the Jemadar concluded that Satyananda was a decent person and he said: "You can chant the name of God to your heart's content. I have no objection. You are an old man and I think you are likely to be discharged. But this rascal is sure to be hanged."

Then Satyananda began to sing softly:

With the lingering wind in her tresses,
Where the stream its bank caresses,
There in the woodland,
A woman by far fair.

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Arise, O thou hero, let speed
Be swift in thy feet to her need;
For the child who is there
Is full of sorrow and tears and care.

On arrival at the town, they were taken before the Kotwal or chief of police who, af er informing the higher authorities and in anticipation of their decision, ordered them to be locked up. That prison was really dreadful. Seldom did anyone who entered it ever come out, because there was no one to enquire and judge. It was not a British prison. The British had not yet established their rule. There are laws and procedures in these days. But then there was only tyranny and highhandedness. It is impossible to compare the present day with those times when there was neither law nor procedure!

14. The Miracle Man

NIGHT had set in. Satyananda told Mahendra: "Today is a day of rejoicing because we have been imprisoned. Chant—Hari Murari!"

Mahendra chanted plaintively: *Hari Murari!*

Satyananda: "Why are you so distressed, my friend? If you had taken our vow, you would have had to renounce your wife and child. Even had they been alive, you would have severed your ties with them. Why then are you worried about them now?"

Mahendra: "What you say is true. But is there no difference between renunciation and bereavement? The strength which would have enabled me to take your vow and work for the cause has departed with my wife and daughter."

Satyananda: "That strength shall not leave you. I will give you that strength. Be initiated in the great cause and take the vow."

"You are talking of a vow when dogs and jackals are devouring my wife and daughter!" exclaimed Mahendra in disgust.

Satyananda: "You need not have any anxiety on that account. The Children would have cremated your wife with proper rites and removed your child to a safe place."

Mahendra was astonished, but he was also doubtful. He did not believe the words and said: "How do you know about it? You have been all along with me."

Satyananda: "We have been vouchsafed extraordinary powers; and we have the benediction of God. You will realise it tonight. And tonight you will be released."

Mahendra kept silent. Satyananda felt that Mahendra was sceptical about his assertions. So he said: "I feel that you do not believe me. If you want, you can test whether my words are true or not." So saying, Satyananda went near the door of the prison. In the darkness, Mahendra could not see what he did there; he could only hear him speaking to some one.

On his return, Mahendra asked him: "You asked me to test the truth of your words. How shall I do so?"

"You will be released this moment", replied Satyananda.

No sooner had he uttered these

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words than the door opened and somebody came into the cell and asked: "Who is Mahendra Singh?"

"I am the person," replied Mahendra.

The stranger said: "The order for your release has come. You can go now."

Mahendra was astonished but was doubtful whether it was a hoax. But in order to test it, he went out. Nobody stopped him and he proceeded as far as the highway.

In the meantime the newcomer addressed Satyananda: "Why didn't you go out? I came only for your sake."

Satyananda: "Who are you? Are you Dhirananda Gosain?"

Dhirananda: "Yes, Sir."

Satyananda: "How did you come to be a warder here?"

Dhirananda: "Bhavananda sent me. When I came to the city, I learnt that you had been taken prisoner. I bought some opium, prepared a mixture and gave it to the Khan Saheb who was guarding this prison. He is sleeping soundly in that corner. This uniform, and turban I am wearing, and the spear belong to him."

Satyananda: "You get out of the city in the same uniform. I do not want to be released from prison in this manner."

Dhirananda: "Why? What is the reason?"

Satyananda: "The Children should be put to the test today."

Mahendra returned by this time. "Why did you come back?" asked Satyananda. Mahendra replied: "You are a man of miraculous powers. I do not want to leave you."

"Then stay with me" said Satyananda. "We will both be released tonight".

Dhirananda went out. Satyananda and Mahendra remained within the prison.

15. Kalyani Rescued

AMONG the many who had heard Satyananda singing as he was being led to prison was Jivananda. Readers may remember that he had been entrusted with the task of following Mahendra and looking after him. But on the way, he saw a woman lying unconscious, not having tasted food for seven days. He stopped for a while to succour the poor woman. After the woman had regained consciousness, he proceeded on his mission when he saw his *guru* being marched to prison by the Mussalmans. He heard Satyananda's song. Jivananda was fully conversant with all the signs of Satyananda. "There is a woman lying in the forest on the banks of the brook," the *guru* had sung. Can there be another lying down due to starvation near the brook? So thinking, Jivananda proceeded towards the brook.

Jivananda had himself seen his *guru* being led a captive by the Mussalmans. Was it not his primary duty to rescue the *guru?* But the *guru* had given no injunctions about it in the song. Jivananda had been taught by his *guru* that to carry out his orders was to save his life. So he decided to fulfil the task entrusted

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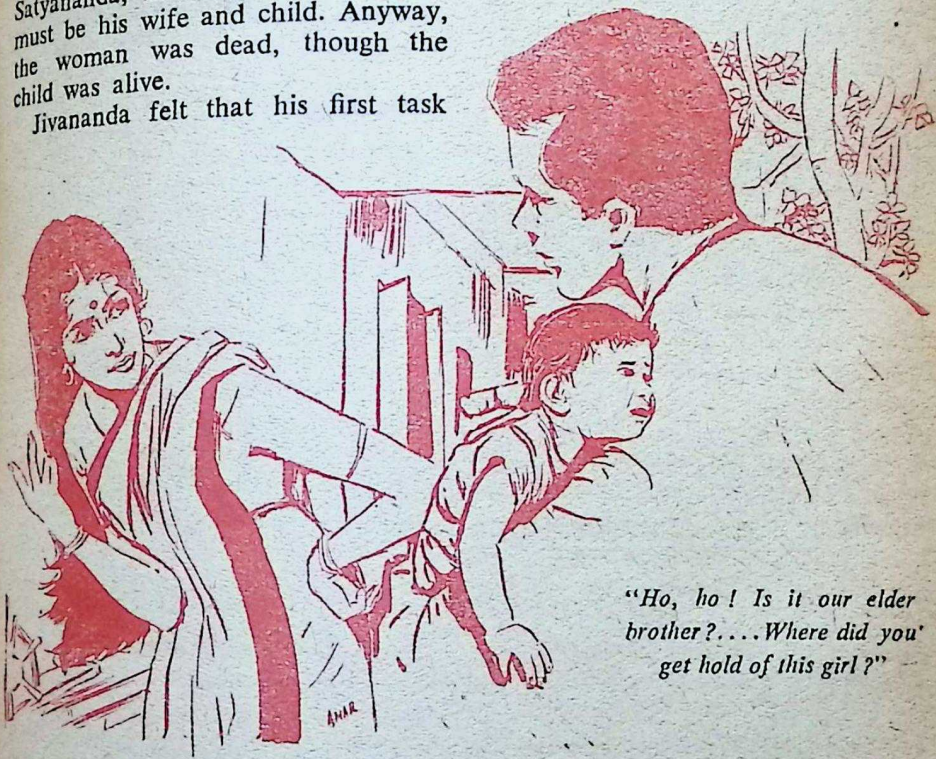
to him and he proceeded towards the brook. There under the shade of a tree, he saw the dead body of a woman and a little girl. Jivananda had never seen Mahendra's wife and child. But since he had seen Mahendra being marched to prison along with Satyananda, he concluded that they must be his wife and child. Anyway, the woman was dead, though the child was alive.

Jivananda felt that his first task was to look after the child, as otherwise some wild animal might eat her up. "Bhavananda must be somewhere in the vicinity. He will look after the cremation of the dead body." So thinking, Jivananda took the child on his shoulders and walked on. He crossed the jungle and entered a village. It was named Bhairavipur. But it had been corrupted into Bhaiuipur. It was inhabited by people. There was no big village near it. It was surrounded by jungle on all four sides. But the village had arcadian charm.

There were pasture grounds covered with tender grass, gleaming like emeralds. There were groves of mango, jack and other trees with tanks full of water. Within the tanks were cranes and ducks; on its banks could be seen cuckoos and *chakravak*; a little further away were peacocks displaying their plumes and cackling occasionally.

Every house had a cow and a granary. But since paddy was scarce in those days of famine the granaries did not contain any grain. One house



"Ho, ho! Is it our elder brother?....Where did you get hold of this girl?"

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had a parrot in a cage. Another house had some paintings on the wall. A third had a vegetable garden in the backyard. Most of the people looked pale and emaciated due to the famine. Yet they lived a happy and contented life. The jungles abounded in fruit-bearing trees and the people used to gather these fruits and other vegetables and subsist on them.

Within a big mango grove, surrounded by mud walls on four sides, there was a small house with four rooms. The householder had a cow, a goat, a peacock, a sparrow and a parrot. There used to be a monkey which had to be set free as it could not be provided with food. Within the compound were a wooden implement for husking paddy, a granary, a lemon tree and a few flower plants like jasmine. But the plants did not have any flowers then. There was a spinning wheel in the verandah adjacent to every one of the room. There were not many people inside the house. It was into this house that Jivananda entered with the child in his hands.

No sooner had he entered the house than he began to ply one of the spinning wheels, making a great deal of noise. The child had never before heard such a sound. She had been weeping ever since she left her mother. Now she was frightened by the strange sound of the spinning wheel and began to cry aloud. Then a girl of seventeen or eighteen came out of the house. She put the forefinger of her right hand on her right cheek and stood with her head inclined slightly. She exclaimed: "Ho, ho; Is it our elder brother? Why are you spinning? Where did you get hold of this girl? Is it yours or related to you? Have you married a second time?"

Jivananda gave the child into the arms of the young woman and shaking his fists, said: "Wicked girl, dare you ask me whether this child is mine? Are you making fun of me? Go inside the house and find out if there is any milk." The young woman replied: "Yes, there is milk. Will you drink some?" "Yes, I will," said Jivananda as though in earnest.

The young woman then went inside to warm the milk. Jivananda continued to sit in the verandah and ply the spinning wheel. The child stopped crying as soon as it was taken up by the young woman. It is difficult to say what it thought; but seeing the young woman beautiful like a lotus in bloom, it might have taken her for her mother. Maybe the sparks from the fire in the oven grazed it and the child cried out aloud. On hearing the cry, Jivananda shouted: "Oh, you wicked Nimi, what are you doing there? Have you not finished warming the milk?" To which she replied: "Yes, I have finished." She poured the milk into a pot and brought it to Jivananda.

Feigning great anger, Jivananda said: "I have half a mind to pour this boiling milk on your face. I am really annoyed with you. Did you think that I was going to drink this milk?"

Nimi asked: "Then for whom is it meant?"

"Can't you see that it is for the baby? Just feed her the milk."

Nimi sat down, placed the child on her lap and started feeding it with

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a spoon. All on a sudden, tears began to trickle down her cheeks. She had a young son who died; and she used to feed him with the very spoon which she was using now. She was reminded of her little son. Then she dried her eyes and turning to her brother with a smile asked: "Please tell me whose child this is."

Jivananda replied: "Why do you want to know, you wretched girl?"

Nimi said: "Why don't you give over this child to me?"

"What will you do with it?" asked Jivananda.

"I will feed her with milk, dandle her and bring her up." As she said so, tears welled out of Nimi's eyes again. She wiped her tears and smiled.

Jivananda said: "What will you do with her? You will have many children yourself."

Nimi: "Let her stay with me for some time; you can take her away later, if you so desire."

Jivananda said: "Yes, you can have her and do whatever you like with her. I will come now and then and see her. She is a Kayastha girl; look after her carefully. Now I am going."

"How can you go like that Dada?" asked Nimi. "Can you go away without taking any food? It is very late. You must eat a little. You can even eat my head."

"Eat your head!" exclaimed Jivananda. "I cannot do that, my sister. You can keep your head but bring me some rice if it is available.

Nimi started making preparations to serve food to her brother, carrying the child on one arm.

Nimi placed a wooden seat after sweeping the place, sprinkling some water and wiping it. Jivananda sat on the wooden seat and Nimi served him rice, white and soft like jasmine petals, a dish of wild figs cooked into a curry and carp fish stewed in spices and milk. Seeing the rice repast, Jivananda exclaimed: "Nimi, who will say that there is famine here? It does not seem as if you are suffering from famine in your village."

Nimi replied: "Why should not there be famine; in fact, it is raging. But we are only two in this house. We eat whatever we have and give some to others. Don't you remember there was some rain in our village? You told me that it rained in the jungle as well. Because of the rain, we were able to grow paddy. Most of the people sold the paddy. But we did not do so."

"Where is your husband?" asked Jivananda.

Nimi hung down her head and said softly: "He has gone out with some rice to be given to some one."

It was long since Jivananda had a full meal. Without wasting time in further conversation, he started eating and finished the rice and other eatables in no time.

Nimi had cooked only enough for herself and her husband. She had given her share of the food to her brother. She was taken aback at seeing his plate empty and served also her husband's share of the food. Jivananda polished off that as well. Nimi then asked: "Dada, will you have anything more?"

"What else is there?" replied Jivananda. "There is a ripe jack fruit,"

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said Nimi and brought it to him. Jivananda, without any qualms, devoured the jack fruit as well. Then Nimi smiled and said: "Dada, there is nothing else left to give you." Jivananda replied: "Then let me go. I will come some other time and have my food with you."

Nimi then brought water for Jivananda to wash his hands and said: "Dada, I have one request to make of you."

Jivananda: "What is that?"

Nimi: "Swear on my head that you will grant it."

Jivananda: "Wretched girl, why don't you tell me what you want."

Nimi: "Assure me that you will grant it."

Jivananda: "You first tell me what it is."

Nimi: "If you don't keep it later, you will have to eat my head. I am begging of you. I fall at your feet."

Jivananda: "All right, I will eat your head. You can fall at my feet. Now tell me what it is."

Nimi then clasped her hands tightly with the fingers interlocked and looked at them, with her head bowed down. After a while she looked at her brother's face and then again, with head bowed down, said at last: "Shall I call my sister-in-law?"

Jivananda raised the pot of water with which he was washing his hands as though to throw it at the head of Nimi; and feigning great anger said: "Give me that child immediately. I will return the rice and lentils which you have given me. Wretched monkey! How dare you say that which should never be uttered to me?"

"Yes, I might be a wretched monkey," replied Nimi. "Shall I call your wife?"

"I am going," said Jivananda and began to walk towards the door. Nimi went ahead of him, bolted the door and stood with her back against it. Facing her brother, she said: "You can kill me but I will not allow you to go till you have seen your wife."

"Do you know how many people I have killed?" asked Jivananda in great anger.

Nimi flew into a rage and said sarcastically: "Yes, you have done wonderful things. You have abandoned your wife and you have killed many people. Do you think I am afraid of you? Don't be under any illusions about it. And don't forget that both of us are born of the same mother's womb. If killing people is something to be proud of, kill me and feel proud."

Jivananda smiled and said: "All right, go and fetch her. Wretched girl, if you talk to me like this again, I will leave you alone. But I will shave the head of your rascally husband, pour whey on it, seat him on a donkey facing the tail and parade him through the streets!"

"You can do as you like," said Nimi. "I am not in the least worried about it." With a smile on her face she left the room and entered a thatched hut nearby. In the hut was a woman with unkempt hair and wearing torn and tattered clothes, plying a spinning wheel. On seeing her, Nimi said: "Quick, sister-in-law, quick!"

The woman asked: "Why are you in such a great hurry? Has your husband beaten you? Do you want me to apply oil to that wound?"

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"You have hit on the truth," replied Nimi. "Have you any oil?"

The woman brought out the pot of oil and gave it to Nimi. The latter took some of it and started applying it to the head of the woman. She combed the hair and bound it into a knot. After patting the woman on the back, Nimi asked: "Where is that sari of Dacca muslin which you had?" The woman was surprised and exclaimed: 'What? Have you gone mad?"

Nimi slapped her again on the back and said: "Bring out that sari."

As though to join in the fun, she brought out the sari. She was immersed in sorrow, yet fun and frolic had not deserted her. Like a lotus in bloom was the fragrant beauty of this young woman. What a glimmer in her complexion, what a glamour in her eyes, what a smile on her lips and what a patience in her heart! Though she had no proper food, her inherent grace and beauty had not withered. Though bereft of rice, raiment or ornament, her beauty shone in refulgence. Like lightning in the clouds, genius in the mind or music in the world of sound, her beauty had an irresistible charm, quite indescribable. Nor can her grace, nobility, kindness and faith be described adequately.

The woman smiled as she took out the sari: "Well, Nimi, here is the sari. What do you propose to do with it?"

Nimi said: "Please wear it."

"What happens then?" asked the woman.

Nimi placed her hands on the beautiful shoulders of the woman and said: "Dada has come. He wants you to go and see him."

The woman replied: "If he wants me, why should I wear this Dacca muslin. Let me go as I am."

Nimi slapped her gently on the cheeks but she took Nimi by the hand and led her out of the hut. "Come, let me go in this tattered dress and see him," she said. She was adamant about it and Nimi could not but agree. Nimi took her to her house, pushed her into the room, closed the door, chained it from outside and stood in front of the door.

[To be continued]

Greatness is ever meek; littleness exults in self-praise.

Tirukkural.

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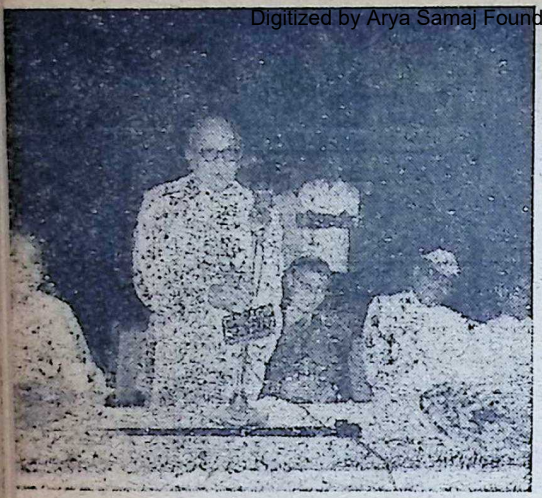

Sri Kannamwar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra who was the Chief Guest on the Trophy Day held on the 17th, speaking.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION

THE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted annually by the Bhavan's Kala Kendra has made a tremendous impact on the theatre movement in this cosmopolitan city. It has been a festival since its inception in 1951 and has a record of over 10,000 student artistes having taken active part and as many as 300,000 students witnessing the plays.

This year there were 76 entries in twelve languages, viz. Sanskrit, Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, English, Punjabi, Tamil, Kannada, Sindhi, Malayalam, Bengali and Konkani, 30 Colleges participating. Trophies were awarded on the 17th of last month by Chief Minister M. S. Kannamwar.

The following institutions have won the trophies:

English: Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art for their play "Hello-out There"; *Marathi:* Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art for their play "Baykant Purush Lamboda"; *Gujarati:* Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute for their play "China Mina Chyaun Myaun"; *Hindi:* Khalsa College for their play "Vo Khun Tha Hindustani"; *Sanskrit:* Seth G. S. Medical College for their play "Mrichhakatikam"; *Tamil:* Khalsa College for their play "Mangiyathi Vilakku Veesiyathu Oli"; *Kannada:* Bhavan's College of Arts for their play "Alu Nungi Nagu Omme".

The following Colleges gave their best performances in:

(1) *Malayalam,* Bhavan's College of Journalism (Play: "Ningalkku Kadam Veno"); (2) *Punjabi,* Khalsa College (Play: "Kafan"); (3) Bengali V.J.T. Institute (Play: "Shatabdir Swapna"); (4) *Sindhi:* Jai Hind College (Play: "Obhar Olah").

There was a tie for the coveted Munshi Shield awarded to the best among the winning teams in the different languages. The Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute for their Gujarati play "China Mina Chyaun Myaun" and Sir J.J. School of Applied Art for their Marathi play "Baykant Purush Lamboda." They will each keep the shield by turns.

The trophy for the Best Direction for English language play and Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Memorial Prize for Best Female Artiste went to Kumari Gizi Gidwaney of St. Xavier's College (Play: "Birds of Prey").

"PREPARE FOR DRAMA"

"Prepare for Drama," a booklet for the guidance of participants in the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition (priced at Re. 1) was brought out by the Bhavan on this occasion. It contains brief articles on various aspects of drama, written by men like Sri Adi Marzban, Prabodh Joshi and others.

GET-TOGETHER

THE Competition was rounded off by a Get-together Party on the 18th of last month at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan. Over 500 student-artistes,

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judges and the organisers participated. Speaking on the occasion Smt. Lilavati Munshi said:

"I am very happy to welcome you this evening on the occasion of the completion of our 13th Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition. I hope you all have enjoyed the occasion. Year after year we meet for a period of a month or if you consider the organising period—for a month and a half, noon, night and even sometimes in the mornings, and the happy memory of it lingers for the whole year. I am sure it must be with many of you as well. All throughout the year, as soon as the one competition is finished, I know, students look forward to the next year's competition.

"Originally we started with four languages and now our competition has grown to 12 languages. Thus in a small way we are forging the unity of almost all the languages of India and feel truly that all languages can live side by side without any conflict. Even when we do not understand the spoken word of a particular language, we can grasp the meaning of the subject as many of the basic words are common in all the languages because of Sanskrit and also by the gesture, for the reason that the human mind is the same everywhere and we understand each other by emotions rather than by spoken words.

"Now we would like to have our association extended in other fields as well. The Bhavan is organising an elocution competition principally in English because we need that language, and if possible in other languages as well. We also are thinking of organising an yearly athletic meet as we are building a sports course at Andheri which I hope will be ready before December. Our nation is in danger. All our young men cannot go to the front, but as many of them as possible should become physically fit to guard the home front. I hope you all will extend your co-operation to the Bhavan in these fields as well.

"At the end I shall say *au revoir* as we are going to meet again."

Sri Navin T. Khandwalla proposed a vote of thanks.

LIBRARY WEEK

THE last day of the Library Week coincided with the Gandhi Jayanti Celebrations. Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Chairman of the Library Committee, who presided over the function, presented members who have been associated with the Bhavan's Library for over ten years with a copy of Prof. P. A. Sorokin's book *Reconstruction of Humanity.*

Dr. N. I. Pandya, the Librarian, gave an account of the activities of the Bhavan's Library and said that the response from the public was quite encouraging.

GANDHI JAYANTI

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan celebrated the Gandhi Jayanti in Bombay with prayers, *bhajans* and devotional songs. Speaking on the occasion Smt. Lilavati Munshi recounted some of the outstanding moral traits of the Mahatma and regretted that the modern youth has no regard for simplicity and thriftiness.

A LEXICON PROJECT

THE BHAVAN has projected to compile a lexicon of select words and expressions from the works of Premanand, the most famous, popular and prolific writer of medieval Gujarat. The work when completed will be an important landmark in the study of Gujarati. The project was put forward by Dr. H. C. Bhayani of the Bhavan's Research Department.

BHAVAN'S NEW ANNEXE

THE Foundation-stone laying ceremony of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's new building at Chowpatty was performed by Sri S. K. Patil on October 15 at 6.15 p.m. The function commenced with Vedic invocation by Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar and was followed by Bhajans and chanting of devotional songs.

Sri Patil in his speech paid glow-

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ing tributes to Dr. K. M. Munshi and the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for spreading spiritual and religious education based on India's cultural heritage. He said: "On behalf of the citizens of India I congratulate you for this noblest work you have undertaken... India and the world would remember it for centuries to come." He said that science and technology, though no doubt important, were dangerous without the necessary spiritual background. Our education should aim at achieving an integrated personality, be he a scientist or a technologist, so that he will realise that he is a human first and a scientist afterwards, Sri Patil added.

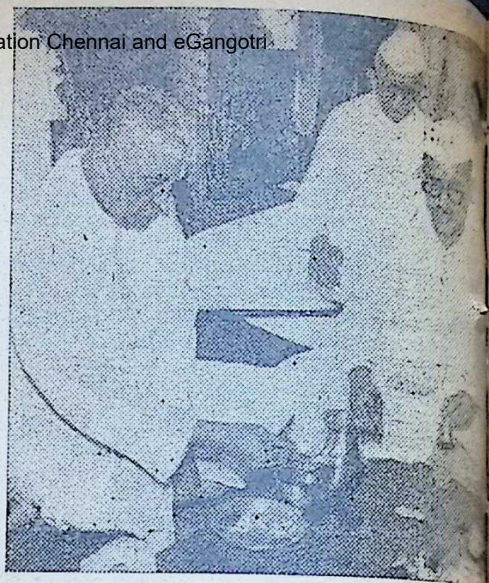
Earlier welcoming Sri Patil, Dr. K. M. Munshi recalled his close association with him, extending over 33 years, and praised his generous support and co-operation in the work of the Bhavan.

The function was attended by a large and distinguished audience. Sri H. V. Divatia, the Vice-President of the Bhavan proposed a vote of thanks.

In the evening, the staff-members and other friends of the Bhavan participated in the Annual Sneha Sammelan held by Munshiji on the eve of the Diwali.

INSTITUTE OF CATERING TECHNOLOGY AND APPLIED NUTRITION:

SPEAKING on the occasion of the laying of the Foundation-stone of the building of the Institute of Catering Technology and Applied Nutrition at Cadel Road on 28th of last month, Srimati Lilavati Munshi said that the 'College of Catering and Institutional Management' which was started in 1954 by the All-India Women's Central Food Council was assuming a new name (as above) under Government management. Tracing the history and rapid development of the institution, Smt. Munshi recalled the circumstances under which it came to be taken over by the Government and said that the syllabus of the diploma and other courses offered by the institution compared favourably with any of similar institutions in the West and are recognised by the State Department of Technical Education, who conduct examinations and award diplomas and certificates. She further announced that the Institute would shortly have a post-graduate course in Dietetics and said that the Food Council was legitimately proud of having been pioneers in the field and brought to India the much needed education in catering and food technology.



Sri S. K. Patil performing Bhumi Puja for Bhavan's new annexe

SRI JAYACHAMARAJA WADIAR

ON September 27, the University of Queensland, Australia, conferred on Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiar an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Speaking on the occasion the Governor of Mysore stressed the need for higher spiritual values in life, which, he said, was the essence of India's cultural and philosophical heritage.

JUSTICE SRI GOPIVALLABHA IYENGAR

SRI K. R. GOPIVALLABHA IYENGAR, a leading member of the Bangalore Bar, was elevated to the Bench in Mysore last month. After taking his

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Art Degree at Madras, Sri Iyengar enrolled himself as an Advocate in 1933 and worked in close touch with Sri Nittoor Sreenivasa Rau for nearly a quarter century till the latter was appointed as High Court Judge. A popular and familiar figure in the professional circles Sri Iyengar was connected with the Bar Association, the High Court Advocates' Association and many other social and cultural institutions of Bangalore. Sri Iyengar is Hon. Treasurer of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. The Bhavan felicitates him on his new appointment and wishes him a long and successful career at the Bench.

Justice Sri Gopivallabha Iyengar

THE BOMBAY ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY

THE Bombay Astrological Society held the annual Jyotirvid examination in September 1963. In the senior class 15 students appeared and out of them, 11 were declared successful. These eleven students will be given diploma at the forthcoming convocation of the Bhavan.

In the junior class, 21 students appeared and all have been declared successful.

The new term for the course of Jyotirvid examination will start from Sunday, the 3rd November, 1963. The classes are held on Sundays between 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Further details can be had from the Hon. Secretary Sri Gopalkrishna Modi, c/o. Gujarati Type Foundry, 196/B, Gaiwadi, Girgaon,

SANKARACHARYA OF PURI

SRI CHANDRASEKHAR SHASTRI, the Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Jaipur, is to be installed as the Sankaracharya of the Govardhan Peeth at Puri in Orissa. He was chosen by the late Puri Sankaracharya H. H. Bharati Krishna Teertha to succeed him. H. H. the Shankaracharya of Dwarka will give him *sannyasa.*

S. V. PARISHAD

SHRI BHAISHANKAR PUROHIT of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, recently visited some parts of Gujarat to spread the message of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. Among the places visited by him were Junagadh, Bilakha, Porbundar, Dwarka, Beta Dwarka, Jamnagar, Ahmedabad, Dakor, Vallabh Vidya Nagar and Surat. Wherever Shri Purohit went, he was received with enthusiasm. He visited pathashalas, schools and colleges, discussed and planned establishment of branches of the Parishad and addressed several meetings in Sanskrit and Gujarati. The response Shri Purohit received was most encouraging. With the help of the friends of the Bhavan he was able to inculcate love for the Sanskrit language and make people understand the work and message of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.

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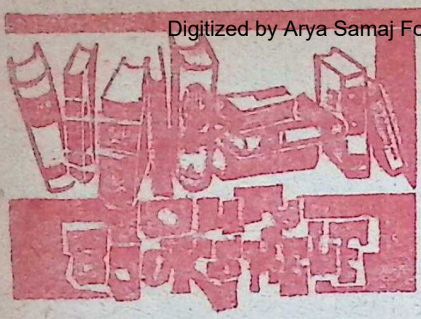

SANSKRIT-ENGLISH

VIDURANITI: A Sanskrit-English Edition from the *Mahabharata.* Edited by Vidyaratnam P. N. Menon, B.A., B.L. Foreword by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. Published by the Educational Supplies Depot, Palghat. pp. 238+XVII. Price: Rs. 4.50.

THE Viduraniti forms a notable part of the *Mahabharata* as the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the *Sanatsujathiya* and the *Vishnusahasranama.* It is in the Prajagara Parva of the main Udyoga Parva of the *Mahabharata.* The word 'Prajagara' means "keeping awake." King Dhritarashtra passed restless night without sleep previous to that day when Yudhishthira's reply to the message of Dhritarashtra would be announced in the Council Hall of Hastinapura. It was then that Dhritarashtra sent for his friend, philosopher and guide Vidura to get consolation from him in his perturbed state of mind. Vidura expounds to him all aspects of Dharma, of Man's relation to the family, society and State and also the duties of the four *ashramas* and Varnas. He also dwelt upon the duties of the King and the Dharma that should govern the State.

The Viduraniti is a classic on Niti. While the *Bhagavad Gita* deals with the spiritual world, the Viduraniti deals with the moral world. Though the book is written in simple Sanskrit style, still in many places the *slokas* have to be interpreted properly and translated and their purport has to be explained clearly. The book contains beautiful aphorisms, well worth quoting. Some of these aphorisms are of universal and eternal value and application. Even the modern world can profit by the wisdom contained in these maxims.

It is indeed a tragic irony that having heard all these words of wisdom Dhritarashtra came to the conclusion that none could transgress fate; "Fate alone will prevail in the end."

Shakespeare echoes the same sentiment when he says 'there is a destiny that shapes our ends roughhew them how we may.'

It is a very great delight to me to inform the readers of this book that Sri P. N. Menon was my classmate and friend and that I knew him for a long time. He was a very good Sanskrit scholar, imbued with the true spirit of our culture and tradition. He made a beautiful translation of the famous book *Narayaneeyam* which every home in Malabar cherishes with reverence.

In translating and editing this work, Sri Menon consulted a number of commentaries of the Viduraniti including the most important one of Neelakanta, who was the author of a *Vyakhyana* on the entire *Mahabharata.* He has also made use of the translations in the regional languages especially in Malayalam for correctly interpreting the meaning of the *slokas.* Sri Menon has done yeoman service to the cause of study of our ancient Sanskrit classics and the spreading of their message among our people.

Vidura was a man of wisdom like Socrates and Bacon. Though the work is a treatise on morals, it is a readable poem as well. A fine instance of the use of Sabdalankara to heighten the effect may be cited—

विद्यामदो धनमदस्तृतीयोऽभिजनो मदः ।
मदा एतेऽवलिप्तनामेत एव सतां दमाः ॥

What is a source of haughtiness to the conceited person becomes however a source of humility to the good man. Three things are mentioned in the *sloka* which become such a source of

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haughtiness—learning, wealth and birth. All these three in the case of the arrogant persons become source of मद or intoxicated pride. But in the case of goodman, they become transformed into दम or control by the transposition of म and द. The *sloka* contains a universal truth, which has been responsible for good and evil in society in all ages.

I have very great pleasure in recommending this book to all readers and lovers of Indian culture.

—*Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar*

ENGLISH

DR. RANADE'S LIFE OF LIGHT. By M. S. Deshpande. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 260. Price: Rs. 2.

THE volume under review is an excellent introduction to the three books on Mysticism by Ranade published by the Bhavan. The three books constitute the "Grammar of Mysticism" i.e. *Pathway to God in Hindi Literature, Pathway to God in Kannada Literature,* and *Pathway to God in Marathi Literature.* The philosophical roots of Mysticism are in the *Bhagavad Gita* and the Upanishads. Dr. Ranade has written on both these texts with profound insight born of firsthand spiritual experience. Hence their value is not merely intellectual. His message, his spiritual home and his initiation have solaced thousands in India.

Sri M. S. Deshpande, a disciple of Ranade, has already to his credit a short life-sketch in Marathi verse and a big biography in Kannada prose, of Ranade. In the volume under notice we get for the first time in English an authentic biography of the saint-professor of Nimbal. The book is divided into two parts, successively treating about the 'intellectual eminence' and the spiritual evolution of the saint. The treatment is comprehensive and at the same time rich in its details culled from all available sources. A close and correct examination of his works is undertaken in two chapters V and VI under the heads, minor and major works. Part II gives us a moving account of the nature of mystic experience, which is the core of religion. The pathway to God is mapped out clearly for the spiritual aspirant. The concluding chapter carries pen-pictures of the saint and his eternal message. The volume consolidates all that one has to know about the saint in clear and simple language.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

INDIA ACCEPTS CHINA'S CHALLENGE: By Major Sita Ram Johri. Foreword by Lt. Gen. S.P.P. Thorat. Published by Himalaya Publications, Khurshed Bagh, Lucknow 4. 1963. Price: Rs. 7.50.

"THE neighbouring state is the enemy and the neighbour's neighbour the friend"—this was the maxim handed down to posterity by Kautilya. The British followed it in a modified manner, in that they did not allow a strong power to have common frontier with India: thus was maintained the chain of Himalayan States, Tibet, Bhutan, Sikkim, and Nepal.

The foreign policy of independent India, however, has been as un-British as possible; that is, we discarded a foreign policy based on enlightened self-interest in favour of one based on the theoretical considerations of socialism, anti-imperialism, Afro-Asian solidarity, world peace, etc. supported by a pseudo-historical analysis of current events or even downright perversion of facts. The result is the present situation on all our land frontiers.

In the present work Major Johri has given an account of all the Himalayan people and the Himalayan States, and has convincingly proved that all the disputed territory with China rightfully belongs to India.

This is an important book and deserves a much better printing and general get-up.

—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar*

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COLONISTS AND FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF ANCIENT INDIA. By P. Thomas. Published by Joseph Thomasons & Co., Ernakulam (Kerala). 1963. pp. 83. Price: Rs. 5.

THIS little brochure by the author of *The Story of the Cultural Empire of India* focusses attention on the pivotal personalities or founders of the Cultural Commonwealth of the major part of Asia, stemming from India. Mr. Thomas is a fascinating narrator who never misses the perspective of the wood while pin-pointing the trees. The ten sketches depicted here are of Vijaya, Mahendra and Sanghamitra, Kaundinya, Kasyapa, Matanga, Kumarjiva, Gunavarman, Buddhaghosha, Bodhidharma, Padmasambhava and Atisa. They represent the protagonists of Hinayana, Zen and Tantric cults of Buddhism propagated from India, during one thousand years, from Ceylon to Indo-China in the South and East, to China and Tibet in the North. The writer combines the art of simple story-telling with academic precision in the assessment of details and sizing up situations and personalities. Those who seek a bird's-eye view of the subject with authentic information presented in a lucid style without pedantry will find in this well-illustrated and eminently readable brochure more to enlighten them than many a learned treatise. It exposes to view the very roots of Pancha Sheela and peaceful co-existence. Like Bodhidharma, the author says little but tells much.

—*Prof. S. R. Sharma*

THE LUTE AND THE PLOUGH: A Life of Rabindranath Tagore. By G. D. Khanolkar. Translated by Thomas Gay and published by the Book Centre Pvt. Ltd., Ranade Road, Bombay-28. pp. 376. Price: Rs. 24.

THE picture of Tagore that is presented in this biography has the authentic marks of a well-conceived plan executed with masterly craftsmanship. Implicit in the author's preface is a hint that the work was undertaken with a view to tracing the evolution of Tagore the poet; and on its perusal one has the impression that this claim is fully justified. But the success of the performance seems to depend upon the fact that the author in concentrating his attention on Tagore the poet has not alienated him from Tagore the man.

In setting forth the facts of the great poet's life the author has liberally drawn upon accounts the poet himself has given of his life, and thus substantiated or clarified his own views in vivid detail. One striking feature of the present volume is its extensive portrayal of those aspects of the Poet's experiences that have moulded and inspired his poetic genius or fired his imagination. Much of the material that is presented in this connection is convincingly vivid. The amount of labour gone into tracing the emotional strains and irresistible influences that guided Tagore into his great compositions is as impressive as the effort to delineate the artist, the dramatist, the novelist and the short-story writer whom Tagore embodied in himself. It was a profound creative energy that flowed into the brilliant products of Tagore's literary gift—into the bewitching panorama of his vast canvas. Over and above his life as creative artiste and thinker, other aspects of his eventful life as an eminent educationist, patriot and humanitarian, as well as his many non-literary activities have been bestowed deserving attention in the overall treatment.

One is happy to see that the book does not exhibit any symptom of having suffered in the process of being rendered into English from the original Marathi; Mr. Thomas Gay, the translator, has indeed done a creditable job. An elegant jacket carrying a bust of the poet, combined with neat printing and get-up lends unusual charm to the volume.

—*P.V.*

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THAT ANGEL BURNING AT MY LEFT SIDE. By Jerzy Peterkiewicz. Published by Macmillan & Co. Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London W. C. 2. pp. 186. Price: 18s.

IN this outrageously sarcastic novel nothing we hold sacred—God, religion, priesthood, morality and even parentage—has been spared. An egghead, university don and a refugee from Poland, the author has stringed the failings of a war-tarred society with devilish irreverence in a series of cruel anecdotes and tried to serve up an exotic fare that occasionally tantalises with its wasted brilliance. If this is the current temper of the angry young men of Europe, she has indeed a long way to go before she settles down to sanity.

The story is about Victor, a Polish bastard orphan who is buffeted by fate from the seminary into the war and concentration camps from which he escapes into England ostensibly in search of his unknown father. In between bouts of sex with fleshpots in an unfinished 'diploma course' in love-making he turns a fortune-teller and promoter of travel agency. The anti-climax comes when he discovers himself as the illegitimate son of an Italian ex-diplomat. It is difficult to swallow what the blurb says about Victor's final 'discovery' of himself except as an apology.

—*V.A.K.*

TELUGU

SANKARA GRANTHA RATNAVALI, Second Volume. Translation by Sri Veluri Sivarama Sastri. pp. 325. Published by Sadhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali (Andhra Pradesh) Price: Rs. 4.

SADHANA GRANTHA MANDALI, Tenali, has been rendering yeoman service to the Telugu-speaking people by making available in Telugu the best books on metaphysical thought. The book under review is the second volume of Shankara's works containing the original and Telugu translation of *Atma Jnanopadesa, Vidhi, Maya, Vivarnam, Upadesa Sahasri (gadya prabandha)* and *Panchikaranam.* The translator who is not only a reputed poet and versatile writer in Telugu but also a spiritual seeker himself, has translated the original work into simple, lucid and easily understandable Telugu. The book will be useful to all those who would like to understand the philosophy of Shankara.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

KANNADA

AARYARA DINACHARYE (Translated from Dattopant Vinayak Patwardhan Buvaa's *Aaryaanchi Dinaacharya* in Marathi). Kannada rendering by Venkatadasa Achyuta Kamath, Retired Post Master, Yashoda Bhavan, Kajubag, Karwar. pp. 155. Price: Re. 1.25.

THIS moderately priced book has proved its popularity by the three editions it has seen within three years. 2000 copies of the first edition were sold within 15 months; the second edition of 1000 copies were exhausted within a year and now this third edition, we are assured by the translator, has been confidently placed before the public.

Dr. Munshi has remarked with true insight in his Kulapati's Letter No. 287 published on July 7th (*Bhavan's Journal*): "What to our seers was given through inspiration or intuition, we find expounded with scientific accuracy and thoroughness on the background of comparative studies in history, sociology and religion." This book can be cited as a standing example of the truth of this learned pronouncement inasmuch as it tries to show the scientific hygienical background for our daily religious life. This useful handbook deserves to be read by all youngsters whose minds have become sceptic as a result of modern education. Many of the diseases from which we suffer can be successfully overcome by our following the prescriptions laid down in our text-books of Ayurveda as explained in this book.

—*Prof. G. Venkatakrishna Rao*

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HINDI

DRAVIDA VEDA: Vols. 1 and 2 (First 10 of four thousand *Divyaprabandhas*) with Hindi translation by Sri Sampatkumaracharya. Published by Jagadacharya P. B. Annangacharya. L. Kanchipuram. pp. 238, 224. Price: Rs. 6/- and Rs. 10/- respectively.

THE book *Dravida-Veda* is a collection of four thousand *divyaprabandhas* written in Tamil by 10 *divyasuris* of Alwar Vaishnava sect of Sri Kanchi. These 10 *divyasuris* are: 1. Saroyogi, 2. Bhutayogi, 3. Mahadahwaya yogi, 4. Bhaktisar yogi, 5. Shatakopa Swami, 6. Kulashekhar Swami, 7. Sri Bhattanatha Swami, 8. Bhaktighrineru Swami, 9. (not given in the book) and 10. Sri Parakala Mahayogi.

The authority of these great saints has support of even *Shrimadbhagawata Mahapurana.*

But these *divyaprabandhas* were in Tamil and beyond the reach of those who were not familiar with that language. His Holiness Sri Annangacharya has written a Sanskrit Commentary on them.

Sampatkumaracharya has translated the text and its Sanskrit Commentary in Hindi, and gives answers to several questions relating to the text with connected stories. So the book has got a cyclopedic character for not only the readers of this book, but to all scholars interested in the study of Vaishnavism.

The book under review is practically a bridge between the South and North. In translating this book in the most widely spoken language, the author has done a great service not only to Hindi language or Vaishnavism but also to the cause of national integration by promoting a climate for better understanding.

These two volumes were published in 1961 and 1962 and contain only 10 out of four thousand *prabandhas.* At this pace it will take years to get the complete volumes published. Let us hope that the publishers will speed up the publication of the complete book, much before the interest of the reader to own and read the book fades out, thus opening a new avenue to their knowledge which was inaccessible to them.

—*Jnan Chandra*

GUJARATI

KAILAS. By Swami Pranavatirthaji. Published by the Prachya Vidya Mandir, Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda. First Edition, 1962. pp. 20+429. Price: Rs. 10/-.

THE author has given in the book under notice an interesting and informative account of his travel to Kailas which was, indeed, fraught with dangers and difficulties.

Besides being a humorous writer and a lively story-teller, Swamiji is also a staunch devotee. He has, therefore, been able to instil this spirit of devotion in his words so effectively that the reader hardly escapes from being influenced by it. His occasional utterances regarding culture and religion and his comparisons and contrasts deserve notice.

The picture of the travel drawn by Swamiji, though lengthy at times, is so lifelike that we feel as if we are his co-travellers. This is, indeed, his covetable achievement.

It is desirable that the books on travels should be popularized as much as possible and therefore they should not be priced too highly.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

BOOKS RECEIVED

PILGRIMS' TRAVEL GUIDE. (North India). Published by S.S.R.N.S. Sangham, Sri Rama Nama Kshetram, Guntur-1 (A.P.) Rs. 5.

WHITE ROSES. By Mother. Published by Huta, Sri Aurobindo Ashram Pondicherry. Rs. 5.

Edited by S. Rāmakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Ad. & Print, Bombay 34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave, Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.

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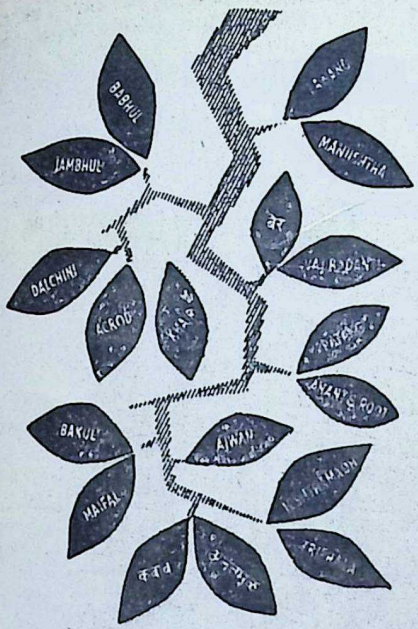

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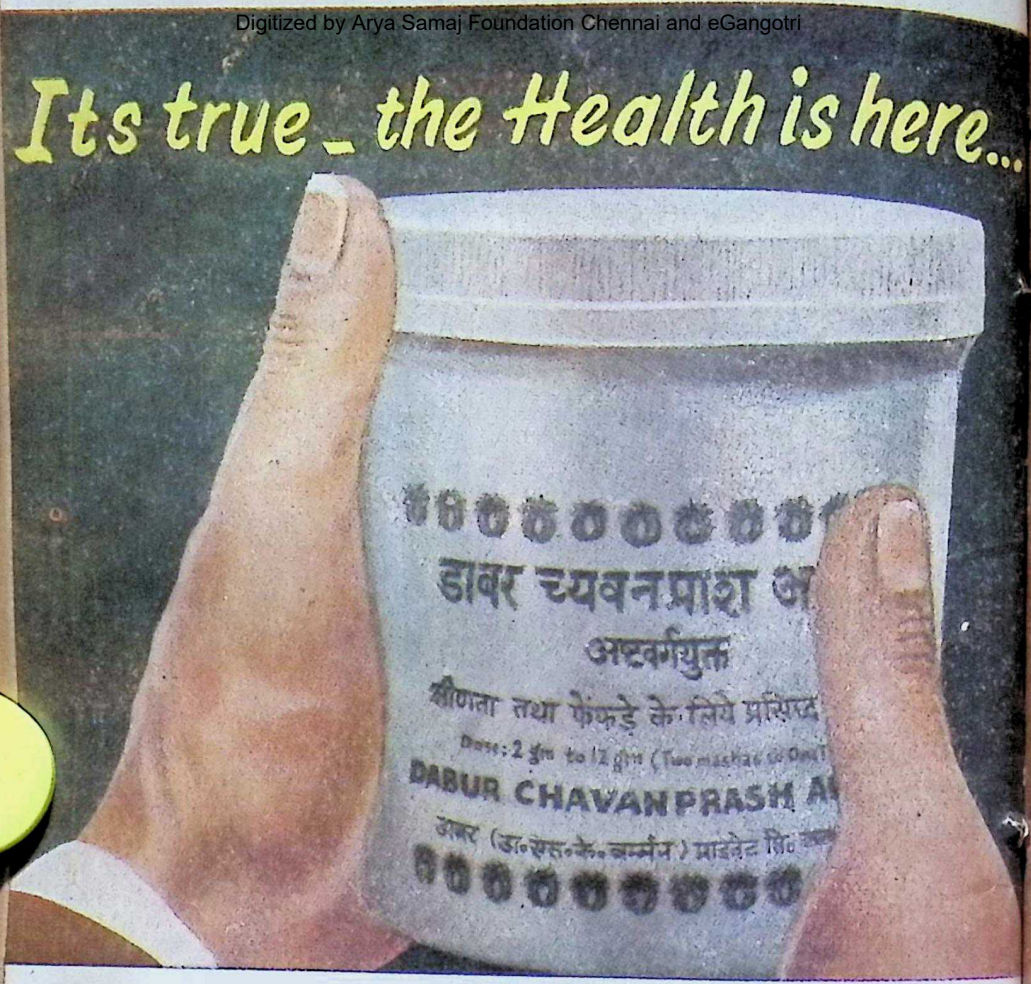

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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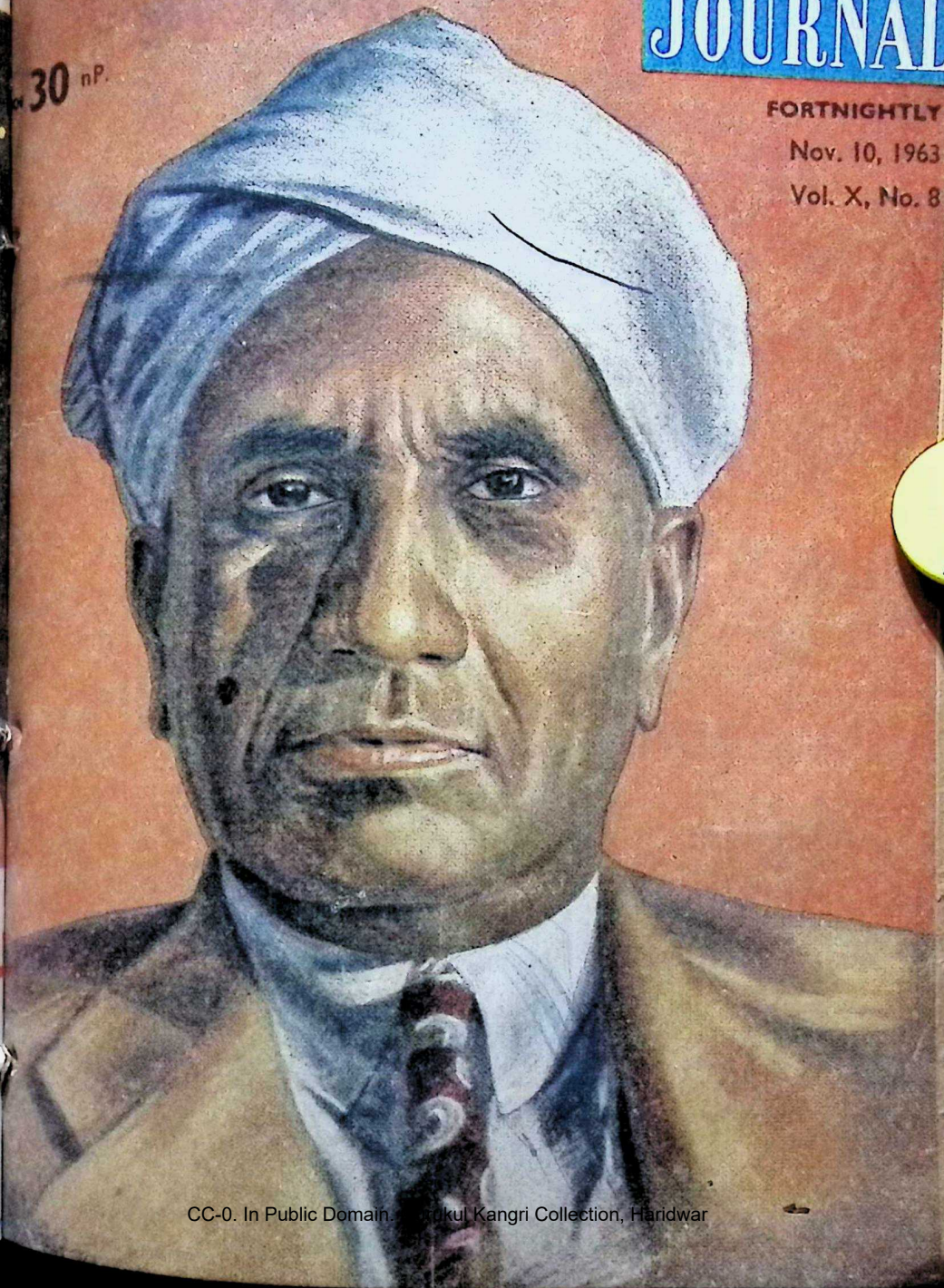

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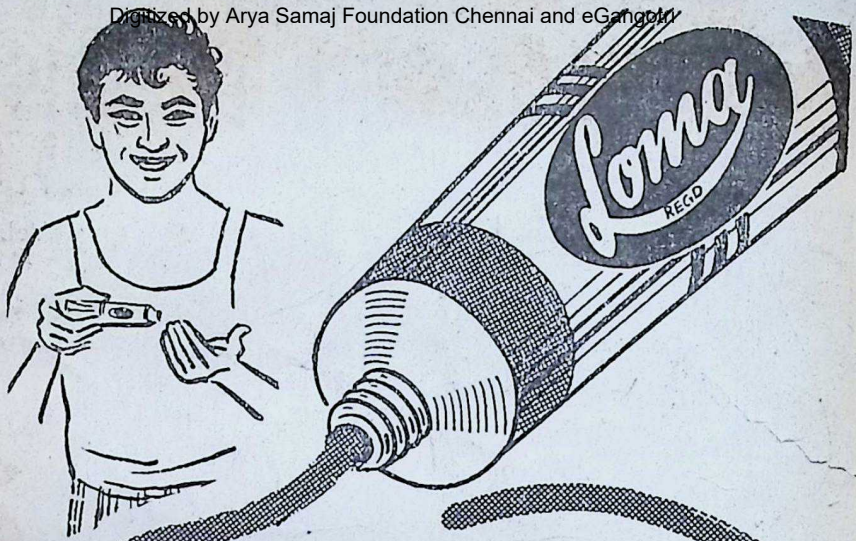

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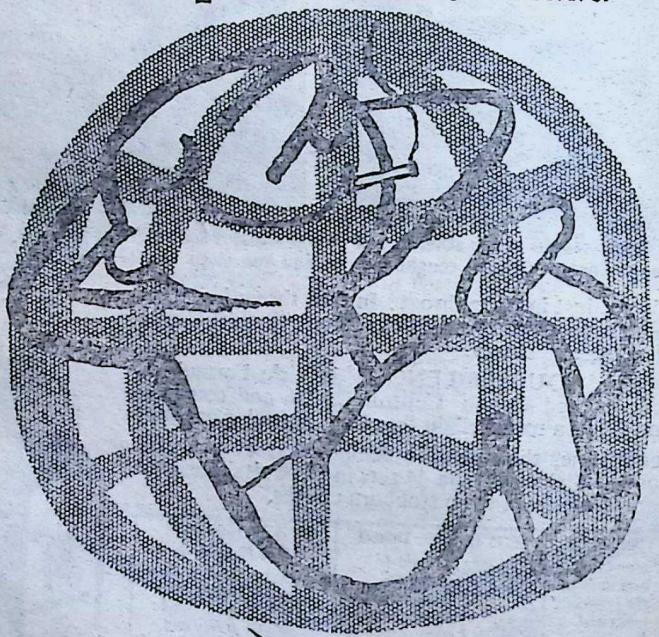

Dunlopillo

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Vol. X No. 8

NOVEMBER 10, 1963

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* Prayer for Talent	5
* Kulapati's Letter No. 296: Pilgrimage to South Indian Shrines—Padmanabha and Meenakshi Temples—Shankaracharyas of Sringeri and Kanchi	6
* Lord's Name—Guru Nanak	11
* Gopis to Radha —Sri Dwijendralal Roy	12
* Art of My Conception —Mahatma Gandhi	14
* Krishnavatara (Part III): The Big Brother is Angry—Sri K. M. Munshi	17
* The Raman Effect —Sri C. Rajagopalachari	27
* Four Great Contemporaries	29
* Dr. Raman: His Achievements	35
* Our Friends of the Wild Life —Sri V. S. Rao	38
* The Sun-God Temple of Arasavilli —Sri D. V. Seetaramaswamy	43
* Dr. Linus Pauling (Profile)	45
* Question Box	47
* When in Distress, Pray to God ('They Stood for Our Dharma'—Story)	49
* Ananda Math (Serial) —Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	57
* Notes & News	64
* Our Bookshelf	65

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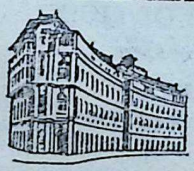

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Prayer for Talent

यां मेधां देवगणः पितरोश्चोपासते ।
तया मामद्य मेधयाग्ने मेधाविनं कुरु स्वाहा ॥

That talent which the companies of Shining
Ones and the Fathers enjoy,
With that, O Deity, make me wise, today!
Hail!

—*Yajurveda*, XXII-14.

Vol. X, No. 8

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No. 296

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ PILGRIMAGE TO SOUTH INDIAN SHRINES
☆ PADMANABHA AND MEENAKSHI TEMPLES
☆ SHANKARACHARYAS OF SRINGERI AND KANCHI

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
NOVEMBER 10, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WILL continue my narrative on my pilgrimage to South Indian shrines.

At Trivandrum, we were the guests of His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore. His Highness was his usual self—courteous, gentle and affectionate. His mother, Maharani Sethu Parvatibai, was as alert and clear-headed as when I met her some years ago.

I delivered a public speech under the auspices of the Shastha Sangh, which looks after the arrangements for pilgrims going to the Sabarimalai shrine. I spoke on the need for faith.

At the Rotary Club, one evening, I spoke on the problems of the Emergency.

Mannath Padmanabhan, with whom I had long talks, at 85, was as astute and clear-sighted as ever. His comments on the general situation in Kerala and the whole country, were as usual shrewd and humorous.

We visited the Sri Padmanabha temple. This was the second visit that I paid to the Shrine.

The whole body of the deity, Padmanabha, is made up of *shaligrams* which, centuries ago, had been transported from Nepal on elephants. It struck me how through the ages India has been one—*Shaligrams* of Nepal going to make up the body of the deity in Trivandrum. A Namboodiri Brahmin to be necessarily installed as the head of the Badri-

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nath shrine in the Himalayas. The waters of the Ganga to be brought every day to Rameshwaram for the worship of the deity. No pilgrimage is to be complete without visiting Somnath on the West Coast, Prayag in Uttar Pradesh and Parashuram-khund, one of the eastern-most shrines in the Himalayas in Assam. Nor can a pilgrimage to the North be complete without visiting the shrine of Amarnath at Kashmir.

And of course, Kailash, till recently. Alas, this shrine of shrines is almost inaccessible to us now due to Communist China's hostility.

We stayed at Trivandrum for two days and on June 5, we left for Bangalore by air.

At Bangalore we stayed with Shri P. R. Subramanyan, who, besides being a personal friend, is also a devoted member of the Bhavan.

The Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan has active workers. In their company, we saw the different plots of land available for the Kendra. Ultimately we indicated our preference for a centrally-situated plot near the famous Vidhan Soudha, perhaps the finest building constructed in post-freedom India.

We also met a number of old friends, including Chief Minister Shri S. Nijalingappa, Chief Justice Nittoor Shrinivasa Rau, Shri B.D. Jatti, the Finance Minister, Shri K. Hanumanthaiah, Shri R. R. Diwakar, Justice Shri K. R. Gopivallabh Iyengar and others. I had also long talks with my old friend, Shri V.P. Menon who of late has not been in too good a health.

We visited the Shankar Mutt, one of the great religious institutions presided over by His Holiness Sri Abhinava Vidya Tirtha, the Shankaracharya of Sringeri, who was good enough to give me an opportunity to discuss a few things with him. He is a very learned man, with intense zeal for *dharma*, looks after his followers with apostolic care, and enjoys universal respect.

On June 8, at the Town Hall, His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore inaugurated the Bhavan's Kendra in Bangalore. His Holiness Sri Shankaracharya of Sringeri gave his blessings to the meeting.

Among the speakers were Shri S. Nijalingappa and Shri R. R. Diwakar. Incidentally they took that opportunity of congratulating me on my 75th birthday.

The *Bhavan's Journal* is a great favourite of many intellectuals, and the establishment of the Kendra was widely welcomed.

The address which I delivered was reproduced as Kulapati's Letter No. 286 in *Bhavan's Journal* dated June 23, 1963. The audience was very receptive.

I received a request to attend the Seminar of the Bar Association of India to be held at Bangalore from June 21 to 23. It was impossible for me to come back to Bangalore for the Seminar, as I was scheduled to go elsewhere during those days. I was also asked to write a paper on the constitutional propriety of the Defence of India Act and Rules. I planned to write something, but I gave up the intention. Some of my very respected colleagues had given opinions on the D.I. Act and Rules with which I did not agree and I

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did not like to enter into a controversy.

I had no hesitation in this matter. When Part XVIII of the Constitution was drafted, the whole object was that, given an emergency and a proper declaration by the President, the quasi-federal Constitution was to be converted into a unitary government for the whole of India with parliamentary supremacy practically unchallenged. That is why I term it a 'Convertible' Constitution.

That Part was intended to save the country from the weakness to which a federal Constitution is subject when the country is threatened by external aggression or internal disturbance. Any other view, in my opinion, would expose the country to legalistic battles, which would, in a crisis, introduce chaos.

H. H. Sringeri

Whether the declaration of Emergency was on legitimate grounds or not, is a different question. It was purely a political question.

On June 10, I addressed the Golden Jubilee of the Sankara Sanskrit College, conducted by Sringeri Mutt, at Bangalore. It is perhaps one of the leading schools in India imparting education in different branches of Sanskrit learning according to the Shastric method. Some of the outstanding pandits in modern India have been its products.

The Sringeri Mutt is a great institution which owes its reputation to a succession of very eminent Shankaracharyas. Of them, His Holiness Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati was the most outstanding, and the flavour of his great learning and asceticism still pervades the Mutt.

On June 11, we left Bangalore for Madras. The next day we went to Madurai to visit the Sri Meenakshi Temple, one of the great temples in the country, which I had not seen before. The temple was under repairs, and Sir P.T. Rajan, Chairman of the Renovation Committee, took us round. It was a feast to see the gorgeous and finest of sculptures which make up the temple.

These temples are great things. The lives of thousands are woven round each temple. Apart from the wonderful specimens of art, they attract men, women and children of all communities, irrespective of caste, give them faith and provide moorings to their lives.

The Hindu Religious Endowments Board of the Government of Madras is allocating adequate funds for repairing and renovating old temples. Age has been eating into some of the famous stone sculptures of some of the famous temples. Shri M. Bhaktavatsalam, present Chief Minister in Madras State, deserves the gratitude of posterity for the keen personal interest he has been taking in this matter.

The Meenakshi Temple is unfortunately repainted with modern glaring oil paints. I wish the painting

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had been done in subdued colours to retain the atmosphere of solemnity which the old stones gave.

We paid a flying visit to the Tirumalai Nayak Mahal, the palace of the old Nayak kings at Madurai.

On June 13, we left Madurai by car for Paramakudi to pay our respects to His Holiness Sri Chandrasekharendra Saraswati, the Shankaracharya of Kanchi.

He is the most wonderful man I have seen. A profoundly learned man, he is an ascetic of the highest order, living on parched rice, walking on foot from village to village for years. Wherever he happens to be, he attracts thousands and evokes faith and devotion.

H. H. Kanchi

He spared a few minutes for us from the *puja* which he was performing. Endowed with the direct simplicity of the God-possessed, he is an inspiration. He could discuss modern problems with uptodate knowledge.

Back in Madurai, we returned the same day to Madras, where for three days we discussed the problems of the Bhavan's Kendra. In Madras, as usual, we stayed with Sri Anantharamakrishnan at "Sudharma". As you know he is a great friend of the Bhavan and one of the Vice-Presidents of our Madras Kendra.

While at Madras on June 16, I participated in the Birth-Centenary Celebrations of the late Sri V. Krishnaswamy Aiyar, one of the old guards of the Gokhale School of politics. He was, in his times, a leading Avocate of Madras Bar, later a Judge of the High Court, and then appointed to the Executive Council of the Governor of Madras. He was a versatile man, a product of modern Indian Renaissance.

I had the privilege of presiding over the *Vidvat sadas* held in the morning on that day, held on the grounds of the Madras Sanskrit College founded by Sri V. Krishnaswami Aiyar. It was a delight to listen to a number of erudite speeches in Sanskrit of the veteran past students of that College.

Among those who spoke were Mm. N.S. Ananthakrishna Shastrigal, who was once working in the Bhavan, and is now Professor in the Sanskrit University at Varanasi, and Panditaraj Sri T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal of the Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya from 1944, and other eminent scholars who have earned all-India reputation and are working in different parts of the country.

I had also an opportunity to attend as Chief Guest, the *Dharmopanayana* of over 100 Brahman boys conducted by Sri K. Seetharama Rao of Dharmaprakash Group of Hotels.

It was an exhilarating sight to see 100 youths simultaneously being invested with sacred thread. The sacred thread might have lost its meaning to many Brahmans, but to those

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A CORRECTION

In my last Kulapati's Letter, I had mentioned that "Ramanilayam" at Trichur was constructed by Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty when he was Diwan of Cochin. A reader now corrects me that the building was built long before him, but the name "Ramanilayam" was given to the building by him when he was Diwan of Cochin.

K. M. M.

who believe in it, it is a reminder of our cultural heritage and a meaningful pledge to live a life of learning and piety.

At that time, I was reminded of the same ceremony which I had gone through when I was a boy of nine, so full of aspiration to develop *Brahma Tejas* in the line of Vasishtha and Viswamitra of old.

I spoke to the boys who underwent initiation on that day that they had joined the great army of men of learning and piety, who, from time immemorial, have upheld the moral order and spiritual aspirations. The *Yajnopaveeta* with which they were invested, on that occasion, which had made our culture so vital, I said, was a symbol of *Satya* (Truth), *Yajna* (Sacrifice) and *Tapas* (Self-discipline) to which they have pledged themselves.

Coming from that function, which was a ritual of *Sanatana Dharma*, it occurred to me that there was a definite change in the general atmosphere in Madras. The Brahman—non-Brahman controversy, which was rampant in that part of the country some years back, appeared to be distinctly on the wane.

Knowledgeable friends told me that this happy transformation was the result of the visit and the long stay in Madras of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi, whose numerous devotees include a number of leading members of all communities; the successful manner in which Rajaji has been directing the activities of the non-Brahmans from narrow communal bickerings and hate campaign to political causes, and the efficient, incorruptible and impartial administration under the guidance of Sri Kamaraj and his colleagues.

On June 16, we returned to Bombay from Madras. Verily the 17-day tour turned out to be a pilgrimage in more senses than one.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

An old woman much bent with age was proceeding along the street holding fast to her guiding stick. A mischievous youngster wanting to make fun of her 'T' shape asked her: "Grandma! What are you looking for on the road?"

Pat came the reply: "You fool! Don't you know it? The pearl of my youth!"

Wisdom from Sanskrit.

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Lord's Name

Through belief in the Name
The mind soars high into enlightenment.
The whole universe stands self-revealed.
Through inner belief in the Name
One avoids ignorant stumbling;
In the light of such a faith
The fear of death is broken.

Such is the power of His stainless Name
He who truly believes in it, knows it.

Nothing can bar or mar the paths
Of those who truly believe in the Name.
They depart from here with honour;
They do not lose the proper path.
The spirit of those imbued with faith
Is wedded to realization of truth.

Such is the power of His stainless Name,
He who truly believes in it, knows it.

—Adi Granth

Guru Nanak

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GOPIS TO RADHA

Can jewels and pearls enhance thy beauty
artifice of art thy loveliness?
Nay, diamond, silver and gold are tinsel
beside thy pure, ethereal grace.

I'd shape for thy brow with glittering sunglow
a regal, resplendent crown, great Queen!
And culling from sky beneficent lightning
weave for thy neck a garland of sheen.

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With the blue of the deep I'd fashion a wondrous
collyrium for thine eyes divine
And with the stars' inviolate twinkle
ear-rings—nonpareil, hyaline.

The full moon's beams shall serve as bracelets
for thine exquisite arms, O Sweet!
And anklets made of the warbling of song-birds
tinkle in joy with thy dancing feet.

With mellow sungold, gossamer-filtered,
I'd make a gleaming girdle for thee
And the tinted evening cloudlets' lovely
slumberous web thy garment shall be.

Thy feet I would vermilion, Virgin,
With minstrels' adoring song and kiss
And lips with the hue of youth's eternal
rose-love, dream and laughter of bliss.

Translated from Dwijendralal Roy's song in the same metre and rhyme-scheme by Dilip Kumar Roy.

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art of my conception

To me art, in order to be truly great, must, like the beauty of nature, be universal in its appeal. It must be simple in its presentation and direct in its expression like the language of Nature.

When I admire the wonder of a sunset or the beauty of the moon, my soul expands in worship of the Creator. I try to see Him and His mercies in all these creations. But even the sunsets and sunrises would be mere hindrances, if they did not help me to think of Him.

Anything which is a hindrance to the flight of the soul is a delusion and a snare; even like the body, which often does hinder you in the path of salvation.

Perfection of culture, 'art for art's sake,' has no deep root in the heart of man, and flowers but to fade rapidly; it strikes a deep root only when it gives a moral representation of life.

Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great aesthetic growth.

The principle of 'art for art's sake' is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its root in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air.

The offensive consequences often drawn from the formula 'art for art' will be found to attach not to the doctrine that art is an end in itself. but to the doctrine that art is the whole or supreme end of human life. And this latter doctrine, which seems

Culled from "Gandhi's View of Life," Bhavan's Book University volume.

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to me absurd, is in any case quite different from the former.

Aestheticism is not enough to enable one to endure for long the isolation of thought. One has to have a character for that, but this commodity isn't found at the bottom of an inkwell. Fine words invite you to carry yourself well. But if you carry yourself badly, fine words invite you to lie.

No one who has divorced his soul can ever be a great artist. For what is this hot-house art-plant without the life-soul and background of a steady worthy life? It may be all very edifying to flaunt it; but what, after all, does this fussing with art amount to if it all the time stultifies life instead of elevating it? Is it not grotesque to claim—as so many artists do—that art is the crown of existence?

I see and find Beauty in Truth or through Truth. All Truths are highly beautiful. Whenever men begin to see Beauty in Truth, then true art will arise. Mere outward form may not make a thing beautiful.

Socrates was the most truthful man of his time, and yet his features are said to have been the ugliest in Greece. To my mind he was beautiful, because all his life was a striving after Truth, and you may remember that his outward form did not prevent Phidias from appreciating the beauty of Truth in him, though as an artist, he was accustomed to see the beauty in outward forms also.

The outward has no meaning except in so far as it helps the inward. All true art is thus the expression of the soul. The outward forms have value only in so far as they are the expression of the inner spirit of man.

To me music is something to receive joy and inspiration from, and I am quite content so long as I get that.

Mira's songs are always beautiful. Her lovely songs—so touching in their sincerity and poetic appeal! They are so moving because they are so genuine. Mira sang because she could not help singing. Her songs well forth straight from the heart—like a spray. They were not composed for the love of fame or popular applause as so many are. There lies the secret of her lasting appeal.

It would be a tragedy if our beautiful music were to die from sheer popular neglect and indifference. I cannot even conceive of an evolution of India's religious life without her music.

Life must immensely exceed all the arts put together. To me the greatest artist is surely he who lives the finest life.

Jesus was, to my mind, a supreme artist, because he saw and expressed truth; and so was Muhammad. The *Quran* being the most perfect composition in all Arabic literature—at any rate, that is what scholars say. It is because both of them strove first for Truth that the grace of expression came in; and yet neither Jesus nor Muhammad wrote on art.

That is the Truth and Beauty I crave for, live for and would die for.

Art, if it is to be reckoned as one of the great values of life, must teach men humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity. The value of art is not beauty, but right action. — W. Somerset Maugham

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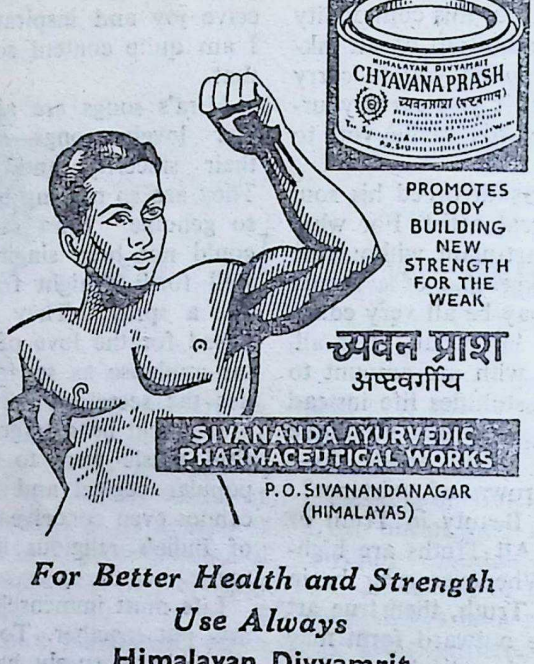

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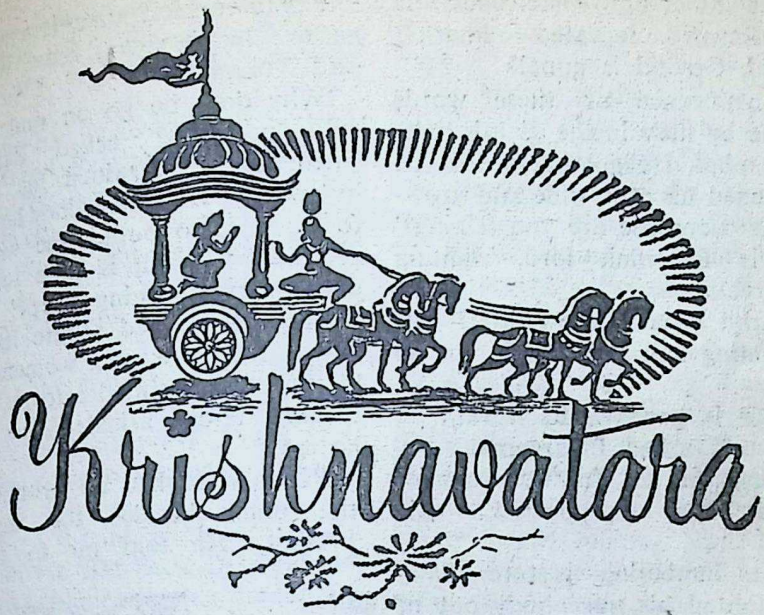

PART III

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Big Brother is angry

RUKMINI was very agitated. She rushed to Shaibya who was sleeping and woke her up. 'Shaibya, the lord is gone!' In a voice choking with distress, she narrated to her what had happened between her and their lord.

Shaibya had greater self-command. She also understood the significance of what Krishna had done. She told Rukmini to go to Balaraama and give him the message. She herself would go and inform Mother Devaki and Father Vasudeva, she said.

Forgetting to change her dress or to adjust her hair, Rukmini, in wild impatience, rushed next door to wake up Revati. 'I want to see the Eldest Revati. I must see him immediately. The lord is gone. And I have a message from him to deliver,' she said.

Revati at first hesitated to awaken her husband so early. He rarely got up before the sun rose high, for he had to sleep off the effects of the previous night, the best part of which he always spent sipping wine with tipsy Yadavas and playing dice. But Rukmini was insistent and Revati awakened Balaraama.

The giant roused himself with considerable effort. Half-asleep, he woke up, sluggish and in bad humour, his nose red and swollen. He shouted at Revati for disturbing his slumber. He was going to turn the side and close his eyes again, when,

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between slumber and wakefulness, he caught Revati's repeated remarks: 'But, lord, Govind is gone!'

The significance of these words sank little by little in the giant's half-sleeping mind. He got up, shook his head, opened his eyes wide and growled. 'What nonsense are you talking?'

'Here is Rukmini, lord, wanting to meet you.'

'So early! What is the matter?' His own shouting had fully woke him up now.

'Govind is gone!' said Revati.

'Where to?' asked Balaraama.

'Suddenly he left for Pushkar, for Saatyaki has disappeared,' said Revati.

With a lumbering gesture, Balaraama hoisted his huge body out of the bed. 'Call Rukmini,' he shouted. 'What is all this trouble about?'

Rukmini came into the room and narrated what had happened. As she spoke, bitterness crept into her voice and manner. With tearful, indignant passion, she exclaimed: 'The Yadavas—you all—have failed the lord. You have forsaken him. He has gone to keep his word.'

'But, why? why? why?' shouted Balaraama, still confused.

'He came to me before leaving and asked me to convey a message to you.'

'What is the message?'

'He asked me to convey to you this message, "Eldest: I have promised Chekitaana to restore Pushkar to him; promised King Karkotaka that the Yadavas would leave his territory; promised King Drupad that his daughter's *swayamvara* would be a success; promised Draupadi herself that I would help her to select a young, brave warrior,"' said Rukmini.

'Why does he go on making such wild promises?' asked Balaraama. Then, having regained his humour, he added: 'And why does he leave it to his wife to bother me with those promises when it is time for me to enjoy early morning sleep?'

Then he looked at the forbidding look which the two women cast at him for his ill-timed remark, and becoming serious, asked: 'What else did he say?'

Rukmini looked all around to see that none besides the three was present. 'He told me to convey a

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secret to you. He has promised the venerable Satyavati, Empress of Hastinapur, that the Five Brothers would come to life at the *swayamvara.*'

'And he has gone to fulfil his promises?' asked Balaraama, opening his eyes wide in surprise.

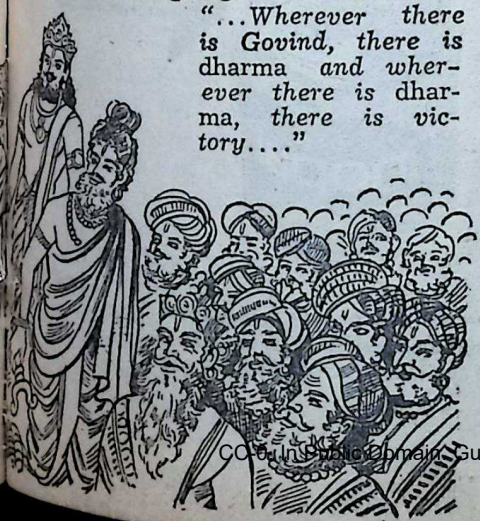
'You would not help him. The Yadavas would not help him. What else can he do? He is not a backslider,' said Rukmini with a touch of anger.

'So, he has gone to sacrifice himself?'

'He has left us for ever,' said Rukmini in a voice of despair. 'I know him.'

'But why should he leave us for ever?' Still the Big Brother could not understand what all this meant.

'Do you know what the lord said to me at the end? He said: "I cannot fail those to whom I stand pledged. My word shall stand true". Then he added: "So long I tried to seize *dharma.* Now *dharma* has seized me. And if the Yadavas betray their *dharma,* I must find others who will stand by it". He is gone. He is never going to come back to you. And you, of all others, have sent him into wilderness'. Rukmini broke down. 'Oh, what will happen to lord! I know he will never return again to you, for you have failed him, you have rejected him,' she continued. 'You, you, his Big Brother, whom he worshipped, have driven him out.' Overpowered by her emotions, Rukmini went into hysterical sobs and collapsed on the ground in a faint.



"...Wherever there is Govind, there is dharma *and wherever there is* dharma, *there is victory...."*

As Revati tried to revive Rukmini, the Big Brother got up, took a pot of cold water and poured it over his head to drive away the remaining fumes of intoxication. Then he shook his leonine head, and with his unkempt beard looking like the bristles of a porcupine, shouted at Revati. 'Why did Saatyaki run away?—I do not understand.'

'Rukmini is right. Saatyaki would never run away. He must have been killed or kidnapped,' said Revati.

'Who dare do it?' asked the Big Brother to himself.

The extraordinary situation of a young Yadava chief, only next in precedence to the cadets of the families of Ugrasena and Vasudeva, being killed or kidnapped in Dwarka itself, was a sacrilege. Then suddenly the departure of Govind had its full impact on him. He opened his eyes wide, set his lips firmly. 'Rukmini, you are right. It is all my doing. Govind left us because I failed him.' And his voice was hoarse with self-condemnation.

Balaraama sat down on his bed, placed his hands over his eyes for a while; then he shook off his mood by a physical effort, more akin to a

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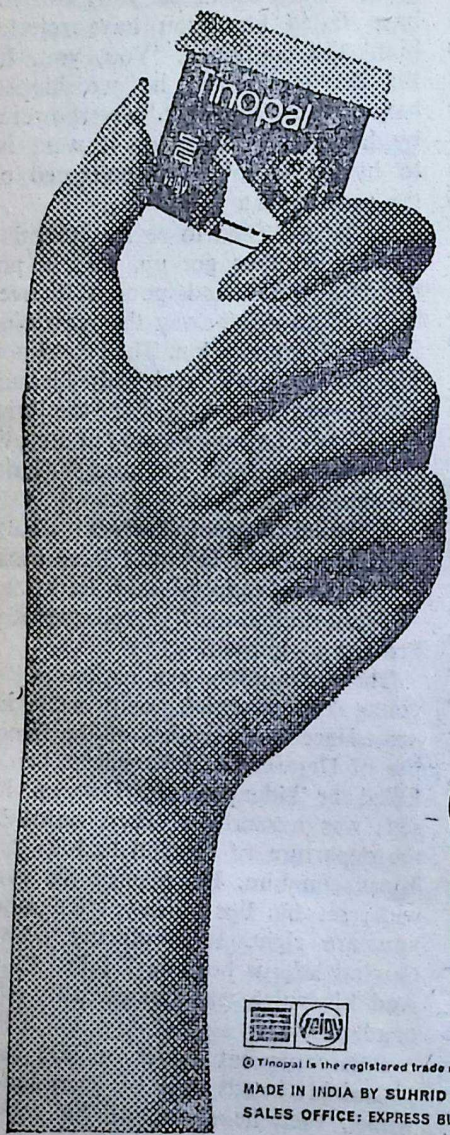

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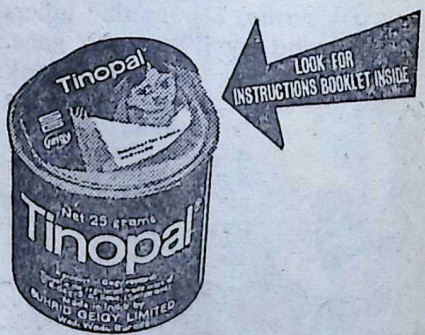

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tion rousing himself to spring. He got up from his bed, his eyes flashing wildly, tightened his *dhoti*, put on his scarf, took his huge conch, and going out on to the terrace, blew on it a terrific blast. The blast echoed all over Dwarka.

The chiefs got up from their beds, startled at this extraordinary happening. Balaraama's conch on its fiercest note! Something cataclysmic must have happened, for the Big Brother rarely blew his conch and had never done it so angrily.

Every one of them got out of the bed, put on such dress as was available and rushed to the court-yard of the royal palace, where it was the practice of the Yadava Chiefs to congregate on important occasions. There came King Ugrasena, trembling all over with excitement; Vasudeva, in an unusually agitated mood; Akrura, his brows furrowed with anxiety. And they found Big Brother, his huge head thrown back defiantly, gesticulating wildly.

Before the Big Brother's mind pictures were floating—of the little, sweet toddler, whom he had taught to walk; of the cunning companion who had led him in a hundred pranks; of the young hero who had rushed into the wrestling ground to kill the tyrant Kamsa; of the comrade who looked after him in Gomantaka, always treating him with respect; of the redeemer who had led them into the wilderness to reach the heaven of Dwarka; of the miracle-worker who, in a few months' visit to Aryavarta, had come to dominate it. He was gone. And he, Balaraama, had let him down! It was wrong, all wrong. He was guilty of having proved untrue to his beloved Govind. He himself was a big idiot to have rejected his suggestions.

The implications of the last promise of Govind also dawned on him. Govind had promised Empress Satyavati that he would bring back the Five Brothers to life at Draupadi's *swayamvara*. He was not a fool to have made a vain promise; he must have been working to some definite end. And if Govind could bring the Five Brothers to life and the Yadavas could restore them to their high position in imperial Hastinapur, they would have performed a superhuman feat, acquiring ascendancy over Aryavarta; a miracle which the godlike Govind alone could perform. It would be the greatest adventure of their lives—no, in the annals of men.

Govind was wonderful—growing ever more wonderful, the Big Brother was thinking. How could Govind bring back the Five Brothers who were burnt to death and ceremoniously cremated, to life? It was an inconceivable thing. But Govind could always make the impossible possible. That was it! Now he understood why Govind was keen to go North.

Oh, if Govind had only told him before that he was going to bring the Five Brothers to life, he would never have thought of staying away. Now he must go and help him to work this miracle. And suddenly, with the extravagant volatility which characterised him, his mind swung to being shocked at the demoralisation to which the Yadavas had sunk — gambling, drinking, living in lux-

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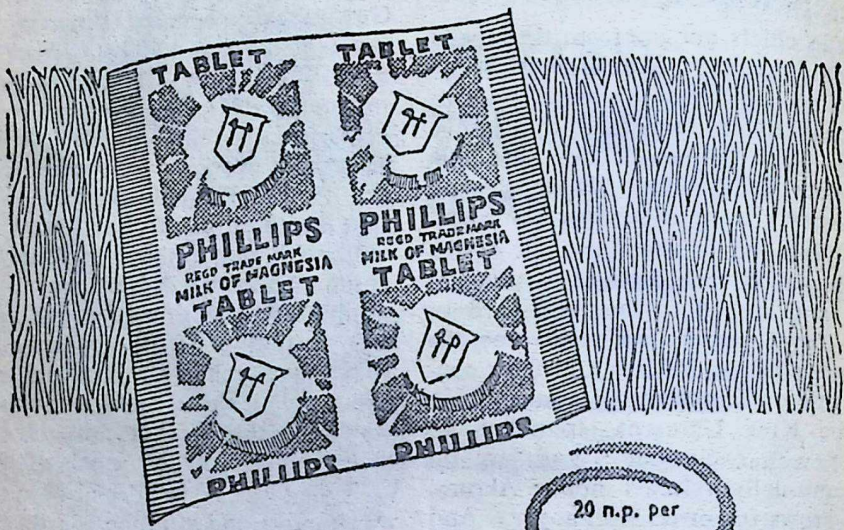

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uries, unwilling to undertake heroic action.

Govind was right. Too much prosperity was a wicked thing. The Yadavas must take to their austere ways once again. And he thought of Satrajit living in wealth and luxury, his ships bringing gold and pearls, his house always full of gay parties. He had himself seen the luxurious ways of that man, his corrupting ways. Only yesterday night he was a guest at one of them. And Satrajit also had the *Syamantaka* jewel, which turned everything into gold, buying the loyalties of the Yadava chiefs as if they were slaves for sale. What was the use of this gold, the Big Brother's thoughts ran. All that they got in return was the cowardly behaviour of the Yadava chiefs in rejecting Govind's suggestion! No, the Yadavas must be saved from themselves, he thought, and he, the Big Brother, was going to save them.

Balaraama lashed out with a tongue of fire at the Yadavas who had rejected the *dharma* as seen by Govind.

'You, cowards!' he addressed the bewildered chiefs as they gathered. 'You, traitors to your *dharma!* You have failed Govind and he has left you.' In his expansive way, he was moved to the very depth of his being. He also had completely forgotten that he was one of the first to reject the suggestions of his younger brother.

The burning words of the Big Brother lacerated every heart. Suddenly it dawned on them how precious Govind was and how they had let him down.

'Noble King,' rushed forward the flood of Balaraama's eloquence. 'No wiseacre shall meddle in this affair. No coward shall tell me to think of consequences. These are hogs who wallow in the dirt of luxury.' For the moment Balaraama forgot how he lived himself, but it appeared to him, clear as daylight, that it was all wrong. 'Cowards! They want luxury, comforts, prosperity, drinking, gambling. They do not want *dharma*. I will have none of it. Noble King, call the Council, if you like. But I have made up my mind. Every *atirathi* shall get ready as early as possible to march with me to Agravana. Krishna's promises shall be kept—I swear by the Great God, Somanath. Pushkar shall be recaptured. The *swayamvara* of Drupad's daughter will be a success. And we shall bring back Govind triumphant in our midst'. And he hesitated a little; a flash of introspection followed; then he looked around in proud defiance. 'And I take a vow: Listen, noble lord. Till Govind comes back, I shall not touch drink. If he is not in our midst, life is not worth living.'

'What about my son?' asked Satyaka, who was perturbed at the disapppearance of his son. 'What could have happened to him?'

'What could have happened to him!' the Big Brother turned to Satyaka. 'He would never shirk his duty. He would not leave Govind to go by himself. Someone—and I could guess who he must have been —must have been at him.' He looked at the Chiefs as if he knew who was guilty.

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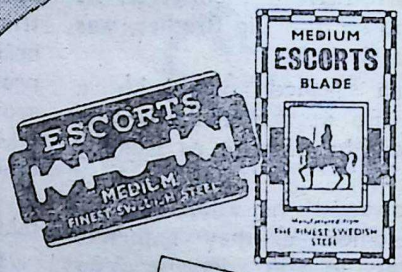

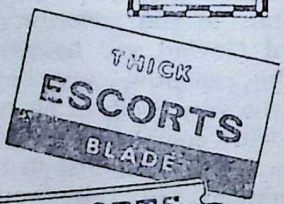

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'He disappeared while he was coming from his maternal uncle's house to our mansion. Someone must have kidnapped him,' said Satyaka.

'Don't worry, uncle Satyaka. Whoever has kidnapped Saatyaki, he and his people shall pay with their lives if need be, I swear by the Great God,' said Balaraama.

Every Yadava chief was as much surprised at Govind's departure as was shocked to learn of Saatyaki's disappearance, and was swayed by Balaraama's fiery words.

Someone said: 'Let us call the Council.'

'What will the Council do?' roared the Big Brother. 'Discuss, deliberate, decide,—utter nonsense! Govind was to start a fortnight hence with his band. In his place, I am going to start with all our *atirathis*. I would like to know who wants to stay behind.'

Working himself into a towering rage, he looked fiercely all round. He turned to the King. 'Noble lord, we are going to stand by Govind. Wherever there is Govind, there is *dharma*, and wherever there is *dharma*, there is victory. That shall come true. Give us your blessings. And I want you,' he added, 'to give me your word that the man who has killed Saatyaki shall not live.'

The Chiefs, hypnotised by the torrential flood of angry words, shouted: "sadhu, sadhu."

[*To be continued*]

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....[Not many people know that Rajaji, the Elder Statesman, was once an ardent student of Physics in Central College, Bangalore, 65 years ago. He had entered the fairyland of science in his teens and his interest in the subject would be seen in his lucid exposition of the "Raman-Effect" written in 1953—Ed]

THE RAMAN-EFFECT

C. Rajagopalachari

THE Raman-Effect is concerned with pure optics, with what happens to rays of light impinging on molecules that make up transparent substances. When a beam of sunlight falls on a polished surface, it is reflected in a straight line at an angle equal to that of the incidence. If it falls on an opaque substance, a great part of the light is just absorbed and the rest is scattered in an irregular way. What is absorbed becomes heat. What is scattered gives the colour to the substance. The substance selects the colour that it wants out of the mixture called sunlight. A rug of one kind of material scatters about the blue of the sunlight and absorbs the rest of the rays. So it is called a blue rug. So a rose scatters about the particular that we attribute to the rose.

The Raman-Effect deals with what happens to a beam of light of a pure unmixed single colour that enters a transparent substance. Much of it goes through without change, but a part is scattered about. The emerging ray exhibits a change in colour, something different from what it was. This was a phenomenon not previously observed by scientists. This discovery by Raman led to a great many important developments in the world of science. It furnished scientists with a powerful method of probing into the constitution of molecules and helped them to give answers to a variety of questions arising in physics and chemistry. It has become indeed a great deal of research. Instrument makers of the world have designed many new instruments for its proper study. Over 6000 original papers, it is said, have been written by scientists in various Universities on the Raman-Effect.

> **Dr. Raman is a great teacher. His knowledge is not confined to physical science. In this over-specialised world his breadth of knowledge is remarkable. He combines highest intellectual integrity with a winning warmth of heart. His latter feature sometimes comes out in his utterances which are delightfully free and frank. He is our most illustrious scientist, and we fervently hope that he will continue for many years to guide the scientific progress of India.**
>
> —Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

Nobel Laureate Sir C. V. Raman entered his 76th year on November 7 this year.

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Every one knows that light travels in a straight line, not like sound which travels in all directions. Let us for a moment imagine the sound too travels only in a straight line like light. If I sing out from one end of a hall—'Ma'—if sound travelled just like light only in a straight line, then the sound would go only in a straight line in front of me. People in front of me would hear me sing 'Ma'. A part of my voice, however, —and this is the Raman-Effect—would be reflected off the bodies of people seated in the hall. At a certain angle away from the straight line, people would faintly hear me sing, but they would not hear 'Ma', but strangely enough, they would hear me singing 'ga'. If I changed my note and sang 'ga', they would at that angle hear me singing "Ri" and so on. This would be wonderful; but this does not really happen with sound. This is just what does happen, however, to the beam of light in the Raman-Effect. The beam of light—let us call it 'Ma'—is a portion of it, scattered by the molecules on which the beam impinges, but in the process it is altered in pitch to 'Ga'. If the beam of light were "Ga", it is changed to "Ri", and so on. The wave-length is changed in the scattering. We have now something of the Raman-Effect.

But do not imagine it is all so simple as this. It is a very complicated affair in reality.

Every schoolboy is now taught that light is transmitted as a wave of ether. Ether is just a name for an imaginary substance which is purely the invention of the scientists. It is an imaginary fluid with which scientists fill all space. It is not subject to the laws that govern matter. To this imaginary substance called ether scientists attribute the capacity of transmitting waves. It is supposed to have no weight or mass but yet to possess perfect elasticity. If we think about it, indeed, it is an impossible affair altogether, but it is indispensable to men of science. The assumption saves them from hysteria. Great Newton believed that light was transmitted not as waves in the sea, but as projectiles are transmitted from a gun, that is to say, a beam of light is a body of tiny corpuscular particles flung across space and moving in straight lines at a terrible velocity. This theory was rejected by the world of science for several valid reasons.

"For the chair of Physics created by Sir Taraknath Palit, we have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman, who has greatly distinguished himself and acquired a European fame by his brilliant researches in the domain of Physical Science, assiduously carried on under the most adverse circumstances amidst the distraction of pressing official duties. . .

I shall fail in my duty if I were to restrain myself in my expression of the genuine admiration I feel for the courage and spirit of self-sacrifice with which Mr. Raman has decided to exchange a lucrative official appointment for a University Professorship, which, I regret to say, does not carry even liberal emoluments. This one instance encourages me to entertain the hope that there will be no lack of seekers after truth in the Temple of Knowledge which it is our ambition to erect."

—Sir Asutosh Mookerjee

March 1914

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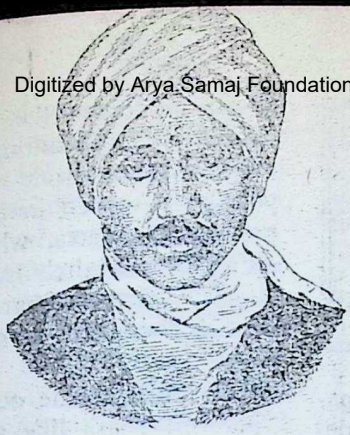

BHARATI
... Bard of Freedom.

RADHAKRISHNAN
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Four Great Contemporaries

VIVEK

THERE is an efflorescence of Indian genius in the first decade of this century in India. The air is surcharged with devotion to the motherland. *Vande Mataram* is the national prayer. Four brilliant youths in Madras hearken to the call of the Mother—each in his own inimitable way—through Poetry, Philosophy, Mathematics and Science.

In an inspiring address at the Benares session of the Indian Nation-

RAMANUJAN
"Mathematics is my God."

RAMAN
"Science is the highest form of creative art."

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Let us honour C. V. Raman, one of our eminent men who has raised India in international status and who adds to the honour of every title or honour bestowed on him.

—C. Rajagopalachari

al Congress, Gokhale, the incomparable servant of India says that devotion to Motherland, which is enshrined in the highest Swadeshi, is an influence so profound and so passionate that its very thought thrills and its actual touch lifts one out of oneself. "India needs today above everything else that the gospel of the devotion should be preached to high and low, to Prince and to peasant, in town and in hamlet, till the service of Motherland becomes with us as over-mastering a passion as it is in Japan." The words of the Congress President reverberate throughout the country. Many a bright young man resolves to dedicate his life to India and to the service of her people.

1906. Permit me to unfold before you a resplendent vision of a scene on the Madras sea-shore, fifty-seven years ago.

Four young men are sauntering along the beach, dreaming dreams and filling their souls with music Divine. They are budding creative artists. They are men of Destiny. They are among the immortals. The four youths seem to have been chosen by the great God to fulfil His purpose. They are endowed with faith and reason, knowledge and wisdom, love and liberty. Great spirits indeed at the dawn of a new Era in Indian National Evolution!

We witness in Madras four noble youths, absorbed in thoughts. Young patriots they are, who are in the spring-time of their lives. To be young is very heaven! Bharati is the oldest of this beautiful band of four patriots.

He looks at the ocean in front of him and roars like a lion, with his canticles to Shakti. He sings the immortal song of Emancipation (*Viduthalai*). The muses shape this youth into a wonderful poet. He sings in profuse strains of un-premeditated art, stirs the hearts of millions of people in Tamil land, galvanizes them to heroic action, pours his soul in ecstasy, and passes on at an early age, leaving the priceless legacy of his golden lyrics, to the Tamil world.

While Bharati is singing his songs of freedom, unknown to him and to the other two, contemporaries all the same, nineteen-year-old Radhakrishnan with luminous eyes and a clear vision is strolling along the water's edge, with a hundred beautiful thoughts simmering in his brain. He is self-possessed and calm and unaffected in the midst of the political harangues on the sea-beach. He has come to study in Madras and has been moulded by the gods in Tiruttani and Tirupati—Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva are one and the same to him. The foundations of his life have been built on the rock of spirituality and dharma. For over five thousand days from his infancy Radhakrishnan has seen the effulgence of the holy lamps in the great temples and heavenly light has fallen

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on the young devotee—life in the Christian College at Madras and the sermons of the missionaries do not affect him. His soul is in quest of knowledge and ancient Indian wisdom. Through study and contemplation, he takes refuge in Vedanta Philosophy, knowing that the goal of Advaita is the realisation of Brahman. He is only interested in the Science of the Atman, the Supreme Science, and he consecrates his life to the exposition of religion through Hinduism. Radhakrishnan has become a universal being and all religions are the same to him. His is a cosmic mind.

The third youth sitting quietly with his mother on the silvery sands in Triplicane, opposite to the great Parthasarathi temple, is Ramanujan. Bare-bodied, bare-footed, bare-headed, he is engrossed in solving a theorem on a piece of slate. His mother, gifted with occult powers, looks on. "Mathematics is my God" says Ramanujan. Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry fascinate him tremendously even from childhood. No wonder. Is not God, the greatest geometrician? Has not the Supreme Being set in motion the wheel, which moves round and round and the dance of life goes on?

Ramanujan is lost in meditation. The unseen Goddess of learning spurs him to do marvellous things. His passion for mathematics finally leads him on to far-off realms. Young Ramanujan wearing the badge of poverty and humility goes forth to conquer realms in thought and wears a crown. He is honoured in Cambridge University and becomes the first Fellow of the Royal Academy and secures a niche in the temple of fame. The child, who asked his mother the distances of the stars, is now a bright star in the firmament of Mathematics.

And now we come to the youngest of the galaxy, who in his 19th year, beheld a new world.

C. V. Raman is in his teens. He has won laurels in his boyhood, and

The life of Sir C. V. Raman has been one of unswerving devotion to the pursuit of knowledge and of unceasing service to the cause of science and the promotion of research in India. The award of the Nobel Prize represents the considered judgment of the scientific world on the fundamental character and enduring importance of Professor Raman's contribution to science. It places his name in a select list of famous men, the record of whose discoveries is also the history of modern science.

—Dr. J. C. Ghosh

On the occasion of the 75th birthday of Sir C. V. Raman, I feel proud to offer this message of felicitation. In my opinion, he is the one Indian who is a truly great scientist and who has done a great deal to put our country on the world map of science. He has remained devoted to scientific work all his life and it is difficult to find another like him. I had the privilege of learning my physics from him and like many of his numerous students, I can never forget his dynamic personality and singleness of purpose.

May God grant him a long and fruitful life.

—Dr. S. Bhagavantam
Scientific Adviser to Minister of Defence, Govt. of India.

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is now a laureate of science. Raman sees the boundless horizons in front of him standing on the terrace of the Presidency College in Madras. He gazes at the sapphire of the Indian ocean. He is fond of colours. The vast blue ocean before him and the limitless blue sky above fill him with awe and mystery. Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, these subjects interest him most although Raman is a many-sided genius. Night after night young Raman looks at the starry vault and is wonder-struck. The boy scientist is engrossed in his researches in the laboratory. He is working in the field of Optics. It is 1906. Raman sends a paper to the Philosophical Magazine in London. The first paper which is his best paper is published—Raman is thrilled. From that day he has been a votary of Science. He has dedicated his life to critical investigations and has covered half-a-century of scientific Research. What single-minded devotion to an ideal, what a choice of a career from his boyhood and what sacrifice of wealth, and what consecration of service to the regeneration of India!

There is no scientist like Dr. C.V. Raman in the whole of Asia. He is peerless! Today on the threshold of his 76th year this monarch of science, looks around the beauteous panorama in his retreat in Bangalore and feels grateful to that transcendental Power, whom he, and all of us, hail as Light.

The world of science knows Raman for the "Raman-Effect" but we feel happy that he has magnified the magic monosyllable "Ram" and has scattered the holy name of God throughout this universe. That is the greatest service this gifted Scientist has done for our beloved motherland

Blessed is Raman to have been born in India. May he cover a century of Scientific Research. ●●●

GANDHI & RAMAN

[*In the third week of May 1936, Gandhiji spent some days in Nandi Hill, Mysore State. One of the distinguished visitors who saw him there was Sir C. V. Raman in the company of Prof. Rahm, distinguished Biologist from Switzerland.*—ED.]

In the course of the conversation, Dr. Rahm asked Gandhiji: "If we cannot unite, religions, can't we fight atheism which seems to be so much on the increase?"

Sir C. V. Raman, who was sitting as a passive listener to the conversation, now said: "I shall answer your question. If there is a God, we must look for Him in the universe. If He is not there, He is not worth looking for. I am being looked upon in various quarters as an atheist, but I am not. The growing discoveries in the science of astronomy and physics seem to me to be further and further revelation of God. Mahatmaji, religions cannot unite. Science offers the best opportunity for a complete fellowship. All men of science are brothers."

"What about the converse?" asked Gandhi. "All who are not men of science are not brothers?"

Raman saw the joke and said, "But all can become men of science."

Then said Gandhi, "You will have to present a Kalma of science as Islam presents one."

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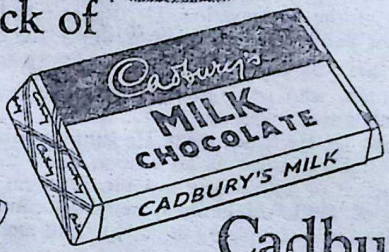

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drones etc. closely resembles some of our own organisations.

It is said that on a spring day that is sunny and when the trees are in flower, a bee scout, who has located the spot where it is possible to get a large amount of nectar, returns to the hive to give the news. Other bees eagerly gather around the scout who then proceeds to do a dance. From the postures in the dance he can indicate the direction and the distance at which he has located the blossoming of plants on a mass scale. There is great excitement in the hive and the workers go out in sorties to gather the nectar.

Orderly community life is not only to be found amongst insects but in most of the higher mammals as well, such as elephant, deer, antelopes, the monkey-tribe and many kinds of herbivores. Even carnivores have regular family lives, such as the lions and tigers who take much pains to teach their young how to hunt.

Amongst the elephants the devotion to the young is not confined to mothers. Often the aunties are more affectionate towards and solicitous of their nephews and nieces and look after them, and guard them with great care—even against the righteous indignation of the mothers against errant children.

Observers of packs of wolves have noted in great detail the ceremonial approaches and attitudes and the symbolic gestures adopted by the members low down in the hierarchy towards their superiors of various grades. The slant of the head, the slope of the ears, the angle at which the tail is held appear to be all prescribed like the complex formalities in any royal court of the human kind.

Of self-sacrifice for the cause of the tribe or the young ones, there are again admirable examples amongst birds and animals.

Sighting human beings, a kind of quail walks away slowly, pretends to be lame, falls down, gets up and leads the hunter farther and farther away from her nest.

The story is told of the loyalty to the communal cause of two baboons who were marching along with the whole troop in an orderly fashion to their resting place in a cave one evening. They happened to notice the sly approach of a panther. If the panther had succeeded in pouncing at the moving mass there would have been utter confusion in the baboon community. Not only would then the panther have killed quite a few of them, but many, including youngsters, would have lost their lives in the resulting stampede. But these two true patriots, as one might say, slowly marched back and made a daring jump at the neck of the unsuspecting panther whose gaze was rivetted on the main crowd. They bit him ferociously all around the neck. The panther easily killed them with two sweeping strokes of his powerful paws, but he too died, and the baboon community marched on to safety in regular order!

It is rarely realised how vast is our dependence on our feathered friends. Everyone knows that locusts cause enormous damage to crops. For controlling this exceedingly destructive pest, a world organisation has

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been set up, namely, the International Locust Control Agency. This organisation has found white storks and rose-coloured starlings to be most helpful in fighting the serious menace of locusts. The latter have their breeding grounds in Central Asia and the millions of birds which gather there bring up their chicks exclusively on a diet of locusts.

Crows are much maligned for their naughtiness, but it is forgotten that between them and the kites they clean up small dead animals, and a lot of garbage from human environments. The vultures do a wonderful job of scavenging the countryside and eating away all uncared-for carcasses. Owls, kestrels, mynahs, drongos and blue jays do enormous good to the farmer by devouring innumerable crop-damaging insects, mice etc. The reason why some birds ride on the backs of cows and buffaloes is that they want to get a larger field of vision for locating insects.

Others like the egrets follow cattle, ready to snap up in their long bills the insects which the cattle disturb. Even the common sparrow, which is treated with general contempt, destroys a lot of insect pests. Today there is too much emphasis on the large-scale use of pesticides and insecticides which not only kill the harmful insects, but also the beneficial ones whose agency is necessary for pollination of flowers; in addition these poisons kill the birds that eat the poisoned insects. The best insecticide, it is said, is the insect-eating bird.

Most people know how charming is the wooing of birds. The courtship dance of the peacock, our national bird, with its resplendent feathers outstretched, is one of the most spectacular sights of avian behaviour.

In Florida, the ugly-looking alligator, considered dangerous by common people, is prized because they keep in check the predators on fish. A lake without alligators is very poor in fish population. Hence it is that a few years ago, Florida passed a law protecting the alligator. A similar useful job is done by the equally ugly crocodile in India. But if you talk of any steps to offer protection to the crocodile, there is a lot of misinformed and carping criticism in this country.

All of us know how keen the sense of smell is in certain animals. Dogs have been used by the police to trace criminals by the scent which their foot prints leave. In birds the eyesight is extremely keen. Observation has shown that a swallow flying at 40 miles an hour can see a gnat a hundred yards away. A hawk can see a mouse from a height of three hundred feet!

Other animals and birds have the strangest capacities of perception. It is now known that bats, which are really flying mammals, have a regular radar or sonar system. They emit bleeps of high frequency inaudible to human beings. The echoes of these bleeps bouncing off insects are detected by bats who swoop upon their prey in blinding darkness with admirable precision, at the same time steering clear of walls and other obstacles—sometimes even in and out of a number of thin wires stretched

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across an unlighted room. They have been known to fly through rapidly rotating fan blades unhurt—by the aid of this same mechanism.

Another strange sense of the feathered folk is that of direction in migratory birds. Ducks and geese travel thousands of miles to get to their breeding places. And often, year after year, they come to the same spot. How they manage to find their way across seas and continents is still a mystery to man. Some of the long distance aeronauts are the North American Golden Plover which travels 5000 miles over the sea each year, and the Arctic tern which flies from the Arctic to the Antarctic—a distance of about 11,000 miles, and back again the same distance at the end of the season. One is reminded of those magnificent lines of William Cullen Bryant addressed "To a Waterfowl"—

"Whither, midst falling dew
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and the illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon thy toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, over thy sheltered nest."

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And he ends by saying—

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

How can humanity dissociate itself from these magnificent creatures of the earth, air and water—living things possessing greater powers of perception, feeling, affection than ours! Ancient oriental wisdom had constantly placed emphasis on the unity of all earthly life. The march of science is gradually bringing us back to the same point. And yet, we the descendants of the great oriental sages appear to be hopelessly impervious to the urges of the wisdom distilled either from ancient philosophy or from modern science.

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The Sun-God Temple of Arasavilli

D. V. Seetaramaswamy

THE famous Sun-God temple situated in Arasavilli village which is at a distance of about two miles east of Srikakulam town, the headquarters of the coastal District in Andhra Pradesh, is one of the ancient and very few Sun-God temples in our country.

The *Sthala Purana* of this temple narrates that Lord Devendra had founded this temple and installed the existing Idol of the Sun-God, commonly known as Lord Suryanarayanaswamy Varu, under the following circumstances.

Once Lord Devendra, ignoring the words of the gate-keeper Nandi, attempted to force his entry into the ancient temple of Sri Rudrakoteswaraswamy Varu (which is still existing in its glory, to the west of Srikakulam town, on the banks of the sacred river Nagavali) at an untimely hour when Lord Siva was alone with His consort. The gate-keeper Nandi, in the discharge of his duties, kicked the intruder. Thus kicked and injured by the divine attendant, Indra fell down senseless about two miles away.

And in his unconscious state Indra dreamt that he would be relieved of his pain of injury in his chest caused by Nandi if he built a temple and installed an Idol of the Sun-God.

After regaining his consciousness, he remembered what he dreamt. Following his dream, he picked up handfuls of earth three times at the place where he lay, and there he found this beautiful Idol of Sun-God with His three consorts, Usha, Padmini and Chaya.

At the base of the Idol are the figures of Mathala and Pingala, the *dwarapalakas* (gate-keepers) and high up are the two divine saints, Sanaka and Sanandana, holding *chamaras*. The Sun-God is depicted as riding over a chariot drawn by seven horses, driven by Aruna, the *Ratha-sarathy*. All these figures are exquisitely carved out of a single black finely polished granite stone.

Historical Importance of the Temple

Archaeological experts say that the stone-inscriptions available in the temple throw some light to the effect that Devendra Varma, the ruler of the Kalinga kingdom, must have built this temple and installed the image of the Sun-God in it in the latter half of the 7th century. The translation of the stone-inscriptions reveals the donation of some lands made to the Sun-God for perpetual lamps to be installed in the temple, to run a school and a hostel for the pupils learning Sastras and Vedas.

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These donations are stated to have been made by the successors of the Kalinga King, Devendra Varma prior to 11th century A.D.

The temple is built in such a way as to make the Sun-rays focus on the feet of the God twice in a year in the months of February and June in the early hours of the day. The rays so focussed on the feet of the Idol through the five entrance-gates of the temple remain for a few minutes.

Worship of Sun-God

This temple has the unique feature of attracting and drawing the people of different sects, cults and creeds together and make them believe that God is one and there is no difference between Siva and Kesava.

The five Idols (*Panchayatana*) installed in a particular place in the temple, namely (1) Aditya (2) Ambika (3) Vishnu (4) Ganesa and (5) Maheswara, represent all the faiths.

Finally, the devotees visiting this temple go and worship the presiding deity, the Sun-God, about whom the Puranas speak as the embodiment of Trimurties: Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara. The Lord who sees physically everything in the course of His daily round over the universe and who fully understands the truth behind all things, is not only regarded as Pratyaksha-Daivam (Visible God) but also the source and sustainer of all life.

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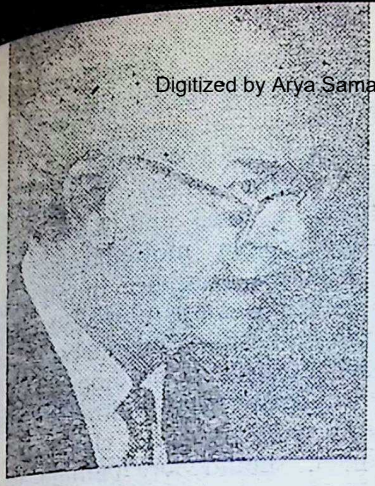

Our Fortnightly Profile—183

Dr. Linus Pauling

IN awarding the Nobel Peace Prize this year to U.S. Scientist Dr. Linus Carl Pauling, the Academy has evidently been influenced by the integrity and moral conviction of the man of science against nuclear menace to humanity rather than his personal achievements in science. Indeed he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1954 itself. Thus, Dr. Pauling along with Madam Curie shares the merit of becoming a Nobel Laureate twice. And it is most appropriate that this award was announced on the day the Test-ban treaty was ratified by the three Great Powers.

This stormy petrel among scientists is soft-spoken but is outspoken to a fault. In a television interview he was asked once whether he agreed with the scientist who said that the more he studied science, the more did he become sure about the existence of God. Dr. Pauling replied: "My experience has been different; in a sense almost opposite". This only shows he is no dissembler of his views, whether they are right or wrong. On another occasion, he shocked a political audience by the statement: "The problem of atomic war should not be confused by minor problems like communism *versus* capitalism."

A rebel by nature, it was not surprising that some of Dr. Pauling's statements were for long construed as leftist and he was considered a fellow traveller by the U.S. Administration. In 1952, the State Department refused him passport to go to Russia because of his suspected communist leanings. At the same time Soviet Scientists shuddered at his name because his theory of molecular bonds was outlawed in Stalinist Russia as incompatible with Soviet ideology. Eventually, however, he received a limited passport and after the first Nobel Award, got unlimited passport.

Dr. Pauling is admired by other scientists, although they consider him a trifle utopian in his outlook. Before we learn of his contributions to science, let us have a quick look at his educational and professional background. Dr. Pauling was born in Portland, Oregon, on February 28, 1901. He is of German and English ancestry. He was graduated from Oregon State College in 1922 and received a Ph.D. at the California Institute of Technology in 1925. As a Guggenheim Fellow he studied in Munich, Zurich and Copenhagen. He became Professor of Chemistry at Catech in 1931 and in 1937 became head of the Chemistry division and

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director of the Gates and Crellin Laboratories of the Institute. During World War II, Dr. Pauling was a member of the explosives division of the National Defence Research Commission and later with the office of Scientific Research and Development.

In the thirties Dr. Pauling published a series of papers on the nature of the chemical bond. In them he developed a broad electronic theory based on quantum mechanics. In the words of Dr. Joseph E. Mayer of the Columbia University these "papers on the nature of the chemical bond and of resonance have altered even the language of organic chemistry." It is said that from the groundwork thus laid by Dr. Pauling has flowed all the synthetic textiles and plastic materials of today.

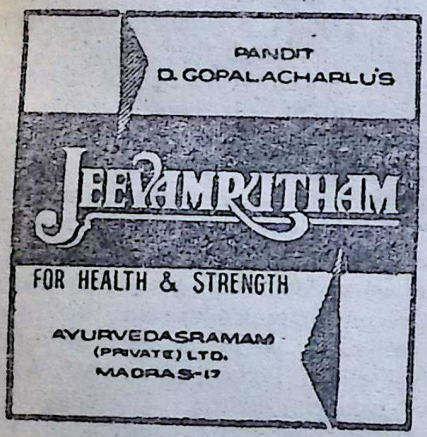
This does not exhaust his work. In the early fifties, he turned his attention to biochemistry where he did important work in immunology. He was so fascinated by the disciplines of this branch of science that he gave up his position as head of the chemical engineering department of the Institute in 1958 and started studying the protein molecule which is the principal substance of all animal and plant life. He is now said to have set the ball rolling on uncovering the mystery of life. One hopes he will not duplicate Vishvamitra of old!

Now will it become clear why, of all men, should Dr. Pauling worry his head over-much about the repercussions of exploding the hydrogen bomb on the human race. He knows exactly what it will do. It is current history that in his crusade against the atom bomb he sued the Defence Department and the AEC of the U.S. in 1958 in court although infructuously. He braved Macarthyite persecution and risked citation for contempt of Congress by refusing to divulge the names of scientists who had helped him in his "Ban the Bomb" campaign.

During the War years, Dr. Pauling had employed an American-born youth of Japanese descent as his gardener. Result: His house was plastered with signs "Jap Lovers!"

Sharp-nosed, bespectacled, alert and good-humoured, Dr. Pauling has great reason to feel gratified today that his case has been understood and stand approved by the wide world.

Dr. Pauling has been honoured by many other countries as well. He received the Gandhi Peace Prize in 1962 and was elected to the Soviet Academy of Scientists. Married to Ava Helen Miller, the Paulings have one son and three daughters.



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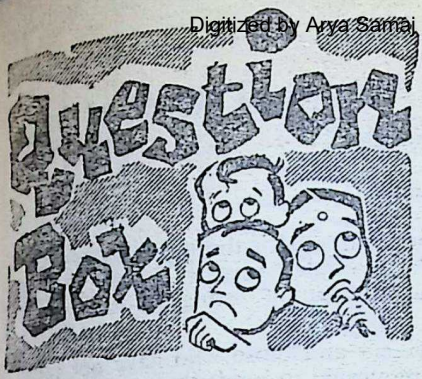


ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

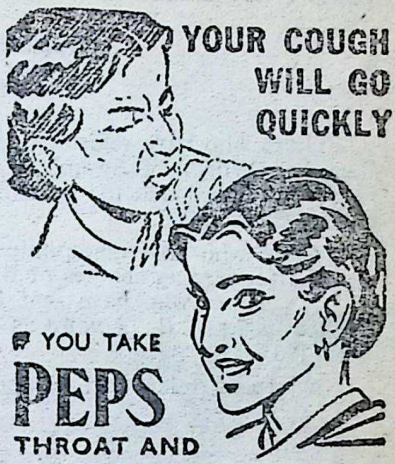
1119

Sri N.V.U. Warrier, Bombay-22.

Q: *Are not self-control and self-torture against the order of nature? Why do we persevere in cultivating them?*

A: Self-control is not self-torture. Self-control, by regulating the animal instincts in man, like greed, fear and wrath, transmutes them into aspirations for values like Truth, Love and Beauty. No one can live without exercising some sort of self-control. Wholesome self-control makes the life useful and satisfying. When self-control becomes *tapas*, it makes life pure, and purity is the mother of beauty in human relations.

Self-torture is the imposition of rigid and thoughtless restraint on normal functioning of the human nature. It represses the animal instincts, does not transmute them into aspirations, and arrests the growth of the personality.



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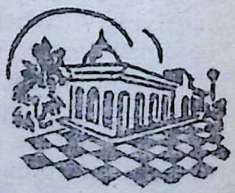

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When in Distress Pray to God

DEFEATED in the game of dice, according to the wager that he had agreed to, Dharmaputra had to leave the Kingdom along with his brothers and wife and live in the forest for twelve years and stay away *incognito* for another year.

The Pandava brothers were renowned for their regard for *dharma* and their sense of hospitality. So, even when they lived in the forest, a number of good and holy men used to visit them. In keeping with the rules of *grihasthaasrama*, it was Draupadi's duty to feed the guests who came to their abode in the forest every day. In this predicament, she prayed to the Sun-god to help her to feed her guests. Pleased with her prayer, the Sun-god bestowed on her a divine vessel known as *Akshaya-paatra* from which would issue as much food as would be needed to feed the guests. her husbands and

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herself. After she had eaten, which would be after all others had eaten, the vessel would not yield any more food.

Thanks to this miraculous vessel, the Pandavas were able to treat their numerous guests every day to a sumptuous dinner and they were happy that they were able to do so. They spent their time in a care-free manner engaging themselves in holy discourse with the anchorites who used to visit them.

The Kaurava Prince Duryodhana heard from his spies that his cousins, the Pandavas, were none the worse for their banishment and that they were living in the forest as comfortably as they used to do in the city. Ever intent on doing them harm, in consultation with Sakuni and Dussaasana, who were his evil advisers, Duryodhana was hatching a plot to make them miserable.

Just at that time, there came to his palace Sage Durvaasa, famous for his quick temper and for the terrible curses he would pronounce in his fits of anger. Durvaasa came there attended by his numerous disciples. Duryodhana accorded to him a royal welcome with every mark of respect and prayed to him to accept his hospitality. Durvaasa agreed and pleased with his host's attentions, he stayed in the palace for a few days.

Durvaasa was a difficult guest. Suddenly he would say: "I am very hungry; give me food this moment." Then he would go to the river to bathe. Coming back, he would say: "No, I do not wish to eat now, I am not hungry". Another time, he would appear suddenly and demand

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that he and his disciples should be fed immediately.

Obedient to his every command, Duryodhana served him day and night in a punctilious manner. Durvaasa was mightily pleased with him and said: "Duryodhana, ask of me any boon that you desire. I shall grant it. There is nothing which is just and proper that you cannot obtain from me."

Hearing these words of the *rishi*, Duryodhana breathed in relief. He had already decided, in consultation with his advisers, what boon to ask.

Addressing the *rishi*, he said: "Holy sir, among us Yudhishthira is the eldest. He is a *dharmaatma*. He lives in the forest with his brothers. Of noble character, he is known for his exemplary conduct. Even as you honoured me by being my guest, I request that you will honour him too in the same way. I beg that you will go to him after the Pandava brothers and their guests have taken their food and Draupadi too has finished her meal and is preparing to rest. If you would confer a boon on me, pray go to them at that time."

Durvaasa assented and took leave of Duryodhana, who was inwardly gloating that he had hatched a successful plot to bring about the undoing of the Pandavas.

Along with Dussaasana and Karna, he was eagerly awaiting the sequel to his nefarious scheme.

Then, one day, learning that the Pandavas had all finished their meal and Draupadi too had had hers, Durvaasa went to their forest home. Dharmaputra saw him coming at a distance. Attended by his brothers,

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he ran forth to receive him. Making his *pranams* to the *rishi*, he made him sit in a place of honour and requested him to accept his hospitality.

"Bhagwan!" said he, "pray, finish your bath and your ablutions in the river and come back quickly for your dinner which will be waiting for you."

The *rishi* hastened to the river along with his disciples, asking himself "How will he feed me and my disciples after the *Akshayapaatra* has been put by?" Reaching the river he plunged into it.

Meanwhile, Draupadi on learning of the arrival of Durvaasa was perplexed as to how to find food for those unexpected guests particularly as they appeared after the usual hour. She could see no way out of this dire predicament. She knew what would happen if she caused anger to the sage.

In the extremity of her distress, her thoughts fled to Krishna who was her protector, in moments of her despair. She called to him for succour and said: "Oh my Krishna! Thou art the Lord of the universe; Thou art its creator, preserver and destroyer; Thou art the beginning, the middle and the end of everything; Thou art the source and sustenance of all; I resign myself to You. Thou art my refuge. Pray protect me from the *rishi's* anger. Help me out of this grave situation. Didst not Thou save my honour when Dussaasana sought to outrage my modesty? Pray, hasten to help me now as before."

At Dwarka, Krishna heard this appeal of Draupadi. At once he jumped out of his couch pushing Rukmini aside. In a trice he appeared

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before Draupadi in her forest home.

Draupadi was beside herself with joy to see her Lord and Protector. She began to narrate to him her plight in respect of Durvaasa's visit.

Krishna cut her short and said: "Draupadi, I cannot hear all your stories now. Give me some food this moment; I am terribly hungry myself."

The poor lady stood abashed. She had nothing to give Him. "Lord!" she said, "we have all finished our meal. The *Akshayapaatra* has been cleaned and put by. It will give no more food this day. What shall I do?"

Krishna said: "Dear Draupadi, I cannot be put off like this. I am dying of hunger. Go in at once, bring the vessel and let me see it."

Compelled by Krishna, Draupadi went in, brought the vessel and set it before Him. Krishna saw a small bit of a vegetable sticking at the inside of the pot. He scraped it with His fingers; He put it into His mouth and swallowed it saying: "May the Supreme God immanent in all beings be satisfied with this offering; may the Lord of the sacrifice too be pleased."

Then, turning to Sahadeva, He bade him go to the river and bring Durvaasa and his disciples quickly to the hermitage for their meal, and disappeared.

Getting up from their dip in the river, Durvaasa's disciples looked at each other in amazement. Addressing their *guru*, they said: "We came to the river, Sir, after bidding Dharmaputra prepare a meal for us. Rising up from the water, we feel we have had a full meal and that we cannot

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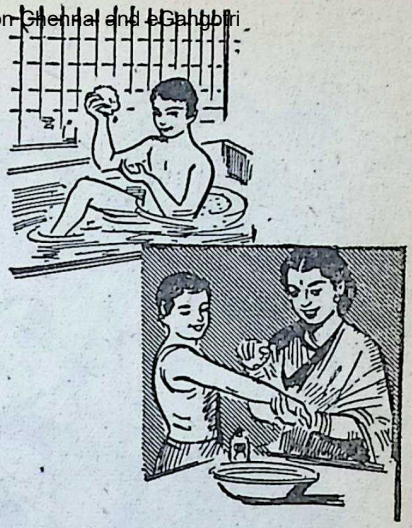

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eat anything more. What has been prepared for us will be wasted. Pray, tell us what we should do."

Durvaasa who was in the same state as they, said: "Great indeed will be our offence if we do not turn up for the meal specially made for us. Remembering what happened to me when I offended Ambarisha on a former occasion, I dread the consequence of my trifling with the devotees of God. The Pandavas are good men, constant to *dharma*. They are valiant and brave; learned in all the arts of war and peace. Leading a disciplined life, they are given to austere *tapas*. More than all, they are ardent devotees of God. If angered, they will burn everything before them. Therefore, I dread to meet them now. We shall take to our heels before they come to the river to take us to their place."

And so, all of them—Durvaasa and his disciples—ran away from the river, afraid to face the Pandavas.

Sahadeva could find no trace of them at the bathing ghat and reported the fact to Dharmaputra. The brothers waited for them for long. Finding that they did not appear, they resumed their rest and repose.

Krishna who remained invisible all this while, appeared before them and said: "I understood that you were in danger of being visited with the *rishi's* anger. Draupadi appealed to me for help and I hastened here to protect you. There is not the slightest cause for you to dread Durvaasa's curse. Afraid to appear before you, he and his *chelas* have already fled away from here. Let me assure you: no harm will befall those who are constant to *dharma*. Do not be anxious. And now, give me leave; let me go back."

Hearing these words of the Lord, the Pandavas and Draupadi felt very much relieved in mind and said: "By Your grace, Govinda, we have survived this great danger. Grant our prayer that You will be with us and protect us always."

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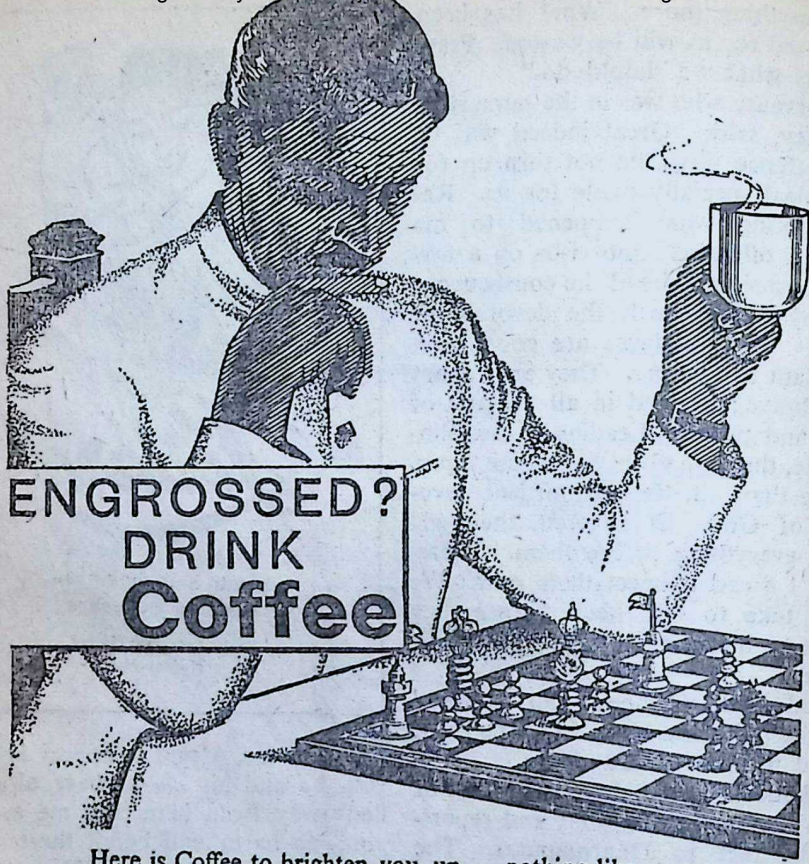

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THE STORY SO FAR

DURING the Great Famine in Bengal Mahendra Singh quitted his village with his wife Kalyani and only child. On the way he lost them both as they were carried away by a gang of robbers. Kalyani and the child escaped through the kindly help of an old ascetic. Bhavananda who recognised Mahendra Singh told him of the determination of the ascetic brotherhood and took him to Ananda Math, where his wife and child were sheltered. At the monastery Mahendra Singh expressed a desire to join the cause to which the ascetics had dedicated themselves. He then set out from there with his wife and child towards his village, Padachinha. On the way, both the latter were poisoned. Mahendra and the old ascetic, Satyananda who joined him later were taken prisoners by Nazir-ud-din and his sepoys who came that way. Jivananda rescued Mahendra's child and took her to his house in the neighbouring village. He meets his wife there.

16. Heroic Shanti

THE young woman who entered the room was about twenty-five years of age; but she did not look a day older than Nimi. Though she was dressed in torn and tattered clothes, the whole room seemed to be lit up with her beauty. It was as though the buds covered with foliage had suddenly burst into bloom. It was as though a bottle of rose water hermetically sealed had been broken and the fragrance scatterd. It was as though scented incense had been cast into a fire making it luminous and fragrant.

The attractive woman who entered the room looked about for her husband. At first she could not find him. Then she found Jivananda in the courtyard; his head was resting against the trunk of a mango tree and he was weeping. The beautiful woman approached him slowly and took his hand. It cannot be asserted that there were no tears in her eyes. Only God knew that if the gushing tears had not been held back, they would have inundated Jivananda. But she did not allow the tears to flow. She held Jivananda's hand in her own and said: "My beloved lord, do not weep. I know that you are weeping for my sake. You should be unhappy only if I am discontented with my lot. I am quite satisfied with the present arrangement."

Jivananda raised his head, wiped his eyes and said: "Shanti, why are you wearing this tattered cloth? I have not left you in poverty. I had left enough for your needs."

To which Shanti replied: "I am keeping your money for you. I do not know what to do with money. When

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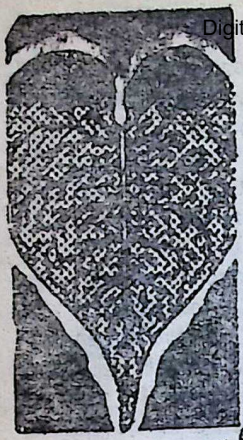

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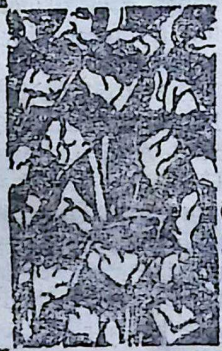

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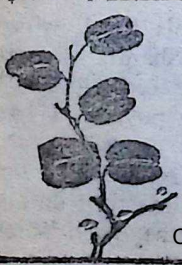

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you return and when you take me back as your wife...".

Jivananda exclaimed: "What did you say, Shanti? Take you back? Have I abandoned you?"

Shanti replied: "No, you have not abandoned me. I mean, when your vow is fulfilled and you are free once more to love me...".

Before Shanti could complete her sentence, Jivananda had clasped her in a tight embrace. Resting his head on her shoulders, he remained silent for a while. Then with a deep sigh, he exclaimed: "Why did I see you again?"

"Have you really violated the vow which you had taken?" asked Shanti.

Jivananda replied: "It does not matter. I can expiate for it by doing penance. But having seen you, I cannot think of going back. That is why I told Nimi that there was no purpose in meeting you now. It is impossible for me to go back after having seen you. If on one scale were to be placed all the good things of life, all my vows and my yearnings and on the other were to be yourself, which would weigh more? I cannot tell what is my country to me. You are everything to me. If you are with me, any place in God's creation is heaven to me. Why should I fight for the sake of the country? Is it not because the people are suffering? Who can suffer so much as the sinner who has left a wife like you? Who is more oppressed with the pangs of poverty than the husband who has seen you dressed in tattered clothes? You are my helpmate in my faith. Why should I care for a religion which compels me to abandon your support? What do I gain by wandering, gun in hand, from place to place, from forest to forest, killing people? I do not know when the Children of the Mother will be able to conquer the country. But I do know that even now you are completely in my possession. You are more precious to me than the world. You are my heaven. Let us go home. I have no desire to go back."

Shanti could not reply for a while. Then she said softly: "My love, this is disgraceful. You are a real hero. I am proud to be the wife of such a hero. A woman is worthless. For such a creature, will you give up the duty of a hero? Do not love me. I do not crave that happiness. Assure me that you will never forsake your faith—the path of a hero. But do tell me one thing before you leave. What penance have you to do for having broken your vow?"

"It's a trifle," replied Jivananda. "I have to undertake a fast and pay a fine of 12 *kahans* of cowries."

Shanti smiled and said: "I know what it is. The penance for one failing is the same as the one for a thousand failings."

Jivananda was surprised and asked: "If that is so, what is in your mind?"

Shanti replied: "I have one request to make. Do not make any penance before meeting me again."

With a smile on his lips, Jivananda said: "You need have no fears on that account. I shall certainly not die without seeing you. In fact, I am in no great hurry to die. I do not want to linger here any longer. But I have not yet feasted my eyes enough on your beauty. Soon I will have that

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opportunity. Now I am leaving. I too have a request to make. Give up wearing these tattered clothes; and go and live in my paternal house."

"Where are you going now?" asked Shanti.

Jivananda replied: "I am going to the monastery to see the ascetic. I am anxious because of the way in which he went to the city. If he is not in the monastery, I must go to the city."

17. Kalyani Restored to Life

BHAVANANDA was seated in the monastery, chanting the sacred name of Hari. Then Jivananda, one of the Children came there. "What is the matter, Gosain? Why are you so sad?" asked Bhavananda.

"Everything is going wrong," replied Jivananda. "Because of yesterday's incident, every person clad in saffron robes is being arrested by the Mussulmans. Most of the Children have discarded their saffron clothes. But Satyananda, clad in saffron, has gone all alone towards the city. I am afraid that he might have fallen into the hands of the Mussulmans."

"The Mussulman who can keep him in prison will not live long in Bengal," replied Bhavananda. "I know that Dhirananda has already followed him. Still I will also go to the city. Please look after the monastery."

With these words, Bhavananda entered a secret chamber and took out some clothes from a huge chest. Suddenly Bhavananda was transformed. He had discarded his saffron robes and wiped off the sandal paste marks on his forehead. He was dressed in Mussulman clothes and looked like a handsome young Moghul.

Thus dressed, Bhavananda set out, fully armed.

A couple of miles away, there were two hillocks densely covered with trees. Between the two hills, there was a lonely place where a number of horses were kept. That was the stable of the monastery. Bhavananda selected one of the horses and rode towards the city.

As he was galloping, he stopped suddenly. On the banks of the roaring rivulet, he saw a woman's form dazzlingly beautiful like a star dropped from the skies or a streak of lightning descended from the clouds. There was no sign of life in her. There was an empty phial of poison by her side. Bhavananda was taken aback; he was agitated and frightened.

Like Jivananda, Bhavananda had never seen Mahendra's wife or daughter. Jivananda could, after seeing Mahendra and Satyananda being led captive by the Mussulmans, surmise that the two were the wife and daughter of Mahendra. But that opportunity was denied to Bhavananda; the child was no longer there.

Seeing the phial of poison, he came to the conclusion that some woman had committed suicide. He dismounted and sat near the body. He was pensive for a while, with his head resting on his hands. Then he examined the body, feeling the head, under the shoulder, the heart, hands,

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and feet. He muttered to himself: "It is not yet too late. But why should I bring her back to life?" He pondered over it for some time.

Then he went into the forest and pulled out some herbs. He crushed the herbs in his hands, and forced the juice into the mouth of the lifeless form. He poured the same juice into her nostrils; and then massaged her body with it. He went on repeating the same process, placing his hand now and then near the nostrils to find out if there was any respiration.

It looked as though all his efforts were fruitless. But after a long time, Bhavananda's face was lit up with hope. He could feel a faint trace of breathing. He then applied more juice of the herbs till the respiration became more pronounced. He felt the pulse; the heart had started working again.

At last Kalyani opened her eyes gradually, like the first rosy flush of dawn in the east, like the first blooming of the lotus, like the first shaft from the quiver of love. Kalyani was not yet fully conscious. Bhavananda lifted her to the horse and rode fast towards the city.

18. The Children Strike

BEFORE evening the brotherhood of the Children of the Mother had come to know that Satyananda and Mahendra had been taken prisoners. Slowly the Children began to assemble in groups of ten and twenty, in the forest near the monastery. Everyone was armed. Anger was sparking from their eyes; and pride was writ large on their faces. At first there were a hundred children. Soon it swelled to a thousand, then a couple of thousand and still more and more Children continued to pour in.

Then standing at the entrance of the monastery with sword in hand, Jnanananda spoke in strident tones: "We have long been thinking of breaking up the Mussulman's pernicious nest of birds. We wanted to smash these enemies of our religion and throwing them down the river. We intended to reduce this pig-sty to ashes and rid the motherland of its presence. Brethren! The time has come. Our Gurudeva who is exalted above all, wise beyond measure, pure and untainted, an embodiment of patriotism, ready to look after the welfare of his disciples, eager to sacrifice his life for truth, whom we consider to be an incarnation of God—this leader of ours is today imprisoned by the Mussulmans. Is there no edge to our swords?"

Throwing out his arms, Jnanananda asked: "Is there no strength left in our arms?" Then striking his chest, he asked: "Is there no courage in our hearts?"

He continued: "Brethren! Our arms are endowed with indomitable strength due to the blessings of Him who with effortless ease annihilated such powerful *asuras* like Hiranyakasipu, Kamsa, Dhantavakra and Sisupala. So long as we have the blessings of that foundation of strength, victory is assured. Come on, let us

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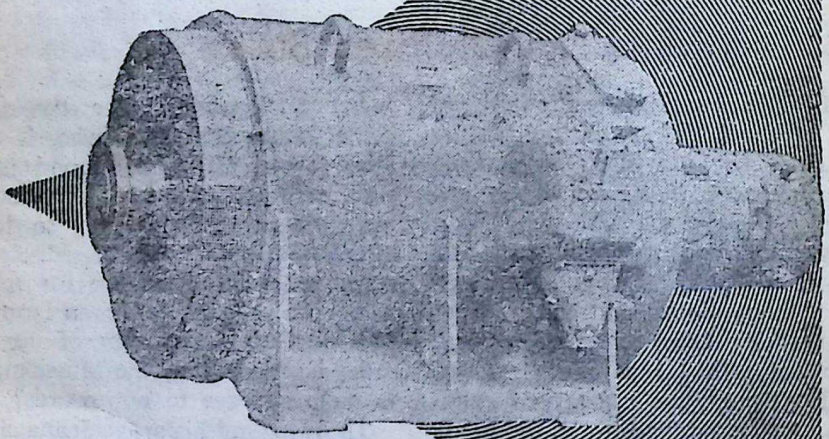

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go and reduce to dust the city of those sinners. Let us burn that pigsty. Let us break that pernicious nest and scatter the twigs and straws to the four winds. Oh Brethren! Chant with me:

"O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

A thousand voices chanted in refrain:

O Hari! O Murari! O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!

A thousand swords flashed. A thousand spears were raised high. A thousand pairs of hands clapped. The denizens of the forest were frightened by the terrible din and scampered off in many directions. A thousand drums were sounded. In serried ranks, the Children marched out of the forest. In that dark night, chanting the name Hari, they advanced towards the city with measured steps. As they marched along, there could be heard the rustling of clothes, the rattling of arms and the loud chanting of the name of Hari. As the army of the Children entered the city with anger in their hearts, the citizens were stricken with terror. The latter took to their heels and fled from the city. The sentinels and soldiers were taken by surprise.

The Children first proceeded towards the prison, killed the guards and broke it open. They released Satyananda and Mahendra. They danced with joy, chanting the name of Hari. Then they set fire to the houses of the Mussulmans. Satyananda exhorted them: "Brethren! let us go back. No purpose will be served by this useless destruction."

Meanwhile having heard of the atrocities of the Children, the authorities sent a regiment of sepoys to suppress them. They possessed not only guns but also a cannon. The Children heard about the arrival of the sepoys and advanced from the monastery to fight them. But of what use were their lathis, spears and a few guns before a cannon? The Children were worsted and they started to run.

[To be continued]

[End of Part I]

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Notes & News

DR. ZAKIR HUSAIN'S VISIT TO BHAVAN:

DR. ZAKIR HUSAIN, Vice-President of India will pay a visit to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on Friday, November 8, 1963 and inaugurate Bhavan's New One-Rupee series of books and the Marathi Edition of Bhavan's University Series. Here is a summary of the programme. He arrives at the Central Home of the Bhavan at Chaupatti at 9.30 a.m. After Prayer and Vedic invocation, Kulapati K. M. Munshi will deliver the welcome address. Dr. Zakir Husain will then deliver the Inaugural address and release the new series of books. Sri R. R. Diwakar, Jt. Editor of Bhavan's Book University series will speak on the occasion. After a visit to the different departments of the Bhavan Dr. Zakir Husain will have tea with Kulapati at the latter's residence.

On November 9, he will visit the Bhavan's Campus at Andheri where he will be the Chief Guest at the Annual day of the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering.

DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR

DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR, leading educationist of Madras has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University for the eighth term in succession. Dr. Mudaliar is the Chairman of the Madras Kendra of the Bhavan.

SHRI M. P. L. SASTRY

SRI M. P. L. SASTRY, the Joint Secretary of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra, has been appointed a member of the Programme Advisory Committee of the Bangalore station of All-India Radio, for two years.

KALIDASA JAYANTI:

KALIDASA JAYANTI was celebrated at Madurai city on 29th September under the auspices of 'Samskrita Nilayam', Govinda Dasa Seva Samajam. The Celebration included ceremonies such as Pooja, Archana, Veda Parayanam and Aradhana, besides lectures on Kalidasa and his works.

LEADERS TO BE HONOURED

THE Senate of the M. S. University of Baroda decided on October 14 to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters on President Dr. Radhakrishnan; and that of Doctor of Laws on Dr. K. M. Munshi and Sri V. T. Krishnamachari.

□□□

ANNOUNCEMENT

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OUR BOOK SHELF

SANSKRIT

SIVAGITA BHASHYAM: Text with commentary thereon by H. H. Jagadguru Sri Nrisimha Bharati Swamigal. Foreword by H. H. Jagadguru Sri Abhinava Vidyatirtha. Published by Sringeri Jagadguru Samasthan, Sringeri,(*via*) Kadur. pp. 240+ iv. Price not mentioned.

PERPLEXITIES, doubts, hesitancy and wavering—these assail the mind of even the tallest among men, at one time or another. This is more so in the case of divine incarnations, if only to emphasise the cardinal truth that such a mood of scepticism is natural in the evolution of man to Superman, the human to the Divine. Usually such doubts are resolved by the words, no less than the example, of a mastermind, to wit, a sage or the Lord Himself. It is in this context that the famous *Bhagawat Gita* was born. We come across many such *Gitas* in our Puranas. *Siva Gita,* is one such and it finds pride of place in the *Padma Purana.* Inconsolable in grief over the separation from his beloved Sita, Sree Ramachandra pines and spends his weary hours in the forest, wandering. Here, he meets Sage Agastya, who, in his soothing discussion with him, instructs him about the glory and virtues of Sagunopasana and the ineffable truth of Adwaitic Experience. This is the gist of *Siva Gita.*

It is but meet that such an abstruse discussion or *dissertation* must needs raise and settle many a knotty doctrinal point.

The work under review embodies the text with the forceful and facile commentary thereon by H. H. Sacchidananda Nrisimha Bharati Swamigal, the Pontiff who adorned the Sharada Peetha, Sringeri during the years 1599-1662. We learn from the *Gurumukhi kavya* that the revered Swamiji had composed the commentary and had it taught to the then reigning King, Kaladi Venkatappa Nayaka.

The Swamiji was a rare genius. He had a rare penchant for learning. Deeply versed in the traditional *shastras* and sculptures, he was also a master of Mantra-sastra and Yoga. He was a great *jivan-mukta* who experienced the Adwaita Anubhava in his life. Drawing on this mine of knowledge and keeping himself to the shastric mode of reasoning, he lays bare the fundamental Adwaitic purport of the verses and lights up many a dark passage through the torch of his incisive logic. It would be presumptuous for us to speak of the versatility of this great Acharya. However, as instances in point, we may refer to the introduction to this work, where the Swamiji in a masterly analysis of the concept of Moksha in the Shad-Darsanas, evaluates it, exposing the limitations of all but the Adwaitic point of view of the matter. Again, the commentary on verses 27 and 31 in chapter 2 and verse 23 in chapter 3 will be found to be an elevating, instructive and rewarding study by those interested in our religion and philosophy. In fact, it can be safely asserted that his scholarly discussions in the course of the commentary, do by themselves constitute an original work on Adwaita. A great work such as *Siva Gita* has, thanks to this commentary gained in its grandeur, sublimity and appeal.

Mutts, such as the Sharada Peetha, of Sringeri are centres of learning and light and it is in the fitness of things that the Mutt, under the present Swamiji H. H. Sri Abhinava Vidyathirtha Swamigal as part of its noble mission of propagating our religion and philosophical truths has been exerting its utmost in publishing such gems. Already he has published the *Viveka-chudamani* of Bhagawan Adi Sankaracharya with the commentary of H. H. Chandrasekhara Bharati Swamigal. We now look forward to many more such additions to this list.

Athreya Tirumal A. V. Dikshitar

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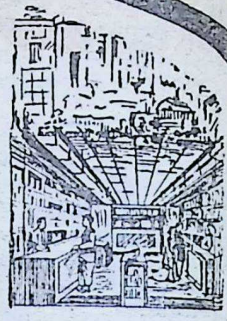

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CLASSICAL SANSKRIT LITERATURE by Sri V. Gopala Iyengar, M.A., Retired Professor of Sanskrit. Published by the author himself at 34, Bhaktapuri Street, Kumbakonam. Third edition, 1963. Price: Rs. 4.00.

THE book was first published in 1959 and a second edition came out in the following year. That a third edition became necessary within such a short time is itself proof of the popularity of the book. The book was written for the use of students and the author has taken care to make it useful and interesting to the general readers who wish to acquaint themselves with the treasures of Sanskrit Literature. The book deals only with the Classical Sanskrit literature and confines itself to the literary art, avoiding technical literature. This is the portion prescribed for the University students who prepare for the Degree Examinations. The author is classical and conservative in his treatment of the subject; the views that are held by the modern scholars regarding historical facts and regarding artistic values are presented in full. Thus we have the theory of the evolution of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* through a series of stages and they are not accepted as unitary in character being the production of a single artist. The book contains only about 250 pages and as such, the treatment of the subject must be brief. The facts necessary for a grasp of the literature are given and there are also occasional notes of a critical nature added by the author himself. The main part of the book is followed by three appendices. The verses cited in the book are given together in the first appendix; there is a list of authors and works given in the second and a chronological chart is added as the third appendix. Here the authors are arranged from century to century, starting with Ashvaghosha in the first century. Bhasa is put to the third and Kalidasa to the fifth centuries. This shows the classical and conservative approach of the author. The Puranas are given with their contents and other details. The Kavyas are called "Court Epics". All the Kavyas cover only 30 pages. The dramas take up 65 pages. For some unavoidable reasons, Sanskrit words and even passages are given in popular spelling; but the first appendix gives the passages in Devanagari. The book contains facts and a little of appreciative remarks. It is a useful publication and it will interest those who want to have some idea of the contents of Sanskrit Literature in its outline. The author had considerable experience in handling the subject and the treatment is clear, though very brief.

—*Dr. C. Kunhan Raja*

INDIAN CHRONOLOGY: (8231 B.C. to 1963 A.C.) By Dr. D.S. Triveda. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 1963. Price: Rs. 5/-; Sh.9; $ 2.50.

NEARLY four decades ago the Headmaster of a High School in South India penned an open letter to the Oriental Conference, questioning the validity of the synchronism of Alexander the Great with Chandragupta Maurya and opining that the contemporary of Alexander was Chandragupta of the Gupta dynasty. He characterised the usual view as the basic blunder of the orientalists. The present author holds the same view and refers to "the recognized Western authorities and their band of blind followers in India" (p. 3). He states that Indians possessed a keen historical sense, and believes that the Itihasas and Puranas are good historical materials. He endorses the views of F. E. Pargiter and Prof. R. M. Smith (p. 4) rather than the point of view of Dr. A. L. Basham (pp. 111 & 112). Dr. B. Chhatra in his Foreword suggests that a symposium may be held to discuss the revolutionary views of the author. The Indus Civilization is assigned to 1951 B.C., the Buddhanirvana to 1793 B.C., Chandragupta Maurya to 1536 B.C., Samudragupta to 320 B.C., (and he is said to have erected the Kutub Minar in 272 B.C.), etc. He mentions more than

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half a dozen Kalidasas (p. 30) and regards the historicity of Jesus Christ as a myth. He says that the Vijayanagar empire ended in 1565. The reasons for these views are stated to have been given elsewhere. Here we have only the chronological tables and some footnotes. There are innumerable misprints; some of them are found on pages 25, 31, 75, 79, 85 and 111.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

ANCIENT INDIAN POLITICAL THOUGHT AND INSTITUTIONS by Dr. B. A. Saletore. Published by Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 1963. pp. 695. Price Rs. 30/-.

ANCIENT Indian polity has become a well-established and popular subject in our universities with a tradition as an academic discipline which goes back to several decades. Several scholars have examined the problems of Hindu political ideas and institutions and the literature on the subject is now rich and varied. The latest addition to this corpus is Dr. Bhasker Anand Saletore's *Ancient Indian Political Thought and Institutions,* a comprehensive and scholarly volume which is bound to remain unsuperseded for a long time to come.

Dr. Saletore's contribution is made richer by his comparative study of Western and Indian political ideas and institutions, which brings out the strange similarities and the deep divergences between the two social systems and a careful reader may draw many useful lessons from such comparative assessments. Of particular importance is the chapter on Aristotle and Kautilya; and here the comparison proceeds point by point, the similarities are stressed and differences noted; but such comparative criticisms, however interesting, have no scope for leading to conclusions; but this cannot be helped. There is also another danger lurking in that approach, that of extraneous criticism, and this is evident in the author's assessment of Manu which reflects a modern bias.

Dr. Saletore breaks new ground on many questions, chronological, theoretical and institutional. He places Kautilya after Manu. Though the question is far too complicated to permit stubborn views, it deserves to be noted that on many subjects discussed by both of them, Manu happens to be more rudimentary and less sophisticated: for instance, the discussion relating to *Mandalas.*

The section on the elements of the State is a very detailed and informative one and the author analyses and examines political and administrative institutions one by one with great care and interest and his criticism of earlier scholars in the field is fair and balanced.

One, however, feels that there is too much about Kautilya, rather out of place in a general account of Hindu polity as a whole. Kautilya, of course, is a great thinker in the Hindu tradition and he outshines many of his predecessors and successors; but it should be unhistorical to overlook their contribution on that account. Much space might have been rationally distributed among the other works, especially the *Santiparva* which is cited off and on only in passing. In the second place, in an advanced work like this, topics which have been discussed threadbare by most other books in the field could have been very well omitted or only briefly referred to. Discussions at length of familiar topics lessen the readability of the book which is otherwise of absorbing interest.

These are only minor shortcomings and they are mentioned here as helpful suggestions. The book is a valuable addition to the available literature and Dr. Saletore must be congratulated on his achievement.

—*Dr. T. V. Mahalingam*

POET-PHILOSOPHERS OF RIGVEDA *Vedic and Prevedic:* By Dr. C. Kunhan Raja. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras. Price: Rs. 20/-.

THE approach is very novel. The author interprets important *mantras* related to philosophy with the biogra-

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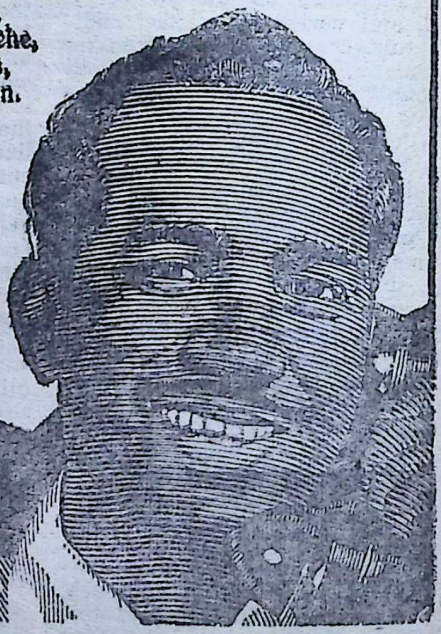

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phical backgrounds of the concerned sages. The philosophy of the Upanishads is presented in plain language whereas the philosophy of *Rigveda* is embedded in poetic puns, riddles and puzzles of the Rigvedic hymns and can be well understood by people endowed with poetic insight. The *Rigveda* abounds in metaphors, similes etc. to demonstrate metaphysical thoughts. In general, people find it easy to get at the Upanishadic philosophy. They are not prepared to fathom the depths of the *Rigveda* and reach the philosophical thoughts lying at the bottom. Only very few like Sri Aurobindo have taken special care and pains to dive deep into *Rigvedic* hymns and brought out the philosophical ideas. It has become a fashion with the Indologists and philosophers to select a few hymns of *Rigveda* like *Nasa daseeya'* and *Hiranya Garbha Sukta* and to declare summarily that *Rigveda* treats of only polytheistic form of worship and that monotheism occurs late in *Rigveda*. But the fact is entirely the reverse. Rigvedic idea of worship is purely monotheistic throughout. The famous passage *'Ekam sat vipra bahudha vadanti ekam santam bahudha kalpayanti'* disproves the contention of modern philosophers. *'Ekam va idam vibabhova sarvam* (the only one becomes many) *indro mayabhih pururoopa eeyate.'* The word *Maya* itself occurs in *Rigveda*. So plurality of Godhood on account of *Maya* is clearly explained. As Sri Aurobindo has rightly declared light and darkness mentioned in *Rigveda* do not relate to physical phenomena, but they represent knowledge and ignorance. Therefore any book on Rigvedic philosophy is welcome. In this book Dr. Kunhan Raja takes hymns of Deerghatamas, Brahaspati, Sunassepa, Yama etc., and explains their philosophical significance. Some of his ideas are new. In the puzzle hymn *R. V.* 164 he seeks reference to wisdom and language ('8) Verse 20 is a puzzle. It is repeated in *Mundakopanishad*. The allegorical tree and two birds are interpreted in different ways. According to Bhagavan Ramanuja, the two birds refer to Paramatman and Jeevatman. Paingirahasya takes them to mean Jeevatman and Antahkarana. But in the opinion of Dr. Raja the tree is wisdom, the two birds are the wise man and the ordinary man. This view is welcome since it is not against the true spirit of the *mantras* and since it is supported in other contexts also.

The classification occurring in the title as Vedic and Prevedic is vague and unwarranted, inasmuch as the period of the Vedas inferred from the *mantras* extends to a number of centuries. Since Sarvanukramani does not help us to establish the real authorship of the hymns, the view of Dr. Raja regarding Brahaspati cannot easily be approved of. On the whole, the treatment is wholesome, scholarly and vivid, exhibiting his vast erudition and deep study. The book will be a valuable addition to our philosophical literature.

—*Agnihotram Ramanuja Thathachariar*

SHIVAJI: PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT. By V. B. Kulkarni. Orient Longmans, Bombay. 1963. Pp. 236. Price: Rs. 10/-; Popular Edition: Rs. 5/-.

IN this excellent book Sri V. B. Kulkarni has drawn a living portrait of Shivaji—one of our greatest nation-builders—with consummate art. The clear-cut dynamic figure of Shivaji on the cover, riding a dark and massive horse, with a flashing sword,—emerging from an indistinct background (without photographic details)—of Pratapgad, is symbolic of the writer's delineation. The author lays no claim to unearthing any new facts about the rise of the Maratha power, but his approach is fresh; and the outcome is instructive and inspiring. The bibliographical references given at the close of each of its dozen chapters, and the copious citations in the text, show the author's comprehensive erudition as well as clear judgement and dexterity of presentation. His style is lucid, fluent and impressive. The factual data

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on the whole are authentic beyond cavil.

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Nevertheless, it cannot be gainsaid that, since the subject is bristling with controversies, a meticulous scholar will not readily admit some of Sri Kulkarni's categorical statements without scrutiny: e.g. Was Shivaji a "*non-Dwija*"?; the date of Shivaji's birth; the dating and details of Shivaji's return from Agra; the certainty of Swami Ramdas's presence at the coronation at Raigad; etc. But the author's assessment of the significance of the epoch-making events is more illuminating than generally found elsewhere.

Every chapter of this refreshing book is replete with concrete illustrations to support the author's claim to "strike out a new path" and "prove that the advent of Shivaji gave a new and significant turn to Indian History".

The discerning reader, however, may not overlook a few blemishes: e.g. the oversight reference to Morar Baji as "Morar Baji *Prabhu*" (p. 114); the proof-reader's non-detection of the repetition of a whole line (p. 17); and the failure to disclose the source of the lines on "Ram-rajya" [from R. C. Dutt's *Ramayana*] (p. 36).

In aiming at achieving artistic unity and harmony, Sri Kulkarni has also inadvertently sinned against Akbar's role in our national history; he brackets "the Father of Indian Nationalism" (as Shri Jawaharlal Nehru rightly characterises Akbar) with Aurangzeb, the villain of Kulkarni's dramatically contrasted presentation of "Imperialist" *versus* "Patriot". Shivaji himself was not oblivious to the noble nation-builder Akbar's idealism, whom he held out as an exemplar to Alamgir, in this famous epistle on *Jiziya*.

Despite these minor shortcomings, in the total view, the '*Portrait of a Patriot*' is an excellent production deserving wide circulation.

—*Prof. S. R. Sharma*

'ROMANCH' (GLIMPSES OF GERMANY). By V. N. Kulkarni—Pandit, L.L.B., published by the Romanch publications Satara (India). Pages 196. Price: Rs. 6/-.

A good and lively book which should help the reader to get himself acquainted with some of the chief characteristics of the social life of the materially prosperous German people of today. The scope of the book is obviously limited; it does not intend to place before us a comprehensive review of the various sociological and historical factors that have brought about the evolution of the present-day Germany, nor does it take us to the intricacies of the various political problems that are agitating the minds of the people of the post-war divided Germany. It gives us some glimpses of the affluent material life that the people of Germany of today are leading. This affluence is not a Heaven's gift; it is the result of the incessant and untiring industry. The book makes us introspective and then one is tempted to have a comparative look at the progress, made during the last 15 years, by Germany and by our nation. The author very skilfully brings home to us the necessity and the urgency of the lesson that the material affluence is the reward of hard work. The book reads like a novel and captures our imagination, because the narration of the various incidents therein, being based on personal experience, has an appeal of its own. Today's world which is so much dominated by international considerations needs the production of such books which would help us to have a look, at close quarters, of the life of the people in various countries. Sri V. N. Kulkarni's "Romanch" has fulfilled the need to some extent as far as the curiosity of the Marathi people about the social life of the Germans is concerned. A decent coloured map of Germany, appended to the book, has definitely added to its utility.

—*Dr. A. N. Deshpande*

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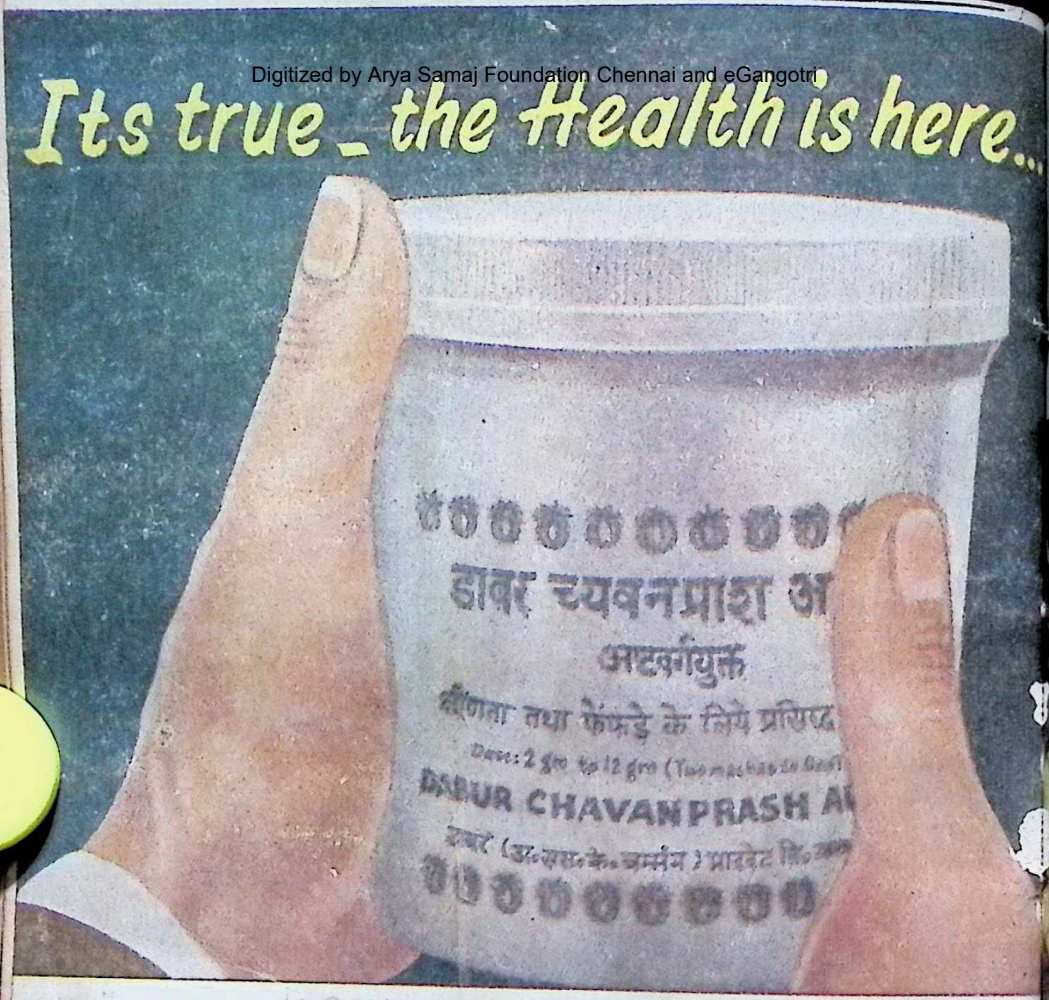

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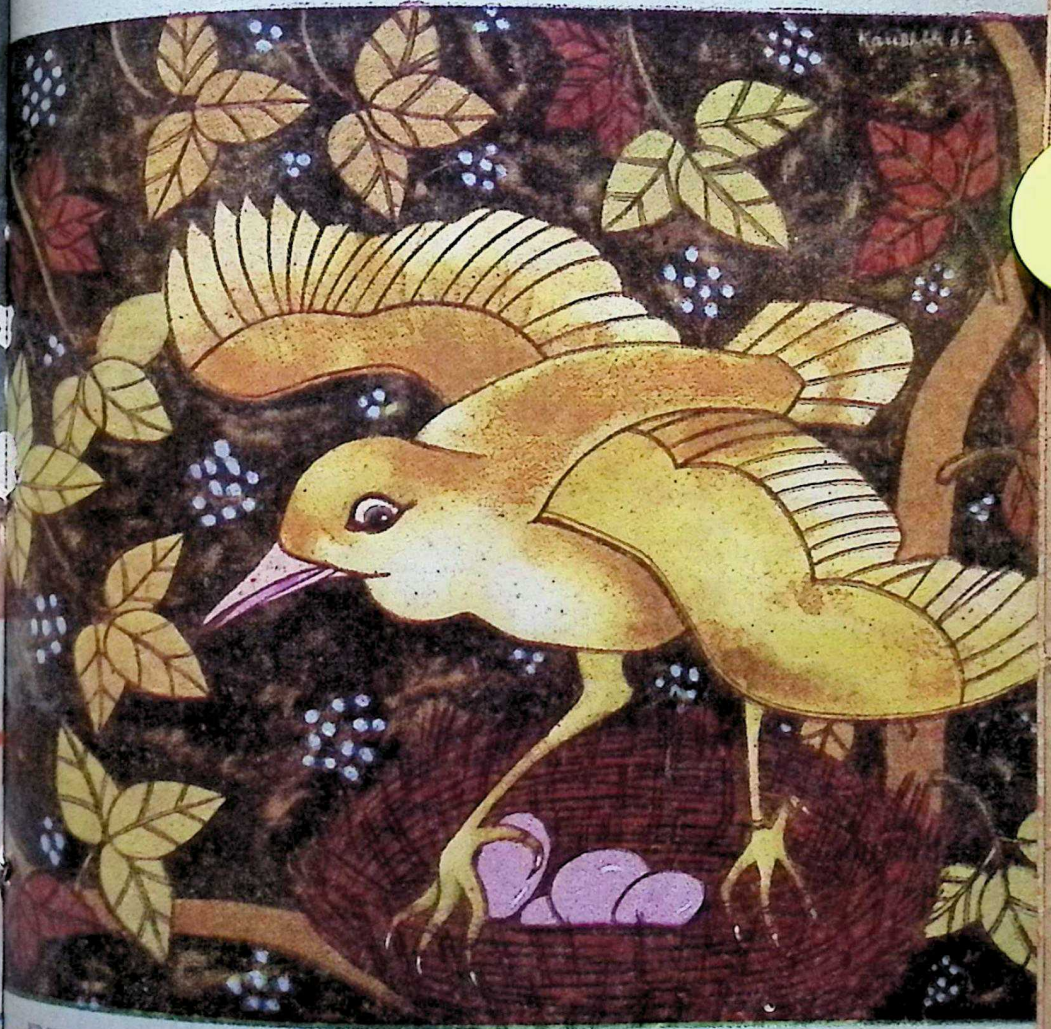

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. X, No. 9

CONTENTS

* Prayer for Cow (Vedic Prayer) .. 5
* Kulapati's Letter No. 297: "Lalukaka"—The Portrait of a Perfect Gentleman 6
* Mother Cow—Mahatma Gandhi .. 11
* The Cow in the Vedas—Nishkinchan 12
* Lord's Forgiveness (Kandapurana) 16
* Sita Comforted—Sri C. Rajagopalachari 17
* Books are Wonderful Companions—Dr. Zakir Husain 23
* Krishnavatara (Part III): The Charming Kidnapper—Sri K. M. Munshi 31
* Swaminatha— Sri K. S. Krishnamurthi 39
* 43rd Jeer of Sri Ahobila Mutt —Sri R. Desikan 41
* Nirvana—Sri Rishabhchand .. 45
* Sir Alec Douglas-Home (Profile) 47
* Question Box 52
* Sailor! Sailor!—Smt. Kapila Thakore 53
* Generosity ('They Stood for Our Dharma'—Story) 54
* Ananda Math (Serial)—Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee 57
* Notes & News 66
* Our Bookshelf 69

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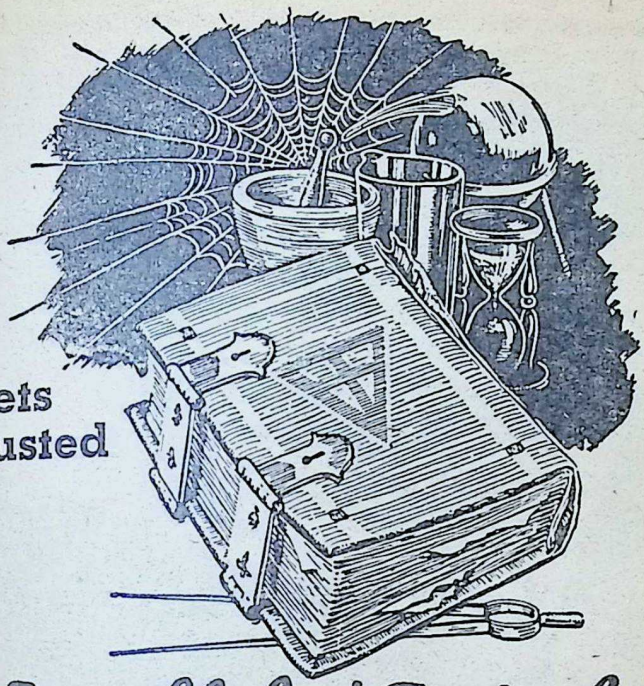

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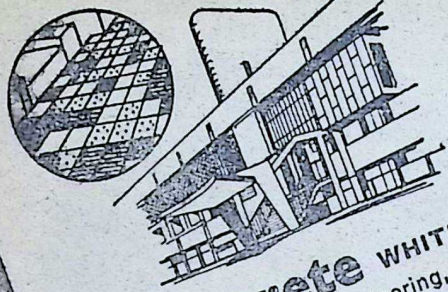

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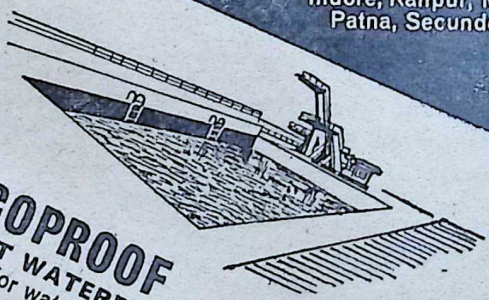

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. X, No. 9

PRAYER FOR COW

सहर्षभाः सहवत्सा उदेत विश्वारूपाणि बिभ्रतीर्द्वर्युध्नीः ॥
उरुः पृथुरयं वो अस्तु लोक इमा आपः सुप्रपाणाः इह स्त ॥

O! (holy) cows! May you fare well, assuming all forms, offering milk at dawn and dusk, and united with calves and bullocks. Let this spot be broad and wide enough for you. Let these waters be well drunk. May you be happy here.

Samaveda—626.

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No. 297

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ "LALUKAKA" ☆ THE PORTRAIT OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
NOVEMBER 24, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON October 14, 1963, we celebrated the birth centenary of Sir Lalubhai Samaldas.

"Lalukaka"—I could never think of him as Sir Lalubhai Samaldas, C.I.E. —was a bridge between the intrigue-ridden Kathiawad and the new age. He had his roots in the old world of Gaga Ojha and flourished in the new world of Gandhiji.

Whenever I think of him, I see his figure standing before me—tall and well-built, with flowing moustaches, immaculate longcoat, spotless dhoti, silk stockings and shining shoes—all crowned by the ponderous Bhavnagari turban. At all times he had a friendly smile; eyes ever twinkling with kindness. His aristocratic bearing was never tinged by arrogance. His manners had the old-world charm.

He had, besides, an unfailing fairness of approach which ever sought to do justice to the other side; an affectionate nature which converted strangers into friends and an unfailing capacity to radiate goodwill.

He belonged to the caste of Nagar Brahmans, which has had an honoured place at least for a thousand years in the history of Gujarat—in politics, business, learning and high orthodoxy, and, even in war during the Medieval Period.

Such was the hold of the Nagar Brahmans over the imagination of Gujarat that an eminent author of

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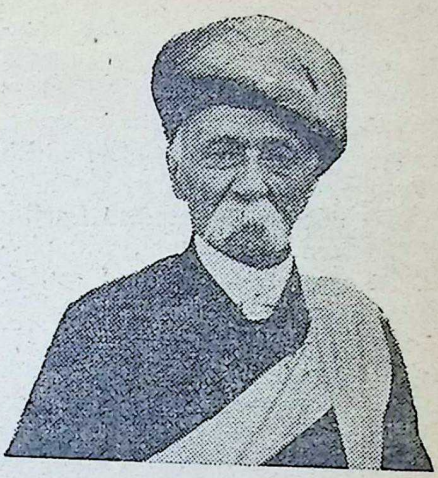
another caste wanted to marry a Nagar Brahman widow to make good his hereditary deficiency. And when I, an obscure person, gatecrashed into the literary world of Gujarat, for long the presumption amongst literary men ran that I was a Nagar Brahman.

In the 19th century a few families enjoyed the monopoly of supplying Dewans to the rulers of Kathiawad for generations. Lalukaka's family was one of them. It was associated with the rise and growth of the extraordinarily well-run State of Bhavnagar; in fact, they were the architects of its status and prosperity.

Lalukaka's grandfather, Parmanandas, was the Dewan of Bhavnagar from 1828 to 1847; his maternal uncle, Gaurishankar Udayshankar (shortly termed Gaga Ojha), from 1847 to 1879; his father Samaldas, on whom Govardhanram modelled the character of Buddhidhana in his great novel, *Saraswatichandra*, from 1879 to 1884; his eldest brother Vithaldas, from 1884 to 1889. All of them were accomplished men, well-versed in Persian, Sanskrit and English, and each, in his own way, was a master of the old world diplomacy.

Kathiawad States of the day, fetid with intrigues, required Machiavellian skill to survive. Lalukaka's maternal uncle, Gaurishankar Ojha, for instance, was a master-craftsman of the art. The character of Shathray in *Saraswatichandra* is believed to be his pen-portrait, though it is a gross caricature. In my boyhood I had heard interesting stories of his uncanny diplomacy. He held the fortunes of Bhavnagar in the hollow of



Sir Lalubhai Samaldas

his hands for over a quarter of a century. He enriched the State, gave it prosperity and position. My grandfather happened to be a great friend of his, and my father—a good judge of men—who was his guest often when he was posted at Gogha—loved to tell us of his versatility, learning and statecraft and the ruthless manner in which he dealt with his enemies. A portrait of his as a *Sanyasi* hung in my father's room for years.

Every orthodox Brahman, after reaching a certain age, took to *sanyasa*; whether he gave up *raaga, bhaya* and *krodha* was another matter.

●●●

Born in 1863, Lalukaka joined the hereditary cadre of officers in the Bhavnagar State at the age of 18, cutting short a promising academic career. In the course of years, he specialised in several branches of administration—famine-relief, revenue, railway, co-operative movement, and even education. He was temperamentally incapable of breathing freely

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in the murky atmosphere of Kathiawad and resigned the office he held in 1899, when his brother Vithaldas fell out of favour with the ruler.

In spite of the old world in which he lived, Renaissance lit up the horizon of Lalukaka. He studied English and Continental literature, metaphysics, history, philosophy and mathematics. He came to be influenced by the agnosticism of John Stuart Mill and swung back later to positive faith —as twenty years later some of us were to. He was responsible for sponsoring the first Arts College in Bhavnagar, the second one in the Gujarati-speaking areas then; it was associated with his father's name.

Astrology or no astrology, the month of October had come to be associated with the ups and downs in Lalukaka's life. He was born in the month of October. In the same month, in subsequent years, he resigned the State service, migrated to Bombay and departed from life.

●●●

Arriving in Bombay in 1900, he found himself too open-minded to be a good politician, and soon struck out an independent path for himself. At the time a bitter controversy was raging over the Land Revenue Amendment Bill, the opposition being led by the formidable Sir Pherozshah Mehta. Lalukaka knew the implications of the revenue administration too well to be a party to the agitation. His brilliant note on the Bill, while it made the politicians angry, at once established his reputation as an expert in revenue administration.

The way was now open to him. He was nominated a member of the Legislative Council by the Government for several years; was a Revenue Member for some time. He sponsored a scheme for an agricultural bank and devoted himself to the co-operative movement. Rightly was he termed "the father of co-operative movement in India."

Soon he won for himself an honoured place in the business and commercial world of Bombay. His long years of work in the co-operative field earned for him the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the first Bombay Provincial Land Mortgage Bank. He was also associated with many ventures in Industry and Commerce; with Walchand Hirachand in founding the Scindia Steam Navigation Company, the first shipping venture in the country; with industries of cement, electric power, banking and insurance.

In 1908, he founded the Bombay Life Insurance Company, of which he continued to be the Chairman till his death in 1936. He was associated with the founding of the Indian Merchants' Chamber, of which he became the President in 1918. In 1925, he presided over the first Indian Economic Conference held at Banaras. His interest in education was also unfailing. He was a member of the Senate of the Bombay University from 1918 till his death in 1936.

His attitude on all questions was characterised by a sanity of outlook. In politics, he was a liberal by temperament and outlook—liberal in the sense of being able to see both sides of the question, of being fair even to the antagonists, of examining every

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question with dispassion. He, therefore, could never become an active politician, though on occasions he lent his support to public agitation—for instance, in the matters of the Jallianwala Bagh massacre and of the Bardoli Satyagraha.

●●●

Lalukaka lost his first wife soon after he joined the service of the Bhavnagar State. Then he was married to Satyavati, a gifted daughter of the well-known Divatia family distinguished for learning and culture. And between the husband and the wife, there soon sprang up a *camaraderie* of the spirit, rare in those days.

Satyavati's life was prematurely cut off in 1907. She left three sons, all of whom have distinguished themselves in their respective walk of life, and a daughter Sumati. Four years later, Sumatibehn was cut off in the bloom of life and a promising literary career ended. She was the first creative woman writer of modern Gujarat. Her work *Hridaya Zarana* has rightly acquired a high place in Gujarati literature. Many in those years knew Lalukaka as Sumatibehn's father.

Lalukaka was greater in what he was than in what he did. He had the rare gift of making whoever came to him feel at home. His live sense of kinship endeared him to all who came in contact with him.

I came in contact with him for the first time in 1926 when I was elected to the Senate of the Bombay University. Till then I knew him only by name, but very soon, with the spirit of human kinship which characterized him, he began to take an interest in me.

I cannot forget how he adopted us as members of his family. During the months that my wife and I were in gaol in 1930 for Salt Satyagraha—a time when most friends were not very over-solicitous of showing friendliness to those who were considered guilty of breaking the law—Lalukaka, week after week, scrupulously enquired of my mother as to how she and the children were getting on. And on our coming out of the gaol, he adopted my wife as a daughter.

I also remember how he decoyed me into business. I had and have no pretensions to business ambition, but he talked me round to becoming one of the Directors of the Bombay Life Insurance Company. It was perhaps as a result of his wish that the co-Directors induced me to accept the Chairmanship of the Company after his death—a position which I had to give up when I was called to the office of the Home Minister of Bombay in 1937.

Further, Lalukaka had the gift of creating an atmosphere of friendliness even where none existed. However acrimonious the atmosphere, however bitter the differences, no sooner Lalukaka stepped into the room than the atmosphere would change. His broad smile would invite a smiling response all round. He would begin to talk on something entirely unconnected with the subject. By the time his talk was finished, everyone would have forgotten his difference and a spirit of goodwill would dominate the room. No difference could possibly survive under the thawing influence of his

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genial smile and eyes beaming with goodwill.

Lalukaka had the greatest of human gifts—the gift of increasing the orbit of familistic relations. He adopted as many people as he could within the orbit of his affection—including the Directors of the Company and even members of the staff.

As I said, Lalukaka was a bridge between old Gujarat and the new, between Gaga Ojha and Gandhiji. But he was unique in his own right. He combined in him the old world graciousness and the graces of a perfect gentleman. Than this, no man can covet a greater tribute.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Faced with crisis, the man of character falls back on himself. He imposes his own stamp on action, takes responsibility for it, makes it his own ... Difficulty attracts the man of character because it is in embracing it that he realizes himself.

—Charles de Gaulle

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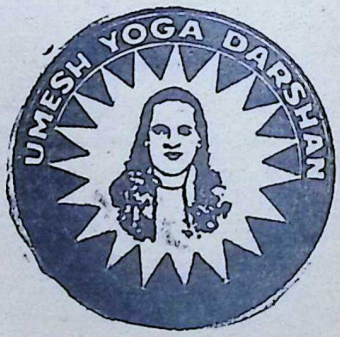

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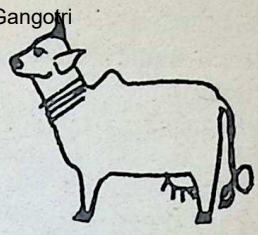
Mother Cow



Mahatma Gandhi

THE cow is for me a poem of pity. I yield to no Hindu in my worship of the cow. The cow is the purest of sub-human life. Cow-protection is a process of purification. Cow-protection is the dearest possession of the Hindu heart.

Cow-protection is the gift of Hinduism to the world. Cow-protection means brotherhood between man and beast. The Hindu believes in the cow as mother and indeed she is so. It is a tragedy that the country which worships the cow pays scant attention to her and her progeny.

Cow-protection to me is one of the most wonderful phenomena in human evolution. Two of the strongest desires that keep me in the flesh are the emancipation of the 'untouchables' and the protection of the cow. To attempt cow-protection by violence is to reduce Hinduism to Satanism. Man through the cow is enjoined to realise his identity with all that lives. The cow in India was the best companion. The cow is the protection of India.

When I see a cow, I do not see an animal to be eaten. I worship it and I shall defend its worship against the whole world. Cow-protection includes the protection and service of both man and bird and beast. The poverty of the cow is reflected in the poverty of the people. The cow means not merely the animal, the giver of milk and innumerable other things to India, but it means also the helpless, the downtrodden and the poor.

But the cow is entirely at our mercy. She consents to be led to slaughter, and to be embarked for Australia and gives her progeny to carry whatever burden we want it to carry, in sun or rain.

Mother cow is in many ways better than the mother who gave us birth. Our mother gives us milk for a couple of years and then expects us to serve her when we grow up. Mother cow expects from us nothing but grass and grain. Our mother often falls ill and expects service from us. Mother cow rarely falls ill. Hers is an unbroken record of service which does not end with her death. Our mother when she dies means expenses of burial or cremation. Mother cow is as useful dead as when she is alive. We can make use of every part of her body—her bones, her flesh, her intestines, her horns and her skin. Well, I say this not to disparage the mother who gives us birth, but in order to show you the substantial reasons for my worshipping the cow.

The cow is an object of worship and veneration to millions in India. I count myself among them.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust*]

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the cow in the vedas

INDIA'S regard and veneration for the cow is proverbial. This love of the cow is as old as the Vedas which contain many an interesting and instructive passage on the cow.

The origin of the cow is described as follows. At the commencement of a certain Kalpa, Brahma first created non-living things like the mountain, land and sea. Then he desired to create things having life. Along with *Sankalpa* he did mental *homa* for the purpose, from which three living gods—Agni, Vayu and Aditya were born.

Endowed with the six-fold knowledge, these three gods found out how they came into being. Having known that, they wanted to create by the same process other living beings. Accordingly Agni performed a *homa*, desiring that the new creature be endowed with life. Vayu did so desiring for a body to it and Aditya performed a *homa* desiring senses for it. The result was the creation of the COW.

Co-operative efforts have their own limitations. When the three gods found that the Cow yielded milk, they started quarrelling, each claiming its exclusive ownership. It is perhaps because of this trait, that the trinity of gods have clear-cut lines of demarcation for their functions!

Now the three gods went to Brahma himself for adjudication of their dispute. On the way, however, Agni and Aditya made a contract between themselves. If either of them won the case, he should share the Cow's milk with the other.

Brahma listened to all the three and then asked each, the purport of his *homa* i.e. what each contributed to the creation of the Cow. They duly answered. Thereupon Brahma decreed: "Inasmuch as life is the most important element of a living being and without life it becomes inert, I decree that Agni should be deemed to have the rightful title to the Cow's milk."

From that time the cow came to be called Agnihotri—as belonging to Agni. As per understanding arrived at earlier, Agni shared it with Aditya. It is common knowledge that even now during *havans* the offering is made to Aditya at day-time and to Agni at night.

Having lost his case, Vayu approached the other two gods saying: "Did I not contribute to the creation of the Cow? Please be kind enough to give me too a small share of its milk." Wisdom is often hind-

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sense. Fortunately, the other two agreed. Hence the offering we make today with the mantra *"Vatayaswaha."*

(2)

Sage Angirasa envisioned the *Atharva-Veda* and gave it to the world. Later Rishis born in his clan are also called by the same name. Once the Angirases performed a Satra Yaga for the benefit of mankind. A hefty white cow furnished the milk needed for the Yaga. Finding its emaciated condition, for lack of proper fodder, they performed an *Ishti* causing a heavy downpour. As a result of it, green grass grew in abundance and after eating the luscious grass the cow yielded plenty of milk to the Satra Yaga.

The manes or *pitrus* desired to have a share in the oblation of the Agnihotra. They went about it awkwardly by spraying a poisonous substance on the green grass. On eating that grass the cow of the Angirases became sick and started drying up. Ultimately it stopped giving milk. The *rishis* were troubled. They came to know by their divine vision that the 'Pitrus' were behind the trick. So they called them and asked why they poisoned their cow. The Pitrus pleaded guilty but prayed: "Please give us a share in the cow's milk and we shall remove the disease of the cow." The Angirases consented and the Pitrus cured the cow of its malady and thereafter the cow started eating the excellent grass and yielded large quantities of milk. That contract continues to be valid. That is why even today the Pitrus are offered a share in *havan* with the *mantra*: *"Swadha pitrubhyah Pitrun Jinva"*.

The pig went to the Raja
Who was doing Go-Puja,
Worship of the cow.
"Oh King, said the pig,
"When will you worship me?"
"Get out; or I will kill you,"
said the King.
"Oh Yes", the pig began to weep;
"I know you like my flesh;
I die to provide you bacon;
And yet you worship the cow,
not me."
"Foolish pig," said the Raja,
"You do serve me after you are
dead.
But this holy cow gives me milk
Even when she is alive, day in
and day out.
She is the symbol of
Selflessness and charity.
So I worship her."
Give in charity when you are
alive.
Do not make a will
That your property will go to
some charity
After your death.
This is veiled selfishness.
You do not want to share what
you have.
Whatever you want to give,
Give it now.

—*Swami Sivananda*

(3)

One day the Angirases unleashed the calf and leading it to its mother cow prayed: "O calf! Have a few sips of your mother's teat first and from her udder make her secrete a large quantity of milk for us."

The *sastras* enjoin that milk drawn without the calf actually drinking from the teat of the cow is unfit for use, at least for religious purposes.

Taking advantage of this condition,

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the calf asked the Rishis: "I shall do so, but will you give me some boons in return?"

"With pleasure" replied the Rishis.

The calf asked: (1) No one should use our mother's milk for the first ten days of our birth. (2) Later, after drawing milk in the early mornings, we calves should be allowed to remain with our mothers till Sangava (8.30 to 10.30 a.m.).

These boons which they granted, hold good even today in orthodox homes.

(4)

In Puranic times, the cow continued to be venerated and worshipped as contributing not merely to man's health but to his prosperity as well. The cow, according to Devala, is one of the eight auspicious materials, seeing and worshipping which, one adds to one's longevity, the others being Brahmana, fire, gold, butter, sun, water and king.

The *Brahma-Purana* advises worship of cows in this manner:

सदा गावः प्रणम्यास्तु मन्त्रेणानेन पार्थिव! ।
नमो गोभ्यः श्रीमतीभ्यः सौरभेयीभ्य एवच ।।
नमो ब्रह्मसुताभ्यश्च पवित्राभ्यो नमो नमः ।
मन्त्रस्य स्मरणादेव गोदानफलमाप्नुयात् ।।

The cows should always be worshipped, O King, with this *mantra:* "Prostrations unto the holy cows, auspicious ones, the progenies of the divine Surabhi, the daughters of Brahma. Adorations again". The very contemplation of this *mantra* will fetch the merit of *go-dana.*

It was to put the *imprematur* of supreme authority on the worship of the Cow that Lord Hari descended on earth as Gopala. Verily Govind is a name to conjure with in Indian religious life.

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SANT VANI

LORD'S FORGIVENESS

When souls pray for forgiveness, does God grant their prayer? The great Nayanmars (Tamil Saints) are categorical in their reply.

"He forgives my trespasses and graciously prevents future trespasses" says Sundarar.

And Manikkavachagar sings:

The loving Lord, who taught, wretch as I am,
my lips to sing His jewelled Feet;
The Teacher great Who pardon'd all the faults
of me, a very fiend in sooth;
He still in grace accepts my services
nor spurns my worthlessness.
To Isan go, as tender mother known,
And breathe His praise, Thou humming bee!

"Deceiver," "sinner vile," "rebellious one"
all this to me He did not say;
The generous One came oft to visit me,
nor took His presence from my mind!
Of all the pains that filled my soul, no one
in any wise was left with me!
So to His gleaming jewelled Foot go thou,
And breathe His praise, O humming bee!

—Kandapurana (*Tamil*)

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SEETA COMFORTED

C. Rajagopalachari

IN the rosary of Hanumaan's names occurs the title, *Budhimataam Varishtham*, 'First among the Astute'. It is a true description.

One might imagine that having reached Lanka and seen Seeta, Hanumaan had nothing more to do. But he was not so easily satisfied. He thought within himself:

"How would Raama receive me if I return without speaking to Seeta? I must find some way of speaking to Seeta.

"The first thing to do is to get speech with Seeta and put joy and hope in her heart. I must approach her in such a way that she can never for a moment entertain a doubt about my good faith.

"Well. I shall recite, in a sweet low tone, and for her hearing only, the story and virtues of Raama. Her heart would then be filled with joy and trust, displacing suspicion. Only thus can I proceed".

So Hanumaan thought and, still hidden by the branches of the tree, he began to utter in a low voice, the sweet words "Raama", "Raama" and sang in a sweet and gentle voice the story of Raama so that it fell on Seeta's ears.

These sweet words, uttered by someone from somewhere filled Seeta with wonder and delight. She looked around in all directions to discover who conveyed such sweet matter in so sweet a voice and in such exquisite language.

She looked round, and up and down, but found no human form to match this perfect speech. She only saw a lovely little monkey seated on the branch above her.

Seeta saw the son of Vaayu, the wise Minister of the Vaanara king in the form of a little monkey, radiant like the rising sun.

The reader should imagine for himself the joy of Raama's messenger, as Seeta's eyes fell on him. The reader who experiences this joy will find God in his heart. Naaraayana, who is waiting eagerly to enter and

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take possession of our hearts, would leave the great and boundless ocean of milk and come to dwell within us, when we cleanse ourselves of sinful thoughts.

"Dear, dear Vaanara friend", said Seeta, "I do not know whether to rejoice or grieve at the news you have brought. Your words are like nectar mixed with poison. My lord's love for me is sweetest nectar, and his grief over my plight is bitterest poison". Thus Seeta spoke what she felt and found comfort in putting in words her love and her grief.

Pleasure and pain, happiness and misery alternately impel human beings. Seeta was consoled but also pained by the thought that Raama had not forgotten her, but was thinking of her, grieving and searching for her.

"We are puppets manipulated by the twin strings of joy and sorrow", said Seeta. "None of us can escape their pull. My lord and Lakshmana and myself are all subject to this law. You say my lord suffers like a sailing ship caught in a storm on the high seas. O! When will he come here? Dear Vaanara friend, when will he destroy Lanka and Raavana and the other Raakshasas? All this must take place within the two months' time still left. Please explain this to my lord. Only two months remain to me. Vibheeshana, the younger brother of Raavana, tried his best to persuade the latter to change his ways. 'Return Seeta', he said to Raavana, 'and save Lanka and the Raakshasa race'. All his words have gone in vain. My heart is strong within me. I know Raavana is on the road to the abode of Yama. Soon my lord will vanquish his foes and redeem me. I have no doubt about this. My innocent heart tells me this and it cannot prove false".

Thus Seeta went on speaking with tears in her eyes. Hanumaan could not bear the sight of her suffering.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "I shall go at once and bring back Raama. He will descend on Lanka with a mighty army. But why should you suffer any longer? If you are agreeable, sit on my back and I shall carry you across the ocean and restore you in a moment to Raama. Do not for a moment doubt my ability to do this! As Agni carries the sacred offerings to Indra, so shall I transport you to my Lord Raama. Permit me, O pure of heart, to do this service. I can not only carry you and restore you to Raama, but I have the power to wrench Lanka from its foundations and throw it and its ruler at Raama's feet! Sit on my back now and, like Rohini rejoining the Moon, you will rejoin Raama. As I sprang and came here, so shall I spring and reach the other shore with you".

Thus Hanumaan went on speaking out of his affection and enthusiasm. And Seeta wondered how the little monkey before her could hope to carry her across the ocean.

Hanumaan saw her doubt and so, to demonstrate his powers, he jumped off from the platform and began to grow big in size. Seeta was pleased.

But she said: "O Son of Vaayu! I realise your strength and yet it is not right that you should carry me. On the way the Raakshasas are sure

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to intercept and challenge you. They will hurl their weapons at you. Your care will be to guard me. You will not be able to fix all your mind on the battle and that may be a serious setback to the strongest warrior. In a battle, one cannot be certain of victory and what would be my fate if you should fall? And besides, in the violent convulsions of a heady fight, how could I be sure of maintaining my position on your back? I may slip and fall into the sea. It is clear, therefore, that you should not try to cross the sea with me. Apart from that, Hanumaan, if you snatch me away stealthily from the Raakshasas it would be no credit to the valour of my lord. The honour of the Kshatriya race demands that he should come and fight and vanquish Raavana and redeem me as the prize of victory. Would Raama have me stolen back even as Raavana stole me from him? No, my son, return and quickly bring Raama here with Lakshmana and the Vaanara army. Let my lord's arrows destroy Lanka and send Raavana to Yama's abode. His victory is certain. Like the fierce sun at the hour of doom, Raama's arrows will burn the Raakshasa people to ashes."

"You are right," said Hanumaan, "I shall return alone. But what shall I tell Raama? What sign shall I carry of my having met you and talked with you?"

Hearing these words, all her happy life with Raama came like a flood to her memory and her eyes were filled with tears. If she told Hanumaan and Hanumaan told Raama some intimate happenings known only to herself and her lord, it would be proof of Hanumaan having seen her and also make Raama see her present disconsolate state. With flowing tears, she recounted incidents of their forest life.

"Once in Chitrakoota my lord and I wandered about in the grove beside the river and became weary and rested on the ground. He laid his head upon my lap and fell asleep. While thus, a crow came down and hungrily pecked at my bosom. I drove it off, but again and again it returned and troubled me. I then flung a pebble at it. But even that had no effect. Raama was roused from slumber and saw me thus troubled and weeping in pain. At first when he saw what the matter was and found it was but a crow, he was inclined to laugh at my discomfiture. But he saw the bruise the crow had made and discovered that the bird was really an Asura. The bird flew for its life, but Raama sped a dart at it which pursued it wherever it went, till at last the crow-Asura sought Raama's feet for refuge and found pardon there.

"Tell him of this incident. O Hanumaan, I cannot wait for many more days. Tell him to come quickly and save me".

Again she was in tears as she said: "On another occasion we were both wandering all alone in the forest. I was tired. Perspiration had washed off the *tilaka* on my forehead. My lord playfully plucked a pinch of red mineral from the rock and applied it between my brows with his own sweet hands. Ask him if he remembers this incident".

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As she went on recalling happy memories of the past the weight of her present sorrow overwhelmed her and she wept and said:

"What should I tell Raama? What is there that he does not know? Does he need my words to rouse his indignation? Only tell my lord that I embrace his feet. That is enough. There is Lakshmana beside him, the brother born to serve him and of unrivalled skill in arms. Looking at his sweet face, my lord even forgot his grief for the father's death. The pure-hearted hero, dear Lakshmana, parted from his own mother and came away with us and regarded me as his mother. Tell him he should come and end my suffering".

As she thought of Lakshmana's heroism and devoted loyalty, Seeta's eyes were filled with tears. When Raama had gone chasing the golden deer, did she not insult and fling burning words at this selfless and devoted friend? The thought of this injustice filled her repentant heart with insufferable pain.

She was unwilling to part from Hanumaan, who had come to her and consoled her just as she was about to put an end to her life. At the same time, she wanted him to return quickly to Raama and give him news concerning her.

At last she said: "My child, here is the jewel given by my mother at my wedding and fixed on my forehead by the late Emperor. Take it and give it to my husband as a sign from me".

So saying, she untied a knot at the corner of her saaree, took out the divine jewel and handed it to Hanumaan, who received it with humble reverence.

When Hanumaan had the jewel in his hand, pride and joy filled his mind.

His heart was far away with Raama. Mentally he had reached Raama's presence and conveyed the glad message of his discovery. Only his body now stayed in Lanka.

"Dear friend", said Seeta, "You must tell Raama all you have learnt here, and it will be your good fortune to help him to achieve victory".

As Hanumaan was about to leave, Seeta spoke again: "Dear Hanumaan, convey my affection to the Prince and also to king Sugreeva and the other Vaanara leaders. Tell them from me that I implore them to give help to Raama to save me from this sea of sorrow. You more than anyone else I hope, will encourage and show the way to the Prince in all matters.

Hanumaan answered: "Lay aside your sorrow, dear princess. Raama, Lakshmana and the Vaanara army will descend on Lanka, destroy the Raakshasas and redeem you. Have no doubt".

As he was about to go, Seeta said again: "Should you not stay here somewhere for a while, and rest? Should you return at once? Your visit has given me such great consolation and made me forget my grief for a while. When you leave, I shall sink again in my sea of sorrow. You came here crossing the great ocean. How will Raama and the big army cross it? Have you thought of that?" Doubts assailed her once again.

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"Have no doubt, my queen!" said Hanumaan. "Do you think I am the only Vaanara that could cross the sea? There is not a Vaanara but has more power and skill than I. Not only Sugreeva, but many in his army can fly round the world. What is this narrow sea to them? There are thousands among us who can roam in the sky. Have no doubt whatever. Do you think they would send the best among them as a mere messenger? Dear lady, have done with sorrow, for you will soon see me with the two mighty princes on my back. They will lay waste this city with the arrows. They will destroy Raavana and all his race. You have as good as crossed the ocean of sorrow and reached the other shore.

"God Bless you. In a few days you will see the two princes standing, bow in hand, at the gates of Lanka, destroying the Raakshasa host. You will see the Vaanara army leaping with joy over the ruined city.

"Once they hear the news from me, they will not delay a moment. I have only to tell them and they will start at once. Do not lose heart". Saying this and bowing profoundly, Hanumaan prepared to go.

"Tell Raama and Lakshmana that I am alive", cried Seeta. "See that no time is lost. May god bless you".

And Hanumaan left. Let us meditate with reverence on the heroic son of Anjana, the wise messenger who gave consolation to Seeta and quenched her grief.

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Dr. Zakir Husain, Vice-President of India, inaugurated the Rupee Series of the Bhavan's Book University on Friday, the 8th instant. Following is the full text of his inaugural address.

Books are Wonderful Companions

Dr. Zakir Husain
[*Vice-President of India*]

I am very happy, indeed, at being able to associate myself today with a project of great educational significance conceived and executed by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan under the inspiring leadership of one of India's great sons, Shri K. M. Munshi. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan represents in a very remarkable manner the versatile comprehensiveness of its Founder's genius.

A composite institution spreading out into diverse fields of Indian cultural life, the Bhavan, it has been truly said, is not an institution but a movement seeking to re-integrate Indian culture, by the application of the modern critical apparatus to its ancient heritage, combining the anxiety to preserve the heritage that is useful with the courage to replace it with more effective expressions of the Indian spirit in consonance with its present circumstance.

It sets out to fulfil a programme of what it aptly calls Bharat Shiksha which among well thought out and adequately formulated objectives aims at a study of "forces, movements, motives, ideas, forms and art of creative life-energy" through which Indian culture has expressed itself through the ages as a continuous process, and to a consideration of the forces and movements and ideas to which it is creatively exposed at the present stage of her development.

Dr. Zakir Husain delivering the Inaugural address

It is a tremendous task and a large number of institutions have grown up here in this campus and at many centres outside to serve these objectives.

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... The true university of these days is a collection of good books ...

One of the very important ones among these valuable and significant activities is the one with which we are today concerned at this assembly. It is the publication of books, ancient and modern, at the very moderate price of Rs. 2.50 each under the Book University Scheme of the Bhavan. This has progressed with remarkable success. So far over 100 titles have been published and over a million copies have in all been sold. Some of the best literature and classics of India and the world have been made available to the common man. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has thus brought the University to the door of the common man.

"The true university of these days is a collection of books" it has been aptly said. Books give us "new views of life and teach us how to live. They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise. Fools they admonish and confirm the wise". They support us in solitude. They help us to forget the evasiveness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments to sleep. They feed the spirit with the bread of ideas and slake its thirst at all the wells of thought. As the great Jewish scholar, Judah ilen Tibbon has assured us, "Book-cases and shelves are your gardens and pleasure grounds. Pluck the fruit that grows therein, gather the roses, the spices, the myrrh."

It has been so over the ages and great men, generation after generation, have found the book "conducive to wisdom, piety, delight and use." But the book is becoming all the more indispensable in our modern society. It is an irony of things that as urbanisation grows with industrial development and people gravitate to enormous population masses, like this big city of yours, they tend to feel more and more lonely. The face-to-face community gives place to an impersonal conglomerate. The book almost replaces the friend.

It is one of the characteristics of modern industrial civilisation and of modern scientific advance that they too are becoming more and more independent of persons. In technology of the olden day, in our crafts, for instance, one had to learn to do as the master did and that was possible only by apprenticeship. Knowledge—for most knowledge was philosophical and religious—was also bound to persons; so also amusement. The growth of modern scientific outlook has considerably changed that. Technology now is based not on the 'how' as on the 'why' of the processes involved. It is not what one can, it is what one knows. This is so over the whole field of scientific knowledge. For that knowledge is impersonal, it is objective and it is recorded in books.

I read my Victor Hugo decades ago, but I vaguely remember one of his chapter-headings. It was, This will kill That, the Book will kill the Edifice. Humanity in the pre-industrial age concretised its best aspirations in noble edifices. Then came the pre-eminence of the printed page,

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...Those who wish to learn must have a life-long appointment with books; for of learning there is no end...

in which the best of human thought, the best of human knowledge, sought to enshrine itself.

The book is so much the life-companion of the modern man. And it is, indeed, a marvellous companion, the most mannerly of companions, accessible at all times, in all moods, frank without being offensive. It never speaks unless it is spoken to. It can wait eternally for your approach. It is ever ready to oblige and to offer the best it has to whoever seeks it. It instructs, advises, inspires, rebukes, but stops immediately you have had enough of these. It never gets irritated at the silly questions one sometimes tends to put to it. It just smiles and holds its breath. Yes, the book is a wonderful companion. It is a wonderful companion for those who are lonely. It is a wonderful teacher for those who wish to learn, and it is a wonderful source of enjoyment.

I would not say much to those who are lonely. They can do no better than try a book. If they suffer from that growing kind of loneliness in which you are lonely in noisy crowds, lonely in a jungle of cares and worries, then this companion has the strange quality of giving you the solitude you crave for in this crippling loneliness, you can lose yourselves in them with all your cares.

And those who wish to learn must have a life-long appointment with books. For of learning there is no end. There is always something to learn. Apropos learning I would like to share with you a brief passage from T.H. White. He says rather drastically:

"You may grow old and troubling in your anatomies. You may lie awake at night listening to the disorder in your veins. You may miss your only love. You may see the world about you devastated by evil lunatics or know your honour trampled in the sewers of base minds. There is only one thing for them to learn. Learn why the world wags and what wags it. That is the only thing the mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust and never dream of regretting. Learning is the thing for you. Look at what a lot of things there are to learn—pure science, the only purity there is. You can learn astronomy in a life-time, natural history in three, literature in six. And then after you have exhausted a milliard life-times in biology and medicine and theocriticism and geography and history and economics—why you can start to make a cartwheel out of the appropriate wood, or spend fifty years learning to begin to learn to beat your opponent at fencing. After that you can start again on Mathematics until it is time to learn to plough"—yes, of learning there is no end and in order to learn one has to go more and more to the book.

But it is not only to learn that we go to the books. We can go to it also for enjoyment. I deliberately say 'enjoyment' and not 'fun', for the two are different. Some people do also

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read for fun. They read stories that come and go, stories that are new today and gone tomorrow. That sort of reading this Book University will, I am sure, not supply.

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It will, I venture to suppose, supply enjoyment which comes from literature and that is not fun. It may, indeed, be painful and yet it is a kind of pleasure that is rather difficult to explain. It probably provides enjoyment through its truth and beauty which, if Keats is right, are perhaps the same thing—'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.'

But just as enjoyment is not fun, beauty need not be prettiness. Most of the persons and situations in great literature are not pretty, but have beauty. They have the beauty of truth, the beauty of looking life in the face. It is not fun and prettiness you may hope to find in the Bhavan's publications but I hope and trust, enjoyment and truth and beauty. You can with confidence go to these publications for company, for learning and for enjoyment.

It is highly impressive work that the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has already performed in this connection and I am sure there are greater achievements ahead.

I feel privileged in being asked to release the Marathi version of the Bhavan's Book University Series and the new series of inexpensive books at Rupee One per volume.

I am sure a much wider public will avail itself of the service the Bhavan is entering to perform through these new ventures. I sincerely thank the Bhavan as one of the potential beneficiaries of this praiseworthy service. *Jai Hind!*

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K. M. MUNSHI

PART III

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Charming Kidnapper

WHEN Satyaki left Krishna the previous night, he was in a happy mood.

Since he had thrown his lot with Krishna years ago, he had helped his friend in most of his adventures. Now a glorious opportunity was before him. Uddhava was far away in the North and it was left to him to restore Pushkar to Chekitaana.

At first he had found it difficult to surrender himself to Krishna's leadership. But as they worked together, he discovered that his own personality came to blossom under his friend's guidance, and became easily reconciled to the role of a trusted lieutenant.

He was high-spirited; by temperament, appropriative. Sometimes, therefore, he grew jealous of Uddhava. All the same he was generous enough to realise that Uddhava could anticipate Krishna's unexpressed wishes, while he himself could not. Uddhava was also astute and self-restrained, while he was impulsive and outspoken. It was, therefore, all for his good, he admitted to himself, that Krishna did not share some of his secrets with him.

He was happy at the thought that next morning he would proceed to Agravana. Once there, as planned, he would lead the assembled kings to make a surprise assault on Pushkar, days before the well-advertised festi-

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val which the Yadavas were expected to join. The festival of victory was actually to be celebrated at Pushkar.

When Krishna joined them at Pushkar, they would all proceed to the *swayamvara*. He was in the secret: the contest for Draupadi's hand was confined to archery. As Krishna had decided to stand out of the contest, there was more than a fair chance for him to win the Princess. If a woman was worth marrying, he said to himself, she might as well be a princess of one of the foremost royal houses in Aryavarta. He smiled to himself.

When he arrived at his maternal uncle's house, he sent away his chariot, instructing his the charioteer to present himself at his mansion ten *ghatikas* after midnight. Then he joined his uncle's family at meals.

When he started to walk home, the streets were deserted. At sundown, the Yadavas usually returned home, had their meal and retired for the night soon after; only the gay, who made up the gambling and drinking parties, kept late at the house of some opulent chief or the other.

The moon-light was fascinating. The dark shadows of the mansions which stood on both sides of the street, melted into one another across the narrow streets, looking like giants huddled together in sleep.

Satyaki had only two streets to cross before he would reach his own mansion, when at the turn of a dark street, someone accosted him: 'Noble Satyaki, what are you doing here at this time of the night? It does not befit a warrior like you'.

It was a mocking voice which Satyaki recognised as that of Jayasena, the rowdy, young chief, with whom he had a quarrel only a few days ago.

'I am not in the habit of gambling nor drinking', said Satyaki, for he did not like the familiarity with which Jayasena accosted him.

'Going to your mansion, Satyaki?' asked Jayasena, a thick-set stalwart, young man, as he joined steps with him. 'I am also going that way', he added.

Satyaki gave him no reply. He did not like keeping the company of Jayasena, but there was no escape from his friendly gesture.

'What do you gain, Satyaki, by going on such foolish adventures? Your place should be with us, as our chief', said Jayasena with sarcastic emphasis.

'I know where my place is,' said Saatyaki politely, as they entered a very dark, narrow lane.

'You know your place, do you?' asked Jayasena with a loud laugh, familiarly placing a hand on Satyaki's shoulder.

Before Satyaki could shake off Jayasena's hand from his shoulder, he was tripped up. His companion took to his heels.

As he struggled to regain his feet, a gag was pushed into his mouth. Several hands closed on him; a sack was thrown over his head, muffling whatever sound he could make. His sword was taken away from him and his arms and legs were deftly tied. Immediately he was lifted off the ground by sturdy hands of men, who began to carry him at a running pace.

Satyaki ceased to struggle as he

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found that the odds were against him. He had to wait on fortune to provide an opportunity to escape.

With running steps, his kidnappers carried him, he felt, through winding streets. After a little while, he was placed in a ramshackle chariot, which shook from side to side. As it rattled along, he could perceive that the chariot, drawn by miserable ponies, was being driven towards Mount Raivatak.

He was familiar with the roads which led to the foot of the hill. He, therefore, could easily trace the route which his kidnappers took.

Clearly he was kidnapped. But by whom and to what intent? Before he could pursue the thought, the chariot halted at the foot of the Mount. He was lifted into a palanquin, which was soon carried up the hill. About eight or ten people carried or accompanied the palanquin; their presence could be sensed by their rhythmic steps and hard breathing. Two of them appeared to be the leaders, for they gave orders in whispers. He could not identify any one of them.

Now they came up to a little height. The path was uneven, for some porters stumbled now and then. The palanquin then came to a halt. Evidently they were before one of the mansions of the chiefs, which stood in the citadel which the Yadavas had built on Mount Raivatak.

Some whispered to the gate-keeper. The doors were heard being flung open. He was lifted from the palanquin and taken inside the house. Those who carried him, crossed three or four rooms and began to climb down a sort of stairs. There was no fresh air and yet it was cool. Evi-

...Moonlight was penetrating through a crevice in the rock...

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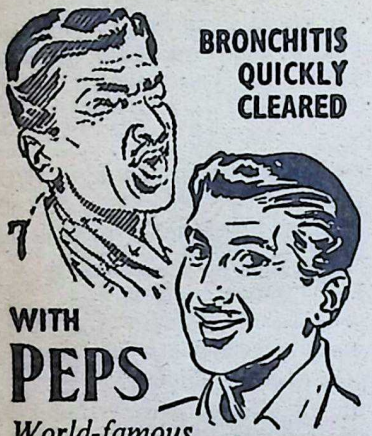

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dently he was going to be taken to some subterranean cave, possibly to be left to die.

What a fate, he thought, for the hero who, at that very moment, was expected to lead his contingent to victory! And what would Govind think of him, disappearing when he was most needed!

After going down a little, those who bore him on their shoulders, lowered him on the ground and untied the knots of the rope with which they had bound him. The patter of their feet showed that they were climbing the stairs hurriedly. Then the trap door was closed with an ominous sound.

As soon as he felt that he was left free, Saatyaki shook himself free from the rope and threw off the sack which covered the upper part of his body.

Darkness was all around him. Satyaki could not discover whether the cave in which he found himself was large or small, whether it had any opening for air and light. Insects were all around him, trying to crawl over his body.

He sat up. When his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he could see that one end of the cave was lit up by a streak of light.

Lest he might hit his head against the roof of the cave, he crawled on all fours towards the streak of light. There was no doubt what it was; moon-light was penetrating through a crevice in the rock.

It was a grim prospect that faced him. He was not sure whether he was going to be starved to death or kept in confinement for a time. He could not imagine who was interested

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in his being kidnapped. Jayasena's group—not very influential—though ready to stage an open quarrel, would not have ventured upon a hazard which would certainly bring down upon them the wrath of the King and the powerful families of Vasudeva and Satyaka.

Who then could be interested in his not going on Krishna's great adventure? It must be someone very powerful who wanted to frustrate the whole adventure, bring disgrace upon him and prove that Krishna was not the miracle-worker that he was supposed to be. Was Satrajit at the back of this plot?

He thought of his blighted prospects; of people thinking that he had run away from the adventure; of Krishna charging him with having betrayed his trust; of the loss of glory which would have been surely his had he captured Pushkar; of losing the chance of winning Draupadi.

For a moment he felt crushed as he lay, looking up at the moon-lit crevice, swapping the insects which harassed him. 'Govind, Govind, you are a miracle-worker. Why don't you work a miracle and rescue me from this terrible plight? I have always thought that you were a god. If you are one, why not come to my rescue?'

Time passed on dragging feet. The moon-lit streak turned white. It was dawn. He was to have started on his journey at sunrise. Now his contingent would return to Dwarka, shamefaced, betrayed by its leader, the laughing-stock of all the Yadavas. His family would stand disgraced. Krishna would wonder as to how he had disappeared. He was sure to try

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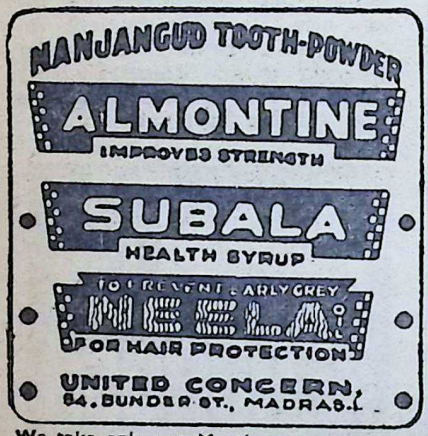

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to find him. Perhaps he might organize a search party. But how long would it take to find him in this wretched cave?

The light of the dawn turned rosy, then sunny. The sun had risen. He turned his eyes to the sun's rays which he thought must have been striking the rock above, and offered prayers to God Surya. He cried: 'Accept my prayers, God. I have not taken my bath, it is true. I have no water to give you an offering. But you are the Lord of light. Set me free!'

No one came. The cave was full of vermin. In a corner lay a broken mud-pot which once might have served to provide water for some unfortunate man like himself.

He went up the steps leading to the trap door, tried to lift it, but failed. *Ghatikas*[1] passed slowly, one by one. The sun was now overhead, for now a direct ray of the sun fell on the floor of the cave. He went and stood beneath it, reviving his drooping spirits.

Food or no food, water or no water, he would survive at least for a few days and by then Krishna was sure to come to his rescue. Perhaps Balaraama would help him too.

The King, Vasudeva, Akrura, his father and the elders would not permit such a barbarous treatment to one of the most prominent young chiefs. They would move heaven and earth finding him out. But who could say when they would do so? Whose prisoner was he? It must be someone very powerful. Who could it be? Had Satrajit waxed so strong as to raise his hand against Satyaka's son and Krishna's comrade?

A little after mid-day, he heard some noise coming from the trap door. He went and stood near the stairs. Someone was removing the heavy stone which had been placed over the trap door. He waited. Possibly someone was coming to give him food and water. Then he could know who had kidnapped him. And if he ever became free, he would destroy the kidnapper—him and his family, leaving no trace of them in Dwarka.

Slowly the trap door was lifted. Satyaki thought that possibly someone was coming not to give him food, but to murder him. He stepped back, placed himself against the wall ready to defend himself.

The trap door was lifted, but no one came down. Someone was peer-

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ing through it to see where he was. Satyaki waited impatienly to face the visitor.

Then he heard delicate armlets jingling. A woman had kidnapped him! It was a ridiculous situation. Satyaki, the great hero, kidnapped by a woman!

Satyaki came near the stairs and looked up. A fair, beautiful face was looking at him. Two eyes gleamed with mischief. A soft, rounded arm, with jingling armlets, was waving towards him.

A soft, sweet voice invited him: 'Satyaka's son, come up. Don't be frightened of women. I am not going to run away with you'.

Satyaki was almost surprised out of his senses. He had heard the voice somewhere, some time. 'Who are you?' he asked, trying to recognise the face.

'Come out of the darkness and have a look at me', said the melodious voice, suppressing mischievous laughter.

Satyaki went up the steps and crawled out of the trap door. His eyes, blinded by darkness so far, could not see in the twilight which pervaded the upper part of the cave, who the fair captor was. He could only see beside her two hefty women attendants standing a little away.

He came out of the trap door, brushed himself a little, crushed a vermin or two, and asked: 'Who are you? And why have you brought me here?'

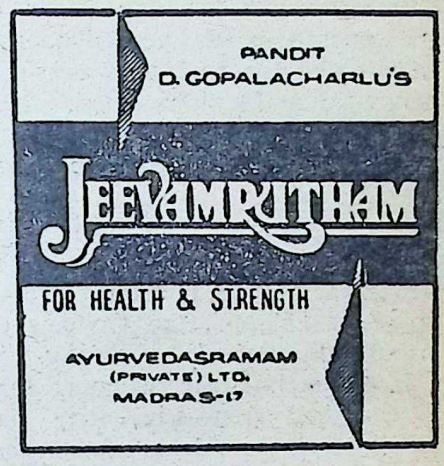
'Follow me quietly. There will be time enough to talk when we go out of this dirty hole', said the laughing voice.

In the twilight, Satyaki could see a small, plumpish, young woman, glittering in gold and diamonds; she wore richly bejewelled girdle, its tiny golden bells jingling over dancing rounded hips.

He thought that he was dreaming; the young woman, he was sure, would vanish in a moment and he would find himself once again in the vermin-ridden cave. Or, was it a murderous phantom coming to lure him to death?

As he climbed another stair, carved out of rocks, to an upper chamber, Satyaki could not help admiring the seductive grace with which his kidnapper walked. She had plump, but shapely contours, a graceful neck, a wonderful head covered with flowers.

He followed the phantom to an upper chamber which led into a



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large one. Sun-light, coming from a large aperture, flooded it, lighting up stone jars, large pots of clay and little niches in which lay heaps of gold nuggets, pearls and diamonds. It had seats covered with bear-skin mattresses and pillows. Jugs, which suspiciously looked like containing wine, and tempting food were placed near them.

In a large niche in one of the walls, a lighted wick floated in a small ghee lamp made of gold, illumining a small image of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth. In front of the divinity was a large jewel—larger than any that Satyaki had seen—scintillating flamelets in all the colours of the rainbow.

Satyaki thought that this imagination was playing him a trick, bringing him from the vermin-ridden cave where he was confined to die of starvation, into this well-furnished room of a stony mansion littered with gold and precious stones, to be dazzled by an impossibly large jewel, piloted by a phantom maiden. The trick of fate was very cruel.

Suddenly the young woman stopped in the middle of the room, suppressed her laughter and turned towards him. 'Son of Satyaka, sit down. Clean the dust off your body. Eat and drink, and then we will talk', said the young woman in a friendly voice. She flung herself on a seat covered by bear-skin, with charming abandon.

[To be continued]

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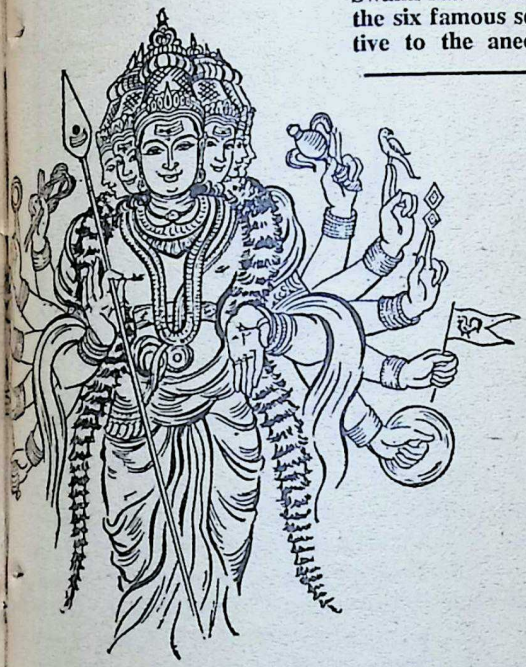
THE 22nd of this month is Skanda-Shashti. That day is consecrated to Lord Skanda or Karttikeya, Siva's darling son and Commander of Deva forces! It is appropriate and necessary to seek His blessings in these disturbed times.

Among the many names of Skanda is one that is much misunderstood: Swaminatha. It is commonly taken to mean that Skanda once became His father's Guru, which is preposterous.

The following account taken from the Sthalapurana of Swami-Malai in Tanjore District (S. India) which is one of the six famous seats of Lord Skanda, gives the proper perspective to the anecdote.—Ed.



SWAMINATHA

K. S. Krishnamurti

SAGE Bhrugu was one of the top-rank Maharshis. He sat for penance and was progressing fast. As it was nearing perfection, the Devas who had witnessed it realised that one of them would have to descend to the earth to give place to Bhrugu if he completed his *tapas*. They created a heavy disturbance which the sage felt unable to withstand, and as a result his *tapas* failed.

Sometime later, he began again at an auspicious hour and took further precaution to guard himself against future disturbances by pronouncing an advance curse that whoever caused disturbance to his penance, would forget not only the *mantras* he might have been initiated into but also lose all the spiritual strength he might have gathered by chanting them. Thus doubly protected, he plunged into *tapas* once again.

Naturally, this time he was more successful in his *tapas* than on the previous occasion and all initial efforts at distraction miserably failed. As the sage's penance accumulated enormously, it created a sensation in the universe which was only mildly perceptible in the beginning. Very soon, it developed faster; so much so that even the Devas found it hard to bear its heat.

The Devas appealed to Indra, their lord, for remedy and he took them to Brahma and Vishnu. The latter suggested that Lord Siva being the object of his *tapas*, He was the best person to approach. With sobs, they explained the intolerable situation

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and Lord Siva agreed to visit the scene of Bhrugu's penance.

Meantime the head of the *bhakta* Bhrugu had burst. Flames leaping therefrom were rising higher and higher. Even Siva Who is wearing serpents (the symbol of chillness), Who is *Chandrasekhara* (having moon on his forehead), *Ganga-dhara* (holding the Ganges in his tuft), felt the flames too hot to withstand. He was in a dilemma.

Collecting all His spiritual strength, Siva approached the *bhakta* and with a view to containing the flames He closed the crevice in Bhrugu's head with both hands tightly. Even then Bhrugu continued in deep meditation. Vishnu suggested that because Siva Himself was the object of the *tapas*, Siva should provide him with Inner Darsan when the *bhakta* might wake up. Siva did so and the *bhakta* opened his eyes. Noticing in physical form what he saw in his mental vision, Bhrugu realised that he had achieved the *summum bonum* of his endeavours. He sang the praise of Siva and added that he repented for the built-in conditions of his *tapas;* that his waking up from his *tapas* was not due to any disturbance. He explained: "Just as a flower is the forerunner of a fruit, so my *tapas* has been to your Darsana," and awaited the Lord's decision.

Said the Lord: "Whether my act was acceptable to you or not, it is a fact that your *tapas* was disturbed by it. Not even the shake-up I physically gave you could do it but it was the mental vision. So I should deem myself, in any event, to have earned your curse which I welcome and shall undergo with pleasure. Now, you may ask of me any boons you may require and I shall grant them."

Bhakta Bhrugu implored: "Oh, Merciful among the merciful! If You choose to take this stand, it must be because You want to prove to the world that however weak Your *bhaktas'* case You would redeem their words at a premium. Permit me, being the author of the curse, to prescribe its antidote, which is this. You may, at any time go to Swamimalai and there ask Your son Skanda to repeat to You Your Mantra (*Panchakshara*) when the effects of my curse would be wiped out. Pray, bless me that my devotion to You should be abiding."

Granting Sage Bhrugu his boon in full, Lord Siva disappeared.

Later on, Siva took a fancy to rid Himself of Bhrugu's curse.

He descended to the Cauvery basin and reached Swamimalai where His son Skanda, as Lord Swaminatha, was dowering blessings on His devotees and asked Him to repeat the *mantra* with which He Himself had once blessed both Skanda and His Mother.

As a dutiful son, Skanda did so and Lord Siva got Himself rid of the curse.

Incidentally, this illustrates that at times even elders chose to listen to the advice of youngsters in matters where the latter are better placed.

Being restored to its original receptacle, the Holy *Panchakshara mantra* danced in glee before the Lord.

May Swaminatha bless us all!

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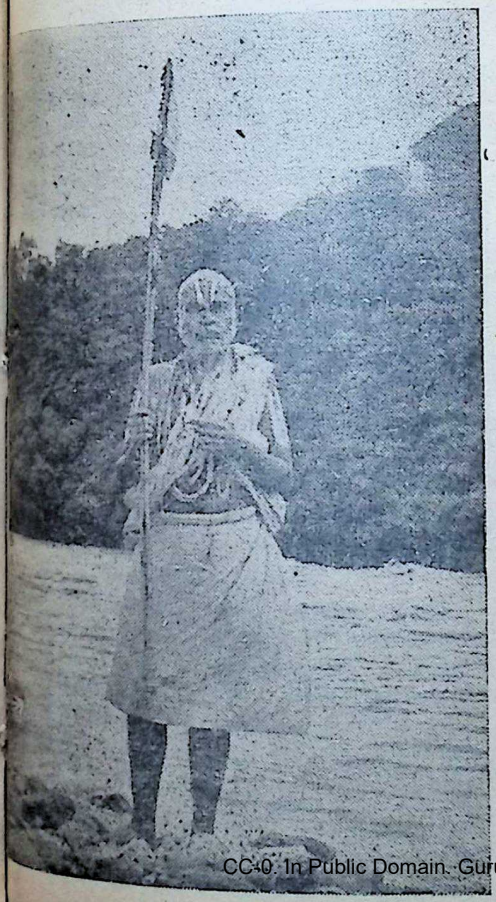
R. Desikan

43rd 'JEER' OF SRI AHOBILA MUTT



श्रीमच्छ्रीरंगपृथ्वीश्वरशठरिपुणा संयमीन्द्रेण दृष्टं
न्यस्तात्मानं नृसिंहे नरहरि शठजिद्योगिनेतुः
प्रसादात् ।
प्राज्ञं श्रीरंगकारिप्रभव यतिपतेः प्राप्त लक्ष्मीनृसिंहा-
स्थानं ।
सेवे यतीन्द्रं सकलगुणनिधिं वीरराघ्वीठ्ठठारिम् ॥

LAKHS of Sri Vaishnavites, who are the followers of the Sampradaya of Sri Ahobila Mutt, all over the country, will be celebrating the 62nd anniversary of the birth of the 43rd Jeer (religious head) of the Mutt, (*Karthikai-Pooradam*), His Holiness Sri Van Satakopa Sri Veera Raghava Satakopa Yatindra Maha Desikan.

Worshippers of Lord Vishnu are Vaishnavites. The concept of Vaishnavism postulates Sri, that is Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, as a necessary adjunct separate but inseparable from Vishnu; and the jiva, that is the disciple, attains salvation through the mediation of Sri, the embodiment of *daya* or *kripa;*

(62nd birthday anniversary of His Holiness fell on 20-11-1963).

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hence the Vaishnavites are rightly called Sri Vaishnavites.

Vaishnavism is the code of conduct according to Visistadvaita, one of the triple settings of Vedanta. The teachings of Visistadvaita in its aspects of metaphysics, morals and religion, familiarly known as *tattva, hita* and *purusartha* have been laid on definite basis by Sri Ramanuja. He was known as Yatindra and hence Sri Vaishnavism is also called Yatindra-mata.

"Sri Ramanuja, like other Vedantins, deduces his philosophy from the Sastra; but gives a comprehensive and synthetic interpretation of it by recognizing the validity of Pancharatra, as the word of God and accepting the equal value of the teachings of Rishis and the Alwars, in the scheme of Ubhayavedanta.

"Visistadvaita accepts the reality of experience in all its levels including dreams and illusions. Its *tattva* comprises the three entities, God, Soul and Matter which, however, are inseparable. God is defined as the Saririn or self of souls and matter, as these two live and move and have their being in Him. God exists in five forms as the Eternal beyond the perishing world, the Infinite in and beyond the finite, the Immanent and the Incarnations, historical and permanent.

"The soul has unique monadic being and is yet a mode deriving its essence from God. It is both substance and attribute. *Bhakti* and *prapatti* form the chief means of liberation or *mukti*. *Prapatti* as absolute surrender to God is available to all souls. *Moksa* is the attainment of the absolute beyond the world of space-time; then the liberated self enjoys the eternal bliss of Brahman. Spirituality and service go together as the vertical and horizontal ways of expressing love."*

Shri Ahobila Mutt is one of the three institutions of Sri Vaishnavism in the South of India—the others being the Sri Vanamamalai Mutt and the Sri Parakala Mutt of Mysore. This Mutt was founded nearly 600 years ago by Sri Srinivasacharya of Melkottai who was called to the Order at the age of 20 by Lord Sri Lakshmi Nrisimha at the cave temples of Sri Ahobilam situated on a hill range connecting Tirupathi and Kalahasti in Andhra State in the district of Kurnool and reached from the Cuddappah Railway Station on the Madras-Bombay route. Since then, 42 Acharyas have sat on the Holy Seat of this institution and have been considered the incarnation of Lord Sri Lakshmi Nrisimha. Hence it is the Acharyas are called *Azhagia Singars*.

Lord Sri Lakshmi Nrisimha came to Sri Srinivasacharya in the form of a Sanyasin and initiated him with the "Presha Mantra" and gave him the sanyasa ashrama. Just as He raised the moral standards of the people through the medium of Sri Bhagavad Ramanuja, so also He wanted to propagate the faith of Vaishnavism, after Ramanuja, through Sri Srinivasacharya. He would not even wait to allow him to marry after he had finished his

* Shri P. N. Srinivasachari in Foreword to "Yatindramata Dipika"—Sri Ramakrishna Math, Madras—1949.

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Gurukul studies. From the ways he was leading a detached life with "Vairagya" like the Alwars, even from his birth, He considered him fit enough to receive the Sanyasa. He came to him in the Archa-rupa of Malola Nrisimha and as with Ramanuja with Selva Pillai, so, the first Azhagia Singar with the Malola *moorthy* began touring the country on his mission.

Gnanam and Vairagyam are the two pre-eminent requisites of this order. Vairagyam in the case of the first Azhagia Singar was so great, he was called, "Satakopan." In view of his benevolent kindness towards mankind and his devout love towards Alwars—the idol of the Alwar at Alwar-Thirunagari was floated from the bottom of the tank, where it was kept hidden, and reinstated in the Temple—he was called Van Satakopan. The word "Adi", from the name of the Lord at Alwar Thirunagari, Sri Adinathan, whom he also installed and for whom and the Alwars he made arrangements for daily Aradhanas and periodical Utsavas, was attached to him, thus making the appellation "Sri Adi Van Statakopan." All his successors are addressed as Sri Van Satakopa Sri ..... Satakopan with their own names in their Sanyasa Ashram.

The cult of Vaishnavism in the South, known as Bhagwad Ramanuja Siddhanta was thus established by Sri Lakshmi Nrisimha through Sri Adivan Satakopa Jeer and is flourishing under the guidance of personages who come to this Asthana at the Holy Seat due to their greatness and the blessings of the Lord.

Every great Saint who has come to this Asthana has done many good things with the blessings of Sri Malola and by his charatceristically individual efforts.

The 43rd Jeer who ascended the gadi on 13-3-1953 and successfully adorned the Holy Seat till he attained liberation on 24-11-1957 has been known for his deep learning of the Sanathanadharma, his great devotion to the cause and his high degree of spirituality with which he ennobled the traditions of the institution.

Born of a very affluent and yet a line of devout Sri Vaishnavites from Devnar in Chola Desa and Tondai Mandalam, his father named him as Lakshmi Nrisimhan. His very birth bore very good omens and his naming was as per orders of the Lord, through the agency of the Ahnigam of the Mutt. At proper ages, he was initiated into the *samskaras* and ushered into the Grihasthashrama. He was doing daily *aradhanas* to the family hereditary deity, Kannammoorty and devoting his time for expanding his knowledge and teaching his several pupils in strict Gurukulam fashion. On his learning and devotion becoming known, in good time, he was made the Asthanavidwan of the Mutt and called upon to hold the office of the Principal of the Sanskrit College run by the Mutt at Madurantakam; he was made an Observer at the Malola Vidvat Sadas in 1945 and 1951 at Bangalore and Trivellore respectively. On 9-2-1951 he was given the Sanyasa by the then 42nd Jeer and the Vairagya he showed at the time despite the great efforts

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of his relatives to postpone the ceremony was monumental. With the then Jeer he was at the helm of affairs of the Mutt and this is likened by his followers to the combination of Alavandar and Ramanuja. In about two years' time the 42nd Jeer attained Mukti and on 13-3-1953 the 43rd Jeer was installed in the Holy Seat.

While at Madurantakam he combined practice with preaching and the system of the Gurukulavasis going to the lake early in the morning and after due bath and Udayopasthan coming back to College reciting Stotrapadam was brought into use. Pupils who sat at his feet at his native place were satisfied not only at the knowledge he imparted but with the quiet way he attended to their wants and the needs of their families.

The 43rd Jeer was noted for his strict conventionalism but at the same time for his liberal heartedness wherever it permitted him to soften the rigour of the conventions with the needs of the time. He was particularly noted for his great and abundant love for the bound jivas—one of the chief characteristics of the leader. The present writer sat at his feet for the initiation into "Samasrayanam". Being afflicted with certain amount of loss of hearing I could not follow his teachings. He was quick to note this and repeated the entire process at great length for my benefit.

Among the many Jeers of the Mutt, he was perhaps the most travelled and had covered almost the entire Bharata Varsha. After about hundred years a ruler of Mysore was able to invite a Jeer of this Mutt at Mysore. The Jeers of Sri Vanamamalai Mutt and of Sri Parakala Mutt of Mysore met him at their own places. Bombay had the rare fortune of having him among its inhabitants in 1956 for the first time in its history. Pushkar, Mathura, Hrishikesh, Badri, Delhi and, last but not the least, Naimisaranyam are among the places in the north which he visited before he joined the illustrious line of his predecessors at the last mentioned place.

There is a noteworthy point about the place of his attainment of Mukti as with the place of his birth. The great Alwar, Thirumangai Mannan, pleaded wih the Lord that he be allowed to lay his mortal coils at Naimisaranyam. But it was not to be. That greatness had been reserved to this great Saint.

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All is abolished but the mute Alone.
The mind from thought released, the heart from grief
Grow inexistent now beyond belief;
There is no I, no Nature, known-unknown.
The city, a shadow picture without tone,
Floats, quivers unreal; forms without relief
Flow, a cinema's vacant shapes; like a reef
Foundering in the shoreless gulfs the world is done.

Only the illimitable Permanent
Is here. A Peace stupendous, featureless, still
Replaces all,—what once was I, in It
A silent unnamed emptiness content
Either to fade in the Unknowable
Or thrill with the luminous seas of the Infinite.

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NIRVANA

Rishabhchand

THERE are two kinds of Nirvana —the Buddhistic Nirvana or the extinction of the individual personality, which is nothing but a seeming flux of samskaras, into the featureless silence of the superconscient Permanent, and the Vedantic Nirvana, which is a deliverance from the illusion of the ego and an ecstatic dwelling in the Brahman in its ineffable transcendence.*

Both the conceptions are equally envisaged here, in this poem; but it is the great, outstanding experience of release and peace, of a firm, motionless abiding in the untroubled serenity of the Self, far above the fleeting mirage of perishable forms, that is brought out in bold relief.

Nirvana is essentially a negative conception. It denies what life is at pains to affirm, and it points to something which, if it is not the positive absoluteness of Sachchidananda—for here, short of the highest, all partial experiences differ—is not, at any rate, this passing show of unsubstantial forms, this relentless agony of birth and death, these stormy assaults of passions and desires and grief and remorse that constitute the warp and woof of mortal existence. Nirvana affirms itself by stressing what it is not, and negates life by giving the lie to its pretended reality.

True to the traditional conception of Nirvana, the poem describes at some length the illusoriness of the world—how vain and vapid appears its tinsel glamour, viewed from the white infinity of the Spirit's immutable status.

The poet's soul has attained to Nirvana, in which all else is abolished except the "mute alone"—the still, solitary Self. The mind, being freed from thought, and the heart from grief, both of them "grow inexistent beyond belief"—they cease, as it were, to exist and function. The mind to be thought-free and still, and the heart to be impervious to grief and pain, is a condition which the normal human consciousness can hardly conceive as feasible; but it is

*The post-Upanishadic orthodox Vedanta sets a total merger of the individual Self in the unknowable Brahman as the ultimate goal, and not an ecstatic dwelling, which implies a persistence of the individual in It.

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just this that is one of the unmistakable signs of the Nirvanic realisation. "There is no 'I', no Nature, known-unknown." The ego, the empirical personality, is dissolved, and Nature has faded away from the concentrated self-awareness of the soul. The outer phenomena, appearing as a shadowy picture without tone or substance, float and quiver "unreal", phantasmagoric; and the procession of forms passes like a cinema spectacle of 'vacant shapes'. "The world is done," it has vanished from the ken of the poet, like the reef of a ship, sinking in a shoreless ocean.

Only the infinite Permanent abides in the supracosmic vastness, and a Peace replaces the confused ferment of the world—a Peace "stupendous," and "featureless" and "still," a Peace that baffles all description. And what was once the "I," the individual personality, becomes in the indescribable eternity of the Peace a "silent unnamed emptiness," a great, nameless void, which is content to melt and merge in the Unknowable, or "thrill with the luminous seas of the Infinite." Either an extinction in the Absolute, or an immortal dwelling in the Divine, participating at once in the Light, Power and Bliss of His universal and transcendent Existence, is regarded as the great, final consummation.

The Buddhist Nirvana satisfies the abstracting mind of man, which, in its impatient drive towards an extra-cosmic release, revels in a summary dismissal of the very fabric of Life on which it stands. But the heart of man is not enamoured of the Void. It does not carry its offering to the altar of a distant relationless, incommunicable Impersonal. It loves, it adores, and it is delighted to serve whom it loves and adores. It overflows in a termless rapture of self-giving the normal boundaries of its own existence to find itself restored to the luminous bosom of its Supreme Adored.

The integrality of human nature demands the Vedic realisation of the Divine Person, the Purusha, or the Purushottama of the *Gita*, who is at once 'here' and 'beyond,' immutable and mutable, finite and infinite, one and many, and reconciles and unifies in Himself all the multiform diversities of His Self-manifestation. And for this realisation, not a traceless annihilation of the individual soul, but an extinction of the separative ego, is the indispensable pre-requisite. That is what is meant by the Vedantic Nirvana, which the *Gita* calls "Brahma-Nirvana." But it is only the initial step, the great release, not the ultimate realisation. Beyond the Akshara, beyond even the Unmanifest, is the Purusha, as the Upanishad puts it,[1] and the experience of the Nirvana, as depicted in the above poem, is the sole passage leading to the thrilled ecstasy of the embrace of the Purusha, our eternal Lover and Master. "Or thrill with luminous seas[2] of the Infinite" suggests the blissful participation of the liberated soul in the creative Lila of the one and yet manifold Infinite.

1. "अक्षरात् परतः परः" "अव्यक्तात्तु परः पुरुषः" "पुरुषान्न परं किञ्चित्"

2. The "seas" represent the planes of the conscious existence of the Infinite.

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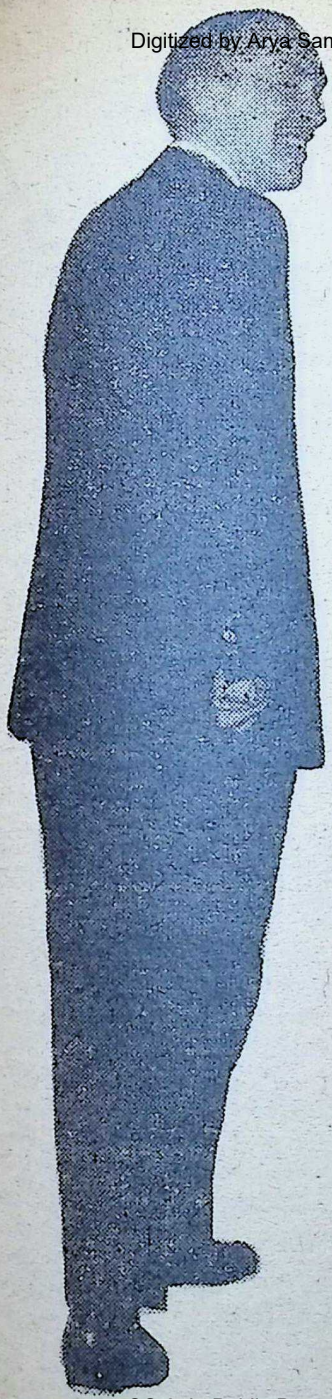

Sir Alec Douglas-Home

SIR Alec Douglas-Home (the last word pronounced Hume) romped home at the Kinross and West Perthshire bye-election to the great relief of the Conservative Party which had chosen him to succeed Mr. Harold Macmillan as Prime Minister of U.K.

Sir Alec, who on the Queen's invitation had formed the Government earlier, was unable to enter the Commons before giving up his peerage (which he did promptly) and seeking election to the Commons.

That he won by a lower over-all majority than the previous candidate despite his position and active campaigning, however, is a straw in the wind. All told, Sir Alec's start in No. 10. Downing Street will go down in the Parliamentary history of England as a breaker of precedents *par excellence.*

There has been some speculation over what happened at Blackpool, but if we are to believe the official spokesman, the Party chose Sir Alec deliberately—as being the man for the job under the circumstances then prevailing. Whether he will merely head a caretaker government or stay on as Prime Minister on his own, is however, anybody's guess. His choice, again, has shown a cleavage of opinion on vital matters of policy among Conservatives spearheaded by Ian

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Mcleod's refusal to tag himself on to Sir Alec as his understudy.

Apart from what has happened, the issue before the Conservatives is this: how far in the future would Sir Alec prevail against the pyrotechnics of Mr. Harold Wilson who has lost no time in picking holes in the new Conservative set-up?

To begin with, Sir Alec has won the first round, despite Labour protests, in deferring Parliamentary business till he was ready to meet them in Parliament. Secondly, in the bye-election in which he got himself elected, the Labour candidate was driven to the third position.

The fact that despite all this hullabaloo Sir Alec went about campaigning in his constituency systematically and cool as cucumber, speaks volumes for the confidence and determination of Britain's new Prime Minister. It is said that he knows exactly what he is after and trusts himself implicitly to do it. Indeed, it has been suggested that Sir Alec is building Britain's new Tory image. Speaking on the television at the time of his recent election campaign, he made it clear that an early general election, though tempting, was unlikely. It was his intention, further, he said, to contrast the Conservative and Labour policies over the months ahead and draw public attention to the defects of Socialism. One may expect him to do it with a hammer. Recently, he publicly owned that his ancestors were dacoits! A man who can thus laugh at himself cannot but be great in public life.

Sir Alec is not new to the game of politics. Born on 2nd July, 1903, he was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in history. On leaving Oxford, he began to interest himself in politics and became President of the Scottish Unionist Association. He was adopted as Conservative candidate for Coatbridge, was defeated in 1929 in a three-cornered contest, but in 1931 was elected to Parliament for Lanark. This he held, with the exception of the years 1945-50, until he went to the House of Lords.

Sir Alec was well known in Parliament for many years, as Lord Douglas, before he succeeded his father in 1951 to become the fourteenth holder of an earldom created in 1604. The records of his family go far back into Scottish history to the granting of lands and a castle by King William the Lion, before 1214; one of Lord Home's ancestors was Scottish Ambassador to England in the 15th century, another led the van at Flodden.

Lord Douglas, as he then was, served as Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. Skelton, during his first four years in the Commons. After working in the same capacity for two other junior Ministers, he was appointed in February, 1936, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was the beginning of an association which lasted until Mr. Chamberlain's retirement from politics shortly before his death.

Sir Alec lost his seat in the 1945 general election, as indicated earlier

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and won it back in 1950. After succeeding his father in July 1951, he took his seat in the House of Lords in the autumn. He sat there as Lord Douglas, in virtue of a Barony of the United Kingdom conferred on the 11th Earl (the family name is Douglas-Home) in 1875.

When the Conservative Party returned to power in 1951, he was appointed a Minister of State, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, Leader of the House of Lords, Lord President of the Council and, finally, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir Alec is a very quick worker and he likes to write his speeches, surrounded by his family. He is much tougher than he looks and behind his calm and polite exterior, he can lash out suddenly. According to Lady Home, he is no proud aristocrat but is warm and very much like an average Englishman. He doesn't, however, fancy women going out shooting.

Sir Alec married in 1936 the second daughter of the Very Rev. Dr. C.A. Alington, Dean of Durham and former Headmaster of Eton; he and his wife have a son and three daughters. Lady Home has accompanied her husband on many of his tours.

The other day Lady Home said that she has kept a scrap-book since 1928 into which goes every word written about them—along with photographs.

Lord Home is a Justice of the Peace in Lanarkshire and a Deputy Lieutenant of Berwickshire. He is a keen sportsman and fisherman, and a cricketer who has played for Middlesex. He was created a Knight of the Thistle in 1962.

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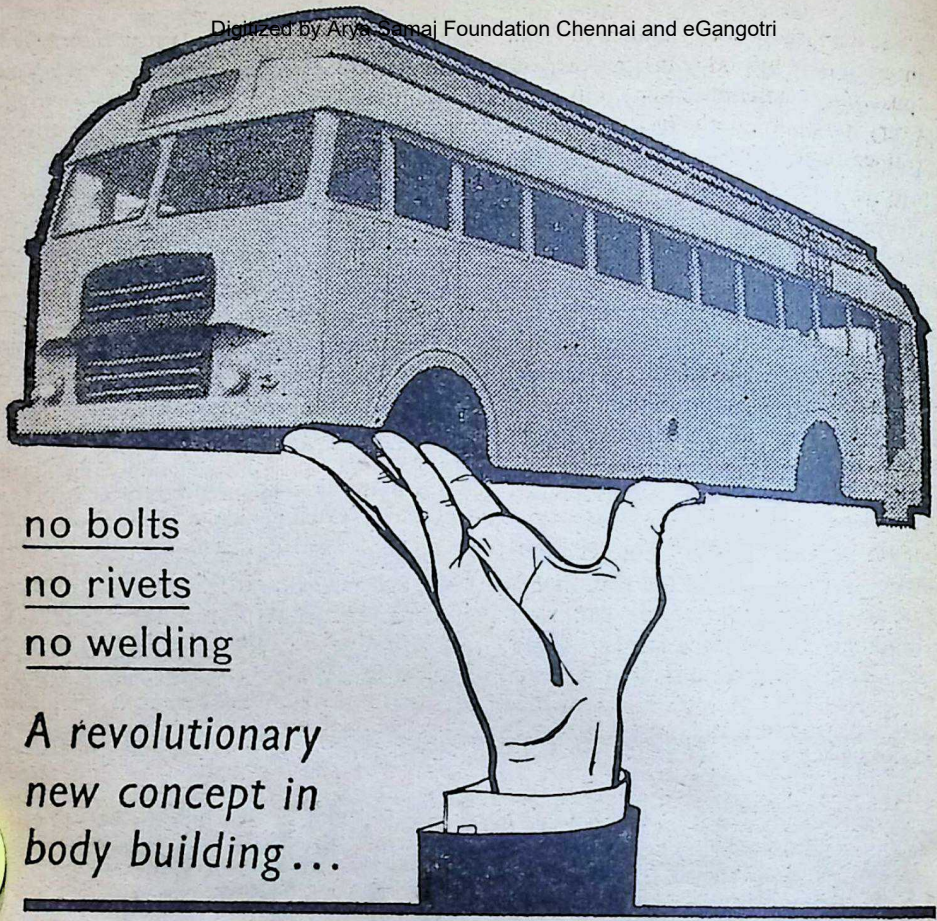

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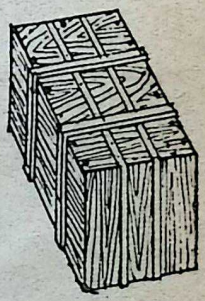

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Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1120

Sri Syed Nasirulla, Chickballapur.

Q: *What is the difference between Nirvikalpa Samadhi and Nirvana?*

A: Nirvikalpa Samadhi is the final stage of God-consciousness in a yogi. It may be a short-lived or a recurrent experience.

Broadly speaking, Nirvana has two meanings:

(1) the state attained by a man when all his human limitations have been shed;

(2) the condition of a soul when it merges into God after all his *samskaars* have been worked out.

In either case, the condition is a permanent one.

1121

Sri A. Vamanacharya, Yadagiri.

Q: *Did Valmiki consider Rama as a god or as an ideal man in* Ramayana?

A: As an ideal person who had attained divine attributes.

Miss. S. Sita Rao, New Delhi.

Q: *According to Swami Vivekananda, churches, temples, ceremonies, idol worship, etc. are meant only for children, and one should not remain a child for ever but try to cultivate a spiritual mind through love and charity. Why then one should still perform religious rites even in old age?*

A: I think the statement of Swami Vivekananda that you quote is taken out of the context. One may need a temple, ceremonies, idol worship etc. in childhood, youth, middle and old age. It is very easy to say that "I have a spiritual mind", but maintaining a spiritual attitude requires immense and continuous effort, and this effort often requires the atmosphere of a shrine to re-dedicate our heart to faith.

1123

Sri B.S. Murthy, Kottur.

Q: *In the Dharma story in your issue dated 23-6-63, Prahlada is said to have been duped by the trick of Indra. If great saints and Mahatmas thus get duped on clever pretexts, what will be the fate of ordinary mortals? What happened to Prahlada after he was bereft of Seela, Dharma, Satya, etc?*

A: All persons, however clever, have been duped at some time or the other. Saints being honest and straightforward men, are as much likely to be duped as any other person.

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SAILOR! SAILOR!

Sailor! Sailor!
Keep away!
Keep away
From the rock,
This deadly rock.

I am the light,
That has a house,
In the stormy sea.

Upon the hidden rock,
I stand to light the sea,
So deep and so blue.

Day I rest,
Night I light
The sea so dark
So deep and blue.

Round and round I go
To warn the sailing ship
To keep away,
To keep away,
From the monster rock
That breaks the ship.

—*Smt. Kapila Thakore*

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GENEROSITY

ONCE, there was a king Usinara by name. He was a scion of the Sibi clan. He had acquired great merit by his sacrifices and his austerities. His glory surpassed that of many celestials and holy men. Indra and Agni wished to confer a boon on him. But they put him to a severe test before they did so.

Indra took the form of a hawk and Agni appeared as a pigeon and they both flew over where Usinara was engaged in a sacrifice. The hawk was pursuing the pigeon to catch it and make a meal of it.

To escape the hawk, the pigeon fell on the King's lap and piteously sued for protection and he gently hid it from its pursuer in the folds of his garment.

Seeing this, the hawk got angry. "King! You are reputed to be a *dharmaatma* and yet, you are now trying to do what is forbidden by *dharma*. I am hungry. Do not prevent me from catching my prey. This pigeon is the food ordained for me. Do not violate that ordinance thinking that you are earning merit by giving refuge to this bird."

The King replied: "Mighty bird! This tiny creature is trembling with fear of you. In a bid to save its life, it has sought refuge at my hands. Would you say that it is right to deny protection to the distressed who come to me asking for it? Will it not be a sin to refuse protection? See! How the poor bird trembles all over with fear. To abandon one who seeks protection is against the law of *dharma*. To turn away from a *saranaagata* is a sin as heinous as killing a holy man or the cow which is the mother of the world."

The hawk argued: "From food all creatures are born. They grow by food; they live by it. A man can live long even after giving up everything else in the world; but no one can live without food. Bereft of food, my life will part from this body to roam about in anguish. When I am dead, my wife and children will die. By protecting this pigeon, you will cause death to many creatures.

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"If one dharma comes in the way of another, the first is not to be called dharma. That alone is dharma which is in accord with another dharma. Where there is a conflict of dharmas, one should determine which is superior and which is inferior; and act by the higher dharma in preference to the lower."

The King replied: "You talk wisely and well. Are you Suparna himself, the king of the feathered tribe that you seem to know about dharma beyond any doubt? There seems to be nothing that you do not know.

"And yet, how do you consider it right to abandon one who has sought refuge? If you are particular about your food, I shall satisfy your hunger by offering the flesh of some other creature instead. An ox, a boar, a stag, a buffalo—which will you have? Choose and I shall provide you with it—here and now."

The hawk declined any other flesh. "No, Oh King! I shall not eat a boar or an ox or any other creature. Do not put me off by something else. Release from your arms that which has been ordained by the gods to be my food for this day. A pigeon has ever been declared to be the natural food of a hawk. Do not embrace a plantain tree for support in thy ignorance of its fragile roots."

"O hawk! I shall place at your feet this entire kingdom of the Sibis. I shall give you everything that you may want except this hapless bird which has come to me to save its life. Tell me what I must do to compensate for this bird; I shall do it at once and most willingly. But, pray, do not ask for this pigeon."

The hawk took the King as his food and said: "Usinara! If such is your attachment to this pigeon, cut off from your body flesh equal to

GOD-LOVE

MYSTICISM is the connecting link between God and man and it is the privilege of mystics all the world over to treat God as their own; I mean, as being intimately connected to them as father, mother, child, wife, husband, etc. This attitude gives them an opportunity to pour out their hearts, in God-love, unreservedly.

Perhaps the most successful form of God-love in which anybody can lose himself completely is that of God as a child. Indeed, a distinct class of literature has grown in the Tamil language called "Pillai-Tamizh" in which poet-saints have oozed out their hearts on the child-form of God. Here is a typical example:

Kailas, the abode of Lord Siva, was the venue of the following incident:

Ganesa: Father! (wiping his eyes).

Lord Siva: Darling, why do you cry?

G: Brother Kartik pinched my ear!

S: Kartik! Why did you pinch your brother's ear?

K: Look, father! I was sitting on my peacock mount with my six faces. At that time brother Ganesa counted my twelve eyes and made fun of them first. In return I pinched his ear.

S: Ganesa! Why did you count your brother's eyes and make fun of them?

G: That is not true, father; Kartik first measured my trunk with a tape and made fun of it. I retaliated by counting his eyes (and laughed mischievously).

Lord Siva burst out laughing too.

May this form of heart outpourings continue to break our resistance to God-love.

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that of this bird and deliver it to me. I shall be satisfied with nothing else."

"Oh, what a boon you have bestowed on me! Willingly shall I cut a part of my flesh, weigh it against the pigeon and give it to you."

The King took a sword and cut the flesh out of his body. He placed the pigeon on one pan of the scale and his own flesh on the other. When the scales were lifted, the pigeon was found to be heavier than the quantity of the King's flesh. The King cut more of his own flesh to balance the scales. Yet, the scale of the pigeon still went under. Then, quickly the King got into the pan himself whole and entire and sat in it to balance the scales.

Then the hawk spoke to the King and said: "I am Indra, oh King, and this pigeon is Agni. We came to this sacrificial ground to know how constant you are to *dharma*. Since you have cut off your flesh to save the life of a little creature, your glory shall be unlimited. You will go to holy regions and your fame will endure for ever."

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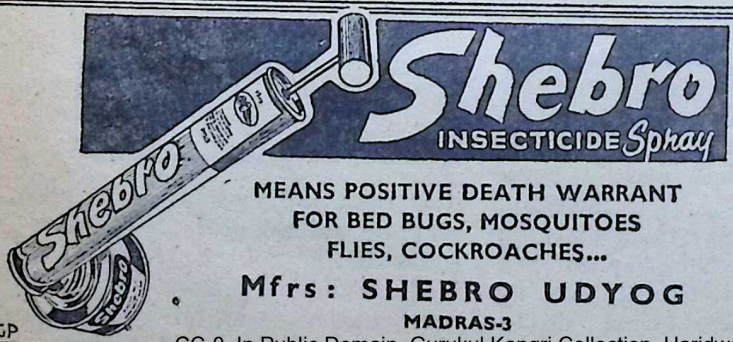
With that, Indra and Agni went to their celestial regions. In due time, Usinara too of the Sibi race went to heaven after filling the world with his pious and meritorious deeds.



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FLIES, COCKROACHES...
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Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's

Ananda Math

Part II

THE STORY SO FAR

DURING the Great Famine in Bengal, Mahendra Singh quitted his village with his wife Kalyani and only child. After some adventures on the road, Mahendra Singh met Bhavananda a member of the ascetic brotherhood who took him to Ananda Math, the jungle monastery where his wife and child were sheltered. There Mahendra expressed his desire to dedicate himself to the service of his country like the ascetics. Proceeding from there towards their village Padachinha, Kalyani and the child got poisoned. Mahendra and Satyananda were subsequently taken prisoners by Nazir-ud-din and his sepoys. Jivananda, another ascetic, rescued Mahendra's child and took her to his village home where he met his wife Shanti whom he had deserted for the sake of the country. Jivananda's determination floundered for a moment, but Shanti inspired him with fresh courage. Meanwhile Bhavananda restored Kalyani to life. The ascetics stormed the prison of the Mussalmans in an attempt to secure release of Satyananda and Mahendra.

1. Nimi in Retrospect

SHANTI had lost her mother very early in her childhood. This was the primary cause of the peculiar development of her character. Her father was a Brahman by caste and a teacher by profession. There were no other women in his house.

Shanti used to sit by her father's side whenever he used to teach his students. At other times, she used to play with the students who resided in her house. They had a great deal of affection for her.

Because she spent her childhood among males, Shanti did not even

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learn to dress like a girl. If she had learnt it, she might have forgotten it. She used to wear her sari very much like men wearing their *dhotis*. If, sometimes, anyone dressed her up as a girl should, she used to take it off and wear it like a boy.

The students in her father's school never used to comb their hair and tie it into a knot. Shanti followed suit. In fact who was there to do it for her? There was no woman in the house. The students used to comb her hair with a wooden comb. Her hair fell in ringlets on her back and shoulders, on her arms and cheek.

The students used to besmear their foreheads with sandal paste. Shanti would do likewise. Since she was not allowed to wear the sacred thread like the boys, she would cry bitterly. But in the mornings and the evenings when the students used to perform *sandhya*, she would sit with them and imitate every action of theirs.

As she grew up, she began to learn whatever the students learnt. She knew very little of grammar but she learnt by heart and could repeat many verses from *Bhattikavya, Raghuvamsa, Kumarasambhava;* and *Naishadhacharita*. Seeing this, Shanti's father said, "Whatever is fated will happen"; and started teaching her grammar. She proved herself an assiduous student and her father was amazed at her quick grasp of the intricacies of grammar. He also taught her some literary classics. After some time, her father died and everything was in confusion.

Shanti became an orphan with no one to look after her. The school was closed and the students left for their houses. But they had great affection for Shanti; they did not want to desert her in that plight. One of them took her to his home. This was the young man who later joined the society of Children of the Mother and assumed the name of Jivananda. We shall therefore refer to him as Jivananda.

Jivananda's parents were alive at the time. He told them of the plight of the young girl. The parents said: "Well, we can keep her in our house. But who will be responsible for the expenses of her upkeep?" To which Jivananda replied: "Have I not brought her here? I will bear the responsibility." The parents consented. Shortly thereafter Shanti attained her age and Jivananda married her.

Immediately after the marriage, everyone began to be worried. They realised that it had not been wise because Shanti would not dress like a girl. She would not comb and tie up her hair. Nor would she stay inside the house. Obstinately would she go out and play with the young boys.

There was a forest near Jivananda's house. Shanti would go to that forest alone and would wander about searching for peacocks and deer and rare flowers and fruits. In the beginning, her parents-in-law told her quietly not to indulge in such pranks. Then they scolded her. They even beat her and locked her up in a room. Shanti was quite upset by this treatment. One day finding the door open, she slipped out without anyone being aware of it and ran away.

Going to the forest, she picked some flowers and in their juice dyed

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her clothes saffron; she dressed herself like a young *sanyasin*. At that time, bands of *sanyasins* were wandering throughout the country. Shanti begged her food from door to door and reached the road leading to Jaganath. There was a band of *sanyasins* proceeding along that path and Shanti joined them.

The *sanyasins* of those days were not so debased as the present-day *sanyasins*. They were well learned, strong, trained in the use of arms and quite accomplished. They could be considered revolutionaries in one sense. Whenever they saw the revenues of the Nawab being carried to the capital, they used to loot them. They used to kidnap strong and well-built boys. They trained these boys and initiated them into their band. Thus they came to be known as kidnappers.

It was one such band which Shanti joined as a young *sanyasin*. Seeing her delicate body, they were hesitant to admit her. But when they noticed her keen intellect and other qualities, they readily took her as one of themselves. With them she learnt gymnastics and the use of weapons; and she became quite hardy. She traversed many places with them, saw quite a few fights and learnt the art of war.

As days passed, the unmistakable signs of her budding womanhood became apparent. Many of the *sanyasins* realised that she was only a girl in the disguise of a boy. But most of the *sanyasins* were real celibates. Though they knew she was a girl, they feigned ignorance.

There were quite a few scholars among the *sanyasins*. When they came to know that Shanti had a fair knowledge of Sanskrit, one of the scholarly *sanyasins* started giving her lessons. It has been said that most of the *sanyasins* were celibates. But some of them were not able to conquer their carnal desires. This scholar was one of the latter category. On perceiving Shanti's enchanting beauty, he was thrilled and moved by sensual desires. He tried his hardest to make an impression on her young heart. He read obscene literature to her and even commentaries on them. But Shanti was unscathed. She had never known maiden modesty. Now she became subject to modesty natural to women. She gave up taking lessons from the scholar.

But the scholarly *sanyasin* was not the one to give up the chase. He continued to pursue her like a hunter chasing a deer. Shanti had acquired phenomenal strength through her gymnastic training. Few men could boast of such strength. Whenever the scholar used to approach her, she would give him smacking blows; the blows were by no means ordinary. And no one could look forward to receiving them frequently.

One day, seeing Shanti standing alone, the scholar caught hold of her hand in a strong grip. Shanti could not free her hand from the grip. But unluckily for the scholar, it happened to be her left hand. With her right hand she struck a fierce blow on the scholar's forehead and he fell unconscious on the ground. Shanti left the band of *sanyasins* and went away.

Shanti was fearless at heart. Alone she proceeded towards her home

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town. Because of her indomitable courage and phenomenal strength, she was able to proceed without any mishaps. Begging her food or sustaining herself on wild fruits, emerging victorious in many a fight, she reached at last the house of her father-in-law. But the father-in-law had died by the time. The mother-in-law would not admit her into the house for fear of being excommunicated. Shanti left the house.

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At this time, Jivananda was in the house. He followed Shanti and, overtaking her asked: "Why did you leave the house? Where have you been so long?" Shanti narrated everything which had happened. Jivananda could distinguish between truth and falsehood. He believed Shanti without hesitation.

The God of Love does not waste his charmed arrows on a pair already united in wedlock. Even on full moon night when the moonbeams flood the world with light, the Britishers light their streets. Bengalis apply oil to their heads even though they be dripping with oil. Such unnecessary actions are not confined to human beings. Occasionally the moon continues to shine in the sky even after sunrise. Indra sends the rain even over the ocean. Kubera blesses the chest which is already filled to overflowing with riches. But the God of Love is infinitely wiser and does not waste his efforts. Where a pair has been united in sacred matrimony, he leaves them alone. He goes in search of fresh victims whose heart's blood he can drink.

Possibly the God of Love had no work on that day. He sent forth two of his charmed darts. One struck Jivananda; the other pierced Shanti's heart, making her realise that it was a woman's heart, full of extreme tenderness. Her heart was touched. Like a bud blossoming with the first drops of rain from the sky, Shanti flowered into womanhood and gazed at Jivananda with love in her heart and delight in her eyes.

"I will never forsake you," said Jivananda. "Stand here till I return."

To which Shanti replied: "Will you really come back?"

Jivananda did not answer but taking Shanti to the shade of a coconut grove kissed her ardently on her lips; and feeling that he had drunk nectar, left the spot.

Jivananda made some excuse to his mother, took leave of her and returned. His sister Nimi had recently been married to a person in Bhairavipur. A bond of affection had grown between Jivananda and his brother-in-law. Jivananda took Shanti to Bhairavipur.

His brother-in-law donated some land to Jivananda. Building a cottage on it, Jivananda lived happily with Shanti. Living constantly in the company of her husband, the masculine characteristics of Shanti gradually disappeared. The tender grace of womanhood flowered anew daily in Shanti. Their days passed like a joyous dream.

All on a sudden, the dream was shattered. Jivananda came under the influence of Satyananda. He joined the society of the Children of the Mother, left Shanti and went away. Their first meeting after that separation was brought about by Nimi. It is that which has been described in

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"Stand here till I return." To which Shanti replied, "will you come back?"

2. Shanti's Penance

AFTER Jivananda left, Shanti went and sat on the pial of Nimi's cottage. Nimi joined her with the child in her arms. Shanti had stopped weeping. She had dried her eyes and had put on a pleasant expression with a smile on her face. Even so, it was evident that she was

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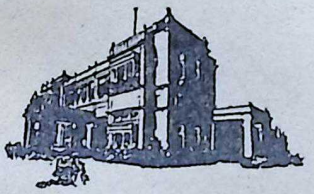
naya paisa wise

rupee foolish

If you are, don't lose heart,
Consult State Bank of Mysore
for counsel on becoming
Rupee wise—Naya-paisa wise too!



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agitated. Realising this, Nimi said: "After all, you have met him. Isn't it great?"

Shanti made no reply and remained silent. Nimi realised that she would not divulge what was in her mind. She knew even before that Shanti would not confide in anyone. So she turned the conversation to other subjects and said: "See here, sister-in-law, what do you think of this child?"

Shanti asked: "Where did you obtain this child? I didn't know that you had a daughter."

Nimi replied: "Shut up, you naughty woman! This is not my child but my elder brother's."

Nimi did not say it in order to wound Shanti's susceptibilities; when she said it was her elder brother's, she only meant she had received it from him. Shanti did not understand it that way. She thought Nimi was trying to annoy her. So she said: "I did not ask about the father of the child but only about the mother."

Nimi did not know what to reply and said after a while: "My dear, I do not know whose child it is. My brother picked it up from somewhere. I had no time to get the details from him. But don't you know that famine is raging? Many people abandon their children on the highways. Have not people offered their children to us for sale? But who will take care of another's child?" Once again tears welled out of her eyes but wiping them, she said: "See how beautiful the child is! I begged of my brother to leave the child with me and he agreed."

After that Shanti conversed for long with Nimi on various subjects. Then Nimi's husband returned; and Shanti went back to her cottage. She bolted the door, took some ashes from the hearth and kept it aside. She threw into the dying embers the rice she had cooked for herself. She stood plunged in thought for a long time. Then she said to herself: "Today I shall certainly do what I have been thinking of for a long time. The hope which has so far stood in my way has been fulfilled. Has it really been fulfilled? Or has it slipped away? If so, my life is pointless. Therefore I am determined to do what has been in my mind. The penance for one transgression is the same as for a hundred ones."

Thus thinking, she threw the cooked rice into the fire. She went out and brought some fruits from the forest and ate them instead of the rice. Then she took out the sari of Dacca Muslin which she prized dearly. She tore off the lace border and dyed the rest of it in saffron. By the time she had dyed and dried the cloth it was evening. She bolted the door of the house and started doing an amazing thing. She cut off a portion of her long hair and kept it aside. What remained, she twisted into matted locks. Then she tore the sari dyed in saffron into two. One portion she wrapped around her waist and she covered her bosom with the other.

There was a mirror in the house but she had not used it for a long time. She took it out and looked at her reflection: "Oh God, how can

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I hide these?" She asked herself and threw away the mirrors. Then she took up the tress of hair she had cut and made it into a moustache and beard. But she could not bring herself to wearing them. She told herself: "What a shame! Those days have gone beyond recall. I cannot do so now. But it is better to keep them in order to get round the old man." Then she took out a large deer skin and tied it round her neck, thus covering herself from neck to knee. Thus dressed like a young *sanyasin*, Shanti left the cottage late at night and entered the dense forest.

Even the nymphs of the forest were delighted to hear this marvellous song echoing in the night:

Clatter! Clatter! where ridest thou
With flying feet?
To the wars I go, hinder not
Oh my sweet!
Hari! Hari! Hari! Hari!
'Tis my battle cry,
In the waves of war shall I plunge
Death defy,
Whose art thou? None be thine?
Why follow me?
So away to the wars, no woman can
Enchantment be.
Lord of heart! Leave me not,
I entreat;
War music sounds, hark my dear.
War drums do beat.
My impatient horse desireth war,
Hear him neigh;
Swift flies my heart, no more at home
Can I stay.
So away to the wars! No woman can
Enchantment be!

3. Who Transgressed?

THE next day, the three leaders of the society of the children were conferring, with great anxiety, in a secret chamber of the Anandamath. Jivananda faced Satyananda and asked: "Maharaj, why are the gods so angry with us? What crime have we committed? Why then were we defeated by the Mussulmans?"

Satyananda replied: "The gods are not displeased with us. In war, victory and defeat are inevitable. The other day we were victorious, today we have been defeated. That was no victory and this is no defeat. He is the true victor who wins the last battle. I have no doubt whatsoever that God Vishnu who wields the Chakra and the Club, the Conch and the Lotus is ever kind to us. It is our duty to fulfil the pledge we have taken at His feet. If we fail, we shall suffer eternally in hell. I have not the slightest doubt about our ultimate victory. But we must not forget that human effort is as essential for success as divine grace. What was the cause of our defeat? We were without proper arms. The enemy had guns and cannon. Of what use are our lathis and spears against them? That was why we were worsted. Our task is to provide ourselves with such weapons as the enemy has."

Jivananda: "That is extremely difficult; it is almost impossible."

Satyananda: "It is for that purpose that I am going on pilgrimage tonight. Till I return, both of you should stay in the Math, keep up the unity and the determination of the Children, provide them with food and clothes and look after them."

Bhavananda: "I cannot understand how you can collect arms by going to temples. Will it not be difficult to send guns and cannons from place to place? Where can we obtain them in large quantities? Who will sell them to us? Have we the manpower to collect them?

Satyananda: "It is not my inten-

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tion to buy arms from us. We have to get artisans to make them."

Jivananda: "What! Are we to prepare them in the Math?"

Satyananda: "That is impossible. For a long time I have been worried over this. By God's grace, I have found a solution today. You told me that the gods were displeased with us. But I realised that we have His complete blessings."

Bhavananda: "Where can we establish this factory?"

Satyananda: "At Padachinha."

Jivananda: "How is it possible? How can you establish it there?"

Satyananda: "Why else was I so keen on enlisting Mahendra in our brotherhood?"

Bhavananda: "Has Mahendra taken the pledge?"

Satyananda: "He has not yet taken the pledge but he will do so. I will initiate him tonight."

Jivananda: "We do not know about the efforts you have made to enlist Mahendra. What has happened to his wife and child? Where are they? Today I found a little child near the brook. I took her and left her with my sister. Near the child was the corpse of a beautiful woman. Could she have been Mahendra's wife? I thought she was."

Satyananda: "You are right. They were Mahendra's wife and child."

On hearing this, Bhavananda was startled. He realised that the dead woman he had revived was none other than Mahendra's wife. But he did not say anything.

Jivananda: "How did Mahendra's wife die?"

Satyananda: "She took poison."

Jivananda: "Why did she kill herself?"

Satyananda: "God commanded her in a dream to do so."

Bhavananda: "Was that command given in order to facilitate the work of our brotherhood?"

Satyananda: "I heard so from Mahendra. Now it is getting dark. I will go for my evening prayers. After that, I will initiate new entrants."

Bhavananda: "Entrants? Besides Mahendra, does anyone else have the audacity to be initiated by you?"

Satyananda: "Yes, one more neophyte. I have never seen him before. He came to me today. He is very young. I was pleased with his talk and behaviour. I am convinced that he will be an asset to our society. I intend to entrust Jivananda with the task of training him. It is getting late and I am going. But I have to tell you something. Listen to it carefully."

Then both Jivananda and Bhavananda folded their hands and said: "We are all attention. Command us."

Satyananda said: "If either of you has transgressed or if you transgress before I return, do not perform any penance before my return. But penance will be essential after my return."

Satyananda then returned to his quarters. Jivananda and Bhavananda looked at each other. "Was it meant for you?" asked Bhavananda.

Jivananda: "Maybe. I went to my sister's house to keep the child there."

Bhavananda: "There is nothing wrong in it. It is not forbidden. But did you meet your wife there?"

Jivananda: "He thinks that I have."

(To be continued)

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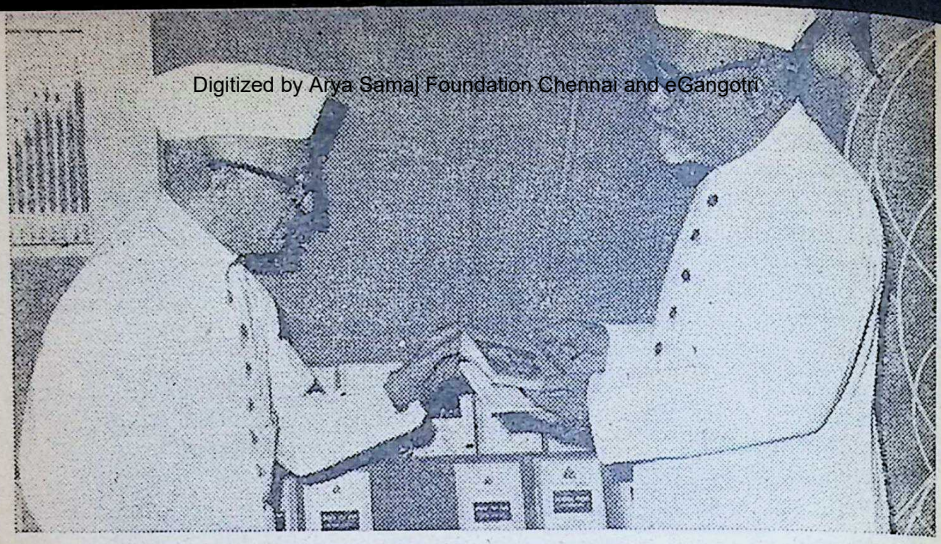

Dr. Zakir Husain, Vice-President of India having a look at Bhavan's New Releases

Notes & News

Bhavan Launches the 'One Rupee Series'

DR. ZAKIR HUSAIN, Vice-President of India, inaugurated on Friday the 8th instant, Bhavan's 'One Rupee Series' of the Book University and the Marathi Series of the Book University, before a distinguished audience at the Bhavan's auditorium. The Vice-President in his speech complimented the Bhavan on its multifarious activities and called himself "a potential beneficiary of the new series." (Full text of his speech appears as a separate article elsewhere in this issue).

Earlier, welcoming Dr. Zakir Husain, Dr. K. M. Munshi said the Vice-President was a great educationist and man of high distinction, and the inauguration of Bhavan's Book University One Rupee Series and Marathi Edition by him in the Silver Jubilee Year of the Bhavan was one of the significant events in the life of the Bhavan. This new series in the same format as the Bhavan's now famous Book University Series was intended to supplement it. They would help the people to recapture the values of Indian culture and reintegrate it in their lives. He said that over a million and a quarter of Book University Books had been sold and hoped that the new series would prove even more popular.

Sri R. R. Diwakar, Chairman, Gandhi Smarak Nidhi and Joint Editor of the Book University, said that what he liked most about the Bhavan was its *pratibha* or genius which was explained in Sanskrit as the quality which brought forth new ideas every time. He characterised the new series as a stroke of genius and was sure that it would prove immensely popular, although, compared to the Penguins, it had a long way to go. Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President of the Bhavan, proposed a vote of thanks.

The 12 titles in the 'One Rupee Series' released are: 1. UPANISHADS by Sri C. Rajagopalachari; 2. & 3. HOW GOD CAME INTO MY LIFE (Parts I & II) by several Contributors; 4. REVERENCE FOR LIFE by Dr. Albert Schweitzer; 5. CHINESE AGGRES-

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SION AND ITS IMPLICATIONS by Dr. K. M. Munshi: 6. NATIONAL EMERGENCY AND ITS PROBLEMS, by Dr. K. M. Munshi; 7. THE HIMALAYAS IN INDIAN LIFE by Sardar K. M. Panikkar; 8. OUR MOTHERLAND by Swami Vivekananda; 9. GOSPEL OF WORK by Swami Rama Tirtha; 10. BOMBAY HIGH COURT: HALF A CENTURY OF REMINISCENCES by Dr. K. M. Munshi; 11. REASON AND BEYOND REASON by Sri Aurobindo; 12. ERASE THE EGO by Sri Ramana Maharshi.

The new titles of the B. U. Series (Rs. 2.50) released on the occasion were: 1. *Kadambari* by Dr. C. Kunhan Raja 2. *Ramanuja's Teachings in His Own Words* by Sri M. Yamunacharya 3. *Immortal Words*, an Anthology 4. *In the Vision of God* (Part I) by Swami Ramdas 5. *In the Vision of God* (Part II) by Swami Ramdas and 6. *Bhagavad Gita* by Sri C. Rajagopalachari.

In the General series *The Supreme Power* by Mahatma Gandhi (Rs. 4) was released.

In collaboration with the Book Centre Private Ltd., of Bombay, the Bhavan released the Marathi versions of Rajaji's *Ramayana* (Rs. 6) and Dr. R. D. Ranade's *Pathway to God in Marathi Literature*. (Rs. 5).

BHAVAN'S SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING:

ON SATURDAY the 9th instant, Dr. Zakir Husain was the Chief Guest at the First Annual Day Celebration of the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering at the Andheri Campus. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided. The Acting Governor of Bombay Sri H. K. Chainani and Smt. Chainani, Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Maharashtra's Education Minister and Member of Bhavan's Governing Council, Sri Salebhoy Abdul Kadar, Minister for Prohibition, Sri E. A. Bandookwala, Mayor, and other distinguished guests were present.

Welcoming the guests Kulapati Munshiji recalled how the College came into being in that large campus. Sri Shantilal Shah who is a member of the Governing Council of the College paid a handsome tribute to the Bhavan and its contribution to the founding of this college. He hoped that adequate funds would be forthcoming from the generous public of Bombay for providing facilities for Post-Graduate studies and Research work in this Engineering College under the able leadership of Principal S. B. Junnarkar who was the doyen among the Principals of Engineering colleges. Prof. R. H. Chokavatia, Jt. Principal, in his Annual Report outlined the progress made so far by the College and among the future programmes indicated that Professors from the College would be sent for higher studies abroad.

Dr. Zakir Husain in his speech commended the pioneering efforts of the Bhavan and said that the engineer who has to base his professional activity on scientific knowledge and on habits of disciplined and organised thinking, has to be closely associated with humanistic learning. (Full text of his speech will appear as an article in the next issue of *Bhavan's Journal*). Principal S. B. Junnarkar and Mr. A. P. Pradhan, Students' Representative, proposed a vote of thanks.

BHAVAN'S DELHI SCHOOL

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN'S Public School in New Delhi has won laurels in the sphere of sports.

At this year's Delhi Schools Annual Sports Meet, the School won prizes in six events. Maung Kyaw Tint of Standard VII won the second prize in the 100 meters event and third prize in the Shot Put event. He also secured the first place in High Jump by breaking all previous records. (5′ 3″)

Veda Prakash of Standard VIII won three prizes in 200-meter, 400-meter and 800-meter events.

Veda Prakash also won the Country Cross race organized by the Central Secretariat and bagged the coveted shield.

The Table Tennis Team of the school secured the place of Runners-up in the tournaments organized by the Delhi Schools' Sports Board Tournaments.

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OUR BOOK SHELF

STUDIES IN VEDIC INTERPRETATION: By A. B. Purani, Published by Chowkhamba Sanskrit Series Office, P.B. No. 8, Varanasi-1. Pp. 296. Rs. 20/-.

FOLLOWING Sri Aurobindo's approach the author gives the meanings of some of the words. Interpretation of the Rigvedic mantras is the greatest of all the problems of Hinduism. Yaska, Skandaswami, Venkata, Madhava, Vararuchi, Ananda Tirtha and others took great pains to explain the Vedic mantras. But they are not unanimous in their attempt. Each commentary has its own value and serves to a certain extent to the understanding of the mantras. The difficulty in interpreting the Vedic mantras is explained by one by the name Kutsa elaborately, which is referred to by Yaska in his *Nirukta*. According to Kutsa, Vedic mantras are not intelligible and so it is idle to attempt to interpret them. But Yaska condemned this vehemently and defended his attempt at the interpretation of the Vedas. Of all the commentators Yaska was a naturalist. He interprets the Vedic mantras with the help of natural phenomena. But at the time of Yaska there was another school of interpreters who were called "Itihasikas". They give the meaning of the mantras with the help of Puranas. For instance, the war between Demon Vritra and god Indra is very often referred to in the Vedic mantras. This legend is interpreted by Yaska as meaning war between clouds and the air in the mid-region. The air is called Indra. The cloud is called Vritra. The attack of the air on the cloud is metaphorically taken as a war. Pauranikas take this as actual war between demon and god. Aswin's exploits also are interpreted with the help of natural events. Sayana, the great commentator adopts both. Westerners like Wilson and Max Muller follow Sayana. Professor Roth follows Yaska and repeats Sayana. A perusal of Rigvedic mantras warns us to have a thorough spiritual outlook in interpretation. In recent times Swami Dayananda paved the way for this approach. Aurobindo fulfilled this long-cherished ambition. But his antipathy to rituals and ritualism is not understandable because ritual and ritualism never devalue the mantras. Rituals are production of the mantras according to "Mundakopanishad". Even rituals have spiritual significance as symbols. The sages of our land like Apasthamba, Bodhayana and Vyasa—all are supporters of ritualism. Eminent philosophers like Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhwa accepted the importance of rituals. So connection of mantras with rituals is unavoidable. Rigvedic mantras have their inner meanings. Words like "Gau" etc. have spiritual meanings. In the first sense Saraswati seems to be a river. But if we dive deep, the inner meaning of Saraswati is the goddess of inspiration.

Sri Purani is a well-known interpreter of Aurobindo's thoughts. His attempts are very successful. Concept of Rita and Satya is elaborated by him with the help of a number of mantras. Interesting meaning is given to some of the Vedic words. A comparative study of Yaska, Sayana and Aurobindo will reveal to us new ideas. The book serves as a key for the understanding of the Vedic words and mantras.

—*Agnihotram Ramanuja Thathachar*

THE CREED OF SAINT VINOBA: By Vasant Nargolkar. Price: Rs. 2.50. Pages 307. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7.

THE monograph under review is an excellent account of the life and teaching of Sri Vinoba. It is comprehensive in its scope and range. The book is divided into 13 chapters, each discussing one of the different aspects of the saint's personality. The author's approach is at once discerning and devout. Chapter V and VI, give us Vinobaji's philosophy and religion,

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the theory of it, his conception of the nature of the universe, God, soul and religion. Chapter VII explains his conception of modes of God-realisation, i.e. sadhana. Chapter XI and XII bring out the revolutionary implications of Vinobaji's *gramdan, bhudan* and *sampatdan* movements. The concluding chapter presents us a coherent picture of the 'new social order' in the image of social justice and love. Vinobaji has taken upon himself the one-man mission of completing the social reconstruction envisaged by Gandhiji according to his conception of *Sarvodaya*. Our author's intimate knowledge has enabled him to present the saint's life in a touching manner.

Vinobaji is *Gita* in action. He has presented to our distracted age a powerful alternative to State socialism in his philosophy of *dāna*. His is an appeal to the conscience of man, a non-violent method of bringing about revolutionary changes in the social and economic fields. As Dr. Radhakrishnan observes in his foreword, "in a sense Vinobaji's movement is a protest against the excessive preoccupations of our age with industrial civilization." The book carries five illustrations and a useful index. To the reading public, it is a boon to have such an excellent book for a modest price. The publishers deserve to be thanked for their educational mission in publishing the book.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

V. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR: by K. Chandrasekharan, "Sahridaya", Dr. Rangachari Road, Mylapore, Madras-4. 1963. Pp. 40. Price: Re. 1-/.

"THIS tiny brochure" gives the story of the life of a noble son of India who combined in himself the virtues of a versatile scholar, a great patriot, a brilliant lawyer, an outstanding judge, an able administrator and a far-seeing statesman. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar who is the subject of this biography belonged to the Indian counterpart of the Victorian Era, to a generation of an intellectual aristocracy who constituted the leadership of those days. A distinguished product of modern university education, Krishnaswami Aiyar had his roots in Indian traditional scholarship and Sanskritic culture. He was one of the stalwarts of his time who left the impress of his dominant personality over everything that came within the sphere of his activity.

Antecedent as he was to the Gandhian era in Indian politics, his services to the Indian National Congress in the matter of healing the wounds of the Surat Split have been effaced from modern memory partly due to the lapse of time and mainly due to the spectacular non-cooperation movement under Gandhiji's leadership which has thrown all earlier movements into the shade. This book narrates how Krishnaswami Aiyar salvaged the Congress and brought it back to life.

Krishnaswami Aiyar is remembered in Madras by a grateful posterity for his bequests in the shape of a Sanskrit College training students for higher achievements in Sastraic learning, an Ayurvedic College and Dispensary and a number of other benefactions of public utility and private charity. He made history in bringing an Englishman, Arbuthnot of the Arbuthnot Bank to the dock and pioneered the first indigenous Bank in the country which now flourishes all over India and outside as the Indian Bank Ltd.

Krishnaswami Aiyar would not suffer fools or rogues. But within his apparently difficult exterior was a kind heart which flowed out in sympathy with distress and was quick to recognise merit and help it to eminence.

All this is narrated in this book with an understanding born of a rare intimacy with a man who, all through his very brief life, thought more of others than of himself or his family. Lest we forget, books like this telling us of the early builders of our India, cannot be too many in these days of short memories and new heroes.

—*P. S*

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MARATHI

ARVACINA SAMSKRTA SAHITYA: By Prof. Shridhar Bhaskar Warnekar, Post-graduate Teaching Department, Nagpur University (Publishers: Modern Book Stores, Nagpur 1963). Pp. 560 + 22. Price: Rs. 20/-.

THE book under review is in Marathi and is a survey of modern Sanskrit literature from the Seventeenth century to the year 1960. Prof. S. B. Warnekar, the author of the book, besides being a well-known Sanskrit scholar, is also a talented Sanskrit poet having many Sanskrit compositions of high literary merit to his credit.

As he reveals in his preface to the book and as is naturally to be expected from a person possessing genuine love of Sanskrit, he originally wrote this Survey in Sanskrit but in the absence of a suitable publisher, he again wrote and amplified it in Marathi which now appears in the form of the present book.

For the abundant and far-flung material which Shri Warnekar has presented and arranged in the book, he has laid under contribution not only previous histories, catalogues and Sanskrit periodicals containing information about contemporary Sanskrit literature but has also availed himself of the personal contacts he made during his tour with persons and institutions devoted to the cultivation and advancement of Sanskrit, and of the intimate knowledge he gathered about Sanskrit literary activity being carried on in various places throughout India. The resulting present Survey, therefore, makes a very impressive record of the creative activity of the contemporary Sanskrit Muse.

The caption of the book 'Modern Sanskrit Literature' may sound a contradiction in terms to those who labour under the impression that Sanskrit which had been once a living vehicle of ancient literature and culture is now a 'dead' language and no longer the living voice of literary artists and thinkers. It is commonly supposed that Jagannath Pandit was the last of the mighty ones who spoke and composed in that puissant 'language of the gods.' The book under review gives the lie to that supposition and impression and focusses our attention on the fact that Sanskrit still continues to be the medium of creative literary activity among a large circle of the *elite* all over India to our present day.

The richness and variety characterizing Sanskrit literary activity in modern times would be obvious even from a cursory glance at the contents of the book. In a separate chapter, the author points out that among the incentives which impelled the modern creative writers in Sanskrit, there was not only the genuine love of Sanskrit but also a powerful artistic urge to communicate what one felt and thought in response to the call of the modern times. Thus in one chapter we find a survey of many literary compositions of high literary merit which were composed in response to the call of the nationalistic movement and of the love of the motherland. In another chapter, the author deals with some 70 dramatic compositions based on Puranic, historical and social themes. Journalism is a branch of literature which can be called a product of our modern times. It is interesting to find that Sanskrit literature also came under its powerful impact. We find in one chapter of the book a resume of Sanskrit Journalistic activity during the last hundred years which saw the rise of over 50 Sanskrit periodicals. In another chapter, we are introduced to modern humorous literature in Sanskrit. In still another chapter, the author has indicated how modern Sanskrit writers have successfully tried to adapt into Sanskrit some of the masterpieces in world literature e.g. dramas of Shakespeare, the *Novum Organum* of Bacon and the works of Aravind (Aurobindo). It is thus refreshing to find Sanskrit writers feeling and expressing the impact of world literature. The same, however, cannot be said of the modern scientific literature in Sanskrit. In a chapter under

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the caption 'Modern Scientific Literature', the author gives a survey of modern scientific works in Sanskrit. One finds in this Survey scientific works on the traditional branches of Sanskrit learning such as Indian grammar, astronomy, Ayurveda, Nyaya and Dharmasastra. It is striking that there is no Sanskrit work devoted to even a survey of the technique and philosophy of modern science.

In a chapter under the heading 'Some great writers', the author draws pointed attention to about 19 writers who have made distinctive contributions to modern Sanskrit Literature. One, however, misses in this list and also in the book, the names of the late Mr. Vasudeva Shastri Abhyankar and Pandit Vamanshastri Kinjavadekar both of whom have extensive and original Sanskrit writings to their credit.

Shri C. D. Deshmukh has written a Foreword to the book commending the effort of Shri Warnekar.

—*Prof. V. M. Bedekar.*

KANNADA

GITA ANTAR VANI: (Gita's inner voice with the original text) by Asthana Vidwan M. G. Nanjundaradhya. Published by Prabhodha Pushtaka Mala, Vani-Vilas Road, Mysore. Price Rs. 2/-.

THIS is an excellent book in Kannada on the message of the *Gita* arranged topic-wise. The book has grown into its present form, from the lectures delivered by the learned author under the auspices of the *Gita Prachar* Sabha, Mysore. The volume carries two forewords by Sri Vinobaji and Sri Sankaranandą Bharati. The volume discusses two problems and describes in detail the questions connected with them. The author seeks to establish the thesis *"That Gita is the inner voice"* in the first 50 pages. In the second half he gives us 'what exactly is the prime purport or the inner voice of the *Gita*.' The different topics discussed are delightful to read and stimulating to our spiritual sense. No topic that is relevant to the *Gita* is left undiscussed. The style and the exposition is easy and it is within reach of the average reader. The third part of the book is the *Gita* text reprinted. There is a valuable verse-index to the *Gita*. In an appendix the author takes up the relation between Shiva Agamas and the *Gita*.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

TELUGU

GITA MAKARANDAMU—Gita with Telugu Commentary by Swami Vidyaprakashananda. pp. 1130; Rs. 10/-; Published by Suka Brahmasamamu, Kalahasti (Andhra Pradesh).

THIS book is a valuable contribution to the study of *Gita* in Telugu. Many commentaries on *Gita* have been published so far in Telugu, but this work is significant in several ways. In the first 120 pages, the author has given the several ways of Gita-Parayana, its significance and effect. In an elaborate preface running into about 100 pages the author has very beautifully explained the greatness of *Gita* and the value of its study in the worldly life. The author has then proceeded to give the original *sloka* in Sanskrit, its meaning—word by word and the substance. After this the commentary of the author follows. It is here the author has exhibited his original thinking and experience. In some places the author has tried to drill into the minds of the readers certain cardinal truths and definitions of certain philosophical terms in the form of simple questions and answers. The Swamiji is not a mere scholar with much of book-knowledge. His writing reveals that he has realised and experienced what he writes. This personal touch makes the work all the more valuable and impressive. The Swamiji richly deserves the gratitude of Telugu-speaking *Asthikas* for his pious and learned labour of love. It is indeed difficult to spotlight the manifold excellences of this book in a short review. The printing and get-up leave nothing to be desired.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

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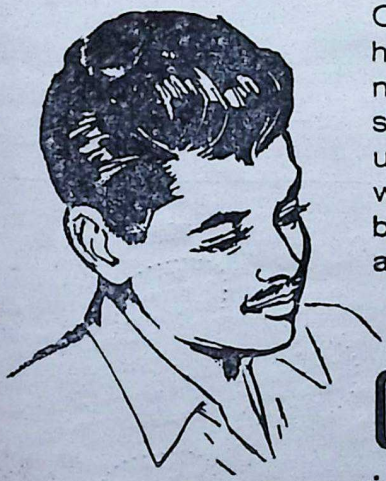

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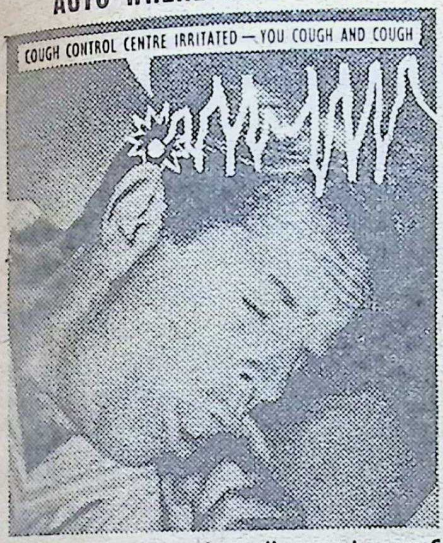

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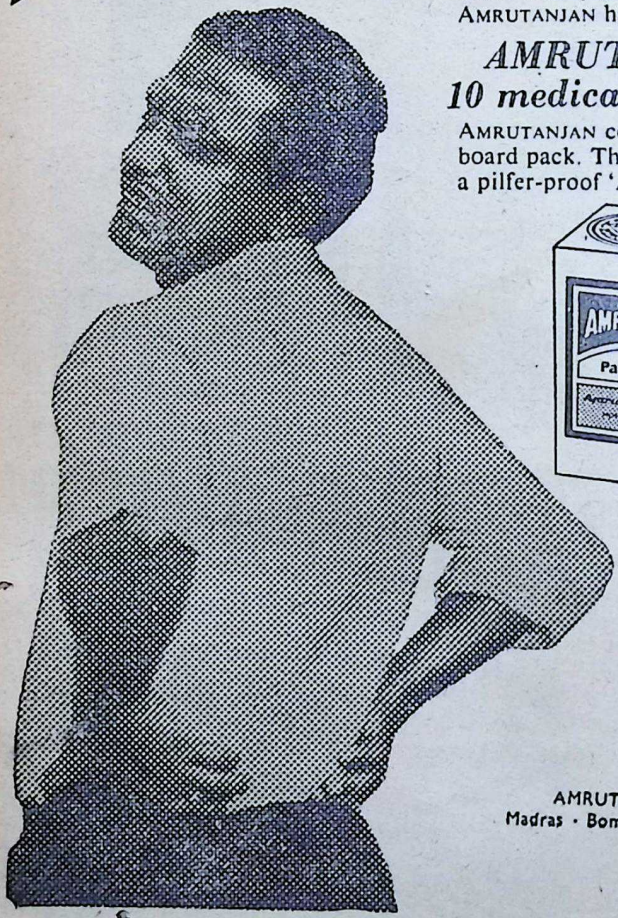

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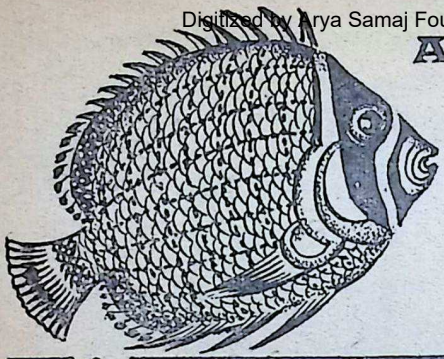

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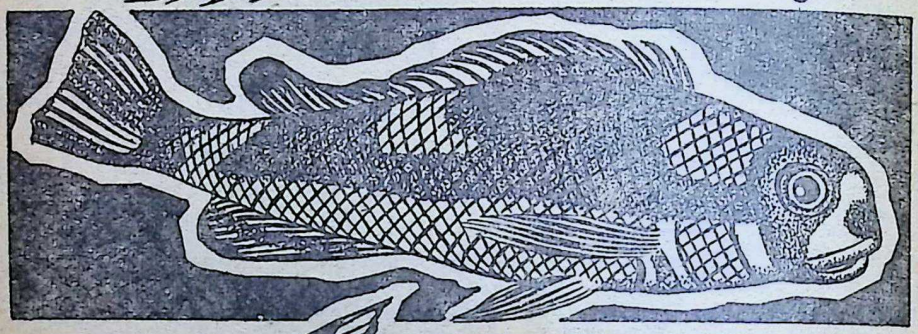

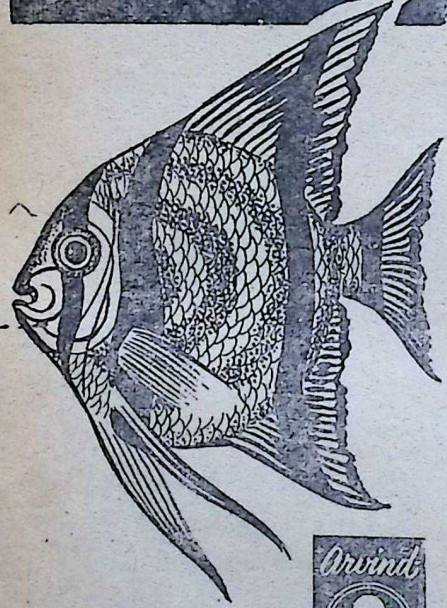

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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* Unity and Prosperity (Vedic Prayer) ..	11
* Kulapati's Letter No. 298: Rajaji: The Democratic Conscience of India	12
* The World's Loss (Editorial) ..	16
* Name of God—Sant Kabirdas ..	17
* Aim of Life—"Siva"	22
* Bhaktacharitamrita: 1. Hanuman—Nishkinchan ..	18
* For the Freedom of Man —John F. Kennedy	25
* Racial Equality—John F. Kennedy ..	31
* Kennedy: A Man of Ideals, Vision and Courage—Jawaharlal Nehru ..	35
* Kennedy is Not Dead—Vivek ..	37
* Rajaji: A Pictorial Feature	40
* Mass Communication Must be Honest and Objective —Sri M. S. Kannamwar	45
* Krishnavatara (Part III): The Kidnapper's Secret—Sri K. M. Munshi	50
* Evils of Gambling—I ('They Stood for Our Dharma'—Story)	58
* Ananda Math (Serial) —Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	63
* Notes & News	70
* Our Bookshelf	77

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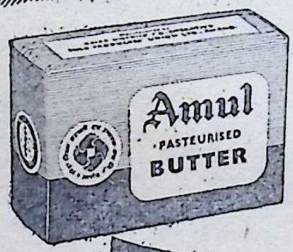

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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Unity and Prosperity

सं सं इद्युवसे वृषन्नग्ने विश्वान्यर्य आ ।
इळस्पदे सं इध्यसे स नो वसून्या भर ॥

O Agni the strong, You the Noble One, bring the utmost union among all. You shine in the earthly abode. May You bring prosperity to us!

Rigveda, X, 191-1

Vol. X, No. 10

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No. 298

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KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ RAJAJI: THE DEMOCRATIC CONSCIENCE OF INDIA

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay.
December 8, 1963.

My Young Friend,

RAJAJI is 85 today. It has been my good fortune to be on terms of mutual affection with most of the great leaders who were nearest to Mahatma Gandhi. Of them, Rajaji and Sardar had been, in a way, closest to me for years.

In 1930, I was proceeding to Allahabad to join the Congress leaders, where the proposals, which ultimately led to the Gandhi-Irwin Truce, were to be discussed. I changed the train at Jhansi, as also several passengers coming from Madras; among them was Rajaji. That was how we first met each other. Since then I had the privilege of enjoying his friendship and confidence. In many difficult situations, he has been a tower of strength to me.

Rajaji is the "Bheeshma Pithamaha" of Indian politics. The grand old man that he is, he leads an ascetic life, inspired by high moral values and spiritual insight. His courage is immense, and below the terrifying self-composure, beats a very kindly heart.

I have rarely seen a man who has such a clear insight into men and affairs. He can size up a man's strength and weakness after a moment's contact. He can read his inner motives like an open book.

There is a superficial view that he is a Chanakya—clever and tricky; the fact is that intellectually he is head and shoulders above his contemporaries and can see much more clearly than most people; this, the ordinary politician cannot tolerate or forgive. So he has been badly treated by friends and foes alike; quite often he has paid the price for his clear vision; but he has never grumbled.

In 1942, when Pakistan riots were being staged in the country under the inspiration of the Muslim League, I parted from Gandhiji and the Congress to begin my tour of the country to mobilise public opinion in favour

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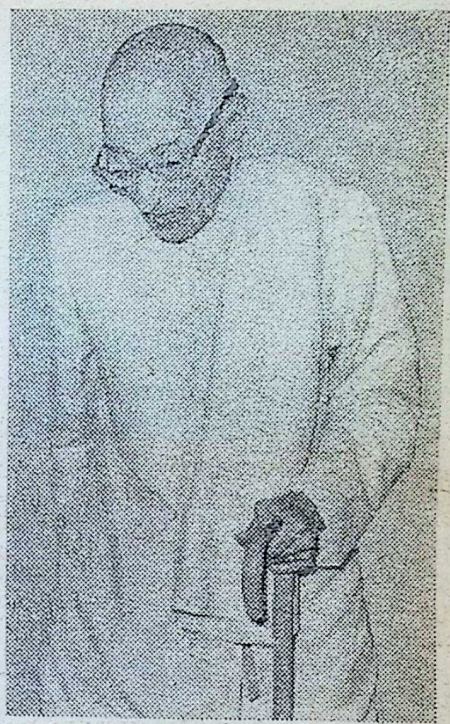
of "Akhand Hindustan." The Congress was pledged to maintain the unity of the country. Gandhiji had said that Pakistan could come only over his dead body. Both Sardar and Pandit Jawaharlal thought that the Pakistan movement would fizzle out.

At the time Rajaji alone could foresee that, with the British holding power, the Congress as it was constituted was incapable of meeting an opposition pledged to unabashed, country-wide violence; that Pakistan was therefore inevitable; and it would be advisable to negotiate and compromise with Jinnah. Unconvinced by his logic, I was furious at the attitude he had taken. Rajaji at the time was characterized by many as betraying the cause of India.

However, the events proved him correct. Rajaji could see clearly what others could not. There may, however, be a difference of opinion as to whether, if his advice had been accepted when he first gave it, and the British were not ready to leave, the results would have been better or the wounds less ghastly.

Again, the country owes him a deep debt of gratitude for having taken up the Chief Ministership in 1952, just in order to clear Madras of the Communist incubus, in disregard of a narrow sense of prestige and even inviting ridicule by so doing. He had written to me at the time that 'malignant stars had brought him back to politics.' Obviously they had a beneficent effect on Madras and the country as a whole.

Years ago, he raised his voice against Nuclear Tests and vigorously campaigned for a test-ban treaty. Recently a partial test-ban treaty has been signed.



'Events prove him correct.'

I can quote from experience many such situations in which his vision and action had proved prophetic ●●

Rajaji is in the forefront of political fights so ceaselessly that people are apt to forget that he is unique in versatility.

He is a master stylist. His style is self-restrained, chaste, beautiful, and at times biblical. He has the sure literary touch. He can make subtle distinctions and at a moment's notice, use appropriate words in appropriate contexts. His short-stories are inimitable. His English summaries of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* have a classical touch.

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If I were asked to say in one word what Rajaji is, I should say: he is unique, unique where he agrees with one, unique where he disagrees with one, unique in his thought and unique in action. It has been my privilege to have not only gained his affection and goodwill but also to have retained these all these forty years and more without a single break or a single moment of flurry, in spite of differences in points of view, and all that I can hope and pray is that he may live for many years more and give the country his unique guidance and leadership.

—Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Few people have an idea of his many-sided interests. Years ago, at Tiruchengodu, I heard him discourse on the ways of the bees. In between political battles, I have seen him reading Shakespeare and Dickens. An important book on politics or economics finds him an ardent reader. He could write on the 'Raman-effect', carry on a campaign against B.C.G. and discuss with you, if he is free, the medical treatment for lumbago with almost professional precision. In a few weeks, he could produce a remarkable lecture on Indian culture or sum up the quintessence of the *Upanishads* or the *Bhagavad Gita* with masterful brevity.

Not even the smallest thing escapes him. Even the minutest of a man's mood registers an impact on him. In Gujarati there is an idiom that if a man looks after his pie, he is sure to save his rupee. Rajaji never forgets the pie.

Many years ago, on a wintry night, we alighted at the Jabalpur Station to attend the sessions of the A.I.C.C. Leaving us at the gates, he went to the station post-office to send a telegram. Minutes passed, but Rajaji did not return. Ultimately I went in search of him. When I arrived at the post-office, I found that, when all of us were shivering in cold, he was coolly explaining to the officer how to calculate telegram charges according to the rates stated in the Telegraph Manual and how the officer's calculations were incorrect!

For the last four years, Rajaji has been leading almost a lone crusade against increasing Statism. Week after week, he uses his pen in the *Swarajya* with incisive logic and devastating effect, exposing the fatal trends in the Government. His comments evoke appreciation not only among the thinking people of India, but even some chanceries of the world.

Smt. Indira Gandhi, during the recent bye-election campaign at Rajkot, charged him with being a "frustrated politician". It was a cruel jibe. Possibly the heat of the election was too much for a sensitive mind to maintain balance!

His life has been one of total sacrifice to the country. This reminds me of a rare act of his self-abnegation: Years ago, I was at his Tiruchengodu Ashram with him. Gandhiji had written him a characteristic letter. The office of the Congress President—the highest honour that any patriot could aspire to in pre-Independent India—was Rajaji's due, but for several extraneous reasons, another party, if selected, would perhaps make things easier. Gandhiji left it to Rajaji to decide the matter for himself saying that if he took the same view of the

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choice, he should post the enclosed offer to this third party. Rajaji did not think twice; he instantaneously posted Gandhiji's offer to the other person.

All that he has been doing for the last four years arises from his deep conviction that the ruling party is corrupt, inefficient, nepotistic, breaking up healthy political and administrative traditions, wantonly interfering with the life of the people, undermining democratic freedom which India had won with great effort.

He feels that in the name of "Socialistic Pattern" and "Welfare State", the fetters of incipient totalitarianism are being fastened on the country, from which it will be difficult to return to a free democracy.

Rajaji also feels very strongly that democracy can only be saved if a strong Opposition Party comes into existence.

The truth of what he has been saying is acknowledged even by those who try to thwart his attempts in that direction.

Rajaji has fought against the personality cult. The "Kamaraj Plan" is an admission that the personality cult will not work in the country.

Rajaji has raised his voice against the rampant corruption induced by the way the Congress Government is functioning. The Congress is also being convinced, though belatedly and hesitatingly, that all is not well with the integrity of several leading Congressmen.

Rajaji has fought against the Communist-biased foreign policy, and, arising from that bias, the neglect of defence preparations. The Chinese aggression has proved him right.

He has fought against the manner in which the Congress Ministers have been collecting election funds. The truth of what he has been fighting for has been brought home even to the Congress leadership.

He has been laying a charge that the Congress as an organization is now principally dedicated to perpetuate its power. The struggle now openly going on in several States has proved his charge.

At present Rajaji is fighting against rural India being placed at the mercy of bureaucrats and Congressmen in the name of land reform; he is going to prove correct in this matter as he had been in other matters, if the ruling party uses its majority to force halfbaked land-reform policies on a helpless peasantry.

Truth is always greater than formulae, but as Albert Schweitzer has said: "It is the fate of every truth to be the object of ridicule when it is *first* proclaimed".

The fact is, Rajaji stands today as the embodiment of the democratic conscience of the people of India.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Rajaji has been able to construct an Opposition personality that is, at least, recognizable.

Since he entered the arena, armed not only with the courage of selflessness but also with rare qualities of devastating criticism, the situation has changed dramatically—though God knows, there is still a lot of boot-licking, cant and humbug afoot—all due to fear of the powerful.

—Jayaprakash Narayan

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THE WORLD'S LOSS

"From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men: and from the generosity of his heart he endeavoureth to promote it."

Thus did the immortal Buddha speak of a good man. President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was, above all things, a great and good man.

The assassin's bullet wrought a three-fold tragedy :

On the domestic scene, it deprived a loving wife of her dear husband. It left two innocent children dazed by a loss which they are too young to understand. An aged, ailing father and mother writhe in the agony of their *putrasoka*.

On the American national scene, it re-enacted the martyrdom of a century ago when an earlier Captain of the American people—Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator—fell at his post of duty by bullet wounds in the head and on a Friday at the hands of a similar *aasuric* fanatic.

In the international scene, the world lost an intrepid and purposeful statesman, young in years, but old in wisdom, who soared far ahead of others in the free air of serenity, understanding and sympathy.

Kennedy was a Citizen of the World. His greatness sprang from the foundation of his goodness. A devout Christian that he was, the truth that all men are children of the same Father and are brothers to one another was deeply graven in his heart. The proposition that "all men are created equal", was not just a *policy* with him; it was an article of faith that he had inherited from a great predecessor in his office. He genuinely believed in racial equality and sincerely and resolutely strove for the granting of equal rights to his fellow Negro-citizens. To him, it was not merely an act of justice; it was a duty that he owed to God.

President Kennedy was one of the few world leaders imbued with that dynamic passion which domineers to the extent of giving man and history a purpose and which gives them the unfading greatness of a Socrates, Joan of Arc, Mazzini, Lincoln or Gandhi. He symbolised a crusade for a moral and spiritual standard in this imperfect world of ours. He had the courage to seek peace and the fortitude to risk war. With his undaunted idealism and sagacious leadership, Kennedy inspired hopes for a better world.

In very truth, Kennedy extended the frontiers of his heart to compass the whole world; for, he felt with the Hindu sage that, to one of generous conduct, the entire humanity, everywhere and at all times, is one family.

उदारचरितानां तु वसुधैव कुटुंबकम्

The sudden end of a career which had just begun to flower and waft its fragrance has stunned the people everywhere and left millions all over the world in dismay.

One is tempted to ask in despair : "Does God consent to this ?"

Or, is it the extreme sacrifice which He has extracted from Man as the price of a New Order? Who can understand God's purpose?

The only solace for us is to reflect that "a long life may not be good enough; but a good life is long enough".

And did not Sri Krishna say : स्वधर्मे निधनं श्रेय :?

Kennedy now reposes in the Valhalla-*Veera Swarga*-of the heroes of Dharma.

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SANT-VANI

NAME OF GOD

The Name of God is the oil in which the wick of the self is to be drenched and ignited by the fire of God.

Name is the material cause, and God the instrumental cause for bringing to fruition the qualities of the self.

The aspirant should habituate himself to forget the world from time to time, considering its ephemeral nature, and keeping the goal in view, pursue it relentlessly.

By this two-pronged drive he will be able to see the glittering light of God inside the tabernacle of his heart.

When this light of God is seen inside the heart, he should offer body, mind and possessions as oblations on the Divine Altar.

It is the Name which thus brings together the Self and God.

—Sant Kabirdas

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Bhaktacharitamrita

1. HANUMAN

भक्तिर्हि सर्वलोकानां मातेव हितकारिणी।

Devotion to God alone like one's own mother, is capable of doing good to all.

अज्ञानाद्वा प्रमदाद्वा लोभान्मोहदृशापि वा।
चिन्तयन्तो हृषीकेशं गच्छन्ति परमां गतिम्॥
दिव्यादि तिर्यक्पर्यन्ता ये केचिज्जीवजातयः।
बभूवुः कृतकृत्यास्ते सम्पूज्य हरिमीश्वरम्॥

Whether by ignorance, passion, greed or delusion, those who are constantly thinking of God (Lord Hari) attain beatitude. From angels to animals—those that worshipped Hari—have attained their meed.

रागतो द्वेषतो वापि सोपि भक्तो न संशयः।
कामा गोप्यो भयात्कंसो द्वेषाच्चैद्यादयो नृपाः॥
निरन्तरं संचिन्त्य प्रापुः कृष्णं न संशयः।

One can be a *bhakta* whether one loves or hates Him. There is no doubt about it. The Gopis loved Him intensely; Kamsa feared Him intensely and Sisupala and his men hated Him. Yet by constant contemplation of Hari, for one reason or another, all nevertheless attained Krishna.

WITH the above lines as our guiding principle, we shall feature in this series, enduring anecdotes from the lives of *bhaktas* of all denominations and categories, culled from many sources.

Hanuman is foremost among the *bhaktas*. Traditionally, he is considered a *chiranjeevi*. It is therefore appropriate that we start this series with two interesting anecdotes from his exemplary life.

The first happened one day on the sea-shore at the time of the Setubandhan. Rama of bluish hue, was seated on the shore surrounded by Lakshmana, Sugriva, Hanuman, Angada, Neela, Nala, Jambavan and others.

At that time there arrived Vibhishana, carrying in his hand an extremely beautiful *haara*, made of incomparable pearls and gems collected from the best sources.

Prostrating before Sri Rama, Vibhishana placed the *haara* at Sri Rama's feet.

Taking the impeccable *haara* in his hand, Sri Rama looked at it, smiled and praised it for its beauty.

Hanuman was kneeling before Sri Rama with his hands clasped in rapt adoration.

Smilingly Sri Rama, the beloved of devotees, placed the *haara* round Hanuman's neck gently.

Thereupon Hanuman stood up and bowing before Sri Rama, remov-

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ed the *haara* from his neck and, keeping it in his hands, looked at the pearls and gems constituting the *haara*.

Suddenly, like the monkey that he was, he put one of the gems of the *haara* between his teeth and bit. It broke under the powerful impact of his teeth with a noise. Naturally all those assembled, excepting Rama, laughed merrily at Hanuman's antic.

That did not disturb Hanuman in the least. He selected another pearl and bit that too and scrutinised the inside of both the gems again and again.

As though driven to a decision, Hanuman flung the *haara* contemptuously on the earth, while others looked on gravely at what they thought was an irreverent action.

Hanuman himself broke the embarrassing silence by saying:

यस्य रामो न च स्वामी रामनामाङ्कितं न यत्।
न तत्प्रियं ममास्तीह सत्यमेतन्नसंशयः ॥

I swear I have no love for any one who does not have Sri Rama as his Lord and anything which does not bear the name of Sri Rama.

There are certain things which are easier said than done. For instance, Hanuman's above citation looks unexceptionable; but it could be easily challenged! Hanuman being the most intelligent Sachiva, he anticipated a boomerang and hence forestalled the questioning look of others.

Said he: "You all seem to be sceptical in believing what I say. I shall presently demonstrate that I mean what I say. The dearest thing for a person is his body. You will presently see that this body of mine which I love more than many things answers my requirement. Look!"

इत्युक्त्वा स त्वचो देहान्निष्कास्य दर्शयज्जनान्।
रामनामाभिलिखित मङ्गं सर्वं हनूमतः ॥

Saying this Sri Hanuman tore open the skin of his body and showed to all those assembled that the name of Rama was writ large all over the inside of his body.

Everyone was loud in his praise of Hanuman for his unalloyed devotion to Rama. They recognised him as Bhakta-Raja (the king of devotees).

Indeed there never was and never can be devotion to his Lord as intense as Hanuman's.

No, not even in Deva-Loka is there devotion like Hanuman's, not to speak of our human world.

●●●

Here is the second anecdote concerning Hanuman. During Krishnavatara, Sri Krishna overcame Indra and brought the *Parijata* tree from Deva-Loka which he gave to Satyabhama. The conferment of this favour swelled her head.

At about the same time Garuda, the Lord's aerial vehicle too had become arrogant as the flier nonpareil.

Indra too had a bloated head, having accomplished deeds like the cutting of Banasura's hands. Indeed he had come to the conclusion that he had no equal.

Krishna took it into his head to put all the three in their proper places. He first went to Satyabhama and feigned complete dejection.

Bhama asked: "My Lord! I have never seen you so dejected and ill at ease. What may be the reason? Do please confide in me, your beloved, for I am worried too."

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Sri Krishna: "Not a very serious matter, dear. What makes me uneasy now is the separation of a *bhakta* from me. He is dearer to me than even Pradyumna, why, than even this body of mine!"

Bhama: "I am surprised to hear you say so. I have not known you suffer so much for me either. It behoves you to go to him now. Come, let us go. By the way, who may that blessed *bhakta* be? Won't you tell his name?"

Krishna: "You can never understand his *ekanta bhakti* to me. I shall bring him here. His name is Hanuman. He is but a monkey and lives in Gandhamadana mountain. He has no room in his heart for any image except mine. In my last *avatar* I was Rama. With the exclusive aid of Hanuman's strength did I vanquish Ravana. He enabled us to return home safely and successfully. When Lakshmana was struck down by *shakti* used by Indrajit and when I was preparing to take away my life, it was Hanuman who gave life to the Raghu-clan at that time. He will not recognise me as Krishna. I shall have to take the form of Rama and I can do it. But I am worried about the Janaki part—whether you should take it or Rukmini. That worries me now!"

Bhama: "Is that all the cause of your worry? Do not worry. I shall become Janaki. Please bring your *bhakta*."

On hearing these words Sri Krishna thought of his divine mount Garuda, and he was there in an instant, bowing and asking: "What may be the command?"

Krishna: "Garuda! Go to Gandhamadana mountain. Hanuman, my *bhakta*, lives there. Tell him I want to see him here. Tell him 'Sri Rama in the company of Sita wants to see you at Dwarka.' Do you hear?"

Garuda flew away like an arrow.

Having despatched Garuda, Sri Krishna called Indra and said: "My dear Indra! Please wait at the gate; when Hanuman arrives, stop him and after informing me of his arrival, bring him to me."

Garuda reached Gandhamadana. Finding Hanuman, he prostrated before him and conveyed Sri Krishna's message. On hearing it, Hanuman extended his hospitality to Garuda and soon after, Garuda flew back.

But even before he reached Dwarka, Hanuman had set foot at the gates of Sri Krishna's palace!

Seeing Indra at the gate, Hanuman asked: "Where is my Lord?"

Sri Krishna who heard the words of Hanuman, immediately became Rama with his bow and arrows. Satyabhama frisked about uneasily here and there, but could not assume the form of Sita.

Krishna then beckoned to Rukmini saying: "Take the form of Sita and hurry to my side!"

Rukmini then and there became Sita and joined Him.

Indra in the meantime asked Hanuman: "Wait here, great one! I shall announce you first and after receiving the Lord's permission, shall take you inside."

On hearing it, Hanuman rolled his eyes, lifted Indra bodily and whirling him round about his right hand like a bowl, rushed inside, shouting

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incessantly: "Where is my Lord? Where is my Lord?"

Even as he asked, the Lord stood before him like a blue cloud.

द्विभुजं पुण्डरीकाक्षं धनुर्बाणधरं प्रभुम्।
स्मिताननं पीतवस्त्रं दिव्यालङ्कारभूषितम्॥
तद्वामपार्श्वगां देवीं जानकीं जननीमिव।
दृष्ट्वा मुहुर्मुहुः निपत्योर्व्यां प्रणनाम महाकपिः॥

With two hands, eyes like the lotus flower, carrying the bow and arrow, the Lord sported a smile on his face. He wore yellow silk; divine ornaments. On His left stood Janaki. Looking at her like unto his mother, the great monkey fell down on the ground repeatedly and prostrated before the pair.

From Hanuman's eyes flowed tears of joy which choked his speech. Overcome by emotion, he managed to stand up before them in *anjali* and asked "How have I deserved this bliss?"

Seeing him thus overpowered, the Lord said: "Bless you, my child!"

He drew Hanuman near Him, seated him by His side and caressed him.

Rukmini who had become Sita, fed Hanuman with *laadus* and other eatables which he ate delightedly.

Said the Lord: "Thinking of you made us see you most urgently, so we sent Garuda to fetch you. Having quenched our love, you may now safely return. Bless you!"

Concludes the poet: Hanuman was born and continues to live for the protection of *dharma* in this world. He is Rama, Krishna, Garuda. By assuming different identities—as a servant, the served, etc.—He protects the universe. May the Bhakta-raja bless us all.

[*Next issue:* Bhakta Vibhishana]

KUSA GRASS

The Kusa Grass is held in great veneration by Hindus. All sacred acts are performed by holding it in one's hands or spreading it underneath while sitting, etc., the earth being impure.

It is said that Brahma abides at the bottom end, Vishnu at the middle and Siva at the sharp end. (One with a sharp end is called darbha and others with dull ends are called trina). According to Hindu belief evil forces personified by asuras surround us and are always on the alert to vitiate all our sacred acts, but are in mortal fright of the Kusa-grass. When we arm ourselves with Kusa-grass, they take to their heels and we are left free for the performance of sacred acts.

Like asuras, other evil forces like phuta, preta, paisachas, Brahmarakshas too are in great fright of Kusa-grass. Indeed in the case of one who wears Kusa-grass on his body, no sin of any magnitude has any chance of attaching itself to him; it gets burnt to ashes in the process.

It is a common sight to see the Hindu wear the Kusa in a knot called pavitra (meaning: the pure) on his ring finger before performing religious acts. To perform such functions without it is said to be unholy. This stigma which is ancient attaches to the human hand from the time Lord Shiva plucked one of the heads of Brahma, using his thumb and ring finger as pincers.

Even as in the case of the ordinary Kusa the pavitra too has the same three presiding deities. The Kusa-grass pavitra is now capable of being replaced by golden or silver rings.

Hence by wearing the pavitra we undo the ancient sin, keep evil forces at bay and make ourselves eligible for the rightful performance of religious functions.

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AIM OF LIFE

"Siva"

REMEMBER: Human life is a state of existence meant for action. Action is the nature of man. Hence he cannot help indulging in actions. If he fails to do systematic good action he is bound to indulge in unsystematic evil deeds, in vain pursuits rooted in sloth and error, which will prove exceedingly harmful and distressing to him in consequence. Hence he should always and at every moment remain engaged in noble pursuits.

REMEMBER: Man lapses into error only because he has no burden of any responsible work on his shoulders. Therefore, keep yourself engaged in some work entailing responsibility, so that you may have no respite to think of or indulge in error. Error consists in failing to do that which ought to be done and in doing that which ought not to be done. Once a man gets addicted to error he is sure to sink into the lowest depths of sin in no time. Error is worse than death. Therefore ever be on your guard against error.

REMEMBER: Unless you keep your whole time engaged in noble pursuits worth undertaking you will continue to run the risk of falling into error. A noble pursuit is that which conduces to the purity of your heart, ennobles and sublimates your mental outlook, eventually does good to you as well as to others, promotes your mental peace and happiness and systematically maintains in you a zealous and spontaneous urge to noble pursuits.

REMEMBER: Remaining engaged in noble pursuits does not mean that a man should be forced to remain too much engrossed in outside activities to find no time to ponder, to decide what he should do and what he should not, to consult the Sastras and right-minded persons about his duty, to maintain and develop his moral uprightness, to practise God-remembrance and his daily devotions and worship, to behave properly with his own people and do his duty by them. Such an overbusy life becomes rigid like a machine and one is bound eventually to get steeped in error and meet with a fall.

REMEMBER: By 'actions' are meant all those righteous actions, virtuous actions which are accomplished through the instrumentality of your senses, mind and intellect, nay, which go to satisfy all your legitimate needs and preserve what has been achieved by you and contribute to the success of your human life. Hence one should attend to all one's

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obligatory duties in every sphere of life. It is never advisable to remain engrossed in a particular work and neglect all other duties disowning one's responsibility towards them. One-sided activity no longer remains righteous. Of course, every activity of a human being should aim at God-Realization or the attainment of God-Love, the sole purpose of human life. And every action of his should be motivated by the noble desire to attain God-Realization or God-Love.

REMEMBER: The goal of human life is God, not sensuous enjoyment. Sensuous enjoyment is not lost sight of; but you have to accept it after making it helpful for God-Realization, not as a counter-goal in place of God. If God is the goal of your life, your actions will automatically become righteous—the divine heritage (in the form of moral virtues) will become a habit of your life; and if your goal is sensuous enjoyment, your righteous actions too will be converted into vices and the demoniac propensities will become a habit of your life. The reward of the divine propensities is a peaceful and happy life untainted by hate and freedom from all bondage; while the demoniac propensities make for a life of unrest, fear and dejection, and ultimately lead to bondage and the tortures of hell. Therefore, making God the sole objective of your life, remain ever engaged in noble pursuits.

[*Translated from the "Kalyan" by Podar.*]

Queen of perfumes

Priya

The romantic perfume of Priya creates a dreamy environment. You look charming, flower-fresh all day long even during the sultry summer days.

BENGAL CHEMICAL

CALCUTTA • BOMBAY • KANPUR

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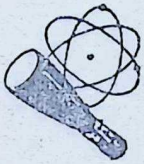

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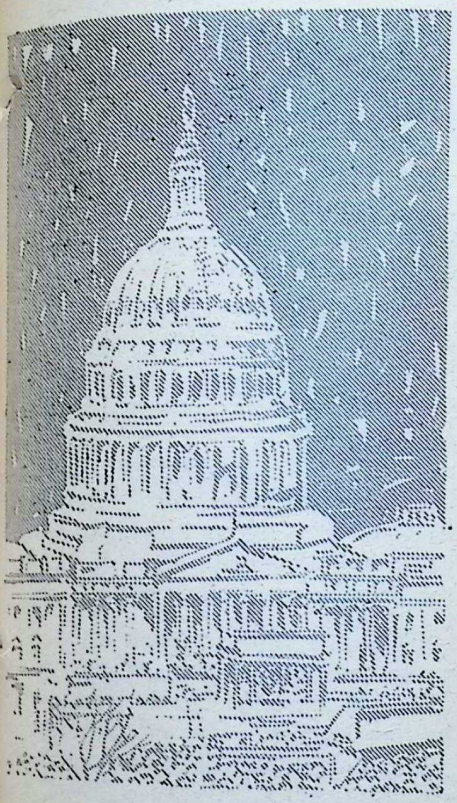
. . . ask not what your country can do for you —ask what you can do for your country . . .



FOR THE FREEDOM OF MAN

JOHN F. KENNEDY

[*Text of Inaugural Address on assuming the office of President of U.S.A. on 20-1-61*]

THE world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe—the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty.

This much we pledge—and more.

To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of co-operative ventures. Divided, there is little we can do—for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have pass-

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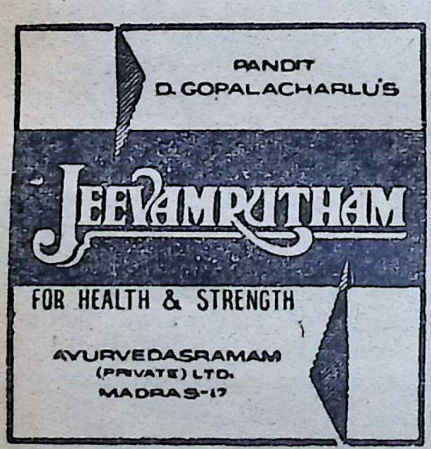
ed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding on the back of the tiger inevitably ended up inside.

To those peoples in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required—not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.



To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge—to convert our good words into good deeds—in a new alliance for progress—to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbours know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far out-paced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support to prevent its becoming merely a forum for invective—to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak—and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace before the dark powers of destruction unlashed by science, engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from their present course—both sides overburdened by the cost of

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modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew—remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belabouring those problems that divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms—and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah—to "undo the heavy burdens...(and) let the oppressed go free."

And if a beachhead of co-operation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavour, not a balance of power, but a new world of law where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered this call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need—not as a call to battle, though embattled we are—but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"—a struggle against the

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common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, north and south, east and west, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavour will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you —ask what you can do for your country.

For the Freedom of Man

My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we shall ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN'S
26th FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATIONS
TENTATIVE PROGRAMME

Friday, 20-12-1963
5-00 P.M. Inauguration of Biological Exhibition, Bhavan's College, Andheri.

Saturday, 21-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan**—Bhavan's Premises, Chowpatty.
5-00 P.M. College Day & Dinner.
Chief Guest: Sri P. K. Sawant, Bhavan's Campus, Andheri.

Sunday, 22-12-1963
10-00 A.M. Bhavan's Convocation : Address *by* Sri Jagjivan Ram.
3-00 P.M. Past Students' Convention.
6-00 P.M. Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture *by* Sardar K. M. Panikkar.

Monday, 23-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
6-30 P.M. Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture *by* Sardar K. M. Panikkar.

Tuesday, 24-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
6-30 P.M. Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture *by* Sardar K. M. Panikkar.

Wednesday, 25-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
10-00 A.M. Parents' Day—One-Act Plays *by* Bhavan's College.
6-00 P.M. Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History *by* Sri V. P. Menon.
7-30 P.M. Music *by* Sugam Sangeet Unit.

Thursday, 26-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
6-30 P.M. Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History *by* Sri V. P. Menon.

Friday, 27-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
6-30 P.M. Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History *by* Sri V. P. Menon.

Saturday, 28-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
5-30 P.M. Reception to Delegates to the Bombay Session of Gujarati Sahitya Parishad Bhavan's Campus, Andheri.

Sunday, 29-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
10-00 A.M. Parents' Day, Garba, Ras, Music, Dance, etc.
5-30 P.M. Symposium on **"Foundations of National Solidarity"**.

Monday, 30-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
8-00 P.M. President's Birthday Dinner.

Tuesday, 31-12-1963
8-30 to 9-30 A.M. **Vedagaan & Pravachan.**
6-30 P.M. One-Act Plays from the Works of Kulapati Munshiji *by* Bhavan's Kala Kendra

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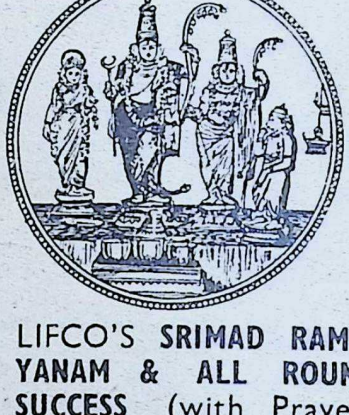

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On June 11 this year, following serious racial disturbances in Alabama, the late U.S. President John F. Kennedy broadcast to the nation a remarkable address on civil rights which is reproduced below almost in full.—*Ed.*

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RACIAL EQUALITY

an inescapable moral issue

JOHN F. KENNEDY

THIS nation was founded by men of many nations and backgrounds. It was founded on the principle that all men are created equal, and that the rights of every man are diminished when the rights of one man are threatened.

Today we are committed to a world-wide struggle to promote and protect the rights of all who wish to be free, and when Americans are sent to Vietnam or West Berlin, we do not ask for whites only. It ought to be possible, therefore, for American students of any colour to attend any public institution they select without having to be backed up by troops.

It ought to be possible for American consumers of any colour to receive equal service in places of public accommodation, such as hotels and restaurants and theatres and retail stores, without being forced to resort to demonstrations in the street, and it ought to be possible for American citizens of any colour to register and vote in a free election without interference or fear of reprisal.

It ought to be possible, in short, for every American to enjoy the privileges of being American without regard to his race or his colour. In short, every American ought to have the right to be treated as he would wish to be treated, as one would wish his children to be treated.

But this is not the case.

The Negro baby born in America today, regardless of the section of the

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nation in which he is born, has about one-half as much chance of completing high school as a white baby born in the same place on the same day, one-third as much chance of completing college, one-third as much chance of becoming a professional man, twice as much chance of becoming unemployed, about one-seventh as much chance of earning $10,000 a year, a life expectancy which is seven years shorter, and the prospects of earning only half as much.

This is not a sectional issue. Difficulties over segregation and discrimination exist in every city, in every state of the Union, producing in many cities a rising tide of discontent that threatens the public safety.

Nor is this a partisan issue in a time of domestic crisis. Men of goodwill and generosity should be able to unite regardless of party or politics.

This is not even a legal or legislative issue alone. It is better to settle these matters in the courts than on the streets, and new laws are needed at every level, but law alone cannot make men see right.

We are confronted primarily with a moral issue. It is as old as the Scriptures and is as clear as the American Constitution.

The heart of the question is whether all Americans are to be afforded equal rights and equal opportunities, whether we are going to treat our fellow Americans as we want to be treated.

If an American, because his skin is dark, cannot eat lunch in a restaurant open to the public, if he cannot send his children to the best public school available, if he cannot vote for the public officials who represent him, if, in short, he cannot enjoy the full and free life which all of us want, then who among us would be content to have the colour of his skin changed and stand in his place?

Who among us would then be content with the counsels of patience and delay?

One hundred years of delay have passed since President Lincoln freed the slaves, yet their heirs, their grandsons, are not fully free.

They are not yet freed from the bonds of injustice.

They are not yet freed from social and economic oppression and this nation, for all its hopes and all its boasts, will not be fully free until all its citizens are free.

We preach freedom around the world, and we mean it, and we cherish our freedom here at home, but are we to say to the world, and much more importantly, to each other that this is a land of the free except for the Negroes; that we have no second-class citizens except Negroes; that we have no class or caste system, no ghettoes, no master race except with respect to Negroes?

Now the time has come for this nation to fulfil its promises.

The events in Birmingham and elsewhere have so increased the cries for equality that no city or state or legislative body can prudently choose to ignore them.

The fires of frustration and discord are burning in every city, north and south, where legal remedies are not at hand. Redress is sought in the streets, in demonstrations, parades

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and protests which create tensions and threaten violence and threaten lives.

We face, therefore, a moral crisis as a country and as a people.

It cannot be met by repressive police action. It cannot be left to increased demonstrations in the streets. It cannot be quieted by token moves or talk. It is a time to act in the Congress, in your state and local legislative body and, above all, in all of our daily lives.

It is not enough to pin the blame on others, to say this is a problem of one section of the country or another, or deplore it. The fact that we face a great change is at hand, and our task, our obligation, is to make that revolution, that change, peaceful and constructive for all.

Those who do nothing are inviting shame as well as violence. Those who act boldly are recognizing right as well as reality.

Next week I shall ask the Congress of the United States to act, to make a commitment it has not fully made in this century to the proposition that race has no place in American life or law. The federal judiciary has upheld that proposition in a series of forthright cases. The executive branch has adopted that proposition in the conduct of its affairs, including the employment of federal personnel, the use of federal facilities, and the sale of federally-financed housing.

But there are other necessary measures which only the Congress can provide, and they must be provided at this session. The old Code of Equity law under which we live

No memorial oration or eulogy could more eloquently honour President Kennedy's memory than the earliest possible passage of the Civil Rights Bill for which he fought. We have talked long enough in this country about equal rights. We have talked for 100 years or more. Yes, it is time now to write the next chapter —and to write it in the books of law.

I urge you again, as I did in 1957 and again in 1960, to enact a civil rights law so that we can move forward to eliminate from this nation every trace of discrimination and oppression based upon race or colour. There could be no greater source of strength to this nation both at home and abroad.

—President Johnson

demands for every wrong a remedy, but in too many communities, in too many parts of the country, wrongs are inflicted on Negro citizens as there are no remedies at law. Unless the Congress acts, their only remedy is the street.

I am, therefore, asking the Congress to enact legislation giving all Americans the right to be served in facilities which are open to the public—hotels, restaurants, theatres, retail stores, and similar establishments.

This seems to me to be an elementary right. Its denial is an arbitrary indignity that no American in 1963 should have to endure, but many do.

I have recently met with scores of business leaders urging them to take voluntary action to end this discrimination and I have been encouraged by their response, and in the last two weeks over 75 cities have seen progress made in desegregating these kinds of facilities. But many are unwilling to act alone, and for this

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reason, nation-wide legislation is needed if we are to move this problem from the streets to the courts.

I am also asking Congress to authorize the Federal Government to participate more fully in law suits designed to end segregation in public education. We have succeeded in persuading many districts to desegregate voluntarily. Dozens have admitted Negroes without violence. Today a Negro is attending a state-supported institution in every one of our 50 states, but the pace is very slow. Too many Negro children entering segregated grade schools at the time of the Supreme Court's decision nine years ago will enter segregated high schools this fall, having suffered a loss which can never be restored. The lack of an adequate education denies the Negro a chance to get a decent job.

The orderly implementation of the Supreme Court decision, therefore, cannot be left solely to those who may not have the economic resources to carry the legal action or who may be subject to harassment.

Other features will also be requested, including greater protection for the right to vote. But legislation, I repeat, cannot solve this problem alone. It must be solved in the homes of every American in every community across our country.

My fellow Americans, this is a problem which faces us all—in every city of the north as well as the south. Today there are Negroes unemployed two or three times as many compared to whites, inadequate in education, moving into the large cities, unable to find work, young people particularly, out of work without hope, denied equal rights, denied the opportunity to eat at a restaurant or lunch counter or go to a movie theatre, denied the right to a decent education, almost denied today the right to attend a state university even though qualified —it seems to me that these are matters which concern us all, not merely Presidents or Congressmen or Governors but every citizen of the United States.

This is one country. It has become one country because all of us and all the people who came here had an equal chance to develop their talents.

We cannot say to ten percent of the population that you cannot have that right; that your children can't have the chance to develop whatever talents they have; that the only way that they are going to get their rights is to go into the streets and demonstrate.

Therefore, I am asking for your help in making it easier for us to move ahead and to provide the kind of equality of treatment which we would want ourselves; to give a chance for every child to be educated to the limit of his talents.

We have a right to expect that the Negro community will be responsible, will uphold the law, but they have a right to expect that the law will be fair; that the Constitution will be colour blind, as Justice Harlan said at the turn of the century.

This is what we are talking about, and this is a matter which concerns this country and what it stands for, and in meeting it I ask the support of all of our citizens.

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KENNEDY
a man of ideals, vision & courage

WE meet here today under the shadow of shock and sorrow. To many of us, it is a personal shock and grief, but the crime that has been committed is something more than a personal one. It is a crime against humanity. A man has been struck down in the pride of youth and achievement, a man of ideals, vision and courage who sought to serve his own people as well as the larger causes of the world.

President Kennedy revived among his people the ideals enshrined in the American Constitution and, in a changing world, sought to apply them to the problems of today. He endeavoured, not without success, to work for the removal of the tensions that burden and distract the world and to ensure an abiding peace.

He devoted himself to the removal of injustices and inequalities among men.

In his own country, he laboured for civil liberty and worked so that the Negroes might enjoy full freedom and opportunity without discrimination based on race or colour.

In the wider world outside, a great part of which still suffers from poverty and lack of opportunities for growth, he threw his great energy and weight in favour of the development of the under-developed countries so that people everywhere could have the blessings of freedom and the advantages that modern science and technology give. President Kennedy gave his country a deeper human and moral outlook which embraces in its scope the peoples of the world.

The Kennedys: Caroline, Jacquiline and John

To these great causes he dedicated himself, and the picture of a great President emerged. It brought a measure of hope to the peoples of the world.

To his office, he gave lustre and grace and people in distant parts of the world looked upon him with hope

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and affection.

"The memory of his great predecessor, Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator, was revived and in the confusions and conflicts of the present-day world came a vision of the self-evident truths, that all men are created equal and they have certain inalienable rights and, till these are fully achieved, the vision of the founders of the American Republic will not be realised in its completeness.

The gracious lady, his wife, to whom our thoughts must turn today in deepest sympathy, came to India and we had the privilege of giving her an affectionate welcome.

It was our hope that President Kennedy would also pay us a visit. He himself had expressed a wish to do so. That will not take place now as an assassin's hand has put an end to a life which had already flowered so well and which gave promise of greater achievements in the future. A great President and a great man is dead, struck down by one his own countrymen.

We sorrow for this, as indeed we must, but, perhaps, he has served the causes he cherished by his death even as he laboured for them in his life. Let us all draw inspiration from his fragrant memory and pay our homage to it.

These words which I have spoken, I am sure, represent not only my sentiments but the sentiments of all the members here and of all the parties that are represented in this Parliament.

"The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan places on record its deep sense of shock and grief at the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

"A leader of immense courage, strength and devotion, President Kennedy attained the position of a leading world-statesman during his short term of office and stood out as an uncompromising champion of racial equality, indomitable defender of democratic freedom and the most powerful pillar of world peace. He was a staunch friend of India and the economically underdeveloped nations of the world.

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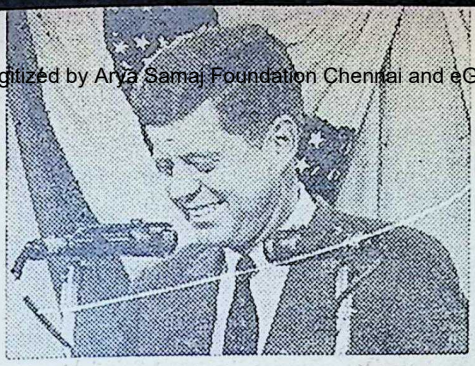

Kennedy is not dead!

VIVEK

THERE is no Walt Whitman to mourn the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and sing the monody, "O Captain, My Captain." The whole world is in tears. Even children in India cry on seeing the radio photos of the President's sudden death. What an abominable sin! Is there no way to stop for ever this kind of ghastly murder? Why should there be so much hatred and ill-will? John was not a despot. He was not a tyrant. He was not built like Napoleon or Hitler with an insatiable ambition to conquer the world by force. Kennedy was an intellectual and an idealist. He was an embodiment of culture and patriotism. He was a man of great dignity and charm. He was a citizen of the world. There was a certain majesty about this young President of the United States. By his recent policy of reasonableness with Russia, he exhibited marks of high statesmanship. Kennedy was endowed with faith. He was a devout Catholic. Last June he dashed to St. Peter's Cathedral to pray and to converse with His Holiness the Pope. He impressed millions of people in Europe by his sincerity and love of humanity. He who loved his fellowmen has been killed. Alas! Why should Kennedy have been assassinated in such a barbarous manner? There is no answer to the question. It is relentless fate. It is

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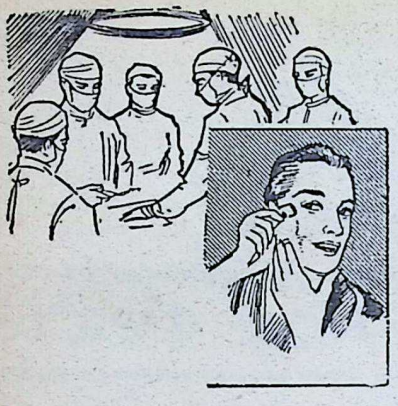

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but cruel destiny. Who can avert evil influences? Did anyone stop Jesus from being nailed on the cross two thousand years ago? Did anyone prevent the villain from shooting Abraham Lincoln a hundred years ago? Was Mahatma Gandhi saved from death while walking to the altar place to join the prayer? John Fitzgerald Kennedy had to die as a martyr to the cause of justice and human liberation. Let us hope his crucifixion will be followed by a resurrection and American thought will take a leap forward and put an end once for all to shooting and killing and racial intolerance.

On the rock of John Fitzgerald Kennedy a new church dedicated to the cause of peace and goodwill should be built in Washington.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy has gone. Too young to be called back to heaven. But His will be done. We must bow in silence and not grieve for this international loss. Mankind has become numb and it would take some time before it regains its courage and fortitude to bear this irreparable loss. J. F. Kennedy's name will henceforth become a synonym for courage.

The happy warrior's body has been interred; but who can entomb his mighty spirit? It has begun to pervade the world over in such a short time; as we close this elegiac note, we are reminded of the words of the poet:

"But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose voice or sword has served mankind,
And is he dead whose noble mind lifts thine on high?
To live in minds we leave behind
Is not to die."

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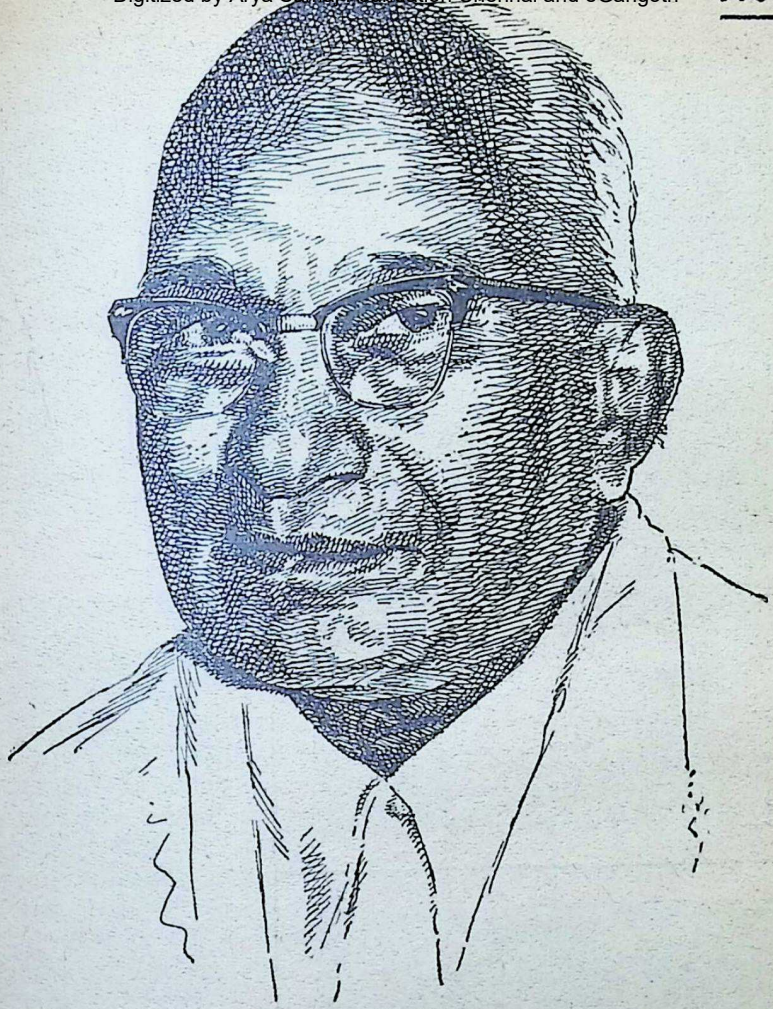

SRI M. S. KANNAMWAR

Late Chief Minister of Maharashtra

[Jan. 10, 1900 to Nov. 24, 1963]

As in the case of Presidents Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield of America (from the Log Cabin to the White House), the story of Sri M. S. Kannamwar's rise from streetvending to the 'Sahyadri' (Official residence of Maharashtra's Chief Minister) is a remarkable one. He is the fifth Chief Minister in Independent India to die in office. At a specially convened meeting of the Bhavan on Nov. 25, 1963, the following resolution was passed:

"Within the short period of one year Sri Kannamwar, as Chief Minister distinguished himself by his foresight, tact and firmness, resulting in outstanding administrative success so far as the Government of Maharashtra was concerned. In him, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has lost a good friend and the State of Maharashtra a leader of understanding and wisdom."

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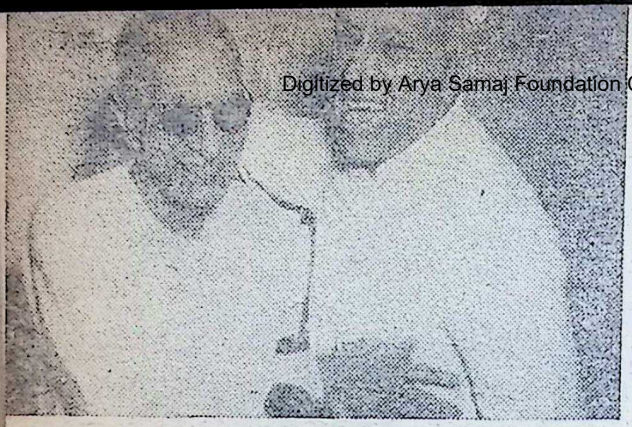

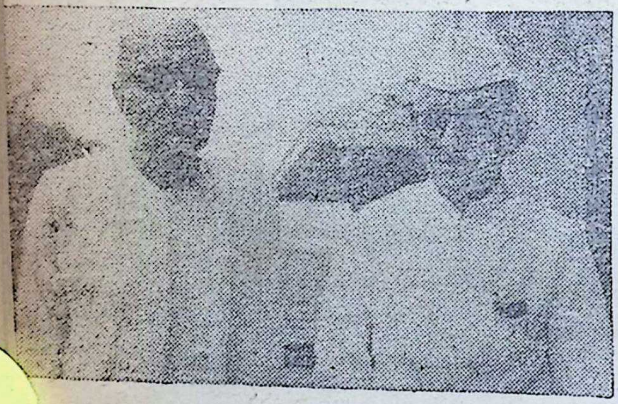

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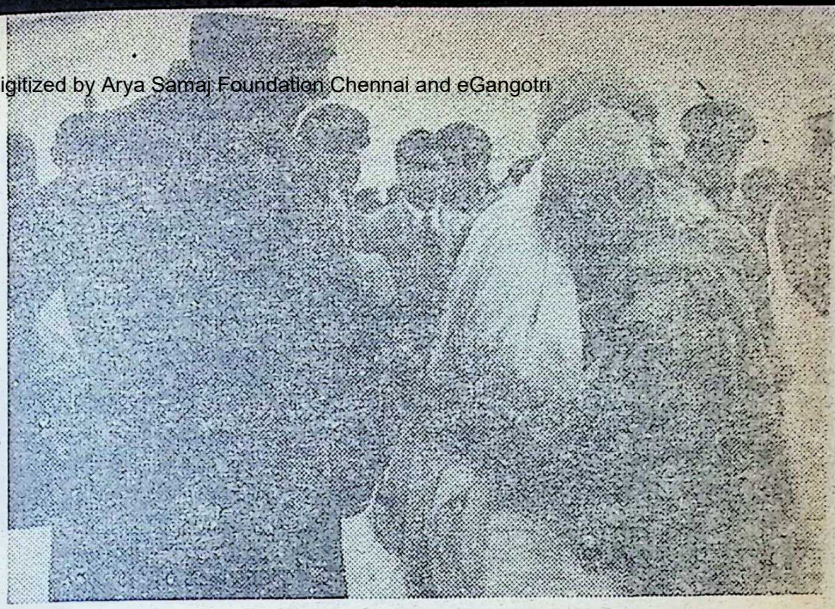

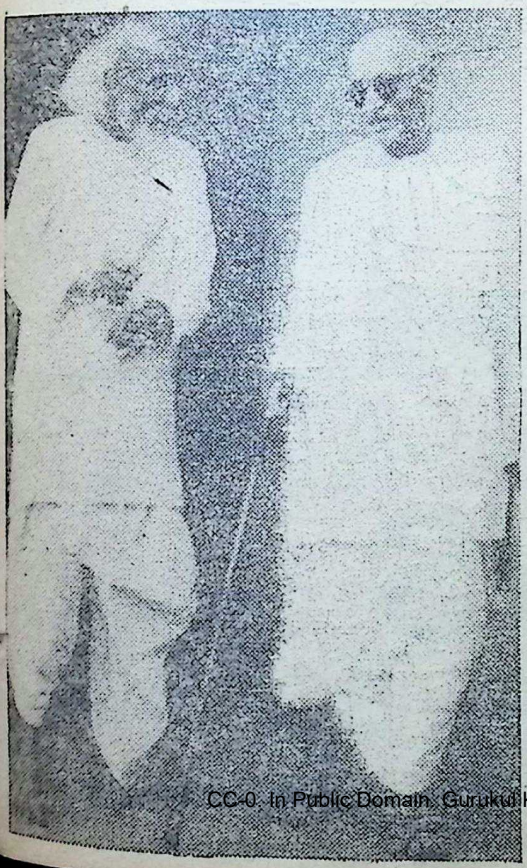

RAJAJI

TOP:

1. *With Panditji*
2. *The paterfamilias*
3. *With Sardar and Rajendra Babu*

MIDDLE:

1. *With Munshiji*

BOTTOM:

1. *With Master Tara Singh*
2. *With Maulana Abul Kalam Azad*
3. *With Rajarishi Tandonji*

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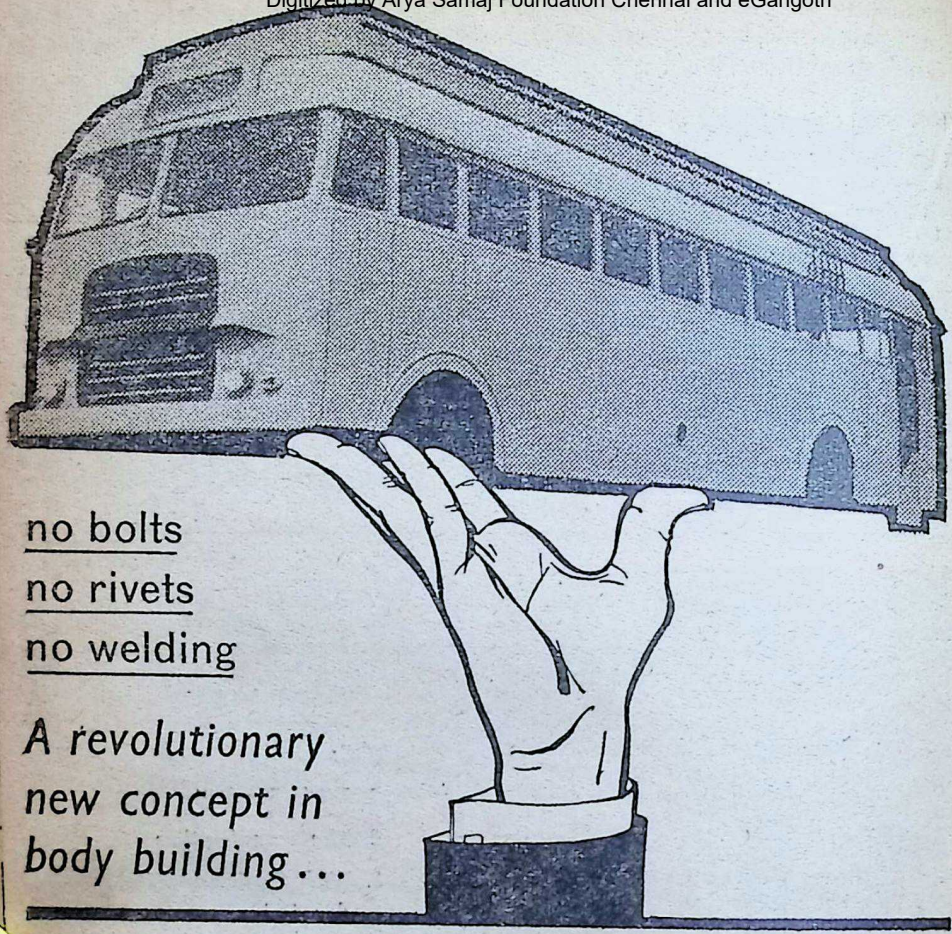

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TVS 'Prefabs' are economical

TVS 'Prefabs' need no expensive tools or skilled labour to set them up. This makes it possible for TVS to offer these bodies at a price 10 to 15 per cent cheaper than conventional types.

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TVS 'Prefabs' are stronger because there's no drilling – no welding, but only special effective joints

In conventional steel bodies drilling of numerous holes for riveting purposes weakens the structural members. And wherever welding is used the metal has a tendency to warp (metal perversion). In TVS 'Prefabs' every panel retains its original strength because there is neither drilling nor welding. Thoughtfully designed special joints ensure all the strength.

Rattle-free

In TVS 'Prefabs' specially designed rubber beadings between successive panels eliminate the rattling nuisance.

Easy to repair

In case of accident, you just remove the damaged parts and insert new, easily available panels.

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All the main structural members like cross bars, pillars, roof sticks and longitudinal members are assembled together with gussets at all important joints, by employing the insertion technique. All panelling have suitable flanging for insertion and interlocking with structural members.

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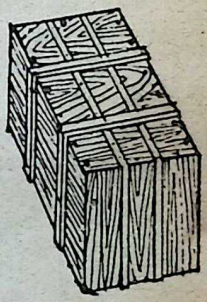
You don't have to wait unduly long once you entrust Sundaram Industries with the job of assembling the 'Prefab' on your chassis. Delivery will be made within three weeks.

The greatest advance in body building in India—TVS 'Prefabs' In KIT form

Once mass production gets into its stride, the TVS 'Prefab' will be made available in kit form. This will be the greatest advance in the history of body building in India. State Transport Authorities and large fleet-owners, who at present get their bus bodies built elsewhere, will be able to assemble them in their own yards—thereby saving a lot on each body. The kit will comprise everything including seats and lamps for the interior. When large orders are placed, the customers can have the choice of furnishings too.



Indian Patent No 72655

Patentees:

T. V. SUNDRAM IYENGAR & SONS PRIVATE LIMITED
Madurai

Manufacturers:

SUNDARAM INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED, Madurai

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the freedom of the Press is indeed sacred and it has to be zealously safeguarded . . .

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MASS COMMUNICATION must be honest & objective

M. S. Kannamwar

[It is difficult to believe that Sri M. S. Kannamwar, Maharashtra's popular Chief Minister, could be snatched away by the cruel hand of fate so quickly. It was only the other day he was in our midst for over two hours hale and hearty, when he delivered the following speech, full of wisdom, at the Bhavan.—Ed.]

IN this age of specialisation, it is but imperative that proper training is imparted in various media of mass communication, which have acquired great significance in present times as the most effective means of moulding public opinion. In recent years, the number of newspapers and their circulation figures and the number of other publicity media have gone up considerably, which means that more and more trained journalists and mass communication personnel are required to man these services. In the past, training in advertising, public relations, sales promotion and allied subjects was considered superfluous but it has now been realised that training in these fields is also essential for meeting the ever-increasing requirements of the profession, trade and industry. In this context I congratulate the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing for making arrangements for imparting instruction and practical training in various media of mass communication.

I am particularly happy to note that this institution has acquired international reputation. This is evident from the fact that along with Indian students, young men from some of our neighbouring countries are receiving education at the college. The college has done well in starting these specialised courses in Bombay which is the hub of the newspaper world in India. I am confident that these young men and women who, after completing their education and training in different fields of mass communication are leaving the college today, are better equipped to discharge their duties and obligations to society.

The part played by the country's

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Sri M. S. Kannamwar at the diploma-awarding function of the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing on Nov. 14, 1963.

Press in the freedom struggle is well known. At that time journalism in our country was more of a mission than a profession. Now, with the passage of time and procession of events, the emphasis in journalism, as in other spheres of activity, has changed or is fast changing. The Five-Year Plans, community development programmes, Panchayati Raj and other nation-building activities have attracted the attention of the Press and I must say that the media of mass communication like the Press, radio, films, etc. have a very important role to play in educating the people and in moulding public opinion.

In our State, it has been our good fortune to have very cordial relations between Government and the Press, and I am sure that in the present context of national emergency, these will be strengthened further.

In a system of parliamentary democracy like ours, the main responsibility of creating mass awakening falls on the Press, particularly the Language Press, which reaches the nook and corner of the country. People in rural areas, who form the bulk of our population, should be informed of the problems the country is facing. They must be told what is being done for their welfare and how they could lend their helping hand to make those plans more fruitful. It is also essential that they should be made conscious of their rights and duties towards the society and the country. The Press does play a vital role in interpreting to the people the significance of the different nation-building activities and hence a lot depends on the quality, calibre and integrity of those who man the Press.

The freedom of the Press is indeed sacred and it has to be zealously safeguarded but this freedom, it must be

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realised, is to be exercised in a judicious and constructive manner. Promotion of national interest should be the guiding principle. Young journalists should realise that it is their sacred duty to be objective in their reporting of events and also while making comments and that slanting or colouring of news is against the ethics and professional code of conduct. Criticism of a healthy and constructive nature is always welcome. My advice to the young graduates specialising in different media of mass communication is to be honest and objective and to keep national interest above everything. I once again congratulate the students on their success in the examination and wish them a happy and prosperous life in their future careers.

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.... Going forward with the Nation

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BHAVAN'S SAMSKRITIK VIKAS YATRA

In 1957, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan began to hold periodic Shibirs (Camps) limited to a selected number of members of the Bhavan, its staff and the students of its constituent institutions. These camps have proved an ideal opportunity to the participants for exchange of views on diverse topics of religious, cultural and educational import. They also helped, in a measure, to generate a feeling of brotherhood and an appreciation of the moral and spiritual values of life.

It is now proposed to expand the scope of the Shibir and extend it also to members of the public who are friends of the Bhavan and who believe in its ideals and objectives. In terms of the revised scheme, the Bhavan will organise, at regular intervals, Samskritik Vikas Yatras, (Cultural-cum-Educational Tours) which will go round the country visiting important places of pilgrimage and developmental activities in the company of professors, scholars, staff, students and members of the Bhavan. Apart from sight-

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seeing, daily prayers, group discussions and discourses on subjects dealing with life, literature and culture will be the special features of these Yatras.

FIRST YATRA

The first Yatra to be organised under the scheme is a visit to Kathmandu (Nepal), for having darshan of Lord Pasupatinath on the holy Mahashivaratri Day. The Yatra will cover the following places on the way:

BHOPAL	MUSSOORIE	HOWRAH
AGRA	AYODHYA	TATANAGAR
MATHURA	ALLAHABAD	PURI
NEW DELHI	BANARAS	VIZAGAPATTAM
KURUKSHETRA	GAYA	BEZWADA
AMRITSAR	PATNA	SECUNDERABAD
BHAKRA NANGAL	KATHMANDU	PANDHARPUR
HARDWAR	CHITTARANJAN	

The itinerary has been so drawn up as to enable the participants to be in Delhi on January 26, 1964, to witness the Republic Day Celebrations.

Date of commencement of the Yatra from Bombay 20th January 1964.

Date of Return to Bombay 24th February, 1964.

The fare per person for the entire tour, inclusive of food, sightseeing expenses and the air-flight from Patna to Kathmandu and back is Rs. 725/-.

Members and friends of the Bhavan and readers of the Bhavan's Journal who are desirous of joining the proposed yatra may contact the Bhavan's office for further particulars. As it is proposed to carry only a limited number of persons in this tour, those interested are requested to get themselves registered without delay.

Dec. 1, 1963

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
CHOWPATTY, BOMBAY 7.

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PART III

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER XXXV

The Kidnapper's Secret

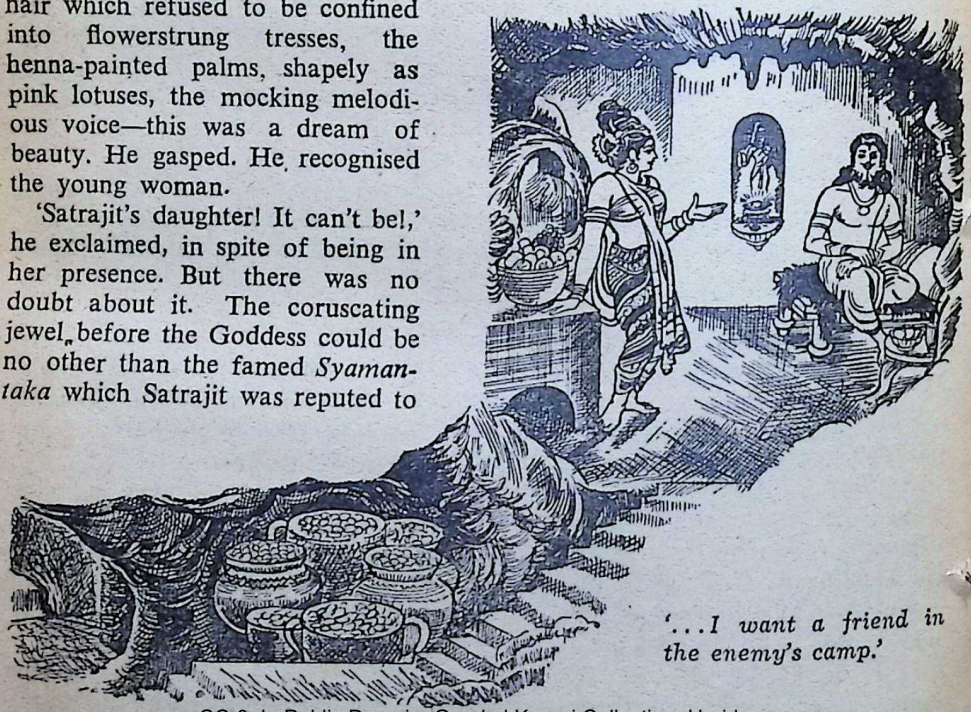
SATYAKI placed his hand on his forehead. He was going mad. The round beaming face, the dainty body, the laughing eyes, the rebellious hair which refused to be confined into flowerstrung tresses, the henna-painted palms, shapely as pink lotuses, the mocking melodious voice—this was a dream of beauty. He gasped. He recognised the young woman.

'Satrajit's daughter! It can't be!,' he exclaimed, in spite of being in her presence. But there was no doubt about it. The coruscating jewel before the Goddess could be no other than the famed *Syamantaka* which Satrajit was reputed to possess!

'Satyaki, don't go on blinking as if you are not wide awake. I am Satyaa, Satrajit's daughter, in flesh and blood—not her ghost, I am not dead yet.' Saying so, she laughed uproariously at the confusion which was evident on Satyaki's face.

Satyaki thought that he understood the situation. Satrajit had kidnapped him. He was inflicting humiliation on him by exposing him to his daughter's ridicule—a daughter whose hand he had rejected. Indignation surged in him.

'What are you laughing at?' he demanded in an angry voice. 'Your father did not want me to accompany Govind, is it?' Then he continued bitterly. 'Your father is a wicked man. He has prevented me from



'...I want a friend in the enemy's camp.'

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leaving Dwarka. He has destroyed the prospects of my leading a great adventure. He has made me a laughing stock—ruined my life. And you, his daughter, are now enjoying my discomfiture.'

'Now, Satyaki, don't get so excited', she said with a smile. 'Will you sit down? Drink a little water. It will cool you down', she added peremptorily, without being in the least perturbed at the outburst of Satyaki.

Satyaki knew that he was on the boiling point, a state of mind which would put him at a disadvantage in the situation in which he was. He sat down on a seat and drank water from a jar which stood near him.

'Now, listen, Satyaka's son', said Satyabhaamaa as if chiding a naughty boy. 'Father is not so wicked as you think. He is a very nice man'.

'Your father is a demon. I hate him. He has ruined me', said Satyaki bitterly.

The only response were sparkling eyes, laughing lips and hands raised in mock protest.

'Satyaki, don't be unfair. I got you kidnapped, not my father', said the young woman with a touch of bravado.

'What? You got me kidnapped! I won't believe it'. Satyaki could not repress his fury and glared at the callous young woman, who had the effrontery to confess that she had got him kidnapped.

'My father does not even know that you are here. I had to employ experts to do this job so well', she said coolly.

'You took your revenge for my rejecting you, is it?' asked Satyaki contemptuously. 'You think that you can win me by confining me in a cave or you can tempt me with all these riches? Frighten me? Bribe me? Never, never shall I accept you, even if I have to die'.

'Foolish young man', said Satyabhaamaa smiling impudently. 'You think that you are such a fine young man that I would be dying for you? After your father rejected my father's offer, I had almost forgotten your name'.

'Why then did you bring me here, wicked woman?' angrily shouted Satyaki.

'Because I wanted to save you from Jayasena and his rowdies. They had decided to fall upon you—kill you, if possible—as you were leaving your house early this morning to join your contingent. I wanted to remove you before the rowdies carried out their sinister design'.

'Lies, lies, lies!' exclaimed Satyaki. 'Why were you interested in saving me? Oh, I know, only to prevent me from going with my friend, Govind'.

'Again wrong, wrong, utterly wrong', replied Satyabhaamaa, laughing. 'I kidnapped you, Satyaka's son, because I wanted you to be saved for the sake of V*aa*sudeva'.

Satyaki opened his eyes in wide surprise at what Satyabhaamaa said with such self-composure.

'If I had not kidnapped you, you would have been either killed or mortally wounded by the rowdies. I wanted you to be by Krishna's side when he is taking such enormous risks. I do not want him to be left

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alone', said Satyabhaamaa. Strangely there crept in her voice a note of anxiety.

Satyaki's anger subsided. There was some truth in what Satyabhaamaa said. If the rowdies had decided to attack him soon after midnight when he was leaving his house, he could have been overpowered, wounded or killed. But why was this daughter of Satrajit, hostile to Krishna, interested in helping him?

'You wanted to help Krishna? I can't believe it,' said Satyaki, beginning to feel again that he was dreaming.

'Why did I kidnap you then? For the fun of having a look at your face which you imagine is very handsome! And that too after your father treated my father so shabbily!,' she said mockingly.

'But how are you interested in Krishna? Your father has always opposed him and tried to frustrate every venture of his', said Satyaki, puzzled.

'And like a dutiful daughter, I have tried to frustrate every plan of my father', she said. 'Kritavarman has been supplying you horses, chariots, gold. He is not a rich Chief himself. Do all these come from him?—or from his partner? Don't forget that he is the son of my mother's sister. Satyaki, you are just a baby. You don't understand women', said Satyabhaamaa.

Satyaki was staggered. 'Do you mean to say that you have been supplying horses, chariots and gold to Kritavarman?'

Satyabhaamaa laughed. 'I don't supply them. They are my father's

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property; I only steal them from him!' she said coolly. 'He cannot discover the theft because we have got so much of gold'. Then she flourished her hand to show the gold and jewels lying all around. 'Rooms and rooms full of it. No one can find out what is missing. And we have so many fine horses that a few more or less would make no difference'.

Satyaki was dumbfounded. He did not know whether to admire or to hate this young woman. 'You have been helping us in preparing for this venture? And you kidnapped me! Why? Why? I don't understand you, Satyaa'.

'No one should try to understand women; they are unfathomable', said Satyabhaamaa with her characteristic effrontery. 'That was how the Great God, Shankar, was outwitted by Mother Parvati'.

'But what have you to do with our adventure?" asked Satyaki.

Immediately she lowered her voice and whispered: 'Will you promise me to keep it a secret? I will tell you, because I want a friend in the enemy's camp', and her eyes danced mischievously.

The curiosity of Satyaki was roused. 'Yes, I will keep it a secret'.

'From Govind even?'

'Yes, so long as I am satisfied that you are honest in helping him', replied Satyaki.

'I am honest about helping him. Otherwise, do you think that you are worth my taking all this trouble of kidnapping?' she asked with mock contempt.

'Tell me why are you interested in us?'

a vivid and joyous portrayal!

KRISHNAVATARA

PART I

by K. M. Munsh

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'Don't say 'us'. I am only interested in your friend Govind—not in you', she corrected.

'How are you, Satrajit's daughter, interested in him? Come, tell the truth', Satyaki insisted in asking.

'Shall I tell you frankly?' Her voice was low, but carried a poignancy of long suppressed feelings, and her beautiful eyes were dreamy. 'Since I was a child, Father and all our people have hated Krishna, and I have liked him immensely. So I had to defy them all. As a young girl, I dreamt of becoming his wife. I was very angry with Rukmini and Shaibya when they married him. I still think that these proud, cold women cannot give him what I could have, had I married him'.

Satyaki smiled at the conceit of this young woman, who thought that she would be a better wife to Krishna than Rukmini or Shaibya. 'Would you still like to be his wife?'

The young girl audaciously glared at Satyaki, her face flaming. 'And why not?'

'He will never marry you'.

'That is my business. But in the meantime, I want him to be not only a redeemer of the Yadavas, but a saviour of Aryavarta. I want him to be worshipped as a god. Then some day'—and she wishfully looked into the future—'some day, he will be mine—when I will give him joys which the *gopis* of Vrindavan, of whom people talk so much, could never give him'. She spoke almost in an inaudible whisper, her glowing face blushing crimson. 'You know, whenever I see him, my heart jumps —ever so wildly'.

Suddenly Satyaki was lost in admiration at this determined young woman, understood her motive in kidnapping him and was dumbfounded.

Quickly, Satyabhaamaa underwent a change of mood. 'Satyaka's son, don't sit down there like an idiot. Come with me. I have got a well-equipped chariot ready for you and my brother was good enough to steal the best horses from our stables for you. His trusted charioteer is ready to take you to Krishna. Get up. But before you come with me, here are some fruits; fill yourself with them.'

'Satyabhaamaa, you are wonderful. I shall never forget it'.

'Men are so forgetful', she said with a mocking sigh. 'Remember it when I want you to help me in winning Krishna'.

'It is madness', said Satyaki.

'It is only a mad woman who gets the husband she likes', she retorted, laughing. 'A wise woman gets one who is liked by all, except her. What a calamity I escaped when your father refused to let you marry me!,' she added, putting out a tongue at him.

Suddenly Satyaki was thoughtful. 'Satyabhaamaa, if I go away like this, everybody will say that I ran away from my duty. The Yadavas will continue to laugh at me. Krishna may understand me when I explain to him, but nobody would believe the strange story how I was kidnapped by Satrajit's daughter and rescued by her at the same time'.

'You are so distrustful, Satyaki.' Satyabhaamaa thought for a while,

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her forehead in charming puckers. Then she added: 'Can you not rely upon me? I will straighten out the whole thing myself'.

'But I can't keep Govind in ignorance of how I could not lead my contingent'.

'Govind has already joined your contingent. He must be now far away, speeding towards Pushkar'. She was thoughtful for a moment.

'What!'

'Yes, when you were not to be found, he immediately took charge of your contingent and left Dwarka'.

'That is all the more reason why I should explain to the noble King and venerable Vasudeva that I did not forsake Govind'.

'You are a tiresome young man, Saatyaki', she said with a frown. Then she got up, her mind made up. 'Come along, I will take you to them myself and confess to them why and how I kidnapped you. Do you know that things have changed since morning? The Big Brother has taken a hand in the venture. He has called upon all the *atirathis* to get ready to go North to help Krishna redeem his promises'.

'What! It is marvellous, Satyabhaamaa'.

'I am only speaking the truth. Every *atirathi* is getting ready to follow Balaraama to the *swayamvara* of Draupadi'. Then she laughed deliciously. 'You have yet some chance left to become the son-in-law of the King of Panchala. Then I will have the pleasure of gloating over the Princess of Panchala's misfortune in selecting my rejected suitor as her husband. I would then feel so superior. Come along, hurry up'.

'Where shall we go from here?'

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One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

'We will go straight to the Big Brother. You know, he called Father this morning and threatened him that if Satyaki was not found by the end of the day, he would have Father branded as a traitor'. Then Satyabhaamaa laughed. 'I am a good girl. I may save my father as well. Poor father, he does not know how wicked his daughter is—and sometimes so helpful to him. Come, let us go to the Big Brother. But keep my secret. I want your Govind for myself. Not a word to anyone—least to Govind himself'.

It suddenly struck Satyaki how his friend worked his miracles—he was rescued from possible death and certain infamy through the medium of this charming 'instrument' who loved him without his knowing it.

[*To be continued*]

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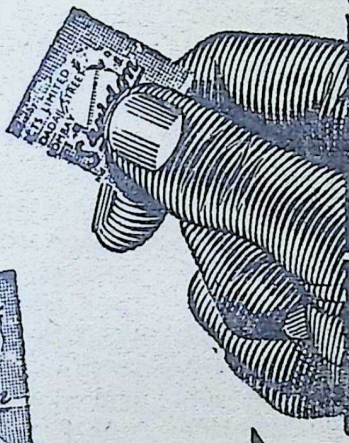

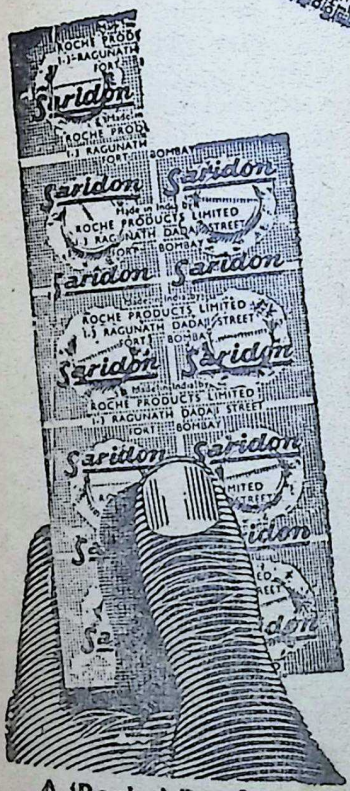

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They Stood for Our Dharma—15

EVILS OF GAMBLING

I

NALA, son of Veerasena, was the king of Nishada. Handsome as Manmatha himself, noble-minded, and always truthful, he had however a weakness for dice.

At that time, the lord of Vidarbha was a king of great prowess named Bheema. He had three sons and a daughter. The sons were called Dama, Daanta and Damana; the daughter was named Damayanti.

Damayanti was renowned throughout the land for her exquisite beauty. She radiated the charm of a celestial damsel. Not among the gods nor among the *yakshas,* not to speak of mere mortals, could be seen so lovely a maiden as she. Nor was such a one ever even heard of.

Reports of Damayanti's surpassing beauty reached Nala's ears. So too did Damayanti hear of the handsome Nala. Even before seeing each other, they fell in love which increased with the passing of days.

Once Nala saw a flock of golden-plumaged swans sporting in the forest. When he caught one of them it spoke to him in a human voice and pleaded: "King of Naishadaas, if you release me, I shall fly to Damayanti's palace and speak to her about you and your longing for her, and make her feel likewise for you, so that she will resolve not to marry any one except you. Pray allow me to go."

Hearing this, and eager to avail himself of the bird's service, he released it. The birds winged their way to Damayanti's palace. She was in the garden with her attendants and saw the birds descending from the sky. Each of the ladies-in-waiting pursued one of the birds and tried to catch it. Damayanti too did likewise and closed her hands on the bird which had brought Nala's message.

It spoke to her thus: "Damayanti! There is a king, Nala by name. He is the king of Nishada. In form and feature he is like the Aswins themselves. No man can approach him in beauty. If you become his wife, then your life will attain its fruition.

"You are the best of women; and he is the best among men. It is but meet that the best should be wedded to the best".

Hearing these words, Damayanti said: "Bird! Go to Nala and tell him that I love him passionately and long to marry him."

The bird agreed and, returning to

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Nala, conveyed Damayanti's message to him.

From that moment, Damayanti grew love-sick. The colour disappeared from her cheeks; she became pale and thin. Breathing heavily and with a far-away look, she moved about as one in a coma. Her eyes did not close in sleep by night or by day and she frequently gave vent to paroxysms of tears.

Her father saw all this and understood that his daughter had reached the age of marriage. He resolved to conduct a *swayamvara* for the princess to choose her husband and made it known to kings and princes far and near.

All of them hastened to Vidarbha, eager to win the hand of the princess. Nala too started, filled with hope and anxious too, to be present at the *swayamvara*.

Meanwhile, Narada went to Indra's court and told him about the *swayamvara* of Bheema's daughter. Upon that, Indra resolved to attend it himself as a candidate for the princess's hand. Agni, Yama, Varuna too accompanied Indra—each of them intent on winning Damayanti for himself.

On the way, they beheld Nala looking resplendent like the God of Love. Seeing him, the gods said to themselves: "What chance have we against Nala?"

Yet, they did not give up. They thought of a ruse. They accosted Nala and said: "King, we have heard that you are very truthful. Will you do us a service? Will you take a message from us?"

Unsuspectingly, Nala agreed and enquired, "Who may you be? What message have I to convey, and to whom?"

Indra replied for them all: "We are Indra, Agni, Yama and Varuna. Go to Damayanti and tell her: 'The gods are coming to the *swayamvara* to marry you. Choose one of them'."

Nala folded his hands and pleaded, "Great ones! I am myself going there for the same purpose. Pray do not make me carry a message against myself".

Indra assumed an angry mien: "What? You first promised to do our bidding, and now you go back on your word! That is not like a man who claims to speak the truth always. Go this moment, and deliver our message as you promised."

Nala was in a fix. He felt he had been trapped, but he had to keep his word. So, he betook himself to the apartments of Damayanti. Questioned by her as to who he was and what brought him there, he replied: "Auspicious one! Know me to be Nala. I have a message for you from the gods, Indra, Agni, Yama and Vayu. They bid you choose one of them for your husband at the *swayamvara*."

Damayanti heard what he said: "Let the gods attend the *swayamvara*. In their presence, and before all the assembled kings, I shall choose you only and none else. No discredit will attach to you. The gods too can have no cause to be angry with you".

Walking in the air in his happiness, Nala returned to the gods and reported to them what Damayanti had said. They gave him leave to go and he went to the *swayamvara* hall where

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kings and princes had assembled in their finery.

Then Damayanti entered. The assembled suitors beheld her in wonderment. They were entranced by her loveliness and could not take their eyes away from her glowing beauty.

The lady-in-waiting led the princess among the ranks of the suitors announcing the virtues and powers of each. The princess moved on from suitor to suitor, paying little attention, her eyes seeking Nala.

But to her dismay, she beheld five Nalas—each exactly like the other. She could not identify the real Nala. She prayed to the gods with her palms joined in supplication. Trembling all over, she appealed to them: "I have set my heart on Nala after hearing the words of the swan, and I have mentally chosen him for my husband. I appeal to the gods to make it true and discover my Nala to me. If it is true that in thought, word or act, I have not swerved from my constancy to him, I pray to the gods to show my Nala to me".

The gods heard Damayanti's appeal, and moved by her sincerity, they enabled her to perceive the signs which set apart Indra and his companions from the real Nala. They had no perspiration on their person. Their eyelids did not close and their feet did not touch the earth. By these marks Damayanti knew that they were gods. Thus identifying her Nala and approaching him with great bashfulness and modesty, she draped the garland round his neck.

The gods, the rishis and those assembled in the royal hall applauded her and said in one voice: "Well done! Well done!"

Nala and Damayanti, clasping their hands, stood before the four gods in humble salutation and invoked their blessings. They were pleased with the happy pair and conferred their boons on Nala.

Indra promised to appear in person at the sacrificial rites which Nala might perform and assured him of a high place in heaven. Agni gave him the power to make a fire whenever he pleased and told him he would be as resplendent as himself. Yama endowed him with unrivalled mastery in the culinary art and with a will-power to be unswerving in the pursuit of *Dharma*. Varuna gifted him the power to get water anywhere he needed. Finally, all of them gave him a garland of celestial fragrance and returned to their heavenly abodes.

Then Bheema celebrated the wedding of his daughter in royal style. When the marriage ceremonies were over, Nala took his wife to his country and lived in supreme domestic bliss.

When the four gods were returning from the *swayamvara*, they saw Kali Purusha coming towards them attended by Dvaapara. "Where are you going, Kali, in such haste?" enquired Indra.

"Lord of the Devaas!" replied Kali. "I am hastening to Damayanti's *swayamvara*".

"That is over, Kali. Damayanti has chosen Nala for her husband".

"Indeed! Is that so? How did she choose a mere mortal slighting the gods? She deserves to be punished for this", answered the malevolent Kali.

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The gods rebuked, "It is with our consent that she did so. Which maiden in the world would not choose Nala with all his eminent virtues? He is learned in the four Vedas, he is well-versed in the ancient lore, he pleases the gods by his daily sacrifices, he is the embodiment of truth, courage, wisdom, austerity, self-control and equanimity. Ahimsa is his rule of life. Always true to Truth, he is of steadfast and pure conduct. Kali, rather than curse such a noble person, better curse yourself."

With that, the *Devas* departed. Seeing that they had gone, Kali addressed Dvaapara:

"I shall not suffer this insult. I must take my revenge on him. I shall enter into him. I shall see that he is banished from his kingdom and prevent him from living in happiness with Damayanti. In this, you must come to my help. Enter into the dice yourself."

Thus, bent on bringing about Nala's undoing, Kali went to Nishada. He had to wait there full twelve years before he found a chink in the armour of Nala's virtuous life.

One day, forgetting to wash his feet after answering the call of nature, Nala sat for his evening *sandhya* prayers. Then Kali found his chance and got into Nala.

He brought about a game of dice between Nala and his cousin, Pushkara and the stakes were high. While the game was on, Damayanti sent her two children Indrasenaa, the daughter and Indrasena, the son, to her father's court.

Soon Nala lost everything that he wagered, including his kingdom. Pushkara laughed at him in derision and said: "Everything that is yours has been won by me. Damayanti alone remains. Now offer her as your last wager".

When he heard these words, Nala shook with anger but he was helpless. His heart seemed to burst with grief. Silently divesting himself of all his kingly ornaments he left the city, clad in a single piece of cloth. Damayanti too, clad in a length of rough cloth, followed him in meek silence.

Hunger gnawed at the king's vitals as he roamed beyond the outskirts of the city for many a weary day. When he saw a few young birds flying low, he tried to catch them in the folds of his cloth. All of them flew away together snatching away his cloth and carrying it in their beaks. And, as they rose, they mocked, "Foolish king! We are the dice who ruined you and now we carry away even the cloth which covered your nakedness. We cannot suffer you to go forth even with this humble garment".

In this sad plight, Nala spoke to his wife and said: "By my insensate love for dice, I have come to this pass and brought misery to you too, my dear. Now, I abjure you by the right of a husband—listen to me. This road goes south, this road goes to Vidarbha, and that to Kosala."

Hearing these words, Damayanti said: "Lord! My heart writhes in intense anguish; my limbs refuse to move. I see what you wish to convey. But, bereft of your kingdom, having lost all your wealth, with nothing to clothe your person, in this

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terrible state, how can I abandon you in this dreary forest? My lord, when you are tired, when you are hungry, when you think dolefully of the happy days that were, then I will stand by you and help you to get over your misery. I have heard, my lord, that in the extremity of distress, there is no medicine like a good wife who alone can fill her husband with courage and cheer. Thus have I understood my duty, my lord, and I shall not swerve from that path."

Nala, pretending to be surprised at Damayanti's vehemence, asked, "Who told you I shall abandon you? Have no such fear."

Thus reassuring her, Nala wandered far into the forest leading his wife by hand. Hungry and tired, they entered an old, ruined *mantapa*. Naked in body, aching all over, being unaccustomed to the rugged stones and piercing thorns, covered with the dust of many days' wandering he lay down to sleep with Damayanti by his side. She too, weary and worn out, was soon overcome by sleep.

But Nala could not sleep for long. He woke up and debated within himself, "What harm if this were done; what benefit if undone? This, my dearest wife, so attached and loving, will have to suffer more and more on account of me. Separated from me, perhaps she may go back to her kinsmen. None can do her harm on the way; such is the power of her virtue. She is devoted to me. She is a *pativrata*. Her devotion to her husband is the armour that will shield her from all danger".

And then, turning to look at Damayanti, he mused. "How shall I cut a piece from her garment without waking her?"

Nala walked about the *mantapa*, pondering. Then his eyes fell on a sword lying in a corner. With it he cut a piece from his wife's cloth, wound it round his body and, abandoning her while she was yet sleeping soundly, he ran stealthily into the forest.

But, after he had gone some distance, he paused, wavered and turned back. Returning to the *mantapa* he saw his wife still fast asleep and wept like a child.

"She whom once the wind or the sun could not even see, she, my queen, lies asleep here in this wilderness with none to protect her. How sore will she lament when she wakes up and finds herself alone and covered with but a short piece of her garment! Abandoned by me, how will she live alone in this forest infested by beasts of prey! May all the suns in the sky, the *Vaasus*, *Rudraas*, the *Ashvins*, and the *Maruts* protect you, my dearest, and add strength to your armour of Dharma!"

With these words, his understanding clouded by Kali, he again walked swiftly out of the place. He ran a few paces but paused again, and his heart riven by conflicting emotions, tiptoed his way back to see again his wife's lovely face, serene in sleep.

Kali's malevolent power pulled him away from his wife; but his love and tenderness for her drew him back.

Kali won at last and, casting a long, lingering look at his wife, the distressed king plunged into the dismal darkness of the forest.

[To be completed in the next issue.]

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The Novel that gave us a new sense of Nationalism

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Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's

ANANDA MATH

PART II

(*Translated by R.P.A.*)

THE STORY SO FAR

DURING the Great Famine in Bengal, Mahendra Singh quitted his village with his wife Kalyani and only child. After some adventures on the road, he met Bhavananda a member of the ascetic brotherhood who took him to Ananda Math, where his wife and child were sheltered. There Mahendra wants to dedicate himself to the service of his country like the ascetics. Kalyani and the child got poisoned. Mahendra and Satyananda were subsequently taken prisoners by Nazir-ud-din and his sepoys. Jivananda, another ascetic, rescued Mahendra's child and took her to his village home, and met his wife Shanti. Jivananda's determination floundered for a moment, but Shanti inspired him with fresh courage. Bhavananda restored Kalyani to life. The ascetics stormed the prison of the Mussulmans and secured the release of Satyananda and Mahendra. Shanti dresses herself as a *sanyasin* and goes on a mysterious mission. Satyananda wants to initiate Mahendra.

4. Who are the Children of God?

AFTER his evening prayers, Satyananda called Mahendra and told him: "Your daughter is still alive."

Mahendra: "Where, Maharaj?"

Satyananda: "Why do you call me Maharaj?"

M: "Because everyone addresses you like that. I know that the head of every Math is addressed as Maharaj. Where is my daughter, Maharaj?"

S: "I will tell you about it later. But I would first like to know whether you like to join the Order of the Children?"

M: "I am determined to join the Order."

Satyananda: "Then, don't try to know where your daughter is."

Mahendra: "Why, Maharaj?"

Satyananda: "Whoever joins the Order must give up his ties with wife, children and relations. If by chance he meets his wife or children he must perform penance. You should not see your daughter's face till the objective of the Children is achieved. What is the purpose then in knowing where your daughter is? You will not be able to see her."

Mahendra: "Why are you inflicting this difficult condition, my lord?"

Satyananda: "The task before the Children is not easy. Only those who are ready to sacrifice everything are fit to accomplish it. If a person is attached to his wife and child, like a kite tied to a peg, how can he leave the earth and soar to heaven?"

Mahendra: "Maharaj, honestly I have not been able to follow your reasoning. If a man sees the face of

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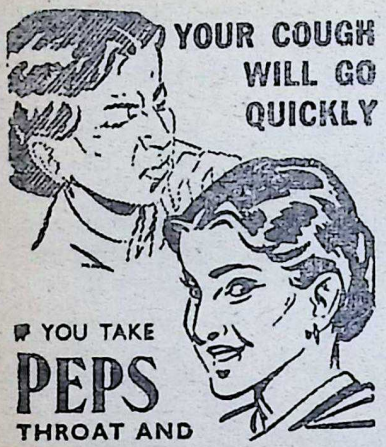

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his wife or daughter, is he incapable of achieving great deeds?"

Satyananda: "If we see those to whom we are attached, we are likely to neglect the work of the gods. It is the inexorable law of our Order that everyone of the Children must be prepared to sacrifice his life when necessary. Will you dare to give up your life if you carry the image of your wife or daughter in your heart?"

Mahendra: "But is it possible for me to forget my daughter even if I do not see her?"

Satyananda: "Do not take this vow if you cannot forget her."

Mahendra: "Have all the Children forgotten their wives and children before taking their vows? If so, the Children must be very few in number."

Satyananda: "The Children are of two kinds: the initiated and the uninitiated. The uninitiated include house holders and mendicants. They come only for their wages. Once the battle is over, they take their reward and disappear. Only those who sacrifice their all are initiated. They are the leaders who direct the activities of the Order. I have no desire to enrol you as an uninitiated member. At the time of war, we can get enough people to wield the lathi and the spear. Unless you are initiated, you cannot make a significant contribution to the Order."

Mahendra: "What is this initiation? Why should I be initiated afresh? I have already been initiated."

Satyananda: "You will have to discard it and be initiated by me again."

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Mahendra: "How can I discard my old initiation?"

Satyananda: "I will show you the way."

Mahendra: "Why should I take a new vow today?"

Satyananda: "Because the Children are Vaishnavas."

Mahendra: "I am unable to understand this. It is the creed of Vaishnavas not to hurt any living creature. How can the Children who do not believe in non-violence be Vaishnavas?"

Satyananda: "That is the Vaishnavism of the followers of Chaitanya Deva. That Vaishnavism is the outcome of the atheistic Buddhist religion. True Vaishnavism believes in the suppression of the wicked and the salvation of the world. Our true God is the preserver of the universe. He took ten incarnations in order to save the world. In order to destroy Asuras like Kesi, Hiranya, Madhu, Kaitabh, Mura and Naraka, Rakshasas like Ravana and evil-doers like Kamsa and Sisupala, He took birth in the world. Besides being ever victorious, He blesses his devotees with victory. This protector of the universe is the real God of the Children. The Vaishnavism preached by Chaitanya Deva is not real Vaishnavism. It is incomplete. Vishnu of Chaitanya is Love incarnate. But is the Almighty only the fountain of love? Is He not also infinite Power? Vishnu of Chaitanya is all Love and Compassion; Vishnu of the Children is all Power. We are both Vaishnavas; but there is some difference in our ideals. It is not correct to portray God as all Love or as all Power. Do you follow me?"

Mahendra: "I do not understand. All this is new to me. At Kasimbazar, I met a Christian priest who spoke in the same manner. 'God is love and you should love Jesus,' he told me. You speak like him."

Satyananda: "I am only trying to explain to you the doctrines in which our ancestors had implicit faith. Have you heard that God is the repository of the three *gunas?*"

Mahendra: "Yes, *sattwa, rajas* and *tamo gunas* reside in Him."

Satyananda: "Well, each of these *gunas* has to be worshipped in a separate manner. From *sattwa* comes Love and Compassion. You can attain it through *bhakti* or devotion. The followers of Chaitanya do it. From *rajas* is born *Sakti*. This is attained through war, by the suppression of the enemies of God. We are doing this. And through *tamo,* God assumes the four-armed form. We should worship that *guna* through offerings of garlands and sandal paste. The ordinary man does this. Do you now understand?"

Mahendra: "Yes, I have understood. The Children seem to be a sect of consecrated devotees."

Satyananda: "You are correct. We do not want temporal power. We only want to exterminate the Mussulmans because they are the enemies of God."

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5. Initiation

AFTER finishing his conversation with Mahendra, Satyananda went with him to the temple of Vishnu within the Anandamath. The temple was adorned with great loveliness. Innumerable lamps of gold and silver studded with precious gems were burning brightly. There were heaps and heaps of flowers of every variety; their fragrance permeated the entire monastery.

Inside the temple someone was softly chanting a prayer to Hari. As soon as Satyananda entered the temple, the former did obeisance to him by prostrating at his feet. Then Satyananda asked him: "Do you desire to be initiated?"

"Do have compassion on me and bless me by initiating me," replied the other.

Then Satyananda addressing him and Mahendra, asked: "Have you both taken bath, observed fast and purified yourselves according to rules?"

"Yes," replied both of them.

Satyananda: "Will you take the pledge in this holy of holies that you will observe the rules of the Children without fail?"

Both: "We do so".

Satyananda: "Will you renounce your family life as long as the freedom of the motherland is not attained?"

Both: "We promise".

Satyananda: "Will you renounce your brothers and sisters?"

Both: "Yes, we will renounce them."

Satyananda: "And your wife and children?"

Both: "Yes, we will renounce them."

Satyananda: "Your relations and dependants?"

Both: "We will renounce all."

Satyananda: "What about wealth and pleasures of life?"

Both: "We renounce everything."

Satyananda: "Will you renounce all sensual desire? Will you pledge never to sit near a woman?"

Both: "Yes, we shall never sit near a woman. We promise to overcome all sensual desire."

Satyananda: "Will you take the pledge in the presence of God that you will not strive to earn money for yourself or your people? And that whatever you earn will be given to the Order of the Children?"

Both: "We shall do so."

Satyananda: "Will you take up arms and fight for the preservation of our religion?"

Both: "We shall do so."

Satyananda: "Will you promise never to run away from the field of battle?"

Both: "We will never run away."

Satyananda: "What if you break your pledge?"

Both: "We will embrace death by mounting a lighted pyre or taking poison."

Satyananda: "There is one more point; and it refers to caste. I know that Mahendra is a Kayastha. What is the caste of the other?"

"I am a Brahman," replied the

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Satyananda: "Well, can you give up the pride in your caste? All the Children belong to the same caste. We do not discriminate between Brahmans and Sudras. What do you say to that?"

Both: "We shall not make any invidious distinction. We feel we are all Children of the same Mother."

Satyananda: "Now I shall initiate you. Do not break the vow that you have just taken. Vishnu Himself is the witness. He who conquered Ravana, Kamsa, Hiranyakasipu, Jarasandha, Sisupala and others, the All-Powerful, Who knows what is in the hearts of men, Who dwells equally in the thunder of Indra as in the claws of a cat will send to eternal damnation anyone who breaks these vows."

Both: "Be it so."

"Sing Vandemataram," said Satyananda. Both the initiates sang the song with fervour. Then, with proper rites and rituals, the ascetic initiated them into the Order.

6. Mahendra's Assignment

AFTER the initiation, Satyananda took Mahendra to a secluded spot. They sat down and Satyananda said: "My child, I consider it as an indication of God's blessing that you have joined our Order. Through you has to be accomplished a great task for the Mother. Listen carefully to my instructions. It is not my intention that you should, like Jivananda and Bhavananda, wander about in the forests partaking in guerilla warfare. Return to Padachinha and stay there. You can contribute your mite from there."

On hearing this, Mahendra was alike depressed and surprised. But he did not say a word. The ascetic continued: "We have no place of retreat at the moment. If we are confronted with a strong band of soldiers we have no place where we can seek refuge with sufficient food. We have no fortress. You own several houses and your village is under your control. It is my desire that you should build a fortress there. If you construct a wall around your village, surround it with a moat and build outposts for soldiers and place cannons on the embankment, it will be an ideal retreat for us in times of danger. Therefore go home immediately. In batches, a thousand Children will join you. You can utilise their services to construct the fort and battlements. You will also construct a strong iron vault inside the fort. We can make it the treasury of our Order. To meet the expenses involved, I will send you chests of gold coins. I shall also send skilled craftsmen from various places. When these artisans arrive, start establishing a factory at Padachinha for manufacturing cannons, shell, guns and gunpowder. It is to organise and supervise all this work that I am asking you to return home."

Mahendra agreed.

[*To be continued*]

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SRI SUDHIR GHOSH, Member of Parliament, New Delhi:—"I owe Professor R. T. Thevar a debt of gratitude. I have not had the privilege of meeting him personally. My good friend and colleague in Parliament Mr. A. D. Mani, Editor of the Hitavada, told me about Professor Thevar and his spiritual gifts. I have faith in the power of prayer and Professor Thevar's prayers for me have certainly been answered. Professor Thevar certainly is a man of great spiritual gifts and I have good reason to be grateful to him."

SHRI B. K. GAJAPATHI, Editor, 'The Ringing Bells', Madras:—'I need not look into your testimonials to gauge your worth. You are really a great soul having supernatural Powers at your command. You have cured my daughter, who was tormented by evil spirits. As Mr. A. D. Mani says, you are a valuable guide for the solution of human problems.'

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SRI N. KRISHNASWAMY, I.AS. Controller of Weights and Measures, Madras:—"Revered Swamiji, The effects of the Special Powerful Kavacha prepared for me were remarkably wonderful. My daughter to whom you prepared a Kavacha has passed in the Examination. I express my heartful thanks for the good done to me and my family members."

SHRI A. AMALRAJ, B. Com., Kerala State Ware-housing Corporation, Muthalamada P. O., (Via) Kollengode:—"Dear Sir, Thank you very much for the kind help in sending me the 'Special Kavacha'. I am glad to inform that I have been selected to the post of Ware-house manager in the Central Ware-housing Corporation, Government of India."

SRI S. SUBRAMANIAM, Under-Secretary, Government of India, New Delhi:—'Dear Sir, Regarding the efficacy of the Kavachas you supplied in the past, I have no hesitation to admit that they had the desired effect and the purposes for which they were got were fulfilled to a great extent with entire satisfaction to me.'

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SRI P. SANKARAN, Joint Director of Agriculture, Madras:—"Dear Swamiji, Namaskaram. I express my heartful thanks for the good done in my official career as well as in my domestic affair by the grace of Lord Muruga to save those who are suffering. I pray the Almighty to bless you, who help the suffering, with His blessings. I humbly request you to send me another Kavacha for the betterment."

SRI M. K. DEENADAYALAN, I.P.S. now Director of Postal Service, Madras writes on 23-10-56:—"My Dear Swamiji, Thank you very much for the Kavacha sent to me some time back. I am astonished to see the wonderful effects of your Kavacha. You are no doubt a great personage with divine powers."

SRI K. V. RAJAGOPALAN, B.E. Divisional Engineer (MECH), Hindustan Steel Ltd. Rourkela:—"Dear and Respected Swamiji, The Kavacha you were pleased to give has given me entire satisfaction. Within a period of one month after wearing that Kavacha I got a promotion. I am very glad to say that this is due to your greatness."

SRI T. G. JEYARAM, Executive Engineer, 234, 'Sai Prasad' Chembur, Bombay-71:—"On wearing your special Kavacha sent to me on 30-5-62, I got the Executive Engineer's post.',

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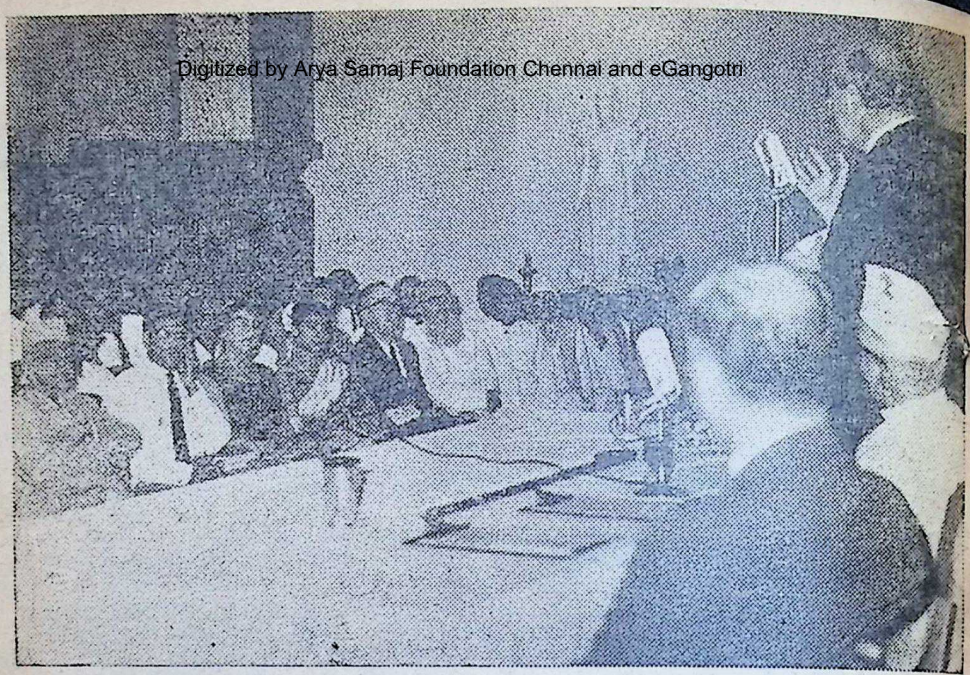

Prince Zu Loewenstein speaking at the Bhavan on "Germany and Modern Asia."

Notes & News

DIPLOMAS IN JOURNALISM

PRESENTING diplomas to the first batch of successful candidates of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing, on November 14, 1963, Sri M. S. Kannamwar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, stressed the need for trained journalists to man the media of mass communication which are so potent for good or evil in the present day. He said that the old notion that Journalism needed no formal training is now outdated.

Earlier, Kulapati K. M. Munshi welcomed the guests and expressed satisfaction at the rapid progress of the College, the founding of which was a milestone in the history of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Presenting a brief report of the College, Principal Joseph John thanked Kulapati Munshiji and friends for their help and guidance. In conclusion he said: "Preparing for posts of prestige and power in the all-pervasive field of mass communication, young men and women endowed with a sense of integrity and mission, is an aim well worth the effort. In this we have the nation's interests and the Bhavan's ideals to inspire us."

Sri Shantilal Shah, Maharashtra's Education Minister, Sri P. K. Roy, General Manager of the "Times of India" and Prof. P. S. Shankaranarayan of Bhavan's College also spoke on the occasion. Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, proposed a vote of thanks.

TRIBUTE TO INDIA

GANDHIJI'S faith in soul-force will spread over the world and even those now cowed down by totalitarian tyranny will achieve liberty by using passive resistance and the iron curtain that divides the world into two hostile

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camps will crumble, said Prince Zu Loewenstein, the distinguished West German historian and savant.

He was speaking at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on November 19, 1963 on "Germany and Modern Asia." He pointed out how the recent Franco-German Treaty had put an end to the historical hostility between the two European countries and asserted that the West too was accepting Gandhian values of peace and love.

Thanking the Prince for his learned lecture, Kulapati Dr. K. M. Munshi paid a warm tribute to the courage, determination and patriotism of Germans who had transformed a ruined economy into the strongest now existing in Europe. He described how he had personally seen Germany's "economic miracle" when he visited that country in 1958. He also reminded the younger generation of Indians how German scholars like Max Muller had helped to revive our almost forgotten cultural heritage.

PURANDARA DASA

ON NOVEMBER 12, under the auspices of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay Lekhak Milan and Pravritti Sangh, a meeting to celebrate the 400th Death Anniversary of the great Karnatak Poet-Saint Purandaradasa was held in the Gita Mandir at the Bhavan's Chaupatty premises.

Sri Masti Venkatesh Ayyangar, the famous Kannada writer, gave a short but learned talk on the greatness and outstanding achievements of the Saint. He said that in Purandaradasa we had a great devotee, founder of the systematised Karnataka music and a literary artist (poet, composer and dancer)—a rare combination indeed. He maintained that Sri Purandaradasa was a Saint of the class of Francis of Assisi, Chaitanya Maha Prabhu and Guru Nanak. Sri Ayyangar asked the listeners to spread the message of Purandaradasa in every home in the country.

Sri, J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, presided over the meeting.

BANGALORE KENDRA

UNDER the auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bangalore Kendra, Prof. H. D. Velankar, Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Bombay University, delivered a lecture on "Cultural Heritage of India" at the M.E.S. College of Arts and Commerce in Bangalore on the 7th of last month.

Prof. Velankar said that a supreme sense of self-sacrifice, love of knowledge and good behaviour of individuals were the hall-marks of our heritage. According to him, the thought and behaviour of people constituted the culture of the country. Expounding the subject with apt quotations from the *Rig Veda*, the Upanishads and the *Gita*, Prof. Velankar maintained that civilization is a way of life as individuals live it. He said that an individual's heart was like a "Vidya Bhavan", needing periodical promptings to bring out the best in him.

Sri Nittoor Sreenivasa Rau, former Governor of Mysore, who presided, said that Sanskrit should have its rightful place in the scheme of our education. He paid high tributes to the services of Prof. Velankar for furthering the cause of Sanskrit education in the country.

Earlier, Sri M.P.L. Sastry, Joint Secretary of the Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra, welcomed the large and distinguished gathering. Sri K. P. Krishnamoorthy, Executive Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR STUDY OF RELIGION

A SCHEME for generous scholarships to stimulate extra-curricular study of religion and philosophy by students was suggested by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University. As there are some who believe that under the country's secular constitution, educational institutions should not impart any religious instructions, the scheme would be a practicable and worthwhile way out of this impasse.

His intention is to encourage the

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study of the various world religions by students who have shown a special aptitude for philosophical studies and he believes that this will not only increase one's knowledge and appreciation of one's own ancestral religion, but would also instil respect for other religions.

As a beginning, he said, he would institute in the Annamalai University a certain number of such scholarships amounting to Rs. 50/- a month each, to those students who acquitted themselves best in a competitive examination to be conducted on subjects to be specified from year to year dealing with religion, philosophy and culture.

IMAGE OF INDIAN CULTURE

A VERY lively discussion on the subject "What should be the image of Indian culture?" was held in New Delhi last month at the Youth Festival. One student each from 22 universities participated in the discussion which lasted for nearly three hours.

Sri Sri Prakasa presided over the function. Prof. P. Rajan, Head of the English Department, Delhi University, Sri A. N. Jha, I.C.S., Secretary, Ministry of Defence Production, Government of India, and Dr. Kali Prasad, former Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University, acted as judges.

Some of the peculiar characteristics of Indian culture such as tolerance, adaptability, spiritualism and unity in diversity were discussed in detail by the participants. They touched on some of the inherent weaknesses of our culture such as caste system etc., which led to social rigidity and lack of unity.

The participants came to the conclusion that as regards the core of culture or inner motivation, the cultural pattern need not change with the changing times. It was also considered that cultural identity and continuity need not be an impediment to progress.

SEMINAR AT BANGALORE

A SEMINAR on manuscriptology and textual criticism was arranged by the Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs at Bangalore from the 3rd to the 12th November 1963. Prof. S.A. Upadhyaya attended the Seminar from the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Dr. P.L. Vaidya directed the Seminar and lectures were delivered by Prof. H.D. Velankar, Dr. A.N. Upadhye, Dr. P.V. Bapat, Dr. S.M. Katre, Dr. S.R. Ranganathan and Dr. V. Raghavan.

About 25 scholars attended the seminar.

LECTURES ON VEDANTA

SWAMI POORNANANDA TIRTHA of the Jnana Ashram, Parlikad, in Kerala State, has been giving a series of lectures in Bombay from November 24 on the quintessence of Vedanta as embodied in the *Gita*. He will be in Bombay till December 22.

The Swamiji has visited Bombay before and his discourses on the *Gita* have helped his listeners to find a new dimension in this inexhaustible source of spiritual sustenance. Eager to spread the message of Vedanta in every town and village in a language comprehensible to the common man, the Swamiji spares himself no exertion, physical or mental.

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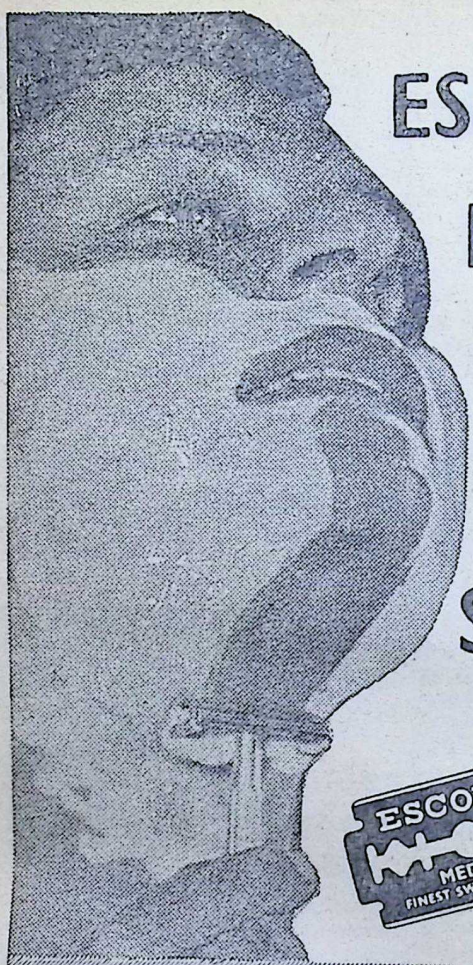

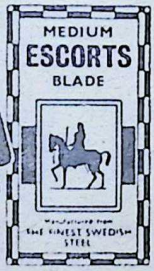

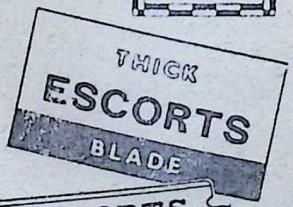

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LATE DR. C. KUNHAN RAJA

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THE world of Sanskrit has become the poorer by the death on October 21 of Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, the noted Sanskrit scholar and authority on India's cultural history, who has written several books, of which *The Survey of Sanskrit Literature* and *Kadambari* were published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Born in Kerala's royal family on September 18, 1895, and educated in Madras and Oxford, Dr. Raja had further training in the Universities of Heidelberg and Marburg in Germany. Sanskrit was his first and only love and he was appointed the first Professor of Sanskrit in Madras University in 1927, which chair he occupied with distinction for 23 years.

Later, he was the Professor of Sanskrit in the Teheran University of Iran for four years. Returning to India, he became Professor of Sanskrit in the Andhra University. He had to retire in 1960 because of indifferent health and he settled down in salubrious Bangalore.

Although ailing, Dr. Raja's intellectual ardour did not diminish and, apart from the books already mentioned, he had planned a series of publications to give to the public the benefit of his studies in Indian literature, culture and civilization.

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No fresh orders will be accepted from 31-10-1963.

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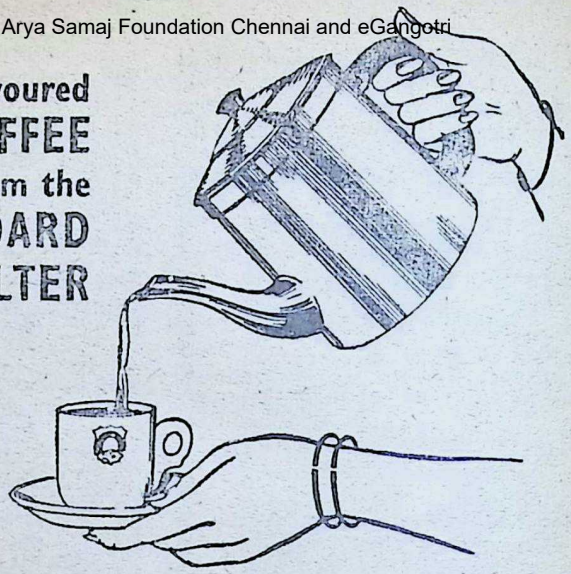

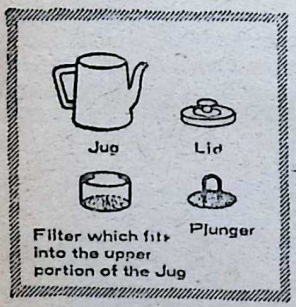

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OUR BOOK SHELF

GANDHIJI'S TEACHINGS AND PHILOSOPHY. By C. Rajagopalachari. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Pages 35. Price: 75 nP.

THE delightful booklet under review is the text of the series of three lectures delivered under the auspices of the Poona University for the Education's Scheme, i.e. "Promotion of Gandhian Philosophy." The elder statesman, a close associate of Gandhiji and no "inconsiderable colleague" of his, approaches his subject in a discerning mood and lays bare the foundations of Gandhiji's philosophy of life and action. Rajaji finds the clue for the life and vision of Gandhiji in the *Gita*. He then gives a masterly summary of this great scripture. The *Gita* aproaches religion in a scientific spirit. Religion is a search for Truth and not a matter of dogmas. It is a science of the spirit rather than a body of doctrines. Its ethics applies to all good men. It is consistent with the requirements of the modern world. The *Gita* teaching asks one to go on with his activities, dictated by his nature (*svabhava*), in the spirit of dispassion (*nishkāmna*), as dedication to the Lord (*Ishwara priti*) for the welfare of all (*lokasamgraha*). This is named Karma Yoga. We should all long to be "free from anger, lust and personal desire" and cultivate humility, enlightenment and devotion. We must live above the world and not *apart* from it. There is no freedom *from* action, but there is only freedom in action. The *Gita* ideal of life is best fitted for community life wherein "everyone should work according to his capacity and everyone should according to his need." Co-operative life in place of selfish motive is modern economy. The *Gita* ideal is consistent with "the progressive views of citizenship". Further, the *Gita* emphasis is on the equal dignity and sacredness of all work that falls to one's lot. Any work done in the right spirit is worship of God."

Rajaji concludes the first lecture with the dictum that *Gita* is *Gandhiji's Shastra*. He acted according to its injunctions—"work, detachment, prayer and surrender to the will of God." Gandhiji called the *Gita* his spiritual master, to which he went for light when he saw gloom all round him. Gandhiji believed in the fundamental goodness of man and, if the approach is properly made (i.e. by the use of persuasion and soul-free), "man can be converted from evil and unreason to good and right conduct."

Within the space of 35 pages we get the essence of the Gandhian view of life and the way of life. This little publication is a boon to the busy man who wants to know what is the essence of not only Gandhian thought but also the essence of Hinduism.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MAURITIUS. By S. Bissoondoyal. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1963. Price: Rs. 3/-.

THE name of the island is not found in the Index to *An Encyclopaedia of World History* by W.L. Langer (1956). Still its importance for Indians cannot be overlooked, says the author, descended from Bihari ancestors, who is the Leader of the Opposition in the Parliament of Mauritius. The chief items mentioned in the little book are as follows: discovery of the island in the 16th century; the advent of the Portuguese, Dutch, French and British; Lord Minto's expedition in 1810; the sojourn of Lord Moira for a few days in 1813; abolition of slavery in 1834; settlement of Indians in large numbers from 1843 to 1907; educational progress; Gandhiji's visit in 1901; and the celebration in 1957 of the centenary of the Indian Mutiny. This well-documented book is provided with a Bibliography and an Index.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

PHILOSOPHY OF GORAKHNATH (WITH GORAKSHA-VACANA-SANGRAHA): By Akshaya Kumar Banerjee. Published by Mahant Digvijai Nath Trust, Gorakhnath Tem-

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ple, Gorakhpur. Pp. XXXIV + 355. Price: Rs. 12/-.

THE volume under notice contains the quintessence of all what Mahayogi Gorakhnath has said and written and done. A Yogi and a philosopher, both have the same end in view—the absolute truth, though the methods employed by them may vary in the sense that the former's is largely intuitive and the latter's intellectual. The quest of the *yogi* is directed towards the first-hand spiritual experience of truth which he gets through *Samadhi*.

Gorakhnath who was a Mahayogi, got such *Samadhi* very often and realized the truth for himself. The learned writer of the volume has lucidly enunciated, after critical analysis, the basic principles and has given a vivid picture of the nature of the *Samadhi* which Gorakhnath had had so often. Gorakhnath's basic conception of the Ultimate Reality, his philosophical views known as *Dwaitaadwaita-vilakshana-vada* and *Pakshapala-Vinirmukta vada*, the tenets of his school embodied in his theory of *Satkarya-vada* have all been exhaustively described by the writer and in doing so, he has made use of all available literary sources existing in Bengali, Hindi, Rajasthani, Nepalese, Tibetan and other regional languages.

An outline also of Lord Buddha's teachings as well as of the Sankhya system forms an important part of this volume. There is also a full-fledged discussion of the philosophy of action as compared and contrasted with the philosophy of renunciation. The concluding chapter on modern Hinduism and the impact of western culture on it ends with an emphasis on the harmonious synthesis of Karma, Jnana, Yoga and Bhakti and pointedly invites attention to the fact that the ultimate unity of all religious faiths should be aimed at and the spiritual efficacy of all modes of discipline resulting from the discovery of this unity of all forms of true faith must be immediately recognised.

The learned writer has said everything worth knowing regarding the history and philosophy of Nathism. The spirit and the manner in which the writer has carried out this self-imposed work is, indeed, admirable especially when viewed against the background of the great paucity of necessary material.

The volume, we are sure, will stimulate interest in Gorakhnath and his notable school which occupies a valuable place in the history of India's spiritual progress. The study of whether any Sufi influence is detectable in Gorakh's writings and if so, to what extent, is worth undertaking.

Two appendices containing the Vacanas of Gorakh and a glossary of philosophical terms will be of great and real help in understanding and appreciating what has been said in the volume under notice.

The Foreword by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar and Preliminary Remarks by Dr. Sampurnanand, the Rajyapal of Rajasthan, while embodying a general survey of the Nath school, are truly appreciative in character. It is a matter of pride for the writer and of pleasure for the reader.

We cannot conclude this review without quoting Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj who has said in his Prefatory Note, "The learned author has laboured long and hard in a more or less untrodden field and as a result of his labours presented us with a brilliant work on an important medieval school of philosophical thought."

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

NATARAJA. By S. V. Chamu. Published by Vijnyana Mandiram, Hedathale (Mysore). pp. 17 + iii. Price: Rs. 2/.

AN American lady is reported to have once asked an Indian civilian why Nataraja keeps one foot in the air. The gentleman, known for his wit, replied: "Because, madam, if he lifts up both the feet, he would fall down." Jesting apart, it is to be admitted that this famous sculpture of Nataraja has intrigued many minds and been the subject of innumerable interpretations, each satisfying from its own point of view. The author of this bright piece

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of writing offers a philosophic interpretation which regards this Figure as an expression in stone of what the Rishis of the Upanishads perceived with the eye of their heart and experienced in the highest flights of their soul.

In the first section, Sri Chamu gives a detailed description of each item of the sculpture in which "motion is written on all the limbs of Nataraja". He draws attention to many important details which may escape attention, and then proceeds to show "how everything on the image points to the realisation of a divine vision which is responsible for all expression, muscular and otherwise, on the image and also for the various postures of the body."

In the second section he gives a brilliant account of the esoteric content of ancient Indian Knowledge: the origin and steps of creation, the constitution of the human body in its several layers corresponding to the body of the universe, the system followed by the yogins to arrive at the true origin of themselves, the experiences and realisations that accompany the progress of their inner endeavour, etc. His explanation of *Mudra* is particularly happy.

And the third section explains how Nataraja embodies in each limb and detail this inner vision and resulting bliss in a surpassing manner. There might be room for disagreement here and there, but centrally the interpretation of Sri Chamu is sound and profound.

We only wish the art-plate of the Figure were printed better.

—*M. P. Pandit*

STEPS TO YOGA. By Swami Satyanand Saraswati. Edited by V. V. Baxi. Published by International Yoga Fellowship, Rajnandgaon (M.P.). Pp. 120. Third (revised) English edition, 1963. Price: Re. 1/-.

THE book under notice is just a compilation of a number of letters written by Swami Satyananda to two of his disciples, Vishvaprem and Satyabrat. The book is, therefore, epistolary in essence and has no pretensions that it exhausts the fundamental teachings of Yoga.

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The Swami, as is seen in the book, is everywhere at pains to harmonize the theoretical and the practical aspect of Yoga and it is true to say that he is at his best while doing so. His sincerity and simplicity of style stand out prominently all through. The author, who is the architect of the International Yoga Fellowship, is a living symbol of the search and the realization of the higher values of life. In his writings and discourses he is constantly seen hammering on the point that it is only through the practice of Yoga that many ills—they may be mental, physical or moral—can be efficiently and successfully remedied. In a word, Yoga is a panacea, according to him and therefore his sole emphasis is on the mechanics and dynamics of Yoga.

—*Dr A. S. Gopani*

APABHRAMSA-ENGLISH

PAUMACARIU OF KAVIRAJA SVAYAMBHUDEVA, critically edited by Harivallabh C. Bhayani. Third Part. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Bombay-7. Singhi Jain Series, No. 36, 1960. Price: Rs. 10.50.

WE have here the end of the edition—excellent in all respects, let us say so right away—of the 'History of Padma (=Rama)', in Apabhramsa, a text, the first two parts of which had been published simultaneously in 1953 (we had reviewed it in this very journal; 1955, pp 522). This final part includes the *Yuddhakanda* in 21 sections (called Samdhis) and the *Uttarakanda* in 13, including the battle that lasted for four days between Rama and Ravana, the fall of the demon, the reunion of the hero and of Sita, the return to Ayodhya, Sita's exile and her renouncing the world (she will be born again in the person of Indra!), the story of Rama's sons, Laksana's death, in short the final events: Rama losing his reason, then 'renouncing', finally attaining omniscience and *nirvana* with all his kindred. In all this, one will notice almost complete absence of Jain colouring, which contrasts with the hagiographic exordium on the Tirthankaras.

After the extremely careful study of the metres that the editor had made in Vol. I, he takes up here the metrical schemes of the Samdhis 57 to 90, separating, as is proper, the initial and final strephes (ghatta) from the 'Kadavaka' and the body itself or 'yamaka', then he brings up the same scheme for the whole of the epic and for a similar work of Svayambhu, the whole of the 'Ritthanemicarin'. He then describes the newly discovered manuscript of a 'tippana'. He gives additional precise information about another work of Svayambhu, the treatise on Prakrit, and Apabhramsa metres (*Svayambhucchandas*), and about a 'stotra' of the same category. As for the date itself of the poet, he establishes it here in the second half of the ninth century: a reference made to 'Seunadesa', in the main portion of the epic, has enabled the editor to ingeniously fix the date with unexpected precision.

Important explanations of difficult words from the above-mentioned 'tippana' are given in the appendices. Briefer than those of the previous volumes, the index of the words will none the less be useful; it would have been even more so, if it had been recast into one with the indices of the previous volumes.

After the pioneering works of H. Jacobi, followed by those of Mr. Alsdorf, the *Paumacarin* edition will open new vistas for our study of *Apabhramsa*. It has moreover the advantage of bringing to light an important text (unknown so far to Winternitz) which will be bracketed with the classics of narrative Jainism. After the epics of Vimalasuri, Ravisena, Hemacandra, that of Svayambhu should serve, not only to determine the interrelationship of the texts, but to trace the course of the *Ramayana* through the Jain traditions.

—*Louis Renou* in 'Journal Asiatique', 1962, Paris.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advertisers, Bombay 1. Ref. [illegible] Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.

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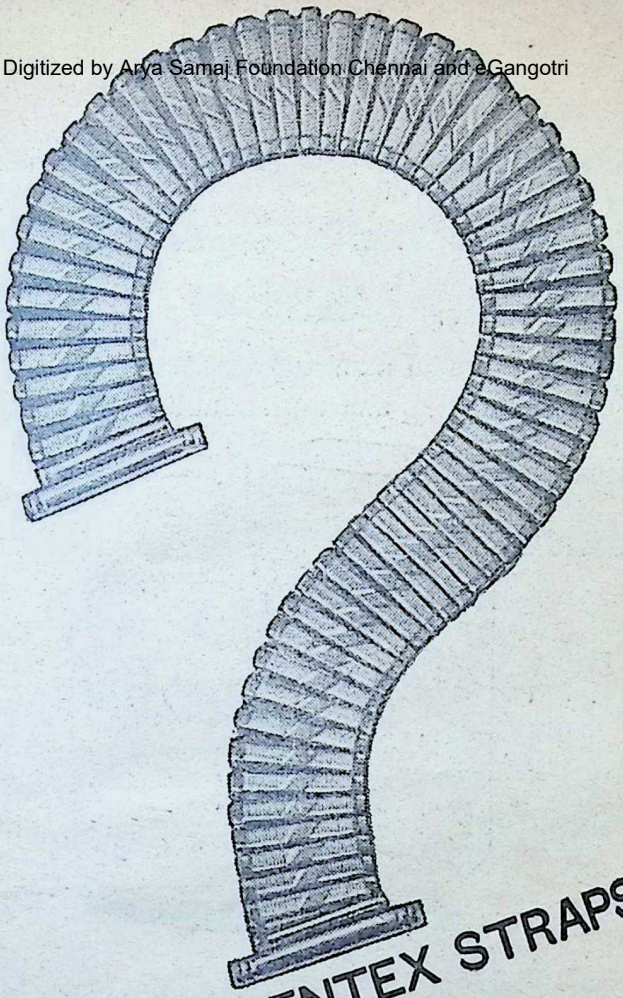

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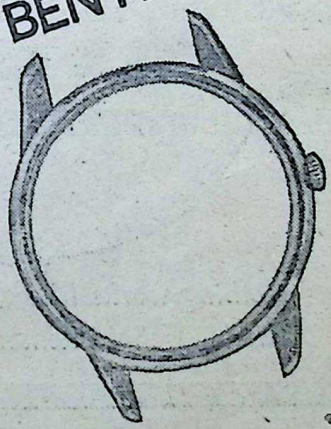

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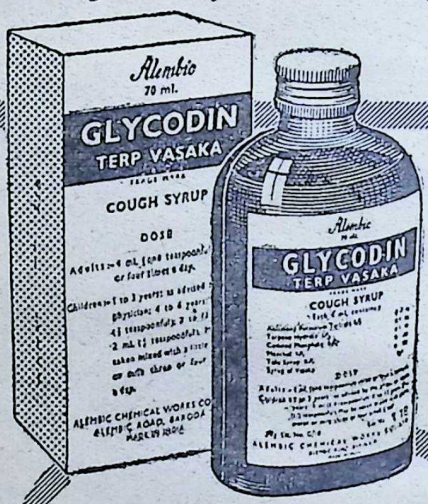

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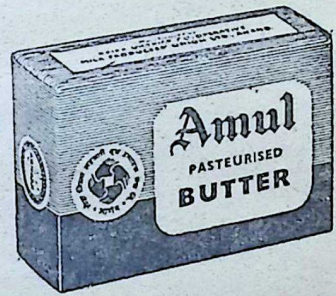

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Vol. X No. 11

DECEMBER 22, 1963

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contents

	Page
* **Prayer to Sun** (Vedic Prayer) ..	11
* **Kulapati's Letter No. 299:** Old Chinese Family System and Our Own—Similarities and Differences	12
* **Winston Churchill is 90**—(A Birthday Tribute)—Arkay	15
* **The Presence of God**	16
* **Message of Christ**—Mahatma Gandhi	17
* **Bhaktacharitamrita: Vibhishana** ..	19
* **True Friendship**—Sant Tulsidas ..	21
* **Samabhava** —Swami Poornananda Tirtha ..	22
* **Reminiscences of a Happy Birthday Dinner**—Sir Winston Churchill ..	25
* **Sparks from Churchill's Anvil** ..	29
* **Krishnavatara (Part III): Dharma Wins**—Sri K. M. Munshi ..	32
* **The Greatest Mathematician of the Century**—Vivek	43
* **President Johnson** (Profile)	47
* **Ananda Math**—Sri Bankim Chandra Chatterjee	51
* **Ayodhya—I** (Illustrated by "Silpi") ..	58
* **Notes & News**	66
* **Our Bookshelf**	75

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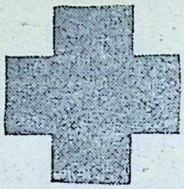

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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Prayer to Sun

उद्यन्नद्य मित्रमह आरोहन्नुत्तरां दिवम् ।
हृद्रोगं मम सूर्य हरिमाणं च नाशय ॥
शुकेषु मे हरिमाणं रोपणाकासु दध्मसि ।
अथो हारिद्रवेषु मे हरिमाणं नि दध्मसि ॥
उदगादयमादित्यो विश्वेन सहसा सह ।
द्विषन्तं मह्यं रन्धयन् मो अहं द्विषते रधम् ॥

Rising this day, O rich in friends, ascending to the loftier heaven,

Surya, remove my heart's disease, take from me this my yellow hue

To parrots and to starlings let us give away my yellowness,

Or this my yellowness let us transfer to Haritala trees

With all his conquering vigour this Aditya hath gone up on high,

Giving my foe into mine hand; let me not be my foeman's prey.

Rig-veda I-10-50-11 to 13

[*Griffith's translation*]

[This Sukta is traditionally held to be a potent *mantra* for warding off heart ailments]

Vol. X, No. 11

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No. 299

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ OLD CHINESE FAMILY SYSTEM AND OUR OWN ☆ SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
DECEMBER 22, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THERE were so many similarities between the old Chinese family system and ours that I would like to mention to you not only the differences between the two, but the way in which the Chinese Communists broke up the family in China leading to the tentacles of the totalitarian State being fastened on individual life.

The nature of the relations of a State with the individual determines its nature.

A democratic State gives free scope to individual development, permitting a wide range of loyalties. Under such a State, we can be loyal to our family, to our class and to our religion. This hierarchy of loyalties is ultimately fitted into the framework of our loyalty to the nation as a whole. Freedom can only exist in such multi-group society.

On the other hand, the totalitarian State or the party which controls it, insists upon the total loyalty of the individual. There is no place in it for choice of loyalties. The individual has to develop only on the lines and under the conditions imposed by the State.

These two paths, like parallel lines, can never meet.

This would be clear by a comparative study of the family structures of China and India. The family structure of pre-Communist China continued more or less intact for 4000 years. In India, from age to age it broadened out, permitting free scope for development.

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However, on a superficial view, the Chinese family system and the family system of pre-freedom India would appear to be alike.

In both cases, marriage was an affair between two families brought about by comparing horoscopes. The daughter-in-law belonged to the mother-in-law and was treated harshly. The son belonged to the father.

In both cases, families headed by a Manager or *Karta* as we call him, lived under the same roof in the manner of our joint family. Members of each family were maintained by the resources of common family property, the Manager controlling its finances.

In both cases, there was the extended family—*ta-chia-t'ing* in China and the *gotra* in India. *Ta-chia-t'ing,* however, was well organized till recently. In India, the *gotra,* except in the matter of exogamy, had long ceased to be a living organisation.

The authority of the Chinese father over his sons was relatively supreme. More like the ancient Roman *paterfamilias,* in India, the Hindu law ceased to recognise those privileges centuries ago.

The Chinese woman had practically no property rights. In India, the Hindu woman was entitled to her *streedhan* from very early times.

Ancestor worship, scrupulously observed, strengthened the authoritarian family and was in the main the religion of China. In India, for centuries, ancestor worship was only symbolical. It was confined only to religious ceremonies on occasions and formed an ancillary part of religion.

HUMAN RIGHTS

(The Human Rights Day was commemorated on December, 10)

I learned from my illiterate but wise mother that all rights to be deserved and preserved came from duty well done. Thus the very right to live accrues to us only when we do the duty of citizenship of the world.

—*Mahatma Gandhi*

To quote an authority: "Of almost no moral law in any civilization can it be more confidently said that it is not honoured in the breach. In fact it has become so deeply ingrained, so firmly interwoven in the unconscious, as to constitute almost a biological principle".

In China, the loyalty of the individual member to the family was singular. Not so in India. Here, the individual had his obligations not only to his family but also to his caste and to *Chaturvarnya,* the Four-fold Order of society, as also to *dharma* in its religious and spiritual aspects.

Of these aspects, *Samanya dharma,* the Moral Order, commanded the highest respect, for, the fundamental philosophic doctrine running through Hinduism predicated that man is a Divine essence; that as such, his highest duty was to seek fulfilment through individual self-discipline, both moral and spiritual, in order to break the bondage of birth and death. No doubt, this doctrine influenced only the most sensitive in the land, but their influence invested the individual with an inalienable spiritual dignity.

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The Chinese family structure continued unbroken till the Communists came into power. In India, it was altered from time to time by the *Dharma Shastras* and customs, to enable the individual to find scope for himself under changing circumstances.

In China, when Communism came, it saw its greatest foe in the family authority. It separated the husband from the wife, children from their parents. Endless propaganda was carried on against family morality. Young people were taught to flout the elders.

Family discipline was denounced. Brothers were set against brothers. Children were urged to inform on their parents, relatives upon relatives. Marriage laws were suddenly altered. Filial piety was ridiculed. Ancestor worship was overthrown. And when that went down, the main plank of Chinese religion was gone with it.

The bewildered members of the family, having no other loyalties to fall back upon, submitted to the control of the Party, that is the State. The Party officials assumed parental status. Even marriages were enforced by regional officers. At some places unwilling parties have often committed suicide.

In India, the process was entirely different. During the Renaissance, worship of the Motherland was accepted as an integral part of *dharma*, and the other loyalties adjusted themselves to the framework of national loyalty. As a result, in India, after freedom, the modernisation of the social structure, step by step, has come as a natural development.

The individual's loyalty to the family has been maintained. Marriages are, among the educated at any rate, slowly becoming a matter of individual choice. Castes are losing their rigidity, without depriving the individual of the security of the intimate social group. The State has no religion, but is not pledged to irreligiosity as in China. It respects all religions equally. As a result, religious communities and organizations have flourished. These loyalties do not weaken but strengthen the national loyalty.

In this way, the two paths—the totalitarian and democratic—as I said, are wide apart. And we have chosen the path of finding individual self-fulfilment through freedom within the framework of national loyalty.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL DATED JANUARY 19, 1964
will be

PURANDARADASA cum REPUBLIC DAY NUMBER

Special articles on Poet-Saint Purandaradasa in view of his 400th birthday; Republic Day features; a colour plate of Ayodhya Rama by Silpi etc., etc. A bumper issue. Make sure of your copy.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

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Winston Churchill is 90

ARKAY

GREETINGS to Sir Winston Spencer Churchill, who entered his 90th year on November 30, 1963. This is an event of great rejoicing not only to Englishmen and to English-speaking people, but to all those all over the world, who stand for parliamentary democracy and the dignity of the individual.

What a man! What a life! Scholar, journalist, author, parliamentarian, orator, painter, poet, administrator and statesman! Endowed with the trait to touch the chords in people's heart that transcend politics, with a taste for splendour and good-living, an aristocrat possessing the common touch, Churchill is the very embodiment of soaring imagination and daring, inflexible resolve, singular firmness and dexterity in circumstances of unimaginable difficulties and perplexing confusion. It can be truly said that Churchill's whole career is an essay in fighting back disasters. His stewardship of the British Nation when it was in the worst crisis in its long history was superb and unrivalled. He became the first Minister of the Crown when victorious Nazism was poised to invade the British Isles, in all its might and fury, having Poland, Denmark, Norway, Yugoslavia, Belgium, France—almost the whole of Europe under its heels; when the Axis Partners intoxicated by their initial, almost effortless early victories, were boasting of 'wringing the British hen by the neck'; when Russia was still aligned with Nazi Germany, and the United States had not yet joined the war; in short when Britain was fighting alone, almost unarmed. In those perilous, gloomy years, his nerves never failed. It is a well-known fact that the worst of disasters left his sleep and appetite unimpaired! Indeed, those who were close to him during that period, have testified that 'the higher the tide of troubles rose, the higher rose his courage'.

Churchill is undoubtedly one of the greatest men of this century, and so long as there live in this globe men and women who cherish the ideals of freedom and democracy, his services to blotting out the curses of Nazism and Fascism and saving the world from sinking into the abyss of a new Dark Age will be remembered with gratefulness.

In Lady Clemmie Churchill, he has an accomplished, understanding and devoted partner. She has played a great role in the life of Churchill, a life glorious and purposeful, and known for its unswerving determination, indomitable courage, richness and versatility.

May the Almighty vouchsafe to this great man and his good wife many more years and bless them both to live to see each other hit a century.

[For other Churchill features please see pp. 25, 29, 40-41]

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The Presence of God

BROTHER LAWRENCE said that once he saw a bare tree in winter and then he thought of its leaves and blossoms in the coming spring. This thought gave him a sense of the power of God; and a feeling of love that never left him.

He said that the spiritual life begins with a renunciation of all things that lead not to God. By thinking about God, he was with Him in thought and in love; and said that it would have been as difficult to take his thoughts away from Him as it had been at the beginning to keep his thoughts and heart on Him.

He was never hasty, nor lost time, but did each thing in its season, with an even pace; and he used to say that the time of business was not different to him from the time of prayer; and that in the greatest hurry of the kitchen of which he was in charge, he still kept his recollection in God. In his letters he says:

"I found in books many ways of going to God, but I thought these would puzzle me. I therefore decided to give all for the all. I began to live with God. As often as my mind wandered from His holy Presence, I recalled my mind to Him. By often repeating these acts they become a habit.

"I walk before God in humbleness, in faith, and in love. I have no will but that of God: I would not take a straw from the ground against His order, or from any other motive but that of love to Him.

"Let us make way for grace; let us redeem the lost time, for perhaps we have but little left. I say again, let us enter into ourselves. The time presses. We must always work, because not to advance in the spiritual life is to go back. Those who have the help of the Holy Spirit go forward even in sleep. If the vessel of our soul is still tossed by winds and storms, let us wake to the Lord, who reposes in it, and He will quickly calm the sea.

"We must serve God in holy freedom, we must do our work faithfully, without trouble; recalling our mind to God peacefully, as often as we find it wandering from Him."

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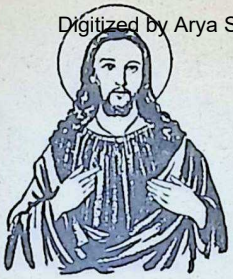

MESSAGE OF CHRIST

Mahatma Gandhi

THE message of Jesus, as I understand it, is contained in his *Sermon on the Mount* unadulterated and taken as a whole; and, even in connection with the *Sermon on the Mount,* my own humble interpretation of the message is in many respects different from the orthodox. The message, to my mind, has suffered distortion in the West. It may be presumptuous for me to say so, but as a devotee of Truth, I should not hesitate to say what I feel. I know that the world is not waiting to know my opinion on Christianity.

One's own religion is after all a matter between oneself and one's Maker and no one else's, but if I feel impelled to share my thoughts with you, it is because I want to enlist your sympathy in my search for Truth and because so many Christian friends are interested in my thoughts on the teachings of Jesus. If, then, I had to face only the *Sermon on the Mount* and my own interpretation of it, I should not hesitate to say: 'Oh yes, I am a Christian.' But I know that, at the present moment, if I said any such thing, I would lay myself open to the gravest misinterpretation. I should lay myself open to fraudulent claims, because I would have then to tell you what my own meaning of Christianity is, and I have no desire myself to give you my own view of Christianity. But, negatively I can tell you that, in my humble opinion, much of what passes as Christianity is a negation of the *Sermon on the Mount.*

And please mark my words. I am not at the present moment speaking of Christian conduct. I am speaking of the Christian belief, of Christianity as it is understood in the West. I am painfully aware of the fact that conduct everywhere falls far short of belief. But I don't say this by way of criticism. I know from the treasures of my own experience that, although I am every moment of my life trying to live up to my professions, my conduct falls short of these professions. Far, therefore, be it from me to say this in a spirit of criticism. But I am placing before you my fundamental difficulties. When I began as a prayerful student to study the Christian literature in South Africa in 1893, I asked myself: 'Is this Christianity?' and have always got the Vedic answer. *'Neti Neti'* (not this, not this). And the deepest in me tells me that I am right.

I claim to be a man of faith and prayer, and even, if I was cut to

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From *Message of Christ,* a Bhavan publication

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Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

—Sermon on the Mount

pieces, God would give me the strength not to deny Him and to assert that He is. The Muslim says: He is and there is no one else. The Christian says the same thing and so the Hindu; and, if I may say so, even the Buddhist says the same thing, if in different words. We may, each of us, be putting our own interpretation on the word "God."—God who embraces not only this tiny globe of ours, but millions and billions of such globes. How can we, little crawling creatures, so utterly helpless as He has made us, how can we possibly measure His greatness, His boundless love, His infinite compassion, such that He allows man insolently to deny Him, wrangle about Him, and cut the throat of his fellow-men? How can we measure the greatness of God who is so forgiving, so divine? Thus, though we may utter the same words, they have not the same meaning for us all. And hence I say that we do not need to proselytize or do *Shuddhi* or *Tabligh* through our speech or writing. We can only do it really with our lives. Let them be open books for all to study. Would that I could persuade the missionary friends to take this view of their mission. Then, there will be no distrust, no suspicion, no jealousy and no dissensions.

Confuse not Jesus' teaching with what passes as modern civilization, and pray, do not do unconscious violence to the people among whom you cast your lot. It is not part of that call, I assure you, to tear the lives of the people of the East by its roots. Tolerate whatever is good in them and do not hastily, with your preconceived notions, judge them. Do not judge lest you be judged yourselves. In spite of your belief in the greatness of Western civilization and in spite of your pride in all your achievements, I plead with you for humility, and ask you to leave some little room for doubt, in which, as Tennyson sang, there was more truth, though by 'doubt' he no doubt meant a different thing. Let us each one live our life, and if ours is the right life, where is the cause for hurry? It will react of itself.

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Bhaktacharitamrita

2. VIBHISHANA

A MERCHANT hid his wealth in a drinking vessel and set out with it on a voyage on the South Seas for trade purposes. As it happened, the ship started well, but refused to move further at mid-ocean. The merchant became greatly concerned as all the efforts of the men to set the ship right failed.

At last a passenger suggested: "Perhaps the ship needs a *bali* (sacrifice) and a human sacrifice would be the best".

"How can a human sacrifice be offered, unless I offer myself for that purpose! Perhaps if I do, at least other people may be saved. I can arrange my wealth to be handed over to my son", thought the merchant and therefore announced his intention.

On hearing this, however, a poor old man who was suffering much from leprosy rose and said: "O great merchant! Why should you offer to become *bali* while I, aged and ailing, with no love for life and none to mourn me, am here and most willing to offer myself for the *bali,* so that not only will the gods be appeased, but also my suffering will cease?"

Without waiting for anybody's consent, the aged man prayed to the gods: "O gods! Please accept me as your *bali* and allow this ship to proceed safely to its destination" and uttering "Ram, Ram" he leaped into the ocean with a thud.

To the immense relief of the passengers, the ship immediately started moving while the old man was carried by the waves to the south.

The merciful waves took the selfless old leper to the shores of Lanka where some of the *rakshasas* noticed his being tossed by the waves. Human flesh being a delicacy for the *rakshasas,* they pounced upon the man, who had fortunately not yet lost his life, and carried him to their Master, King Vibhishana of Lanka, saying, "Lord! Here is meat for you!".

King Vibhishana presented the men with suitable rewards for fetching the delicacy and after sending them away, gently fanned the old man and did all other first aids so that he could recover his consciousness.

As soon as the old man regained consciousness, Vibhishana seated him on his own throne and offered all the worship due to a *mahatma.*

Exclaimed Vibhishana: "Fortunate indeed I am today having seen a

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human person who has brought back to my heart the image of Lord Rama. Sir, be so kind as to accept this throne and rule the kingdom of Lanka for ever".

The old man, naturally, became embarrassed and begged of Vibhishana: "I have no longing for this kingdom, indeed I have no love for anything in this world. If you can do me a favour, please put me back into the ship from which I dropped!"

Sri Vibhishana, on hearing these words, loaded the old man with huge quantities of priceless gems and wound round him costly *peetambar*. He wrote "Ram-Ram" all over the old man and on his forehead and addressing the ocean, said: "O mighty ocean! I have imprinted the Seal of my Lord Rama (*Ram-Ram*) on the forehead and body of this gentleman. By virtue of the power of Rama-Nama, I pray you to carry him safely to wheresoever he wishes to go".

After this, Vibhishana dropped the old man with his precious gifts into the ocean.

In the meantime, as a result of being touched and talked to by a Vishnu-bhakta of Vibhishana's calibre, the old leper had completely shed his ailment and shone resplendently, as he fell in the water now!

Carried gently by the waves, he overtook his former ship. When he got into it, the passengers were wonder-struck as to how the man who fell down into the ocean came back sans his ailment and looking godly.

So they asked him doubtfully: "Who are you and where do you come from? Tell us truly".

Smiling broadly, he replied: "O co-passengers! I am the same old, poor leper who jumped the other day into the ocean as *bali* to enable the ship to move on safely. The waves carried me to Lanka where the *rakshasas* picked me up and took me to the presence of Vibhishana for purposes of his eating. But seeing me, Vibhishana was overwhelmed as he recalled to his mind Sri Rama. That made him worship me literally. He loaded me with gifts of priceless gems and imprinting Rama Nama on my forehead, entrusted me to the care of the waves asking them to carry me safely to wheresoever I wanted to go. His touch and speech have cured me of my vile disease. And now here I am, as you can see.

धन्यो विभीषणो भक्तो धन्यं रामेति नाम तत्।
यत्प्रसादान्महापापादहमेवं विमोचितः॥

Blessed is Bhakta Vibhishana, blessed is Ram-Nam by whose grace I have been able to shed my worst affliction".

The co-passengers on hearing this account were immersed in wonder.

Says the poet of Sri Vibhishana:

जातिधर्मं परित्यज्य बन्धुवर्गं तथैव च।
श्रीरामं शरणं गत्वा युयुधे बन्धुभिः सदा॥
लंकाविध्वंसनं ज्येष्ठबन्धुमारणमप्यहो।
हितं मेने न रामस्य भक्तिं तत्याज राक्षसः॥
ततो लङ्काधिपत्यं च चिरञ्जीवित्वमेव च।
संप्राप्यांते हरेर्धाम गमिष्यति न संशयः॥

Giving up his own *jati-dharma*, as much as his own kith and kin, he sought the refuge of Sri Rama. He fought against his own relations, was instrumental in the destruction of Lanka and, indeed, in the killing of his own elder brother. Truth is, he meant well by them with Rama-bhakti. As a result he became Lord of Lanka and a *Chiranjeevi*. Ultimately when he chooses, he will reach Sri Hari's abode.

[*In the next issue:* Shabari]

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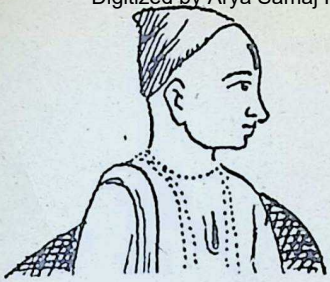

True Friendship

SANT TULSIDAS

FRIENDSHIP is a noble emotion that human beings prize. It heightens happiness and diminishes misery. Much has been written about friendship and many a story is told of great deeds done by one friend for another. The great Tulsidas describes friendship in his *Manasa* in his inimitable manner.

His comments on friendship are valuable for two reasons—firstly, as an inspired poet, and secondly, as he is writing about Sri Rama in the role of a friend. When Sugriva becomes his friend and tells him of the wrongs he has suffered at the hands of his elder brother Vaali, Sri Rama, vowing to protect his new friend from his brother's persecution, discourses thus on the characteristics of a true friend:

जे न मित्र दुख होहिं दुखारी।
तिन्हहिं बिलोकत पातक भारी॥

It is a sin even to look at a person who is indifferent to the sorrow of a friend.

निज दुख गिरि सम रज करि जाना।
मित्रक दुख रज मेरु समाना॥

A friend's trouble may be as small as a particle of dust, but a good friend makes a mountain of it, while in the case of his own sorrow, however big it may be, he minimizes it to a particle of dust so as not to cause uneasiness to his friend.

जिनके असि मति सहज न आई।
ते सठ कत हठि करत करत मिताई॥

Why should those who lack the feelings of friendship force themselves on others as friends?

कुपथ निवारि सुपंथ चलाना।
गुन प्रगटै अवगुननि दुरावा॥

A good friend leads his companion from the wrong path to the path of righteousness. He hides his friend's faults and proclaims his virtues.

देत लेत मन संक न धरई।
बल अनुमान सदा हित करई॥

A good friend never has any uneasiness in taking from or giving to his friend but will always do good to his friend according to his capacity.

विपति काल कर सतगुन नेहा।
श्रुति कह संत मित्र गुन एहा॥

A good friend shows his love a hundred times more during the time of one's misfortune. These are the characteristics of a good friend according to Vedas and the saints.

THE DEER-SKIN

The use of the deer-skin by holy men for sitting, wearing etc., may baffle the modern man. However, its use by gods, rishis, and neophytes seems to be as old as our civilisation.

The sastras declare that dharma thrives where the spotted deer resides. Rishis pitched their tents or performed yagas where the deers lived in abundance, for that reason.

The deer is the symbol of purity. It is said that she never eats or drinks impure substance. (She declines even the half-eaten banana or the bitten mango). Hence the sanctity of her skin.

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"It is the way our mind reacts to external circumstances that determine whether we derive pleasure or pain from that experience. So, instead of trying to order external circumstances to our liking (which can never be done), we should train our minds to react to them with equanimity."

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SAMABHAVA

Swami Poornananda Tirtha

MAN'S life on earth is a succession of alternating phases of *sukha* and *dukha* (happiness and unhappiness or pleasure and pain). Man mistakenly thinks he can avoid *dukha* and have *sukha* alone in his worldly dealings. Being under the impression that material prosperity will give him *sukha,* he leads an extrovert life trying to amass more and more wealth.

He also thinks that he can have *sukha* by indulging in sense pleasures, little knowing that any pleasure is wearing a cap of sorrow. Having *sukha* alone is impossible, for *dukha* just cannot be avoided. Knowing that neither *sukha* nor *dukha* is a permanent feature, a man who wants peace of mind should learn to outlive or transcend both *sukha* and *dukha.* This transcending of *sukha* and *dukha* is called *samabhava* or equanimity.

One of the primary requisites of religion is the cultivation of *samabhava.* People misunderstand this term to mean that you should treat in the same manner whatever is in front of you—whether it be a delicious sweetmeat or some dirty stinking matter; that you must show no discrimination whether it be a man or a woman, a king or a beggar, a good or a bad man. This is external and artificial *samabhava* and it is meaningless to cultivate it. Real *samabhava* is internal.

Whatever our experiences in the external world are, it can affect us in but two ways—it can give us either *sukha* or *dukha.* We must cultivate *samabhava* there. *Equanimity towards* sukha *and* dukha *when it strikes our heart is real samabhava.*

Sri Krishna says in *Bhagavad Gita*:

मात्रास्पर्शास्तु कौन्तेय शीतोष्णसुखदुःखदाः ।
आगमापायिनोऽनित्यास्तांतितिक्षस्व भारत ॥

(Chap. II-14)

"Man suffers heat and cold, pleasure and pain when his senses (eyes, ears, nose, etc.) go out and gather the sense perceptions (sight, sound, smell, etc.). The nature of *sukha* and *dukha* is that they come and go (आगमापायिन :) and are impermanent (अनित्याः). So, Oh Arjuna, sustain them both with fortitude.

That something will always give us *sukha* (or *dukha*) is a wrong notion.

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The same perception can give us *sukha* now and *dukha* at another time and the same perception can give *sukha* to one and *dukha* to another. To the same set of circumstances, different people react differently and the same person reacts to the same set of circumstances differently at different times. So pleasure and pain, happiness and unhappiness do not depend on the objects of the external world. They reside in ourselves. In our dealings with worldly objects (let it be anything or anybody—one's job, wife or children) when we get joy or sorrow, we think we get it from them. This is *avidya*, or ignorance. It is the way our mind reacts to the external circumstances that determine whether we derive pleasure or pain from that experience. So, instead of trying to order our external circumstances to our liking (which can never be done), we should train our minds to react to them with equanimity.

Sri Krishna says in the next *sloka*:

यं हि न व्यथयन्त्येते पुरुषं पुरुषर्षभ ।
समदुःखसुखं धीरं सोऽमृतत्वाय कल्पते ॥

(Chap. II-15)

"That man alone is worthy of attaining *moksha* (immortality), who, knowing *sukha* and *dukha* to be transient and impermanent, is not shaken or swayed by them."

Throughout the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna repeatedly stresses the need of our cultivating *samabhava*. To one who sincerely wants to transcend *sukha* and *dukha*, each and every experience in life is a lesson and each and everyone he comes across is a veritable Guru (teacher) teaching him equanimity.

You go to the market and during the bargain the vendor abuses you. Ordinarily you would have felt hurt and would probably have thrown back more insulting words at him. But now, as one cultivating *samabhava*, you should outlive your wounded vanity. You must take him to be a Guru, teaching you *samabhava*. Thus whether you are in the market place, in a crowded bus, in the office or anywhere else; whatever your experiences be; whatever dealings the others mete out to you, each and every one of them should make you judge yourself, "Am I able to keep my *samabhava*?" Instead of being a petty human being getting pained at every hit you receive from life, you must decide, "I am not going to let these things affect my mind."

(One word of caution! *Samabhava* does not mean either passivity or callousness. If your child requires an occasional beating, you must administer that, but without anger. The child needs the punishment but let it not affect your peace of mind. So also, in your worldly dealings, you may have to put on a mask of anger but be calm and equanimous within.)

So far we have dealt with transcending *sukha* and *dukha*, so far as they are given by the external world. Here the outside world gives you an impression which you receive through your senses and it creates a reaction in you (of either *sukha* or *dukha*). This type of *sukha* and *dukha* can be easily transcended with practice.

There is a subtler type of pleasure and pain which is more difficult to outlive. For example, a wife starts imagining all sorts of accidents which

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her husband might be involved in when he does not return at the usual time from the office. She becomes agitated and depressed. Here no sense organs are operating and no external objects are troubling her. It is just imagination running riot. These imaginary *dukhas* give much more pains than physical *dukhas*. We will be subject to such worries and anxieties as long as our mind is projecting outside or issuing forth away from ourselves. The moment the mind is withdrawn back to ourselves from its projections, we are contented and happy. Mind, without projection, enjoys equanimity. The secret of true happiness is a non-issuing forth, non-projecting mind. This projection is caused by *raga* and *dwesha*.

What are *raga* and *dwesha*?

Raga is the tendency in man (and in all living beings) to go out for objects external to him to get satisfaction and *dwesha* is the tendency to avoid things which give him displeasure (इष्टप्राप्तिचिकीर्षा) and (अनिष्टनिवारणचिकीर्षा). Give a child some sugar. It will put its tongue out asking for more and more thus expressing *raga*. Give him something bitter and he will immediately spit it out. This is *dwesha*.

These two features are congenital (i.e. they are with us right from birth). Krishna says:

इच्छाद्वेषसमुत्थेन द्वन्द्वमोहेन भारत।
सर्वभूतानि संमोहं सर्गे यान्ति परंतप॥

(Chap. VII-27)

"Right from birth all living beings are deluded by two forces—*raga* and *dwesha*."

How do the forces of *raga* and *dwesha* affect man? Propelled by *raga* he wants to grab things from others and amass more and more wealth. *Dwesha* makes him dislike and hate some things or persons. Thus *raga* and *dwesha* make a man selfish. They are settled like dirt in our hearts and to progress spiritually we must remove them completely. It is *raga* and *dwesha* which make our minds issue forth in seeking fulfilment of our likes and dislikes. When we are rid of them, the mind is withdrawn back to ourselves and this gives us equanimity.

As a man cultivates *samabhava*, he can experience some very direct results in his secular and spiritual life. The more and more his mind is unaffected, he can utilise that mind much more purposefully. A mind clouded by thoughts and worries cannot judge things properly. The moment it is free of disturbing thoughts it shines in its brilliancy. *Samabhava* can convert a pygmy into a giant. Not only that but a man of *samabhava* will unconsciously impart this spirit (of equanimity) to others around him—his wife, children, friends and colleagues. Goodness is as contagious as badness.

The world is full of *sukha* and *dukha* even as the ocean is full of water and salt. But as long as you keep your mind intact with *samabhava*, it (the world) cannot enter your heart and create havoc. But the moment you let in a leak, it will rush in with its *sukha* and *dukha* and drown you in your own mental chaos. So keep the mind safe, by means of *samabhava*. Even then the world will hit you, but it will beat a retreat, with regret.

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Reminiscences of a Memorable Birthday Dinner

WINSTON CHURCHILL

[It was November 30, 1943. The venue: historic Teheran, Capital of Iran. The Big Three—President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill—were conferring with their advisers to map out the Allied strategy to launch Operation "Overlord"—the cross-Channel landing at Normandy on the largest possible scale "designed to strike at the heart of Nazi Germany."

It was Churchill's 69th birthday which he spent almost entirely in transacting some of the most important business of the State with which he had ever been concerned. Churchill decided to celebrate the occasion with a dinner party. We give below extracts of his recollections of the Birthday Dinner culled from his War Memoirs, Vol. V.—Ed.]

HITHERTO we had assembled for our conferences or meals in the Soviet Embassy. I had claimed however that I should be the host at the third dinner, which should be held in the British Legation. This could not well be disputed. Great Britain and I myself both came first alphabetically, and in seniority I was four or five years older than Roosevelt or Stalin. We were by centuries the longest established of the three Governments, I might have added, but did not; that we had been the longest in the war; and, finally, November 30 was my birthday. These arguments, particularly the last one, were conclusive, and all preparations were made by our Minister for a dinner for nearly forty persons, including not only the political and military chiefs, but some of their higher staffs.

This was a memorable occasion in my life. On my right sat the President of the United States, on my left the master of Russia. Together we controlled a large preponderance of the naval and three-quarters of all air forces in the world, and could direct armies of nearly twenty millions of

* The British Legation and its gardens at Teheran. where Churchill was housed, lay almost adjoining the Soviet Embassy, where Stalin stayed. The American Embassy, where Roosevelt was residing, was a mile or so away. Either Roosevelt or Stalin and Churchill would have had to traverse the not very wide streets of Teheran twice or thrice daily for their Conference. With a view to avoiding the attendent risks Roosevelt shifted to the Soviet Embassy.—*Ed.*

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men, engaged in the most terrible of wars that had yet occurred in human history. I could not help rejoicing at the long way we had come on the road to victory since the summer of 1940, when we had been alone, and, apart from the Navy and the Air, practically unarmed, against the triumphant and unbroken might of Germany and Italy, with almost all Europe and its resources in their grasp. Mr. Roosevelt gave me for a birthday present a beautiful Persian porcelain vase, which, although it was broken into fragments on the homeward journey, has been marvellously reconstructed and is one of my treasures.

During dinner I had a most pleasant conversation with both my august guests.

When the time came I proposed the health of our illustrious guests, and the President proposed my health and wished me many happy returns of the day. He was followed by Stalin, who spoke in a similar strain.

Many informal toasts were then proposed according to the Russian custom, which is certainly very well suited to banquets of this kind. Harry Hopkins made a speech couched in a happy vein, in the course of which he said that he had made "a very long and thorough study of the British Constitution, which is unwritten, and of the War Cabinet, whose authority and composition are not specifically defined." As the result of this study, he said "I have learnt that the provisions of the British Constitution and the powers of the War Cabinet are just whatever Winston Churchill wants them to be at any given moment". This caused general laughter. It is true that I received a measure of loyal support in the direction of the war from Parliament and my Cabinet colleagues which may well be unprecedented, and that there were very few large issues upon which I was overruled; but it was with some pride that I reminded my two great comrades on more than one occasion that I was the only one of our trinity who could at any moment be dismissed from power by the vote of a House of Commons freely elected on universal franchise, or could be controlled from day to day by the opinion of a War Cabinet representing all parties in the State. The President's term of office was fixed, and his powers not only as President but as Commander-in-Chief were almost absolute under the American Constitution. Stalin appeared to be, and at this moment certainly was, all-powerful in Russia. They could order; I had to convince and persuade. I was glad that this should be so. The process was laborious, but I had no reason to complain of the way it worked.

As the dinner proceeded there were many speeches, and most of the principal figures, including Molotov and General Marshall, made their contribution. But the speech which stands out in my memory came from General Brooke.* I quote the account he was good enough to write for me.

"Half-way through the dinner." he says, "the President very kindly proposed my health, referring to the time

* Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, British Chief of Staff.

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when my father had visited his father at Hyde Park. Just as he was finishing, and I was thinking what an easy time I should have replying to such kind words, Stalin got up and said he would finish the toast. He then proceeded to imply that I had failed to show real feelings of friendship towards the Red Army, that I was lacking in a true appreciation of its fine qualities, and that he hoped in future I should be able to show greater comradeship towards the soldiers of the Red Army!

"I was very much surprised by these accusations, as I could not think what they were based on. I had however seen enough of Stalin by then to know that if I sat down under these insults I should lose any respect he might ever have had for me, and that he would continue such attacks in the future.

"I therefore rose to thank the President most profusely for his very kind expressions, and then turned to Stalin in approximately the following words."

" 'Now, Marshall, may I deal with your toast. I am surprised that you should have found it necessary to raise accusations against me that are entirely unfounded. You will remember that this morning while we were discussing cover plans Mr. Churchill said that "In war truth must have an escort of lies." You will also remember that you yourself told us that in all your great offensives your real intentions were always kept concealed from the outer world. You told us that all your dummy tanks and dummy aeroplanes were always massed on those fronts that were of an immediate interest, while your true intentions were covered by a cloak of complete secrecy.

" 'Well, Marshall, you have been misled by dummy tanks and dummy aeroplanes, and you have failed to observe those feelings of true friendship which I have for the Red Army, nor have you seen the feelings of genuine comradeship which I bear towards all its members'."

At length we moved into the antechamber, and here everyone moved about in changing groups. I felt that there was a greater sense of solidarity and good-comradeship than we had ever reached before in the Grand Alliance. I had not invited Randolph and Sarah to the dinner, though they came in while my birthday toast was being proposed but now Stalin singl-

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IS 90

(Captions for the pictures appearing on pages 40-41)

1. **Churchill as a young boy**
2. **Churchill as a soldier in 4th Hussars Regiment (1895-98)**
3. **As First Lord of Admiralty, with the then Prime Minister, Lloyd George (1911-15)**
4. **At the Old Harrovians' dinner to Jawaharlal Nehru during Nehru's visit to England for the Coronation (1953)**
5. **With President Truman and Marshal Stalin, Potsdam (1945)**
6. **With President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin, Anthony Eden, Molotov and others, Yalta (1945)**
7. **With Gen. Eisenhower on the Rhine with Allied Forces (1945)**
8. **At the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference (1955)**
9. **With Lady Churchill at the doorway of his home at Hyde Park Gate, London.**

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ed them out and greeted them most warmly, and of course the President knew them well.

General Brooke's account continues:

"As we walked out of the room the Prime Minister told me that he felt somewhat nervous as to what I should say next when I had referred to 'truth' and 'lies'. He comforted me however by telling me that my reply to the toast had the right effect on Stalin. I therefore decided to return to the attack in the ante-room. I went up to Stalin and told him how surprised I was, and grieved, that he should have found it necessary to raise such accusations against me in his toast. He replied at once through Pavlov, 'The best friendships are those founded on misunderstandings', and he shook me warmly by the hand."

It seemed to me that all the clouds had passed away, and in fact Stalin's confidence in my friend was established on a foundation of respect and goodwill which was never shaken while we all worked together.

It must have been after two in the morning when we finally separated. The Marshall resigned himself to his escort and departed, and the President was conveyed to his quarters in the Soviet Embassy. I went to bed tired out but content, feeling sure that nothing but good had been done. It certainly was a happy birthday for me.

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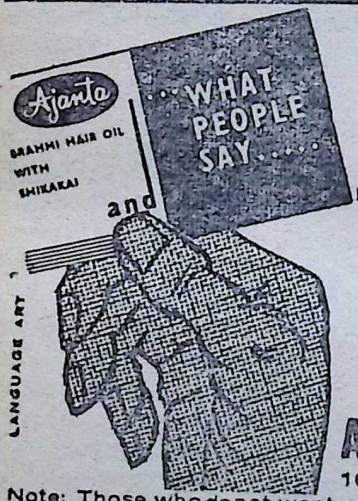

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Sparks from Churchill's Anvil

[*In the case of the redoubtable Sir Winston Churchill, the pen and the tongue are decidedly mightier than the sword.*—Ed.]

So they go on in strange paradox, decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all-powerful to be impotent. So we go on preparing more months and years—precious, perhaps vital, to the greatness of Britain—for the locusts to eat.

—*On the policy of the British Government in* 1938.

* * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John Simon) said it was the first time Herr Hitler had been made to retract—I think that was the word—in any degree. We really must not waste time after all this long debate upon the difference between the positions reached at Berchtesgaden, at Godesberg and at Munich. They can be very simply epitomised, if the House will permit me to vary the metaphor. £1 was demanded at the pistol's point. When it was given, £2 were demanded at the pistol's point. Finally, the dictator consented to take £1 17s 6d. and the rest in promises of goodwill for the future.

—*On the concession made out as having been made by Hitler at Munich,* 1938

* * *

There was a copious flow of polite conversation, at the end of which a tactful report was drawn up by the secretary in attendance and checked by the three service departments to make sure there were no discrepancies. Thus we arrived at those broad, happy uplands where everything is settled for the highest good of the greatest number by the commonsense of most after the consultation of all. But in war of the kind we were now to feel the conditions were different. Alas, I must write it: the actual conflict had to be more like one ruffian bashing the other on the snout with a club, a hammer, or something better.

—*On the functioning of the British Cabinet on the eve of War,* 1939.

* * *

I cannot forecast to you the action of Russia. It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. But perhaps there is a key—that key is Russian national interest.

—*On signing of Russo-German Pact,* 1939.

* * *

I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

—*Broadcast to the Nation,* 1940.

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INVADERS' FOLLY

STALINGRAD

Foolish as invaders are, they underestimate the strength of a nation, which lies not in its armaments but in its people—their patriotism, solidarity, resoluteness, courage, endurance, determination—qualities of head and heart that could silence even the most powerful guns and bombs.

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Good night then: sleep to gather strength for the morning. For the morning will come. Brightly will it shine on the brave and true, kindly upon all who suffer for the cause, glorious upon the tombs of heroes. Thus will shine the dawn. *Vive la France!*

—*Broadcast to France*, 1940

* * *

What is our aim? I can answer in one word: Victory—victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terrors, victory however long and hard the road may be.

—*Broadcast*, 1940.

* * *

In wartime, truth is so precious that she should always be attended by a bodyguard of lies.

—*Commenting on Stalin's review at Teheran of the deception practised by the Russians by means of dummy tanks, aircrafts and airfields*, 1943.

* * *

They (Members of the Polish Government set up by Russia) appeared to me to be purely tools, and recited their parts with well-drilled accuracy.

—*Report to King*, 1944.

* * *

In the face of so astonishing a charge, it seemed to me that silence was better than a contest in abuse.

—*On Soviet charge regarding secret peace negotiation with Germany*, 1944.

Courage is a perfect sensibility of the measure of danger, and a mental willingness to endure it.

—Gen. W. T. Sherman

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PART III

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER XXXVI

Dharma Wins

DHARMA had seized Krishna. It was in a hurry, and so was Krishna.

He led Satyaki's chariot warriors at breakneck speed. The horsemen, grooms leading relay horses, servants on foot and a train of bullock-carts carrying equipment and provision, followed as fast as they could.

On the third day, Gada, Krishna's *maharathi,* joined him with his contingent. He gave to his master the heartening news of what had happened in Dwarka after he left. Balaraama had shaken off his lethargy and was now going to lead all the Yadava *atirathis* to the rescue of Pushkar. Satyaki had not been killed; he had been saved by Satyabhaama, the daughter of Satrajit from assassins and would now be accompanying Balaraama. Satrajit had surrendered to the popular mood in Dwarka and was giving all assistance in preparing for the adventure.

As was usual, riders went in advance of Krishna's party to inform the leaders of the villages on that sparsely-populated route, of his arrival. His name had already become a legend and they never missed an occasion to offer him worship whenever he happened to pass that way. On this occasion also, they turned out in holiday mood, with drums beating and horns blowing, to give him a hearty welcome.

The route skirted Shalva's territory. Once a bitter enemy, this crafty King, not yet recovered from the stunning defeat which Krishna had inflicted upon him, sent his courtiers to extend him ostentatious hospitality. Krishna had no time to accept the ceremonial reception. He only halted for the night, partook of the hospitality and started again early next morning. He was anxious to reach Pushkar as fast as the contingent he led could make it.

The meet at Agravana, which everyone had been talking about, was only a feint. In fact, Kritavarman had already carried a secret message from Krishna that the Yadava chiefs and the Naga *yuvaraj* Manimaan were to assemble at a place within two days' chariot journey from Pushkar in order to make a surprise assault.

On the way, therefore, Krishna sent a message to Charudeshna, Kritavarman and Manimaan at Agravana. Krishna himself had come very much in advance of the appointed

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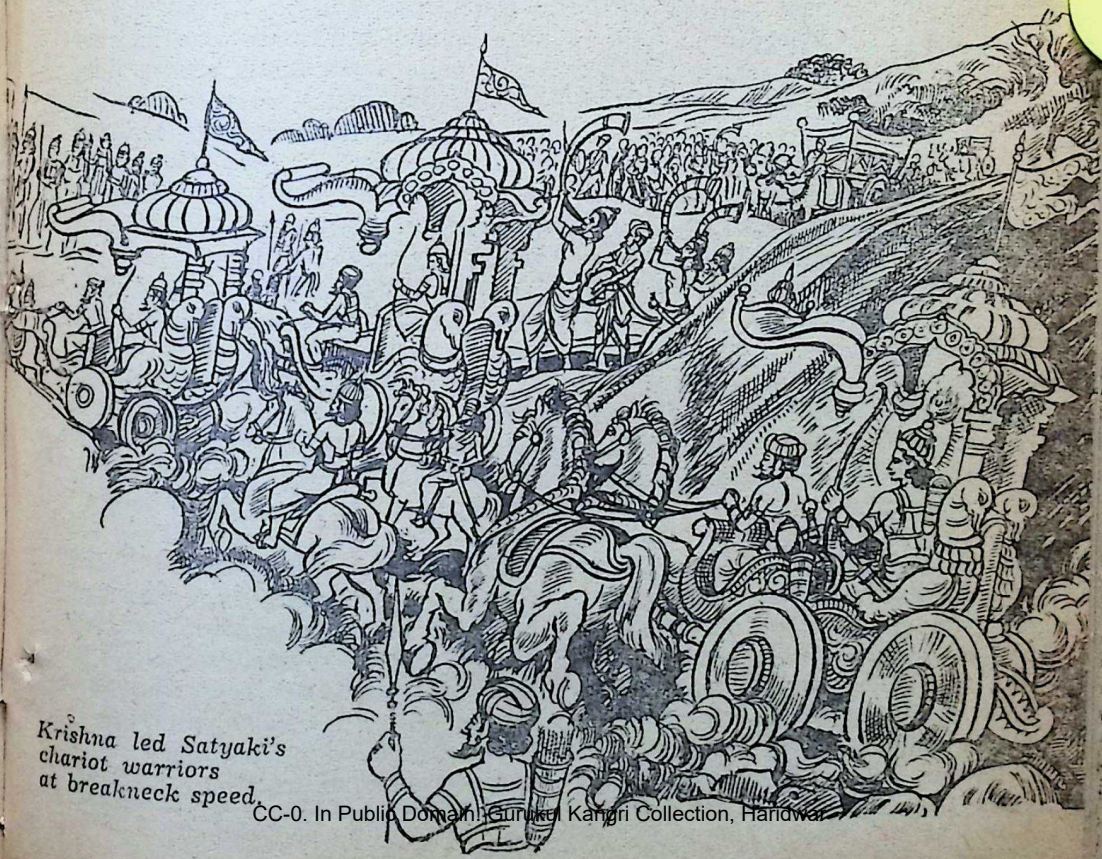
date and that all should join him as early as they could. When Gada delivered the message to the Yadavas and the Nagas at Agravana, they came in high spirits and decided not to wait for Uddhava's return from Hastinapur.

By forced marches, the chiefs arrived at the appointed place to find to their surprise that Krishna, with his contingent, had already arrived two days before them. The next day, spies brought the news that Dronacharya, the great military leader of the Kurus, had arrived at Pushkar, ready to take the field against them. They were, however, not sure whether any of the Kuru Princes had come with him. The warriors twirled their moustaches, flexed their muscles and sharpened their arrows.

At the dawn of the third day, they came within sight of the fort of Pushkar, situated on a vast lake, the margin of which was studded with hamlets. And when the news reached the hamlets that Krishna V*aa*sudeva of legendary fame was coming, the residents came out to have his *darshan* and offer him flowers and fruits.

Under instructions of Krishna, the Yadavas camped there. It was his



Krishna led Satyaki's chariot warriors at breakneck speed.

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fight, he said, and he alone would see it through. Chekitaana begged to be allowed to join him, but Krishna was adamant.

'Chekitaana, I asked you to take charge of Pushkar and guard our route to the North,' he said with a kindly pat on his friend's shoulder. 'When you were driven out of Pushkar, I gave you a promise that I would restore it to you. I must redeem that promise myself. If I fail, you would all be there to give the Kurus a taste of Yadava valour; by then, perhaps Balaraama would join you. But then it will be a general war between the Kurus and the Yadavas, and I do not want it. I only want to teach a lesson to Duryodhana.'

Disregarding the advice of his friends, Krishna sallied forth from the camp, driving his chariot, his personal escort following him. If Dronaacharya or Duryodhana had decided to fight him, it was just as well that he should accept the challenge individually; for the code of honour which the Arya warriors generally honoured, required that when an *atirathi* was pitted against another, the combat should be confined to them alone.

When Krishna came near the gates of the fort, an extraordinary sight met his eyes. There were no warlike preparations, not even a single archer on the walls. On the contrary, men and women, standing on the walls and gaily dressed, were awaiting him, and no sooner was he in sight than they shouted "Victory to Krishna V*aa*sudeva."

Krishna halted his chariot a little away from the gates of the fort and blew his *Panchajanya* on a ringing note, clear and friendly.

The gates opened. Three chariots issued forth.

Krishna, standing in his chariot, saw that the chariot in front was flying the flag bearing the sign of a waterpot embroidered in gold of Acharya Drona, the redoubtable teacher of the martial art. The next to follow was a Yadava chariot flying the flag of Uddhava. Krishna's eyes became humid; his loyal friend had worked wonders. The third one was flying the flag of Shakuni, the Prince of Gaandhara, the maternal uncle of Duryodhana.

Gada, who had accompanied Krishna at the head of the escort in his own chariot, was taken aback when he saw that Dronaacharya and Uddhava were coming together Krishna flashed a smile at him. 'Gada, unstring your bow. Pushkar would be restored to Chekitaana without your taking any trouble.'

Gada simply could not understand what was happening. 'Are they not fighting, lord?'

'No. The Grandfather of the Kurus is righting a wrong; he is restoring Pushkar to Chekitaana. This is *Dharma*. Go and ask Chekitaana, Charudeshna and others to come,' said Krishna.

The three chariots halted in front of Krishna's chariot. From the first one alighted Dronaacharya, dressed in costly silks, his mien commanding, his eyes bright, his smile winning. 'Noble V*aa*sudeva,' he said with a friendly smile, 'you have taken Pushkar without even stringing your bow. You alone can do it.' King Dhrita-

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raashtra and the Grandfather have sent me to welcome you and Chekitaana.'

Krishna gave his arms to his charioteer and got off the chariot. With the humility which always characterised him, he was going to prostrate himself before the great Brahman warrior, when Dronaacharya took him in his arms. The Acharya had heard his name for years; thought of him for months; waited to see him for days. But what he actually saw transcended whatever he had imagined—a figure of grace, a boyish smile of admiration and transparent sincerity, which invited affection, and above all, a presence which evoked the best in him.

'V*aa*sudeva, my eyes are blessed today, for they have seen you!' exclaimed the seasoned warrior in an outburst of admiration. But no sooner were the words spoken than the astute Brahman pulled himself up and became his usual circumspect self.

Uddhava, with a smile of triumph, fell at Krishna's feet and was enveloped in his arms. 'Uddhava, you have worked a miracle,' whispered Krishna.

'It is your name that always works miracles, Govind,' replied Uddhava.

From the third chariot rolled out Uncle Shakuni—the very embodiment of comfortable living—who approached Krishna with unctuous courtesy and said: 'Noblest of the Yadavas, my humble salutations. I bring a message from Yuvaraj Duryodhana, who sends you his blessings.' And he smiled ingratiatingly. 'What the noble Kuru won by force of arms, he is happy to give you as a tribute to the wisdom which you embody.'

'I knew that the Crown Prince was always generous,' said Krishna and smiled. 'Does he keep well?' ●●●

Dronaacharya excelled himself in hospitality. He could be as graceful a host as he could be irresistible in war.

Krishna and the other leaders were housed in tents. The others spread themselves out under the groves of trees which fringed the lake, each around his own chariot, with the horses tied nearby.

The Yadava chiefs who had accompanied Krishna, in spite of their disappointment at not winning a sensational victory over the mighty Kurus, were amazed at what Uddhava had achieved. However, they felt happy at the thought that Dronaacharya must have decided not to fight only when he learnt that the formidable Yadava warriors were there to give him battle.

As Dronaacharya sat talking to Krishna in his tent, listening to the highly expressive voice of his guest and watching his mobile features, his mind was running in two distinct currents. One was how to win the confidence and loyalty of this young man who had shot up in power and influence so early in life. The other ran cautiously, afraid of being diverted to a course which might interfere with his own ambitions by his guest's fascinating personality and uncanny statesmanship.

Putting on his most charming smile, the Acharya asked: 'How was it, V*aa*sudeva, that you came alone to Pushkaravati, fight the power of the

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Kurus? Did you expect us to hand it over to you so peacefully?'

Krishna smiled. 'That is my secret, Best of Brahmans. But I will tell it to you, if you so desire.'

'But, suppose we had decided to fight you?' asked the Acharya.

'Acharya, I thought that the best way was to have the fate of Pushkar decided by a fight with Duryodhana alone. A war between the Kurus and the Yadavas for the sake of a small principality was not worth starting,' replied Krishna.

The Acharya smiled at his guest's perspicacity. 'Why did you imagine that Duryodhana alone would have sallied forth to fight you?'

Krishna smiled in response. 'As your pupil, he would not forswear the code which requires an *atirathi* to fight another single-handed in a combat.'

'Did you hope to vanquish Duryodhana, V*aa*sudeva?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Best of Acharyas, I have neither hopes nor fears,' said Krishna modestly. 'I do the duty which is before me. If I thought of all the possible consequences of what I am doing, I would not survive for a moment.'

'Sometimes it may be rash to do it. Don't you think so?'

'Those who have faith are never rash, and I had faith in you and in Grandfather,' said Krishna with a disarming smile. 'That is why I sent Uddhava to Hastinapur. And you see, my faith was justified.'

Dronaacharya gave up his cautious approach for the moment and smiled happily at this compliment. 'Was it also because of this faith that you sent Shikhandin to me?'

'Would I have done it, had it been otherwise?' countered Krishna. 'How is he?'

'Oh, he is being looked after by the Yaksha, Sthunaakarna. He is on his way to becoming a man,' said Dronaacharya proudly. Then his suspicious nature got the better of him. 'Why did you think, V*aa*sudeva, that I would accept Drupad's son as my pupil? You know that he is my enemy.'

'Because you are a Brahman in the grand tradition of Bhagawan Parashurama. I was sure—enemy or no enemy—you would never turn away a pupil who came to you in humility,' said Krishna with a flattering smile.

'You know how to play on human weakness, V*aa*sudeva,' remarked Dronaacharya, laughing happily at being compared to his Guru who had already come to be regarded as God on earth. It was difficult to distrust this young man for long.

'No, Acharyadeva, I trust the best instincts of men. And scarcely have I been disappointed,' said Krishna. 'Talking about Shikhandin, I had deposited him with you; now I want my deposit back.'

'But he is not yet fully recovered. He is very weak.'

'All the same, I want him at the *swayamvara* in Kampilya. I will leave Uddhava behind, who will bring him there in every comfort.'

Dronaacharya's cautious nature immediately took up arms. 'Why are you so much interested in Drupad?' he asked.

'He is a noble King. If he overcomes bitterness, he will be a pillar of *dharma*.'

Dronaacharya laughed. 'And if I overcame my hostility, I would also become another. Is that it?'

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'Noble Acharya, *dharma* cannot stand on one pillar alone,' said Krishna with an equally hearty laugh.

'V*aa*sudeva, you talk so much about *dharma* as if you knew it,' remarked Drona. 'What is it?'

'That is what I have come to learn from you,' promptly answered Krishna. 'But I know it when I see it. I saw it when you, in spite of your hatred for Drupad, accepted his son as your pupil, as a true Brahman. I also saw it when, in spite of your love for Duryodhana, you came here to restore Pushkar yourself.'

The reserve of the Acharya was dissolved. He was full of genuine admiration for his guest. 'You know how to flatter, noble V*aa*sudeva. But I warn you,' he continued. 'I will never accept Drupad as a friend. It will never be a part of my *dharma*.'

'But you have consented to Duryodhana winning Draupadi at the *swayamvara*. If he wins her, you would have to be friends with the noble King of Panchala,' remarked Krishna.

Dronaacharya knit his brows. He would have resented such a remark from anyone else, however highly placed. But he found his guest so charming and so sincere in his utterances that he could not find in him to take offence. He paused for a moment and said deliberately: 'I was against Duryodhana attending the *swayamvara*. He has disgraced himself by deciding to attend it; I would never have expected it of a pupil of mine. Drupad himself, I understand, did not expect that the Kurus would accept his invitation. But Duryodhana has gone mad over Drupad's daughter,' said the Acharya in disgust. 'He wants to win her at any cost.' Then he narrowed his eyes and looked keenly at Krishna to fathom his thoughts. 'Perhaps you would be asked to win Draupadi for him.'

Krishna evaded a direct reply. 'Why are you so much against Drupad's daughter? Drupad might have offended you, but Draupadi, like any other princess, would certainly prefer her husband's interests to her father's.'

'You don't know Drupad and his family,' said Dronaacharya. 'They are all proud, vindictive, revengeful. If the Princess comes to Hastinapur, I will have nothing to do with the Kurus,' added the Acharya in a firm tone.

'But, surely, surely, the Princess coming into the family will not alter your position in Hastinapur.'

'V*aa*sudeva, I don't leave it to others to decide what position I shall hold,' said Dronaacharya. His voice was now a little detached, almost severe. 'If Drupad's daughter comes to Hastinapur, I will leave it.'

Krishna thought for a while and looked at the change that had come over Dronaacharya. 'Best of Brahmans, whatever you decide would surely be right.'

Dronaacharya's lips were set in firmness. He was not prepared to discuss the matter any further. 'Well, Duryodhana is going to do his best to win Draupadi. Let us see what happens. Perhaps he will win her with your assistance,' he said sarcastically.

'I have no influence either with Drupad or his daughter.'

'But would not Drupad feel an in-

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BHAVAN'S TWENTY-SIXTH FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATIONS

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PROGRAMME

The finalised programme for the Bhavan's 26th Foundation Day Celebrations is given below. All readers of the *Bhavan's Journal* are cordially invited to participate.

Friday, 20th Dec. 1963

5.00 P.M. Inauguration of Biological Exhibition by Smt. Lilavati Munshi (at Bhavan's Campus, Andheri, Bombay-58)

Saturday, 21st Dec. 1963

4.30 P.M. 18th Annual Day and Prize Distribution of the Bhavan's College Chief Guest: Dr. N. N. Kailas, Deputy Minister for Education, Govt. of Maharashtra.

7.00 P.M. College Day Dinner (at Bhavan's Campus, Andheri, Bombay-58)

Sunday, 22nd Dec. 1963

8.00 to 9.00 A.M. Pravachan on "Bharatiya Tattva Drishti" by Swami Akhandananda Saraswati.

10.00 A.M. Bhavan's Seventeenth Convocation: Convocation Address by Sri Jagjivan Ram, (former Union Minister of Transport and Communications).

3.30 P.M. Past Students' Convention.

5.00 P.M. MUNSHI ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN CULTURE: Lecture I: Essential features of Indian Culture by Sardar K. M. Panikkar, Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore.*

Monday, 23rd Dec. 1963

8.00 to 9.00 A.M. Pravachan on "Gita Sandesh" by Acharya Nalin Bhatt.

6.30 P.M. MUNSHI ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN CULTURE: Lecture II: Misconception about Indian Culture by Sardar K. M. Panikkar.*

8.30 P.M. One-Act Plays by Bhavan's College Students.

Tuesday, 24th Dec. 1963.

8.00 to 9.00 A.M. Pravachan on "Upanishad Sandesh" by Acharya Nalin Bhatt.

6.30 P.M. MUNSHI ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN CULTURE: Lecture III: What Indian Culture is not and the lines of its future growth by Sardar K. M. Panikkar.*

Wednesday, 25th Dec. 1963.

8.00 to 9.00 A.M. Pravachan on "Bhagavad Sandesh" by Acharya Nalin Bhatt.

5.00 P.M. BIRLA ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN HISTORY: Lecture I: British Conquest and Consolidation by Sri V. P. Menon, Former Secretary, Ministry of States and Former Governor of Orissa.

7.30 P.M. Sugam Sangit by Bhavan's Sugam Sangit Unit.

Thursday, 26th Dec. 1963

8.00 to 9.00 A.M. Lecture on "Vedanta and Life" by Acharya T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar.

6.30 P.M. BIRLA ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN HISTORY: Lecture II: The Era of Struggle for Freedom by Sri V. P. Menon.

Friday, 27th Dec. 1963.

8.00 to 9.00 A.M. Lecture on "Religion of the Ramayana" by Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan.

6.30 P.M. BIRLA ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN HISTORY: Lecture III: Independence and Partition by Sri V. P. Menon.

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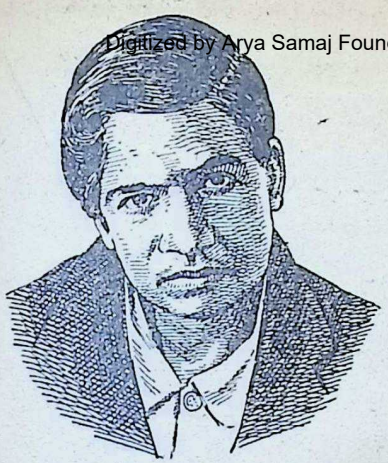

The Greatest MATHEMATICIAN *of the century*

Vivek

[Sri Srinivasa Ramanujan, who lived in the first two decades of this century, was an illustrious example of renascent Hinduism. He was an embodiment of Indian culture and remained pure and unsullied during his stay in Great Britain, in communion with the Goddess of Learning, and living the austere and simple life. His single-minded passion for mathematics made him unique. We offer our homage to him on his 76th birthday.—*Ed.*]

"It's not for us to reason touching Gods,
Traditions of our fathers, old as time
We hold no reasoning shall cast them down
No, though of subtlest wisdom sprung"

"THE Goddess of Namakkal inspired me with the formulae in dreams. On rising from bed, I would note down results and rapidly verify them."

The greatest mathematician of this century uttered these words to one or two of his friends, who became his mentors. The divine Mother plays her *leela*. She does whatever she likes; creates, preserves and destroys. She picks up a few among the myriads like Shankaracharya, Kalidasa, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, and makes them God-intoxicated. The Goddess of Learning is everywhere pervading all over the world. She is worshipped as Athene in Greece, as Minerva in Italy and as Saraswati in India. She has many names and multitudinous forms. She manifests herself as the Goddess of Wisdom, as the Goddess of Wealth, as the Goddess of War and as the Goddess of Peace and Prosperity. The devotees chant her name in a thousand words. She is Kali, the Mother—the universal Jagadambika.

Far down in the Peninsula, south of Madras, near Salem, there is a pilgrim centre called Namakkal. The Goddess in that temple confers boons on Her devotees. They believe in the oracle. Whatever good and pure is asked, the Goddess gladly gives.

Seventy-six years ago, a pious couple, who were childless, worshipped in that shrine, performed penance and prayed for the birth of a son. The prayers were answered. By the grace

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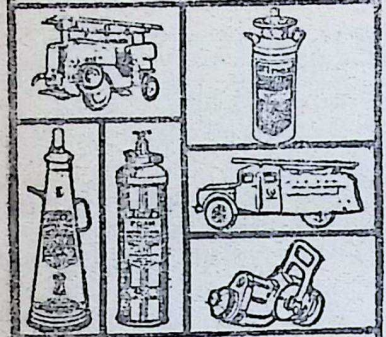

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of the Goddess, a baby boy was born on the 22nd December 1887. He was named Ramanujan. That boy was destined to become one of the immortals. He had *alpayus* and lived only for 32 summers, a brief but beautiful life though.

Ramanujan's career is like a fairy tale written by God's fingers. He quietly entered into the enchanting world of mathematics and mysticism with his mind fixed on God. He realised even from his childhood the fundemental truth "that if a person knows the One, He knows all. If we put 50 zeroes after One, it makes a large sum. Omit the One, and the zeroes are nothing. It is the One that makes the many. First One, then many. First comes God, then His creatures and the world." (R.P.)

Ramanujan has written his inimitable autobiography in 11 words and has left an ineffaceable portrait of himself and of his simple faith in the power of the Unseen.

What is this Power that exerted such a marvellous influence over Ramanujan and transformed him into such a golden being?

Let us hearken to the voice of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa whose whole life was illuminated by Goddess Kali. "One cannot think of Brahman without Shakti or of Shakti without Brahman. One cannot think of the Absolute without the Relative or of the Relative without the Absolute. The primordial power is ever at play. She is creating, preserving and destroying in play, as it were. This power is called Kali. Kali is verily Brahman and Brahman is verily Kali. It is one and the same reality."

1914. The great war in Europe had begun. A bomb fell in a suburb of London. The noise was like thunder. People ran helter-skelter. Everyone was scared except a solitary individual. He was standing, not far from the place struck by the bomb. He was unruffled. He was solving a mathematical problem and his ears were closed to the terrific noise. His soul was floating in an ocean of *Sat-Chit-Anand*. Everyone wondered who the man was. It was the 26-year-old Ramanujan.

Mathematician Ramanujan was a devotee of the Goddess. She guided him in all his investigations. She moulded the unknown boy into a hero. She led him to far off lands, guarded him in Cambridge, where he remained an austere, orthodox Hindu and had his daily communion with the Goddess, whose light fell on him in the days of his childhood. He remained true to his earthly and heavenly Mother.

The wonderful original work he did between the years 1914 to 1919 is preserved in the Archives of the Trinity College Library in Cambridge in England. His published works make a volume of 400 pages. Many more of his theorems are in his unpublished notebooks. His friends say that Ramanujan made researches into the RAMAYANA. Ah! If we could but find that treasure among his papers, it would be beautiful.

Ramanujan passed away in 1920. He is in the illustrious line of Pythogoras, Brahma Gupta, Bhaskaracharya I and Bhaskaracharya II. Ramanujan was an embodiment of Hinduism and was a herald of a New Era.

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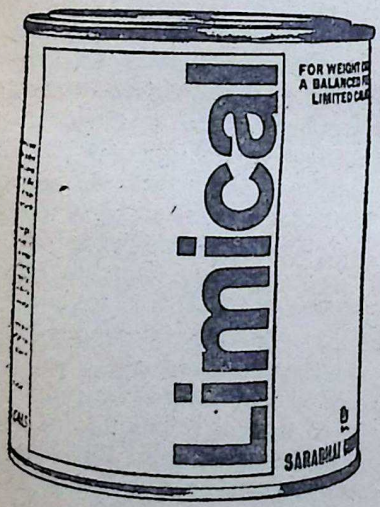

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President Johnson

MR. LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON again proves the adage, "the occasion finds the man." Instead of chaos and conflict following the assassination of Mr. Kennedy, orderly government goes on and, instead of confusion of policy, there has only been a deeper dedication to the ideals and ideas of the late great President Kennedy. There has been no faltering, no groping, no fumbling under the sudden impact of the tragedy.

Mr. Johnson, in the midst of his sorrow—his first words to the United States Congress were,—"All I have I would have given gladly not to be standing here today"—has the rudder firmly in his grasp and has announced in words ringing across the world that he will continue the work which Mr. Kennedy began. As James Garfield, who succeeded Abraham Lincoln as President when the latter was assassinated in 1865, said on the morning Lincoln died, "Fellow citizens, God reigns and the Government in Washington still lives."

What manner of man is this new President who has the destiny not merely of the United States but, in a very real sense, of the entire world in his hands, on whom, to quote his own words, "an assassin's bullet has thrust the awe-some burden of the Presidency."? This strapping 55-year-old Texan,—he is the first Southern President in a century—has possibly had better training for his high office than almost any other previous President.

From the day he was elected to the House of Representatives 29 years ago, he has held some elective office or other continuously—except for seven months' service in the Navy during the War. He was the most outstanding majority leader of the Senate, managing that powerful but often wayward body with an adroit diplomacy that won the admiration of friends and foes alike.

Mr. Richard Nixon, Vice-President under General Eisenhower said that Mr. Johnson was "one of the ablest political craftsmen of our time."

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Mr. Kennedy himself said early in 1960, "Lyndon Johnson is the only other man I can think of with the equipment for the job of President." And, with his usual political finesse, he persuaded his quondam rival to run for Vice-President.

The Vice-Presidency of the United States has been described as "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived." But Mr. Johnson's dynamism changed all that. He was too supercharged with energy to sit in his office twiddling his thumbs, fulfilling a largely ornamental role.

He was the trouble-shooter for his chief. He toured all over the globe making friends for America and wherever he went he left the impression of a strong but affable personality, eager to learn and anxious to help. He was also the head of the President's Equal Employment Opportunities Committee, the National Aeronautics and Space Council and the Advisory Committee on the Peace Corps. He has participated in all the meetings of the National Security Council and has firsthand knowledge of defence and security measures.

Mr. Johnson was cut out for a political career from birth. The day he was born in 1908, his enthusiastic grandfather galloped around the neighbourhood shouting, "A U.S. Senator is born today!"

While working as secretary to U.S. Representative Richard M. Kleberg of Texas in Washington, he caught President Roosevelt's eye and was appointed in 1935 as Director of the National Youth Administration for the State of Texas. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1937 and to the Senate in 1948. When the Japanese launched their surprise attack on Pearl Harbour in 1941, he joined the U.S. Navy as an officer and served for eight months in the Pacific area until President Roosevelt issued an order prohibiting members of the U.S. Congress from serving in the armed forces.

His dedication to his political duties as Senate Majority Leader has become legendary. He worked for 18 hours a day. He had been brought up by his strict father that way. One of his earliest memories is of being shaken out of his warm bed on cold mornings. "Get up!" his father would shout. "Every boy in town has an hour's head start on you already." Once, when a Civil Rights Bill was being discussed in the Senate, he spent 37 days and nights there, sleeping in his office.

Not even Mr. Johnson's robust constitution could take this punishment. He suffered a heart-attack in July 1955 and had to rest for several months. But he came back to his duties like a giant refreshed and his subsequent performance was so magnificent that a Republican Senator exclaimed in admiration, "amazing, an authentic legislative genius!"

Although from the deeply conservative Southern state of Texas, Mr. Johnson has always been a liberal in his political views. His powerful support was behind the Civil Rights programme, the Marshall plan appropriations, the nuclear test ban treaty, the strengthening of the United Nations and aid to developing nations. He has been close to his

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erstwhile chief in all his political moves and now, as President, only a change in emphasis and not in policies is expected.

Mr. Johnson does not claim the intellectual brilliance, the cultural eminence or the magnetic personality of his predecessor. He is earthy, practical, unsophisticated, but strong in will and profoundly knowledgeable in political affairs—both national and international.

His favourite quotation from the Bible "Come now, and let us reason together" (Isaiah), is the key to understanding his mental approach to life. His wide experience, practical wisdom, dedication to peace and progress, sense of duty and sympathy for the under-privileged should make him an outstanding leader of the free world.

And in the discharge of the onerous tasks that have now devolved on him, he has the help of his charming wife —fondly known as 'Lady Bird' throughout the United States—who has proved an ideal mate during the 29 years of their happy married life.

Lady Bird, in spite of her exotic name, is quite a practical woman, and a hard-headed business woman at that. She has charm, brain—her help in Mr. Johnson's vice-presidential campaign was an important factor in his victory—and a zeal for social work. She was rolling bandages for the Red Cross, distributing milk to under-privileged children and managing her quite substantial business interests before she became the First Lady. She is worth 5,000,000 dollars in her own right. The Johnsons have two children—both daughters, one aged 19 and the other 16.

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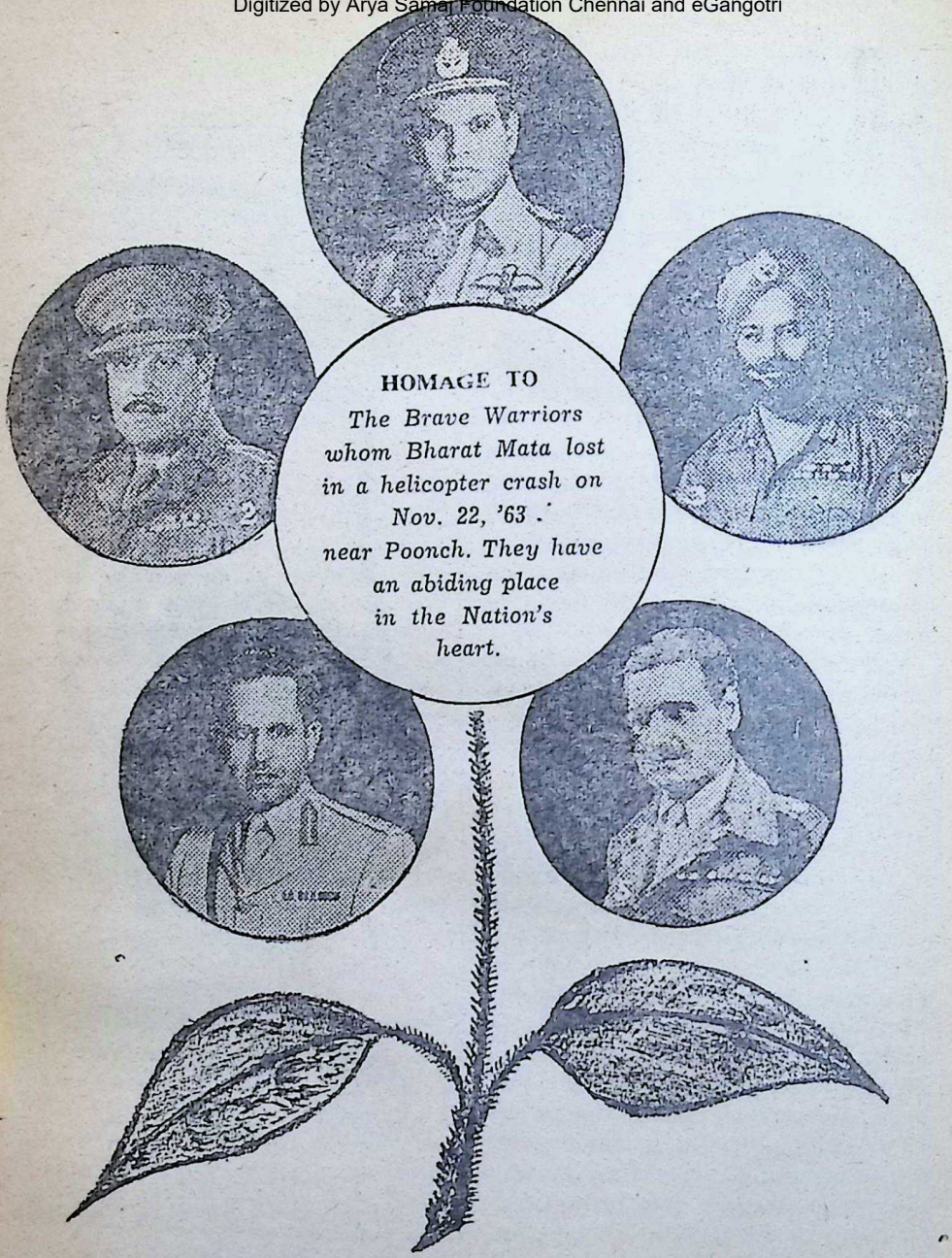

HOMAGE TO

1. *Air Vice-Marshal E. W. Pinto* 2. *Maj. Gen. N. K. D. Nanavati,* 3. *Lt. Gen. Bikram Singh,* 4. *Lt. Gen. Daulat Singh and* 5. *Brig. S. R. Oberoi.*

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Ananda Math

Bankim Chandra Chatterjee

Translated by R. P. A.

Part II

THE STORY SO FAR

DURING the Great Famine in Bengal, Mahendra Singh quitted his village with his wife Kalyani and only child. After some adventures on the road, he met Bhavananda a member of the ascetic brotherhood who took him to Ananda Math, where his wife and child were sheltered. There Mahendra wants to dedicate himself to the service of his country like the ascetics. Kalyani and the child got poisoned. Mahendra and Satyananda were subsequently taken prisoners by Nazir-ud-din and his sepoys. Jivananda, another ascetic, rescued Mahendra's child and took her to his village home, and met his wife Shanti. Bhavananda restored Kalyani to life. The ascetics stormed the prison of the Mussulmans and secured the release of Satyananda and Mahendra. Shanti dresses herself as a *sanyasin* and goes on a mysterious mission. Satyananda is initiated and given an assignment.

7. The Bearded Girl

MAHENDRA did obeisance to Satyananda and left. The second disciple who had been initiated the same day came and prostrated before Satyananda who blessed him and asked him to sit on the black deer skin. After some pleasant conversation, the ascetic asked him: "Well, haven't you infinite faith in and devotion to Sri Krishna?"

The disciple replied: "How can I say? What I consider to be faith and devotion may turn out to be hypocrisy and self-deception."

Satyananda said: "You have replied well. You should do such tasks as will make your faith deeper. You have my blessings for success in all your efforts. You are very young. My child, I have not yet asked you your name."

"You can call me by any name. I am only a humble slave of the Vaishnavas."

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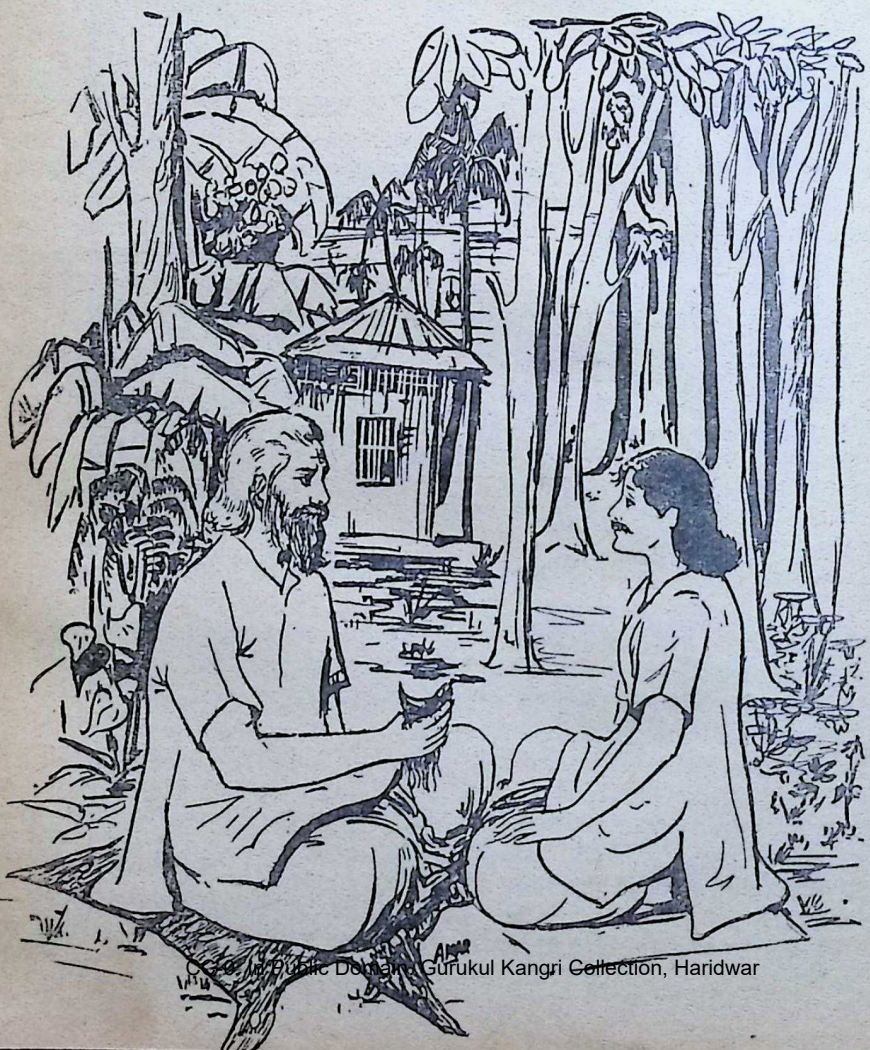
Satyananda: "I feel that I should call you Navinananda, because of your young age. You will be known by that name in our Order. But I wish to know what your name was previously. Even if you do not like to reveal it to others, you can tell me. You will not come to any harm. You can be assured that nobody will come to know about it. One of the essential principles of our Order is that every secret must be told to the *guru*. There is no harm in telling me."

Disciple: "My name is Santiram Deva Sharma."

Satyananda: "Is it not Santimani?"

Thus saying Satyananda pulled at the disciple's beard. They came off and Satyananda said: "My child,



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this is disgraceful. Was it right on your part to deceive me? Even if you thought you could, why did you keep such a long beard? Despite the beard, could you hide your sweet voice and the glances of your eyes? If I could have been so easily deceived, would I have undertaken such mighty tasks?"

Filled with shame, Shanti covered her face with both hands. After a while, she removed her hands from her face and gazing at the ascetic, asked: "What crime have I committed? Is a woman incapable of strength?"

"It is as ephemeral," said Satyananda, "as the water held in the hollow made by the hoof of a cow."

"Have you ever tested the strength of those who aspire to join the Society of the Children?" asked Shanti.

"I have tested them," replied Satyananda. He took out a steel bow and some wire and told her: "You will have to string this bow with the wire. The string is three feet in length. The bow cannot be easily bent. Sometimes it gets loose and throws down the person stringing it. Whoever can string this bow is indeed strong."

Shanti took the bow and the wire and examined them minutely. "Have all the Children been able to string this bow?" she asked.

"No," replied Satyananda. ' gauge their strength by this test."

Shanti: "Has any one passed this test?"

Satyananda: "Yes, four persons have been able to string this bow."

Shanti: "May I know who they are?"

Satyananda: "You can certainly know. One is myself."

Shanti: "Who are the others?"

Satyananda: "Jivananda, Bhavananda and Gnanananda."

Shanti took the bow and with effortless ease stringed it and placed it at the feet of Satyananda.

Satyananda was taken aback and asked: "Are you a goddess or only an ordinary woman?"

"I am a very ordinary and humble woman," replied Shanti. "But I am a *bramacharini*."

"How can that be!" exclaimed Satyananda. "Have you been widowed in your childhood? No, it couldn't have been. How can a widow have such strength as you have. The widows live on one meal a day."

Shanti: "No, my husband is still alive."

Satyananda: "You do not know his whereabouts?"

Shanti: "I know where he is. It is in search of him that I have come here."

Suddenly like the moon peering out of the clouds and shining, Satyananda's memory struck a chord.

"Yes, I remember now," said Satyananda. "Jivananda's wife was named Shanti. Are you Jivananda's wife?"

Shanti covered her face with her matted locks. It looked as though the trunks of many elephants had fallen over and covered a lotus.

"Why have you come to commit this sin?" continued Satyananda.

Hearing this, Shanti threw back her locks, stood up and replied: "What

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sin is there in this? Is it sinful for a wife to go in search of her husband? If that is one of the principles of the Order of Children, how can that be considered as a just creed? I am his partner in his religion. Therefore I have only come to help him in the mighty task he has undertaken."

Hearing the eloquent words of Shanti and seeing her grave face, quivering lips and the bright eyes brimming with tears, Satyananda was deeply impressed.

He said: "You seem to be quite learned. But don't you know that a wife is only a partner of her husband in the household duties? What place can she have in his heroic duties?"

Shanti: "Who has ever become a hero without a wife to assist him. Without Sita, would Rama have become such an immortal hero? Did not Arjuna have countless wives? Even Bhima who has become a synonym of strength had many wives. Should I cite more examples? Why should I be a profound scholar like you?"

Satyananda: "What you say is true. But which hero has taken his wife with him to the battle field?"

Shanti: "Who was driving Arjuna's chariot when he was fighting the Yadava hordes in the air? Would the Pandavas have fought the battle of Kurukshetra if Draupadi had not been with them?"

Satyananda: "That may be so. But women steal the hearts of men and distract them from their purpose. This is common among ordinary mortals. That is why our Order explicitly forbids the children to sit on the same mat as a woman. Jivananda is my right hand. Do you want to break that hand?"

Shanti: "My lord, I have come to strengthen further your right hand. I am a *brahmacharini* and I shall remain one. I have come to practise my religion, not to see and sport with my husband. I have not come because I was overwhelmed at the separation from my husband. Why should I not be a partner in the mighty task which my husband has undertaken? That is why I have come."

Satyananda: "That is good. I shall keep a watch over you for some time."

Shanti: "Can I remain in the Math?"

Satyananda: "Where else can you go to-night?"

Shanti: "What happens after that?"

Satyananda: "Like Goddess Bhawani, your brow glows with fire. Why should you burn the Children to ashes?"

Saying this, he blessed Shanti and gave her leave to depart.

"You bless your venerable head," said Shanti to herself. "There is fire in my brow, is it? Is the flame on my brow or your mother's?"

Satyananda had not meant it that way. He saw the light of love in her eyes and that was why he made the remark. But how can anyone say it to a woman?

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8. Bearding the Lion

HAVING gained permission to stay the night in the Math, Shanti went in search of a room. Many rooms were unoccupied. A servant called Govardhan who also belonged to a lower Order of the Children accompanied her with a light and showed the rooms. Shanti did not like any of them. Finding that he could not help Shanti to select a room, he was about to take her back to Satyananda. Just then Shanti said: "Brother, there seem to be several rooms on this side. I have not seen them."

Govardhan: "These are certainly good rooms; but none of them is vacant."

Shanti: "Who stays in these rooms?"

Govardhan: "The big generals occupy them."

Shanti: "Who are the big generals?"

Govardhan: "Bhavananda, Jivananda, Dhirananda, and Ganandanda. Ananda Math is fully of Anandas."

Shanti: "Come, why can't we see those rooms?"

Govardhan first took Shanti to Dhirananda's room. Dhirananda was reading the Drona-parva in *Mahabharata*. His mind was immersed in the heroic exploits of Abhimanyu fighting singlehanded seven warriors on their chariots. He did not speak; and Shanti too left the room without saying anything.

Then Shanti went into Bhavananda's room. With eyes uplifted, Bhavananda was meditating on someone's face. It was a face of divine loveliness framed by long and curling locks. But the eyes were closed, the lashes were still, the lips were blue, the cheeks pale, the nose cold. The clothes were dishevelled by the breeze. Then like the moon hidden by the clouds slowly peeping out and then shining in fully glory, life gradually returned to that inert form. "Ah, what a beauty!" mused Bhavananda. Being engrossed in such thoughts, Bhavananda did not speak to Shanti. Obsessed with the radiant loveliness of Kalyani, he did not even notice the beautiful figure of Shanti.

Shanti then entered another room and asked: "Whose room is this?"

Govardhan: "It belongs to Jivananda Thakur."

Shanti: "Who is he? Why is no one here?"

Govardhan: "He has gone somewhere. He will return soon.

Shanti: "This is the best among all the rooms."

Govardhan: "But you cannot get this room."

Shanti: "Why can't I get it?"

Govardhan: "Jivananda stays here."

Shanti: "Well, he can find another room for himself."

Govardhan: "It is impossible. The occupant of this room is the master of everything; his word is law."

Shanti: "All right; you may go. If I cannot find a suitable room. I will seek shelter under a tree."

Having dismissed Govardhan, Shanti entered the room. Then she took a black deer skin, spread it on

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The Second part of EVILS OF GAMBLING will appear in the next issue—*Ed.*

the floor and sat down on it. She brightened the wick of the lamp nearby, took one of Jivananda's books and began to read it.

After a while Jivananda returned. Though Shanti was dressed as a man, he recognised her immediately and asked: "What is this, Shanti?"

Shanti slowly laid the book aside and, looking up, said: "Who is Shanti, Sir?"

Jivananda was taken aback. "Who is Shanti indeed! Are you not my Shanti?" he asked.

Shanti replied with disdain in her tone: "I am Navinananda Goswami."

Jivananda burst into laughter and said: "This is indeed a good joke. Well, Navinananda, why have you come here?"

Shanti replied: "It is the custom of cultured people to address others in terms of respect. I have not spoken disrespectfully. Why then don't you show me the common courtesies?"*

Jivananda tied his upper cloth round his waist, folded his hands and standing in a pose of mock humility said: "Your servant humbly requests you to tell him why you have come from Bhairavipur to his hovel."

Shanti replied in a serious tone: "I cannot understand the reason for this mockery. I do not know Bhairavipur. I came here today to join the Order of the Children and I have been initiated."

Jivananda: "Is it really true?"

Shanti: "Well, what harm is there? You too are initiated."

Jivananda: "But are you not a woman?"

Shanti: "Why do you say that?"

Jivananda: "I was under the impression that my wife was a woman."

Shanti: "Wife? Have you a wife?"

Jivananda: "I thought I had one."

Shanti: "Do you think that I am your wife?"

Jivananda again tied his upper cloth around his waist, folded his hands and said in a tone of mock humility: "Sir, most certainly I think you are."

Shanti replied: "What should you do if such an idea has entered your mind?"

"I should take off your deer-skin and kiss you ardently on your lips."

"You have betrayed your evil nature," said Shanti. "Or it may be the result of addiction to opium. Did you not swear at the time of your initiation that you will not sit on the same mat as a woman? If you really believe that I am a woman—mistaking a rope for a snake is a common hallucination—you should sit elsewhere. And it is not proper for you to talk to me."

Saying this, Shanti turned her attention to the book. Realising that he had been defeated, Jivananda made a separate bed for himself and lay down.

[End of Part II]

* The reference is to the Bengali way of addressing strangers in the plural and not in the singular. Jivananda had addressed Shanti in the singular and she was annoyed.

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AYODHYA

I

As announced in a previous issue, we begin our feature on the seven *Punyakshetras* :

अयोध्या मथुरा माया काशी काञ्ची
अवन्तिका ।
पुरी द्वारावती चैव सप्तता मोक्षदायिका: ॥

Kanak Bhavan as it looks as one enters it. The precincts of the Temple of Sri Rama are infested by vaanaraas.

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Ayodhya, Mathura, Haridwar, Kashi, Kanchi Ujjain and Dwarka. We begin with Ayodhya, the birth-place of Sri Rama. That its origin is as ancient as the legends claim is proved by the fact that it is mentioned both in the *Atharva Veda* and the *Aadi Purana*. That its holiness is unrivalled is also self-evident. This combination of age and sanctity establishes its claim to open this series. As Ayodhya is studded with so many temples and shrines, it will need more than one issue of the *Journal* to cover it adequately.

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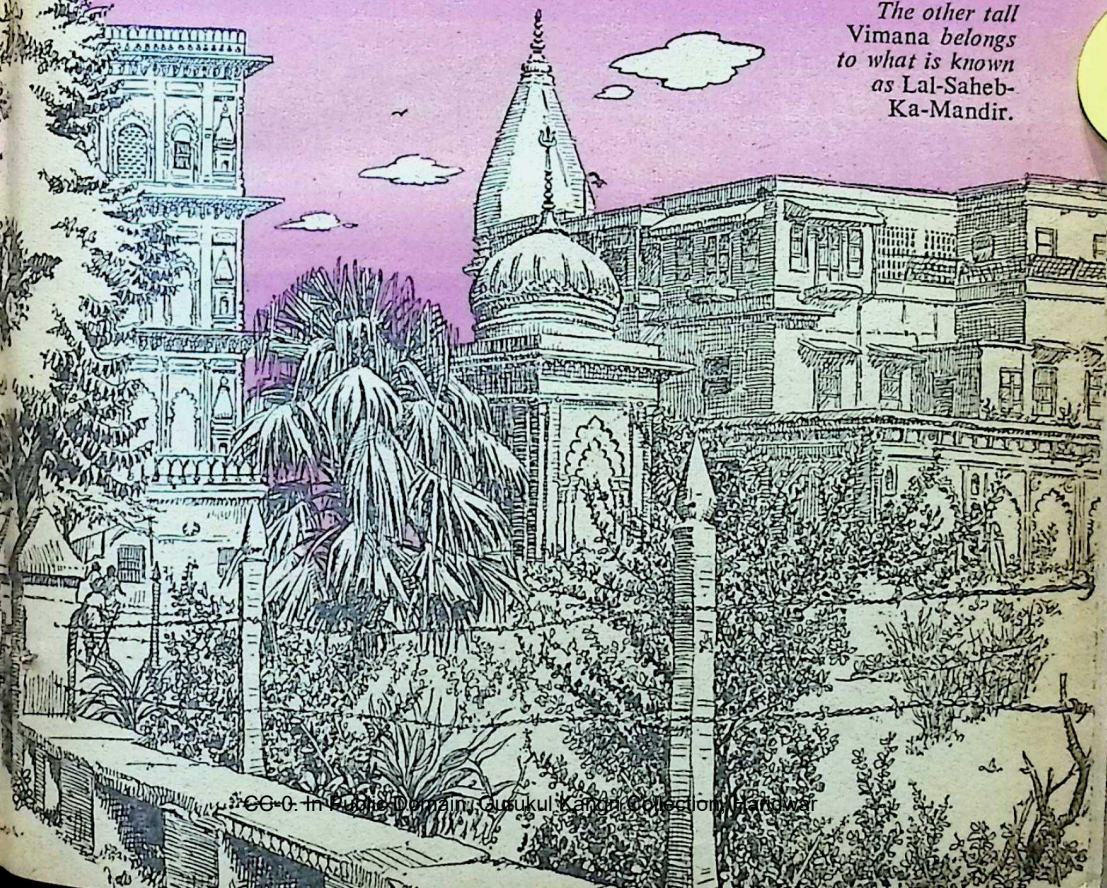
AYODHYA is familiar to every Indian because it was there that God appeared as Sri Rama, the son of Dasaratha, for the redemption of the world. Among the avatars, Rama-avatar is perhaps the most revered by Hindus, because Punya Purushottama Sri Rama was the incarnation of all the noblest virtues of Man. No wonder then Ayodhya has a special sanctity for pilgrims.

Now a small, insignificant town in Fyzabad District in Uttar Pradesh,



The Vimana *seen on the left belongs to the Temple of Kanak Bhavaneswara Mahadeva. The other tall* Vimana *belongs to what is known as* Lal-Saheb-Ka-Mandir.

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BHAVAN'S SANSKRITIK VIKAS YATRA

YATRA TO KATHMANDU, NEPAL, FOR DARSHAN OF LORD PASUPATINATH ON HOLY MAHASHIVARATRI DAY

Date of commencement of the yatra from Bombay } 20th January 1964 ★ 24 February 1964 { Date of return to Bombay

REPUBLIC DAY { Special arrangements will be made at the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra to witness the Republic Day Salute and the Parade on Television.

Centres of halt and important places for sight-seeing

Bhopal	:	Sanchi Buddhist Stupa
Agra	:	Taj Mahal, Sikandra Fort
Fatehpur Sikri	:	Fort
Mathura	:	Gokul, Govardhan
Brindavan	:	Dwarkadishwar Temple, Yamuna
New Delhi	:	Complete sight-seeing and stay at the capital during the Republic Day
Kurukshetra	:	Tapo Bhoomi, Surya Kund, Gita Mandir, Sanskrit University
Bhakra Nangal	:	Bhakra Nangal Dam
Amritsar	:	Golden Temple, Jalianwala Bagh
Hardwar	:	Har-ki-pavri
Rishikesh	:	Sivananda Ashram, Gita Bhavan
Laxman Jhoola	:	The Hanging Bridge
Ayodhya	:	Holy Dip in Sarayu River Ram Mandir

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Allahabad	:	Triveni Sangam, Fort, Veni Daan, Anand Bhavan
Banaras	:	Vishweshwara Darshan, University and complete sight-seeing
Sarnath	:	Buddhist Temple
Gaya	:	River Phalguni, Vishnu Padam
Bodh Gaya	:	Bodh Gaya Temple
Patna	:	General Sight-seeing. The party will leave for Kathmandu by Air
Kathmandu	:	Darshan of Lord Pasupatinath on Holy Mahashivaratri Day. Holy Dip in River Gandaki and Baghmati. Temples of Bhavani, Swayambunath and Changu Narayan
Chittaranjan	:	Chittaranjan Locomotives
Howrah	:	Calcutta, Kalighat, Victoria Memorial etc.
Dakshineshwar	:	Belur Mutt
Shanti Niketan	:	Vishwa Bharati University
Puri	:	Lord Jagannath, Sakshi Gopal
Bhubaneshwar	:	Lingaraj Temple
Konarak	:	The famous Sun-God Temple
Waltair	:	Simhachalam, Vizag Shipyard
Bezwada	:	River Krishna, Kanaga Durga Darshan, Panaka Narasimha Swami
Hyderabad	:	Charminar
Secunderabad	:	Salarjung Museum
Pandharpur	:	River Chandrabaga, Panduranga and Vithoba Mandir.

The fare per person for the entire tour, inclusive of food, sight-seeing expenses and the air-flight from Patna to Kathmandu and back is Rs. 725.00.

For further particulars, please contact

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
Sanskritik Vikas Yatra Vibhag,
Chowpatty Road,
BOMBAY-7.

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with little commercial or industrial importance, Ayodhya retains few traces of its ancient magnificence. But while its material importance may have vanished like 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome', its spiritual aura continues to inspire the Indian mind.

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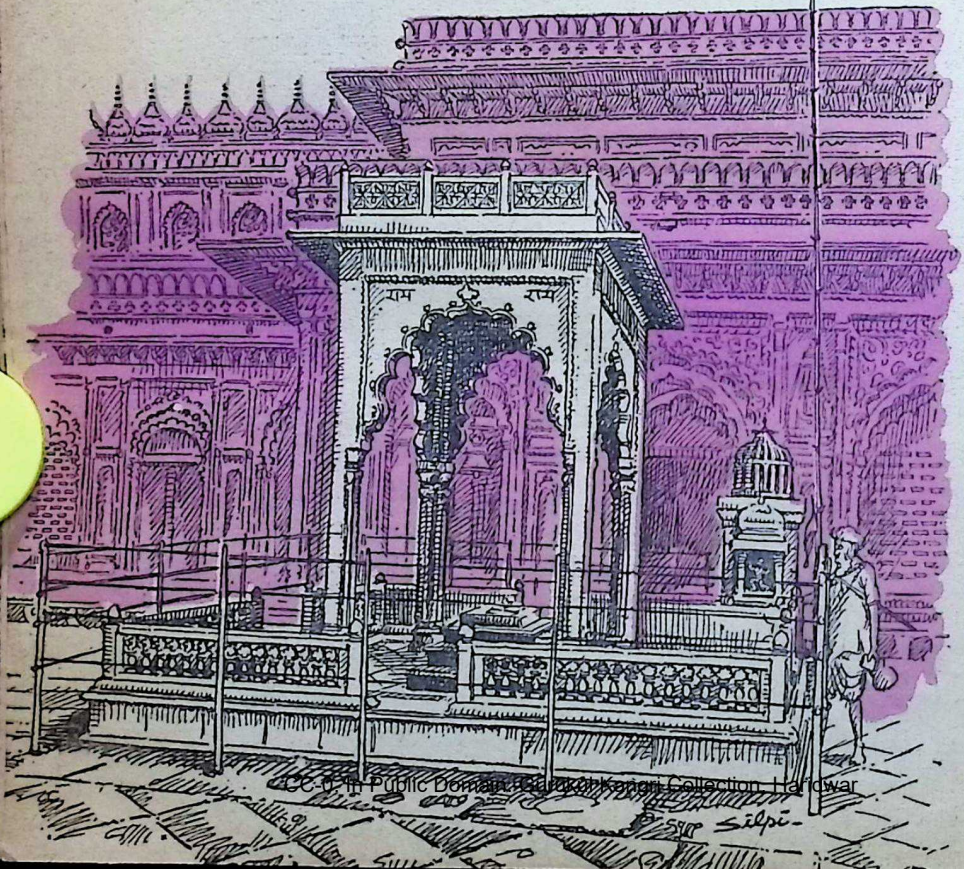
Founded by the great Manu himself in the *Thretha yuga* on the banks of the sacred Sarayu, it is mentioned in the *Atharva Veda* (2nd book) and also in the *Aadi Purana* of the Jains. A wealth of glowing adjectives has been lavished to describe its beauty, wealth and impregnability. 'Ayodhya' means "not conquerable by war."

[*To be continued*]

The shrine of Sri Ramachandra. The facade is gold plated and hence the name Kanak Bhavan. It is said Kanak Bhavan which was Sri Rama's palace was wholly built of gold. Note the ten Avatars of Vishnu carved on the facade.

This was the place where Kanak Bhavan was originally situated. It is now called **Charan-Paduka.** *Sri Rama's sandals are seen here. Note the presence of Hanumanji inside the* **Tulsi Mandap** *towards the right of the picture*



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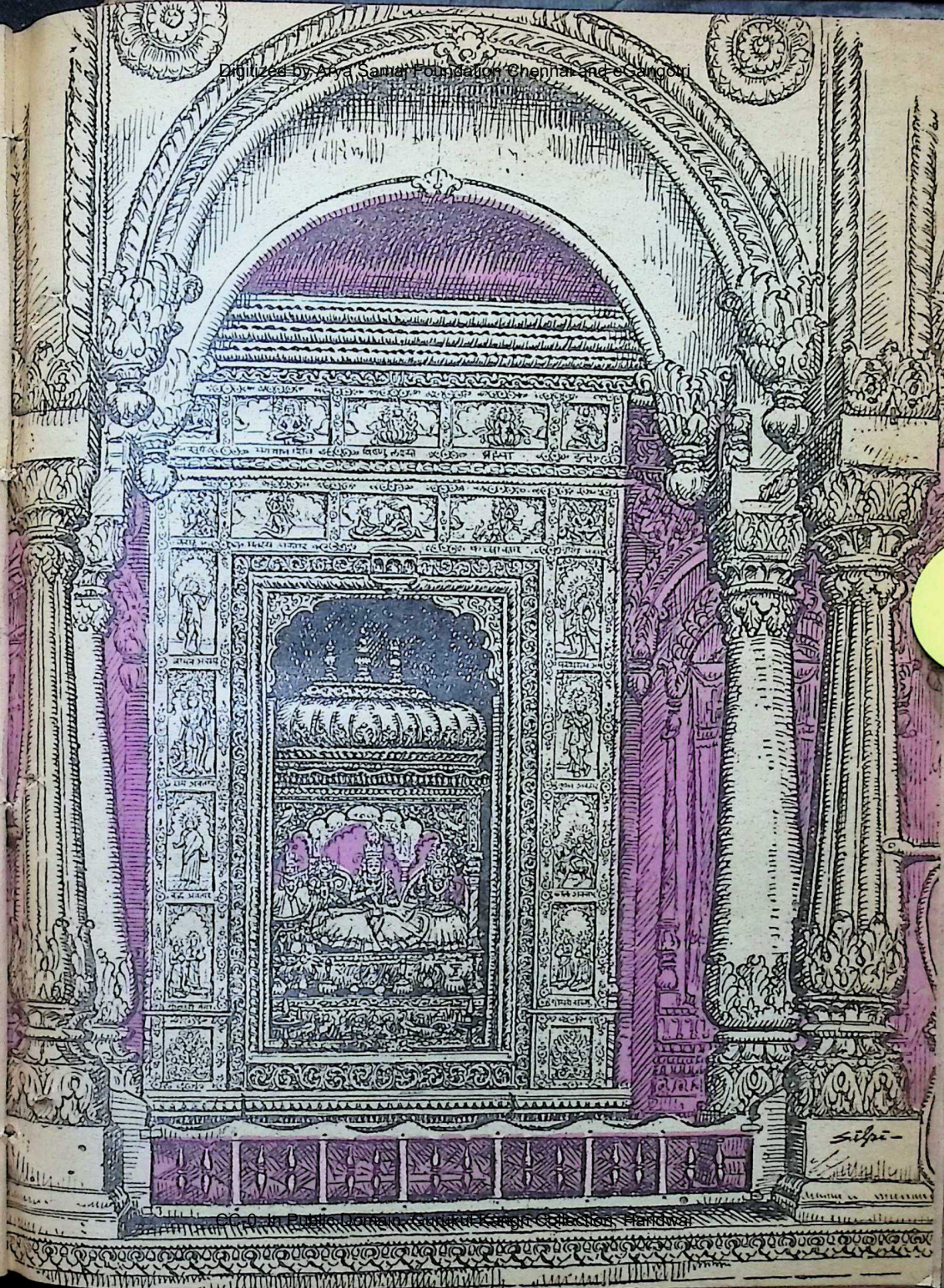

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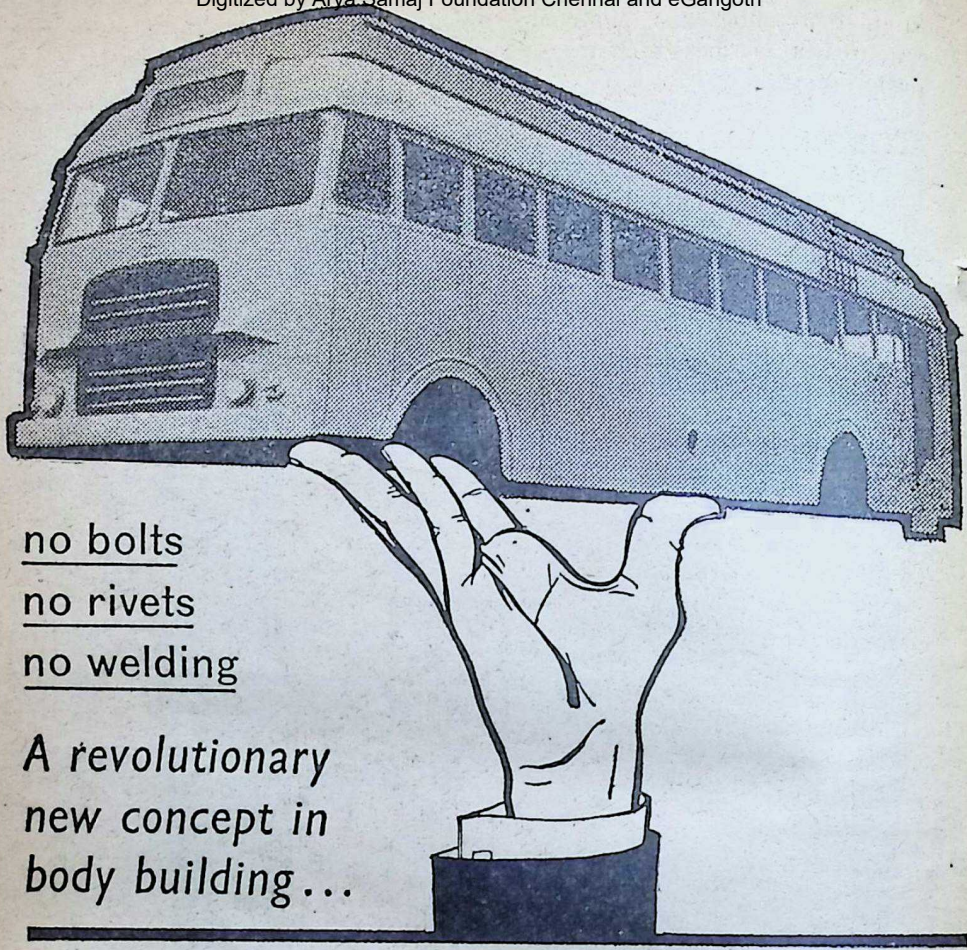

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TVS 'Prefabs' are economical

TVS 'Prefabs' need no expensive tools or skilled labour to set them up. This makes it possible for TVS to offer these bodies at a price 10 to 15 per cent cheaper than conventional types.

TVS 'Prefabs' are lighter comparatively

By carefully analysing the functions of every structural member, TVS have been able to reduce the weight of the 'Prefab' to the barest minimum. This will help to reduce fuel consumption and tyre wear too.

TVS 'Prefabs' are stronger because there's no drilling – no welding, but only special effective joints

In conventional steel bodies drilling of numerous holes for riveting purposes weakens the structural members. And wherever welding is used the metal has a tendency to warp (metal perversion). In TVS 'Prefabs' every panel retains its original strength because there is neither drilling nor welding. Thoughtfully designed special joints ensure all the strength.

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In TVS 'Prefabs' specially designed rubber beadings between successive panels eliminate the rattling nuisance.

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In case of accident, you just remove the damaged parts and insert new, easily available panels.

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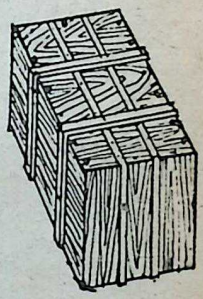
Once mass production gets into its stride, the TVS 'Prefab' will be made available in kit form. This will be the greatest advance in the history of body building in India. State Transport Authorities and large fleet-owners, who at present get their bus bodies built elsewhere, will be able to assemble them in their own yards—thereby saving a lot on each body. The kit will comprise everything including seats and lamps for the interior. When large orders are placed, the customers can have the choice of furnishings too.



Indian Patent No 72655

Patentees:

T. V. SUNDRAM IYENGAR & SONS PRIVATE LIMITED
Madurai

Manufacturers:

SUNDARAM INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED, Madurai

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Sri A. B. Nair speaking

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, ADVERTISING & PRINTING

A NOBLE profession has been reduced to the status of a mundane industry, according to Sri A. B. Nair, Editor of the *Free Press Journal* and a member of the Board of Advisers of Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing.

Sri Nair was speaking at a meeting held on November 22, 1963 at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Journalism to felicitate him on his appointment as Sheriff of Bombay. It was presided over by Smt. Lilavati Munshi.

Welcoming Sri Nair, Smt. Munshi said that he had been associated with Bhavan's College of Journalism and its Board of Advisers ever since its inception in 1961. Continuing, she said:

"Sri Nair's association with journalism and the newspaper industry has had many facets; and the training of journalist personnel to constitute worthy successors to the doyens of today is only one of them. But it is an aspect to which he has given great attention and thought and always his invaluable support, realising as he does, the importance of preparing and equipping young men and women to take up what has for long been a mission but has now attained the status of a profession and a very vital profession at that.

"We are all happy that Sri Nair has now been designated the new Sheriff of Bombay. For the second time in the history of this cosmopolitan city, an editor of a newspaper—Sri Frank Moraes, another distinguished member of our Board was the first I believe—is going to fill this illustrious post of honour and dignity. And we tender our hearty felicitations to Sri Nair.

"I do not want to enquire whether he is a Malayali or Maharashtrian—he is a Malayali and his wife, I think, is a Maharashtrian—I am not sure what he himself thinks about it—but the important fact is that he is a Bombayite to the core, reflecting in himself the many values that most of us in Bombay cherish and share, namely a cosmopolitan outlook that ignores and condemns the 'narrow domestic walls' of language, religion and the like when they come up against the pursuit of common weal. I am confident Sri Nair will add new lustre to the office which he is going to occupy.

"As editor of the Free Press group of newspapers, Sri Nair has shown business enterprise and has upheld journalistic ethics basing them on the cardinal theme of freedom of the Press. He is neither the magnate nor the boss, I am told, who hires and fires his lieutenants at random. He certainly believes in getting the maximum contribution out of all of them to the pursuit of worthy national and public objectives.

"As Chairman of the Press Trust of India, of the Indian and Eastern News-

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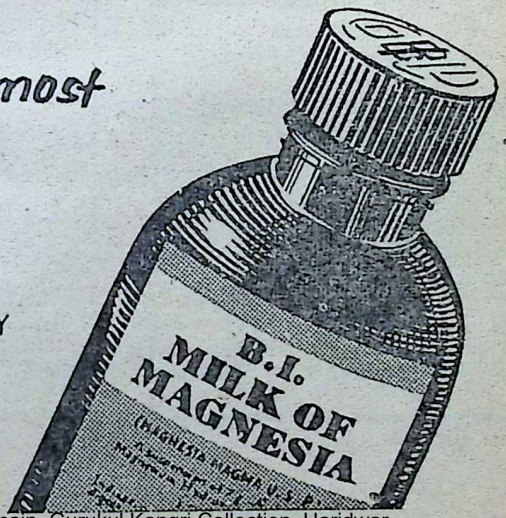

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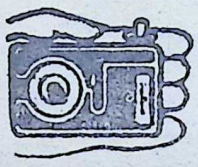

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Foreword by Sir Paul Dukes, K. B. E.

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paper Society and many other national and regional bodies connected with journalism and advertising, Sri Nair has shown commendable initiative, zeal and, above all, imagination. With the ample power of mass communication which his newspapers give him, the people naturally expect that they will be used for the public good; and it is only fair to admire and appreciate the way in which, as editor of a group of papers, and in the position which he has come to occupy in the public life, he has been fulfilling in his own way our expectations; and I am sure he will continue to do so.

"Once more I congratulate Sri Nair on his appointment as Sheriff and wish him godspeed in all his efforts for the city and the people at large."

SANSKRIT DRAMAS

SPEAKING on "The Technique of Presenting Sanskrit Drama" at a get-together of teachers of Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on December 7, Dr. G. K. Bhat, Professor of Sanskrit, Elphinstone College, Bombay, said that the staging of Sanskrit plays offered certain peculiarities. Quoting profusely from Bharata and Vishwanatha, he pointed out the characteristics of the *purvaranga* and showed how both *abhinaya* and *nrittya* were employed in its performance. He gave several illustrations to prove that Bhasa had in his mind the problems of stagecraft when he wrote his plays.

The talk was followed by a discussion among the Sanskrit scholars present. Professors Jog, Mahashabde, Mrs. Kaikini and others participated. Dr. S. N. Gajendragadkar, Chairman of the Board of Sanskrit Studies, University of Bombay, Dr A. S. Gopani, Panditaraja T.A.V. Dikshitar and others attended the get-together.

Prof. J. H. Dave, Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, presided over the meeting.

DAKOR COLLEGE

ON the 9th instant Prof. Ramprasad Shukla gave an interesting lecture on "Frontiers of Mind" at a meeting organised by the staff and students of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Arts and Science, Dakor.

BHAVAN'S SHASTRIYA EXAMINATIONS

APPLICATIONS for Shastriya Sanskrit Examinations to be held in April 1964 which were not submitted before December 15, will be accepted up to December 31, 1963 on payment of a late fee of 50 nP.

For prescribed application forms please contact the established centres or the *Pariksha Sampadak,* Shastriya Sanskrit Examinations, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7, with a 10 nP. postal stamp.

SANKARACHARYA IDOL INSTALLED

THE *prathishta* ceremony of the idol of Sri Sankaracharya invoking Sri Mahalinga Moorthy was performed on December 5, 1963, at the Madhyarjunam Sankaracharya Mutt at Tiruvidamarudur in Madras State.

When Sri Sankara during his triumphal tour visited Madhyarjuna on the banks of the Cauvery, the scholars residing in that area requested him to secure some divine confirmation of Advaita as the true doctrine. Although they were afraid that they might be tempted to accept some other doctrine if it were presented by a persuasive teacher of some other doctrine. A divine confirmation of the truth of Advaita would prevent this possibility.

Sri Sankara acceded to their request and prayed the Mahalinga to vouchsafe such confirmation. Suddenly a hand appeared in the *abhaya-mudra* and a stentorian voice proclaimed: *"Satyam, Advaitam", "Satyam Advaitam", "Satyam Advaitam."* It was this idol that was installed.

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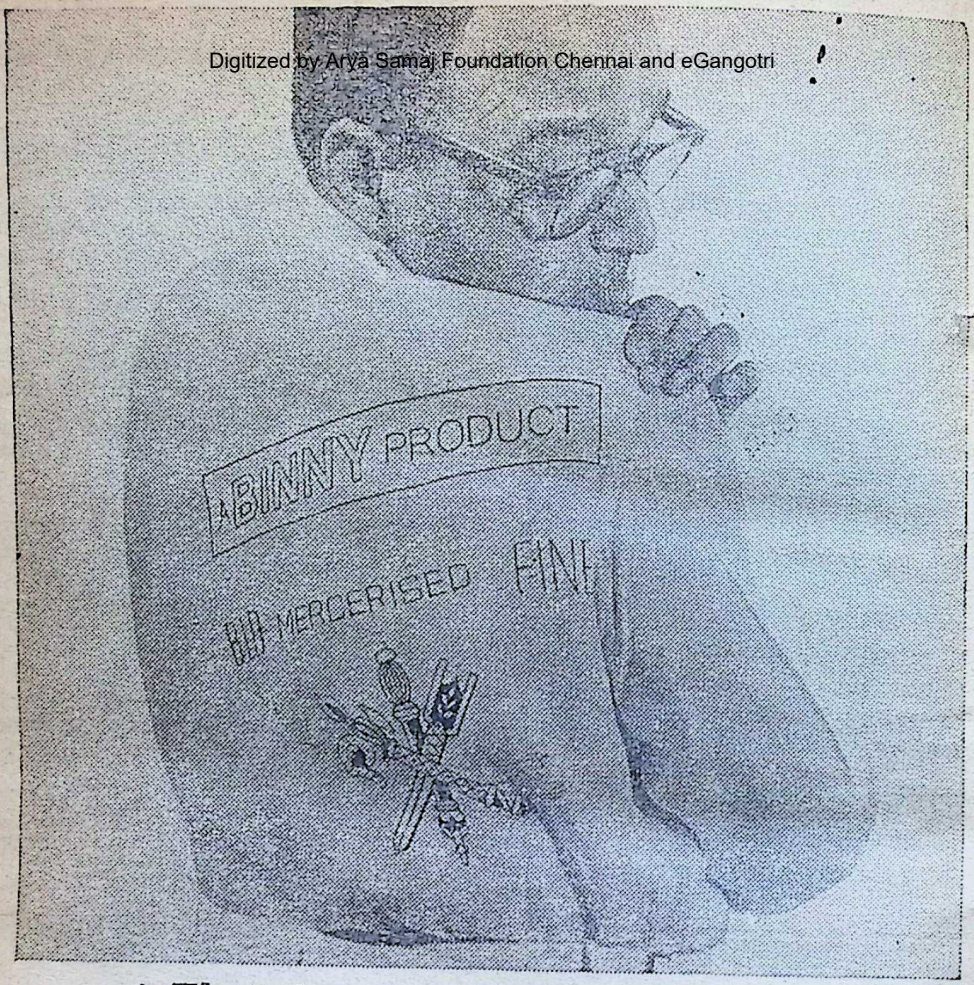

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LATE SARDAR K. M. PANIKKAR

THE BHAVAN has lost a great friend and the country a great scholar and historian in the sad demise of Sardar K. M. Panikkar on the 10th of this month. Starting life as a teacher, Sardar Panikkar had been a journalist, historian, litterateur, educationist, and statesman. His contribution to Princely India had been not a little. A man of versatile talent, as President Radhakrishnan has put it, he has enriched

Malayalam literature too by his contributions. He will have a conspicuous place among Indian historians for original thinking.

Well-read in Sanskrit also, he was a great enthusiast in the revival of Sanskrit studies as well. In his later years Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru assigned him ambassadorial roles which he held with considerable distinction. Lately Panikkar returned to his first love—education. He had been Vice-Chancellor of Kashmir University and it is only a few months since he took charge as the Vice-Chancellor of Mysore University. That he was taken quite unawares by the cruel hand of death, right in the midst of a lecture he was presiding over is the most poignant part of the tragedy which the world of scholarship mourns today.

His association with the Bhavan dates right from its inception. An admirer and devoted friend of the Bhavan, he delivered the Convocation Address of the Bhavan in 1956 and the Bhavan's Endowment Lectures on Indian History on "Determining Periods of Indian History" in 1961. His book *Geographical Factors in Indian History* in the Book University Series is a pioneering work which proved very successful. His another book. *The Conception of Sovereignty in States* is in the Press. The saddest part of it all is that he was to have delivered this year's Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th instants. The Bhavan's loss, therefore, is double. Bhavan joins the world of scholarship in mourning Dr. Panikkar's loss and conveys its deep sense of sorrow and condolences to the bereaved family.

PANDITARAJA T. A. V. DIKSHITAR

SRI T. A. V. DIKSHITAR, Joint General Secretary of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, and Sri Maheschandra Sastri, Secretary, Saral Sanskrit Examinations visited Guntakal, Bellary, Bangalore, Mysore, Sringeri, Hariharpur, Udipi, Hubli, Dharwar and Belgaum during their 20-day tour of Karnataka and Mysore. Sri Dikshitar addressed meetings of students and teachers of Sanskrit at all these places and spoke on the role of the Vishva Parishad in the revival of Sanskrit learning. He met prominent citizens in all these towns and cities and urged them to arrange for the opening of the Sanskrit Examination kendras where there were none yet.

SRI RAMANA JAYANTI

THE Ramana Satchidananda Samaj, Bombay, will celebrate 84th Ramana Jayanti from December 25, 1963 to January 1, 1964 at the Napoo Hall, Matunga. Prof. K.R.R. Sastry will inaugurate the celebrations. Prof. C.R. Swami-

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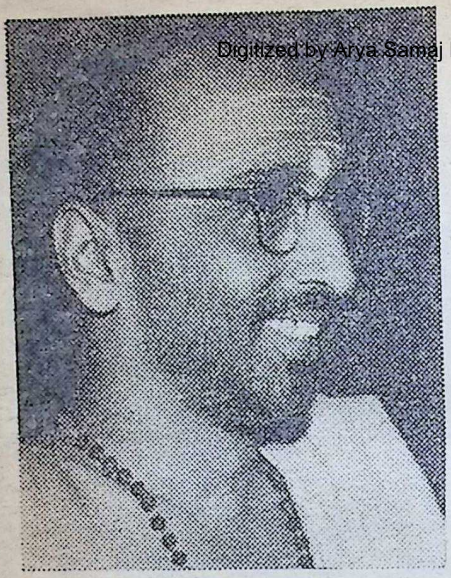

Swami Chinmayananda

nathan of the Ministry of Education, New Delhi, Swami Shuddhananda Bharati and Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao will speak on Sri Ramana on different days. A special feature is the three musical discourses on Manicka Vachagar, Karaikkal Ammayar, etc. by the talented brothers Subramanya and Sethuraman of Madras, disciples of the late Vallimalai Swamigal.

GEETA YAGNA IN BOMBAY

SWAMI CHINMAYANANDA'S highly popular lectures on the *Bhagavad Gita* which commenced on November 30 at the Azad Maidan will continue up to December 23 (from 6.30 p.m. to 8.00 p.m. daily).

WRITINGS OF NATIONAL LEADERS

SRI M. C. CHAGLA, Union Minister of Education, stated that the National Archives of India had been trying to acquire private papers (correspondence, memoirs, diaries, etc.) of eminent statesmen, high Government officials, writers, scientists and other Indians who had played significant roles in the country's history.

The National Archives, he said, had been able to acquire the correspondence of the late Sri Badruddin Tyabji, Sri G. K. Gokhale, Dadabhai Naoroji, Sarojini Naidu, Lala Lajpat Rai's diary, letters of Gandhiji and Sir Jehangir C. Coyaji and Dr. N. B. Khare's personal letters. These, however, excluded such writings of eminent persons as might form part of Government of India files. These documents are, as a rule, open for consultation by *bona fide* research scholars, subject to the usual restrictions.

DELHI SCHOOL

Sri Jaisukh Lal Hathi, Minister for Supply, who had accompanied President Radhakrishnan in his recent visit to Nepal addressed the Senior pupils and teachers of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Public School, on 7th Dec. 63 on his tour of Nepal. The Minister dealt at length on the Geography of the country and gave an account of the people, their culture, their Government, their king, their industries and projects. Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi were present on the occasion.

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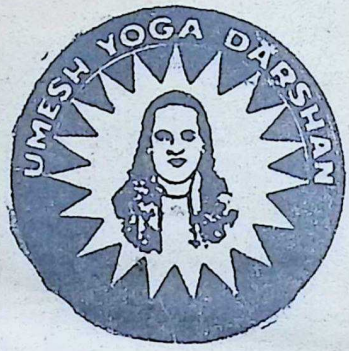

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THE MESSAGE OF JESUS. By M. K. Gandhi. Edited and published by Anand T. Hingorani. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Pages 111. Price: Rs. 1.25.

THIS little, neatly got-up book presents Gandhiji's estimate and appreciation of Jesus Christ and his noble teaching. It covers all the problems that are relevant to the study of the spiritual personality of Jesus. Gandhiji's reflections have the quality of spiritual experience and humanity rather than dry, philosophical and biblical scholarship. Gandhiji believed in the unity of existence and the transcendence and immanence of the ultimate Reality. He believed with the Vedic seers that "Reality is one, sages call it by many names (*ekam sat vipra bahuda vadanti*). He firmly held and paid the high price of his life in affirming that there is no one complete, exhaustive, *impersonal manifestation* of God given to any one religion. He viewed all religions as adventures of the spiritual aspirant to dsecribe Reality. All are equally valuable and are equally true. Gandhiji argued in favour of two things (1) *sarvadarshana samata* and *sarvadarshanasahisnuta*. This catholic outlook is present in his study of the Sermon on the Mount. He finds the beatitudes echoed in the *Gita*. He got his inspiration for non-violence from the Sermon on the Mount, Gita and Tolstoy. The Kingdom of God is within you. The little book affords a rewarding experience to read. The present volume is cheaply priced and excellency got-up in line with the earlier five volumes. It is an excellent companion to the volume *Teaching of the Gita*.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

THE WAY OF LIGHT. By T.V. Kapali Sastri. Published by Sri M.P. Pandit, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry-2. 1963. pp. 253. Price: Rs. 8.

THE book under notice has been compiled from Kapali Sastri's unpublished papers which reveal a personal side with which very few had come into contact. It consists mostly of his letters and talks with those whom he cherished as his own. A perusal of the contents of the book will unfailingly convince the reader of Sri Sastri's personality of deep emotion and unflinching devotion to the Mother as also of his benevolence and touching solicitude for those who had the luck of being closely associated with him. Sri Sastri had dedicated his whole life to the vision and truth of the Yoga—a fact which is evident on every page of the book.

Introductory portion gives an outline of the biographical account of the author. Part One contains letters to his friends and correspondents and also an important communication on subjects of spiritual value and significance between him and Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. Part Two contains extracts from a Journal, *Tusarakoti*, recording Sri Sastri's observations and comments made on various occasions.

Sri Sastri was a polymath of extraordinary intelligence and deep scholarship. His learning was not a load that he carried with painful effort but it was a part of the very texture of his mind, the nerves and sinews of his thought. The reader will find a sure justification of these remarks if he only turns to his monumental work *Rig Veda Bhasya* which he unluckily did not live to complete.

The publisher, Sri M. P. Pandit, deserves our just congratulations for making available to all like-minded seekers this book containing precious pearls of wisdom.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

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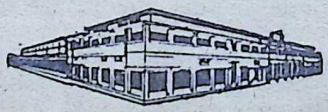

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CHAITANYA MAHAPRABHU. By R. K. Dalal. Published by the author 49-55, Apollo Street, Fort, Bombay-1. pp. 30. (Free on request).

SRI CHAITANYA MAHAPRABHU was one of the great Path-finders of the Spirit who exemplified the truth of the Upanishadic dictum:

> "Not by much discussion or by great intelligence or by deep learning can this Atman be attained. He can be attained only by him whom He elects."

Sri Chaitanya was one such elect of God. He was the 15th century Radha of the Eternal Krishna.

This little book on a great saint tells the story of a life ushered into this world to work out its residual *samskaras*, to guide others to their salvation and to re-establish by experience and example the path which the *gopis* of yore had laid from their hearts to their Krishna's Holy Feet.

Like his Vaishnavite counterparts in the Tamil country, Sri Chaitanya affirmed the superiority of the way of Devotion to attain the Supreme. *Karma* insists on ceremonial punctiliousness and keeps one at the outergate of the sanctuary. *Jnana* is subjective and self-satisfied and is not for the common man. But *Bhakti* takes one directly and swiftly to the sanctum and, in the role of the *naayaki* to the *Naayaka* that is God, brings the devotee *en rapport* with Him when, all sense of difference is lost in the ecstasy of unitive consciousness.

The author of this book spotlights the throes of anxiety and thrills of joy which Sri Chaitanya went through in his quest for the divine. The universal inclusiveness of the way of devotion and its invitation to all, high and low, to the caste man and to the outcaste, to the suffering and to the sinful are beautifully brought out in the details of the Mahaprabhu's life told in these pages with touching devotion.

At a time when the world is too much with us, books like this are inspiring reminders that man has not only a body to keep which will one day decay into its primal atoms but also an immortal soul to preserve in the pursuit of his high and noble destiny. The author unfolds a saintly life in a manner which is as fascinating in its narration as it is elevating in its appeal.

—*Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan*

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIST. By Prof. K.R.R. Sastry, 29, Dwaraka Colony, Madras-4. pp. 96. Price: Rs. 4/-.

THIS book contains autobiographical fragments of a person who, starting as an Inspector of Schools, developed into a Professor of International Law. Few in our country have the time or the mood to look back into the years of their life in a reflective way. Prof. Sastry has utilised the days of his retirement to review himself and the men and things that affected him. Obviously, he derives great satisfaction with the course of his life and is thankful for the opportunities that it gave him for his secular betterment and spiritual upliftment. He has come in contact with many mighty friends both at home and abroad.

Biography is the story of a man's life as another sees it. Autobiography tells about a man as he sees himself. While the former is generally objective, the latter is bound to be subjective. And yet it is to be desired that a person is able to see himself as others see him.

—*Hara Hari*

SANSKRIT-ENGLISH

ŚIVĀNANDALAHARĪ—Hymn to Śiva, attributed to Ādi Śankara. Edited with a short English introduction. Text in Devanāgari with English translation, transliteration and brief notes, by Dr. T.M.P. Mahadevan. Published by Ganesh and Co., Madras-17. (1963). pp. 132. Price: Rs. 4/-.

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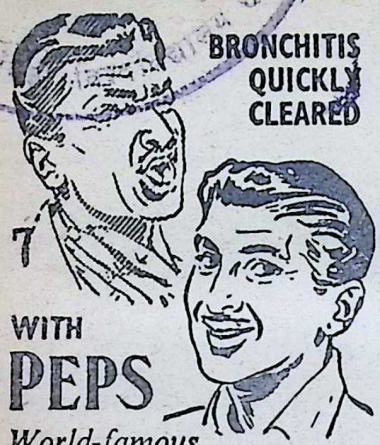

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THE *Śivānandalahari* or Ripple of Śiva-bliss, poured forth in a century of beautiful and melodious Sanskrit verses of exquisite literary grace and finish of form, has deservedly held a high rank among religious lyrics in Sanskrit literature such as the *Mukundamālā* and *Kṛṣṇakarṇāmṛta.*

It is difficult to accept in the absence of early references, the ascription of this work which rubs in the inferiority of Brahmā and Viṣṇu to Śiva and the story of the Lingamūlānveṣaṇa from the Śaiva purāṇas and the Tevāram literature (Cf. *Iruvar tediya Oruvar*) rather too frequently (verses 4, 18, 23, 30, 73, 82, 86 and 99), to Ādi Śankara who has been regarded as a "Ṣaṇmatasthāpaka" and as a firm believer in "Harihara-advaita".

The philosophical standpoint of the work is out and out Theistic. (See verse 28). The opening verse describing the Divine Couple Pārvati and Parameśvara (as Ardhanārīśvara) and as the essence of supreme bliss and its experience, stresses the concept of the Supreme Being as an integral whole and as a unity in diversity rather than as a "Nirviśeṣa-advaita". There is no indication of a mental reservation in the author's mind of a still higher stage of realisation for the devotee.

The unutterable majesty and glory of Śiva as the Supreme Lord of the Universe and Saviour of mankind, His infinite compassion for His creatures and His easy accessibility to one and all who pray to Him and the need for complete self-surrender to Him, are elucidated here with numerous details and mythological allusions and references. The music of the words and the melody of the verses are enchanting. The skill in the use of rhyme and of figures like Śleśa and Rūpaka and religious symbolism are other distinctive features of this famous Stotra. The weak caesura in verse 42 may presumably call for a different reading.

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Dr. Mahadevan deserves warm praise from all true devotees of the Lord for having placed in their hands this handsome and attractive edition of a great religious lyric.

—*B. N. K. Sharma*

TELUGU

DHANTA SIKHAMANI. Translated into Telugu by Sri Eswara Satyanarayana Sharma. Published by Vidhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali (Andhra Pradesh). pp. 332. Price: Rs. 3/-

The foundation of the Veerasaiva Sect is mistakenly attributed to Basava. In fact this sect came into existence long before Basava and was given shape by the Aāradhyas, who were men of learning and holy living. Subsequently Basava gave it an uncompromising tone and character and propagated it. *Siddhanta Sikhamani* or the *Renuka Gita* as it is popularly called, is the holy book which explains clearly the principles of Veerasaiva philosophy. The book is referred to by Srikanta Bhashya, whose *Bhashya* on *Vedanta Sutras* is very popular among the followers of this sect. According to the Veerasaiva philosophy the One Highest Brahman is called 'Sthala'. By the agitation of its innate power (*shakti*) the Sthala divides into two: (1) Linga Sthala and (2) Anga Sthala. Linga Sthala is Siva Himself, who is to be worshipped, while the Anga Sthala is the soul of the worshipper. The Linga Sthala is manifest in 57 forms while the Anga Sthala divides into 44 forms.

Siddhanta Sikhamani written by Siva Yogivacharya in Sanskrit explains the different forms of Linga Sthala and Anga Sthala, their philosophical value and greatness. The book under review gives the original text and Telugu translation. The translator has taken pains to drive home to the reader the basic doctrines of the Veerasaiva philosophy by his simple

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